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THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

JOHN C. FREMONT, THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.

PARTIES are born, not made, or, rather, they grow, and are not manufactured. The growth of a political party is something like the growth of a tree—it is nurtured from beneath by some strong tap-root of moral purpose or sentiment, and from around by a hundred favorite causes which cannot be understood or computed, much less predicted. Once in a great while, in some hothouse of temporary passion, an obscure shoot springs into a sturdy tree in an hour—thus the Republican party was formed.

The Federal party, which elected Washington and the elder Adams, served an excellent purpose in unifying and solidifying a country made up of loose-jointed colonies, and ready at any time to burst into anarchy. It was just the cement needed by the new political fabric.

The triumph of Jefferson, in 1800, prevented this solidifying from going too far; the President's wife was no longer addressed as "My Lady," or the President as "His Excellency"; and Adams and Hamilton and Jay gave up their dreams of an American order of nobility. This Democratic-Republican party lasted for more than a generation; for John Quincy Adams, who had neither a majority of the popular vote nor a majority of the Electoral vote, can scarcely be said to count. The Democratic party began with Jackson; the Whig party, with Clay—both growing out of the relations of men, rather than out of the spread of great principles of action.

In 1850 the Missouri Compromise, which had been "settled" more than thirty years before, under Monroe's administration, rose again to public notice, and demanded a new definition and new settlement. Southerners crowded into the Territories with their slaves. The Nebraska Bill, with its "popular sovereignty," enraged the North. The Whig party collapsed, and after reorganizing, and having a transient existence, in some States, as the American or "Know-nothing" party, gradually began to centre more and more around the policy of hedging slavery within the States that had already legalized it, and of prohibiting its existence in Territories and future States. The growth of this party, to which the name "Republican" was given early in 1854, was phenomenal—rapid beyond any precedent. It was like the growth of the resistance party in 1775. Attempts to recover fugitive slaves in Northern States caused intense bitterness, and roused violent opposition. The sections were separating in hatred. Anti-slavery men were mobbed in the South, and many Northerners who gave no utterance to their views were called to account there in a way that compelled them to fly. Mrs. Stowe's novel and Whittier's verses were a mighty moral force effective in the upheaval of the country—the woman and the Quaker were among the most conspicuous of the leaders of the army that was marshaling for the fight.

The party that in 1854 and 1855 was weak, furtive, apologetic, showed courage and even audacity the next year by nominating John C. Fremont for the Presidency on the platform of further resistance to the aggressions of what it called "the Slave Power." Fremont was a young, bold and successful army officer and explorer, of Democratic antecedents, and husband of the handsome and intellectual Jessie Benton, daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton, the veteran Senator from Missouri. No stronger nomination could have been made. There was in it nothing to exasperate the South, and everything to unite and consolidate the North. The Republican party in its youth was a party of sentiment, and the dashing *preux chevalier*, with a spotless record and a romantic career, was just the man to marshal it. He was cordially supported by leaders of the yet inchoate party who would never have supported each other, and excited a degree of enthusiasm such as is seldom shown save by the devotees of a prophet in a religious crusade. However men may differ about the right and wrong of slavery and the policy of maintaining it, all must agree that the Republican campaign of 1856 was a strange and highly-wrought poem on a grand theme—a sort of spiritual anthem sung by a constantly-increasing army of choristers.

As the campaign culminated, Fremont's supporters were rapidly augmented. Republicans probably doubled in number between January and November. During that time the South became more pugnacious; the North, more defiant. Wilson and Wade, being challenged, repudiated dueling, but declared that they would repel personal attacks. Charles Sumner was assaulted and beaten to unconsciousness on the Senate floor by Preston S. Brooks, a young member of the House. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, and Potter, of Wisconsin, declared that they would fight if called out, and both succeeded in humiliating their opponents. The caldron was boiling, and if the campaign could have lasted two months longer, the "Pathfinder" might have been elected. The more violent partisans of slavery extension had already announced that his election would be a signal for the dissolution of the Union; for, they declared, repression meant abolition, and was as revolutionary and illegal as war itself. Just what the success of Fremont and Dayton would have involved it is difficult to say, but it probably would have led to an immature outbreak in South Carolina, to be followed either by its suppression or the concurrent revolt of the Gulf States. Buchanan was elected President, receiving a minority of the popular vote, but getting 174 Electoral votes from nineteen States, to 114 for John C. Fremont from eleven States, and eight for Millard Fillmore, who had succeeded Taylor as President in 1849.

During the four years of Buchanan's term, the Republican party grew fast, captured the House of Representatives, and became a dominant power. The President, elected on a platform intended to placate the extremists of both North and South, continued to temporize. He declared his purpose to be to restore fraternal feeling. Kansas became the centre of agitation. Tens of thousands of free men emigrated thither—mostly from the Eastern States. Partisan chiefs arose—Atchison, Stringfellow, Lane, and John Brown—who kept that frontier community in a constant foment. Buchanan approved the Lecompton Constitution, a pro-slavery instrument, and used his influence to impose it on the people of Kansas against their will. Exciting meetings were held all over the country. The result of the next election was foreshadowed when the Republicans obtained control of the House of Representatives.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans for the Presidency. A dozen members of the party were more prominent, Mr. Lincoln being chiefly known as Stephen A. Douglas's unsuccessful rival for the Senate, and the author of a speech delivered in New York with some *éclat*. But, if he had not many friends, it also happened, and for the same reason, that

he had few enemies. He was not a radical; he was of conservative principles, and of timid and conciliatory temper, and was nominated for the Presidency for that very merit.

The canvass was a bitter and exciting one, eliciting much invective, recrimination and menace. Northern Democrats supported Douglas; Southern Democrats, Breckinridge; and the latter filed explicit notice that, if Lincoln was elected, their States would secede from the Union. He was elected, nevertheless, receiving the votes of all the Northern States except New Jersey.

South Carolina at once withdrew from the Union, and both her Senators resigned when the success of Lincoln was announced. Other States prepared to follow—four months before the inauguration. Buchanan's Cabinet was rent with quarrels. He took the ground that the abolitionists had brought on the war, but the South had no right to rebel; that secession was unconstitutional, but he had "no power to coerce into submission any State which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from *the Confederacy.*" The Cabinet broke in pieces under the strain. Cobb threw down the Treasury portfolio, and went home to inflame the passions of Georgia; Thompson ran away from the Interior Department, without even the grace of resigning; Cass abandoned the State Department because the President would not send reinforcements to Charleston Harbor; and Floyd left the War Department because he would not withdraw the troops already there.

Lincoln came to the Presidency at a time that would have tried the strongest soul; and it is now well known that he was not exactly that kind. He was essentially a man of peace. There never was a ruler who disliked contention more. He was behind his party instead of being ahead of it—a follower and not a leader. Instead of being inspired by hate, as his enemies declared, and probably supposed, he was moved by an uncommon forbearance that seemed to many of his friends to be born of fear; instead of being the rampant abolitionist he was called, he was not an abolitionist in any sense, and was in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, which secured the permanency of slavery wherever it existed, and its extension through half the national territories. He had shrewdness enough to call around him stronger men than himself, like William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, and Edwin M. Stanton; and when Sumter was fired on and captured, during the second month of the dominance of the new party, he began to see that the spirit of the strange revolt was not one that could be trifled with or cajoled.

During these first months the Republican party, now become the defender of the Union against aggression, was reinforced by a million Democrats, who now looked upon their own party as the wicked leader of a rebellion to destroy the Republic which they had been taught to love and revere. The dogma of State supremacy, established in the South, had no charm for men who had learned to regard the State of their birth, not as a sovereign nation claiming their allegiance, but as a mere geographic division of the Federal Republic, and who habitually spoke of themselves, not as Pennsylvanians or as Ohioans, but as Americans.

And during these early years of the triumph of the Republican party, the public service was tolerably pure. The war called into being an army of greedy cormorants, who profited by the opportunity to steal while general attention was engrossed in a common danger; but the civil service was measurably free from this, and no nation has ever known a more honest set of politicians on the whole than those who managed and disbursed the funds required during a tremendously expensive war. These were the best days of the Republican party.

Whether Mr. Lincoln was the best man to be at the head of a great people at such a time will always be a matter of controversy. He was possessed of a lively sense of mirth and that great tenderness which generally accompanies it, but he lacked almost all of the qualities of a leader. He was in no sense a hero. While not deficient in personal courage, he was painfully deficient in self-confidence and self-assertion. His mood was passive, not active. He seldom imposed his will on others. If he had been in the position of Napoleon in Paris in 1795, he would have distributed coffee and gingerbread to the mutinous National Guard, instead of sweeping their ranks with his artillery. If he had been Frederick, he would have acknowledged allegiance to Maria Theresa. It is now well known that his comical complaint that he had "no influence with his administration" was something much more than a joke; that all his Cabinet were more or less insubordinate; that Chase managed to circumvent him and have his way; that he was swayed by Seward's masterful spirit; and that the imperious Stanton even went so far as boldly to countermand his orders, given to oblige some tearful suppliant, when they interfered with the good of the service.

More than once during the war, when the Democrats of the North held peace-meetings and resisted enlistments, Mr. Lincoln fell into despair, acknowledged to his best friends a fear that the rebellion could never be crushed, and expressed the fear that posterity would hold him responsible for the heaps of slain and the misery caused by the fratricidal struggle. He was a man of ideas rather than of affairs; of contemplation rather than of action. He had the temperament of a poet and the heart of a woman. He liked to tell a humorous story, even if it were a little broad; he could repeat pages of Shakespeare and half of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and he was fond of crooning over Holmes's "The Last Leaf"—

"I saw him once before
As he paused beside the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But his old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!"

On more than one occasion he called his Cabinet together and read to them Artemus Ward's or Orpheus C. Kerr's funny books; but he acknowledged with a laugh that he was "afraid of a gun."

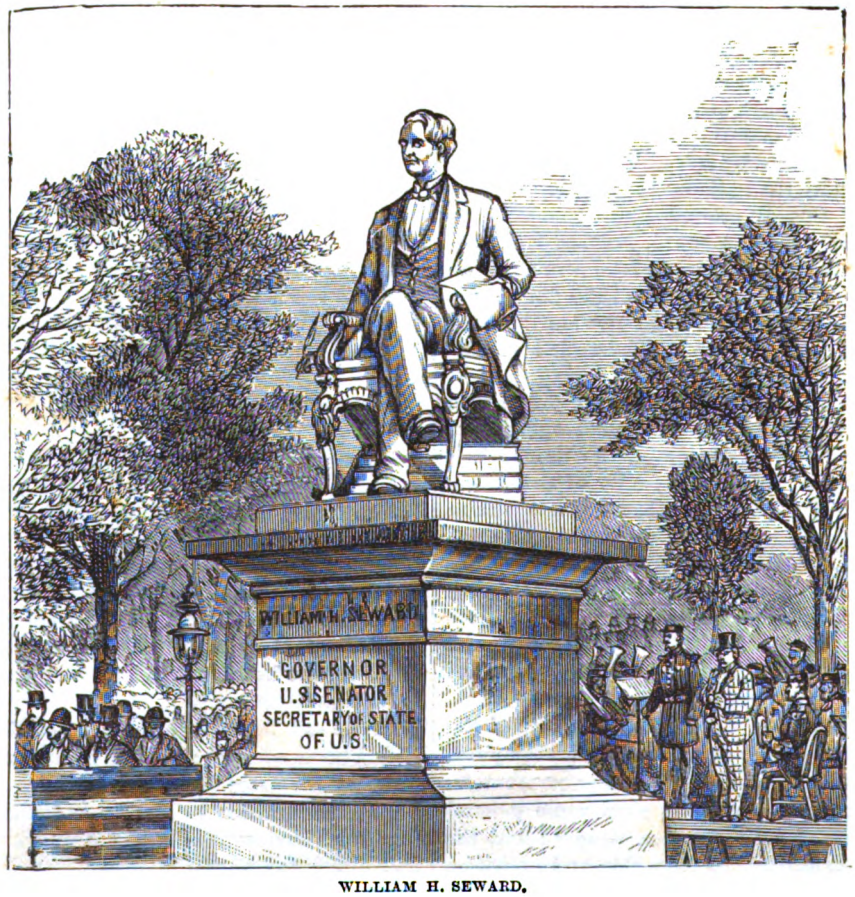
With all Mr. Lincoln's faults and weaknesses (and they were of an amiable sort, that "leaned to virtue's side"), he excited a vast amount of sympathy and grateful enthusiasm, that recruited the Union armies from the ranks of those who hated battle, and were moved to enlist only by a high purpose.

In the sad Winter of 1862-3, when the prospects of the Union army were wrapped in gloom, and a series of Confederate successes had given to the revolted States some hope of recognition by France and England, Mr. Lincoln sent for Thurlow Weed—the Warwick of the party, who had appointed 10,000 men to office, but had never held office himself—and authorized him to go to Horatio

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

Seymour and offer him all the influence of the Administration to make him President in 1864 if he would adopt a vigorous tone and policy in urging on enlistments for the war. The overture was accepted, but the promise was broken without hesitation by Governor Seymour, who shortly delivered his annual message denouncing the severe measures which had been adopted for the suppression of rebel speech in the North.

Mr. Lincoln was no doubt afterward pleased with the result of his experiment. For the depression of the North was shortly turned into exultation. Early in 1863 great victories were won by the Union armies. Gettysburg was saved and Vicksburg captured on the same day, and the news was given to the country on the Fourth of July. Shortly Port Hudson fell, and the Mississippi, in the language of the delighted President, "ran unvexed to the sea." With a stroke of his pen Mr. Lincoln had abolished slavery on the continent for ever, and with the other hand he now offered amnesty to all who had aided the rebellion and would now aid the Union.

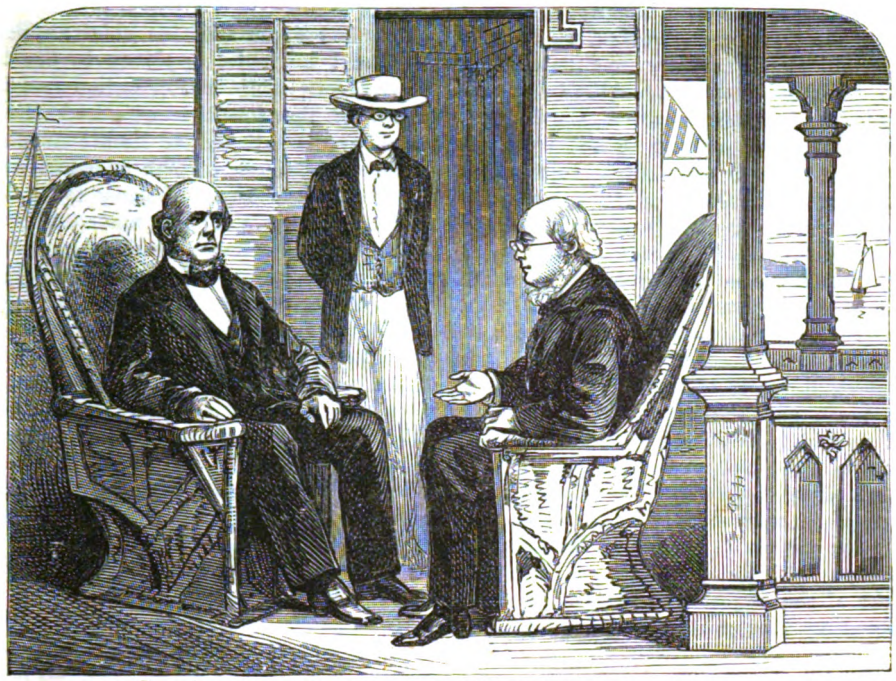


WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Early in 1864 it became obvious that the people would not "change horses in the middle of the stream," and Mr. Lincoln was renominated almost unanimously for President a second time.

At Cleveland,

Ohio, met a handful of malcontents who did not like Mr. Lincoln—radicals and old abolitionists most of them, like Ben. Wade, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and George W. Julian, who thought that the President moved too slowly, and that the war might have been over if a man of nerve had been at the helm. These denounced his temporizing methods as "pusillanimous," and called upon General John C. Fremont to stand as their candidate. As early as November, 1861, Fremont had been removed from his command in Missouri, after much gallant fighting, mainly because McClellan and Halleck did not like him, and because he had freed the slaves where his armies marched; and he had been kept in retirement after the President himself had adopted that identical policy. He naturally felt that he had been for two years and a half of active war a victim of cruel injustice; but it was with reluctance that he accepted the candidacy of the radical convention, and resigned his commission in the regular army in obedience to a sense of delicacy.

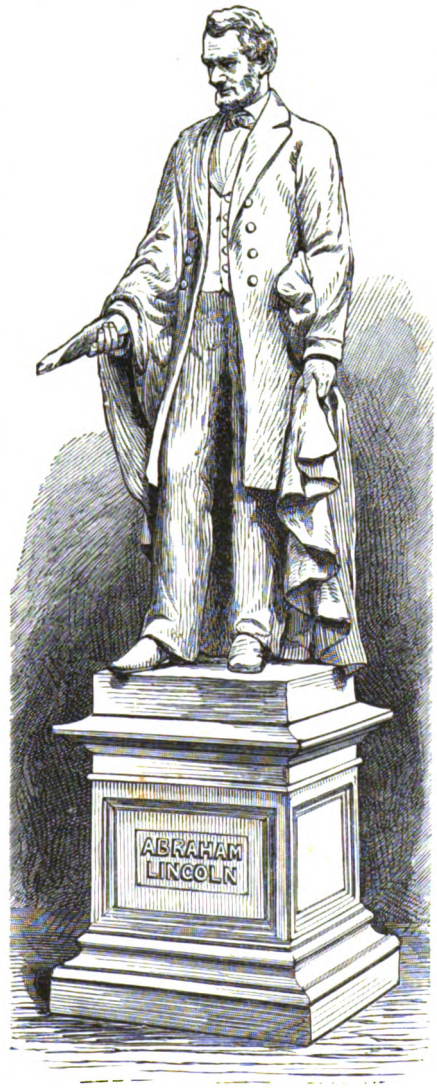


CHASE AND GREELEY IN CONSULTATION.

Lincoln's other and chief opponent, George B. McClellan, was an unsuccessful general who believed, or, at any rate, asserted, that he would have led the army to victory if he had had time enough. He claimed that he was sacrificed to jealousy, partly because he was a Democrat.

It was a campaign in the midst of war, and its issue was never doubtful. Lincoln was elected by an almost unanimous vote in the Electoral Colleges. McClellan went into retirement at Trenton. Fremont was deserted by many of the very men who had offered him as a sacrifice to their own spleen.

One month after Lincoln's reinauguration for a second term the war was brought to a successful termination by the surrender of Lee at Richmond. Two days later Lincoln made a speech at Washington, urging a lenient policy toward the conquered States, and three days afterward he was assassinated by Wilkes Booth while witnessing a play. Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, was inaugurated President on the morning of Mr. Lincoln's death. For the remainder of his term he did his utmost to overthrow the policy now established as the logical result of the war. But the clock of history cannot be turned back. The Republican party was now at the climax of its power. It claimed, with some plausibility, that the Democratic party was wholly responsible for the rebellion, and for the half-million of lives and thousands of millions of dollars which it had cost, and young men on attaining their majority generally allied themselves with the party which had "saved the Union."



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Something else the dominant party had done during these fierce years. It had constructed a vast financial machine which supplied to the people a better currency than had ever before existed. During the first year of the war the debts of the Government were paid mostly in gold and silver. As disbursements increased, the amount of coin on hand proved inadequate for this, and accordingly rose in purchasing value; and this caused its efflux to other countries. Government bonds were issued and sold in Europe, and the Treasury Department issued vast quantities of promises-to-pay in the form of circulating notes, which soon took the place of all other currency throughout the country.

The national banking system was a later thought, and was substituted for the issue of "greenbacks" because the banks were convenient local centres, so situated, that they could add to the circulation of their bills by advantageously lending them. At the same time, the interest which the national bank was able to realize upon its capital through circulation was so small, as to discourage their needless multiplication, and so confine the issue of this sort of currency to the actual needs of the community. Never before had the country seen any substitute for money that was so excellent and popular. Before the war the banks of issue, created by the diverse laws of the various States, flooded the land with bills of all degrees of value, from the notes of the Chemical Bank of New York to the shinplasters of the Bank of Takoma in the indefinite West, and the quoted value of this paper fluctuated so widely, that every man who took much of it was compelled to have constant recourse to a Bank-note Detector. Only those who lived and did business amid the constant worriment of the rag-money period before the war can at all appreciate the security enjoyed under the prevailing system.

The best thought of the Republican party, from 1865 to 1868, was devoted to the great question of Reconstruction. How should the Southern States, which demagogues or mistaken men had stricken down, be enabled to resume their rights? The dominant party was divided on the question, two views being held as to the prevailing status. One section held that those States had only been interrupted in their political careers—had only suspended their functions for a time under the presence of war—and that they could resume without any special enabling act beyond taking the oath of allegiance. Others held that they had made outlaws of themselves, and must be recreated, *ab initio*. Thaddeus Stevens, a bold, strong man, and the fearless leader of the House, took the ground that the revolted States had committed suicide; that they no longer existed as political entities; that they represented merely so much territory owned by the United States, and that Congress could and should erect them into Territories, and govern them from Washington by the strong hand of the Central Government, readmitting them as States arbitrarily, after the lapse of years, whenever such action seemed to be safe and wise. This view rendered it unnecessary to discuss the question of admitting the ignorant freedmen to citizenship, for the South would remain for a time entirely disfranchised.

In the discussions which followed, those who held the above position were outnumbered. It was held by Charles Sumner and others that it would be unsafe to try to govern a great body of millions of disfranchised and unenfranchised people; that discontent would breed revolt, and that the safer way would be to give the ballot to all the blacks at once, and to as many of the whites as would take the unconditional ("ironclad") oath of allegiance. This policy finally prevailed, and measures were introduced looking to the restoration of State after State to all of its rights. Looking backward from this point of time, there are many men in both parties and in all sections—Republicans in the North and ex-Confederates in the South—who think it might have been wiser and better for the country if the "suicide" theory had been adopted and acted on.

After the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, it was never a matter of much doubt who would be the next President. General Grant was feasted and toasted everywhere; he was the paramount hero of those years, and though he had been a Democrat before the war, the logic of events had compelled him to act with the party which had given him his chief support in camp and field, and his chief applause in the triumph at last. When the Republican Convention met in 1868, the conqueror of the rebellion was made its candidate with scarcely a dissentient, and for his associate on the ticket, he had an eminent civilian who had won distinction as Speaker of the House during trying times—Schuyler Colfax. Their victory was made easier by the fact that the Democrats selected as their candidate Horatio Seymour, whose name had become associated with opposition to the war for the Union and sympathy for the rebellion. It was he whose flaccid hand failed to preserve the peace during the draft riots, who addressed the rioters as his "friends," and did, it was generally believed, as little as possible to aid in the defense of the nation. The contest was a one-sided one, and Grant and Colfax were elected by a tremendous majority.

During the war Congress had adopted a high tariff, not primarily for the protection of American manufacturers, but chiefly for the raising the tremendous revenue called for by the extraordinary disbursements; yet the import was so levied that it did furnish incidental protection. After the war this and the internal revenue tax—purely a war measure—resulted in a revenue far beyond expectations—so great as to pay $200,000,000 worth of annual interest and all other expenses. This outcome was viewed with satisfaction, and it was not till ten years later that the accumulations of the surplus reached such an amount as to cause it to be viewed with alarm, and raise the question: What shall we do with it?

General Grant did not show himself as great in civil as in military life. His Cabinet was rather commonplace, and he did not surround himself with the best statesmen of the country. In fact, some of the gentlemen who were his intimates excited much suspicion as to the integrity of his administration, and it was during this period that the distrust was set on foot which finally resulted in the downfall of the Republican party.

Many of his most violent critics were Republicans, and when his time expired, and he was renominated in 1872, there was a widespread revolt which included such important papers as the New York *Tribune*, Chicago *Tribune*, Cincinnati *Commercial*, and Springfield *Republican*; and, as the attempt to elect Seymour had failed so dismally four years before, it began to be felt that only a Republican insurgent could now be elected. The names of several such were canvassed, and the result was the choice of Horace Greeley to lead the party which he had spent forty active years in denouncing. His own revolt against the Republican party had been more on account of measures than men—more because he differed from the policy of reconstruction adopted than because the President had chosen associates who did not command confidence. Mr. Greeley had driven from him much Republican support by endeavoring to make premature peace in 1864, and later by giving bail for Jefferson Davis when the latter was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. He insisted that all who had been in the rebellion should be unconditionally pardoned before they expressed or felt repentance, and now took his stand on the demand frequently reiterated in the *Tribune* for "Universal Amnesty and Impartial Suffrage."

For a month or two after his nomination it looked as if he might be elected; but it soon became obvious that his strength was overestimated, and that Grant was still the nation's hero. The wounds of the North were too

fresh to allow the man who had led its yeomen to successful battle and conquest to be beaten now, or to allow the party to come into power which was charged with fomenting and encouraging the rebellion. General Grant was elected by a tremendous majority, and Greeley, who had a few years before been the idol of millions, suffered so keenly from the mortification and disappointment, that brain-fever set in, and he died long before his successful rival was inaugurated.

For twenty-five years, from 1845 to 1870, Horace Greeley was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in this country. By his striking talent and his honesty of purpose he won the general confidence of people of all parties, while his odd dress, and his quaint and peculiar manners, made him an object of universal attention. He probably did more than any other man for the upbuilding of the Republican party; and as he held no office and claimed none, he was believed to be simple-hearted and single-minded. He was deeply interested in all movements calculated to promote the welfare of man and the progress of civilization, and the hours snatched from editorial work and political speeches were given to lecturing on some of the so-called "reforms." He had not a judicial mind, and would perhaps have made a headstrong and erratic President; but his death was widely mourned. He is looked upon as one of the frankest and most sincere of human beings, and he was certainly the most *bizarre* and eccentric of the conspicuous men of his generation.

General Grant's second term as President was even less satisfactory than his first. His associates—personal and political—seemed even less wisely chosen. He excited more scandals and made more enemies than ever. Cormorants were found to be bleeding the Treasury; but the work of reconstruction went on, and the revolted States resumed their old places in the galaxy.

As these four years drew to a close there was much talk about renominating Grant for a third term, and an alarm was raised against the unprecedented innovation which threatened a serious breach in the Republican party. Next to him the most conspicuous candidates were Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine, of Maine. The difference proved irreconcilable, and Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor of Ohio, was placed in nomination, for no reason except that he had carried his own State. It was an up-hill campaign. The passions generated during the war had cooled, and the candidate did not succeed in exciting any enthusiasm. The Democrats nominated their most popular man, Governor Samuel J. Tilden, of New York.

A month before election-day it looked as if the end of the Republican party had come. But old hostilities revived opportunity; there were specific reports of riots and violence in the South, in which negroes were always the chief sufferers; and a cry was raised against surrendering the government to the men who had attempted to destroy the Union. Governor Tilden carried all the States considered necessary to his success; but in some Southern States the full vote of the blacks had been prevented or impeded, and there were cries of fraud on both sides which lasted for weeks. At last, both parties claiming to have succeeded, and the laws already enacted being inadequate to guide them, the leaders agreed to the organization of an Electoral Commission of fifteen eminent men, who were to canvass the returns and decide the quarrel. Their decision was in favor of Hayes—8 to 7—and he was duly installed, greeted with cries of indignation by Mr. Tilden's supporters. His administration was not a happy one. He showed no ability as a leader, and no measure of his time bears any important impress of his hand.

During his term the Tariff question, hitherto settled by the exigencies of war and the needs of an impoverished country, came prominently to the surface again. The free-traders made themselves active. They demanded an immediate reduction of the tariff, and insisted that a low tariff was better for the laborers themselves. Warm discussions followed. Meantime the race quarrels had continued in the South in a spirit which indicated to Republicans that the negroes were not permitted to exercise their rights.

For the second time since the rebellion broke out the Democrats nominated a military man for President, overlooking and putting aside Governor Tilden, who had brought them so near to victory, and whose popularity was now strengthened by the claim that he had been wickedly sacrificed four years before. It was soon seen to be a mistake.

The Republicans, still baffled by the claims of rival leaders, who were strong enough to defeat each other in convention, nominated as a compromise General James A. Garfield, a man of fair reputation and considerable ability; and after a sharp canvass he was elected. The elements favoring him were sectionalism and the cry of "Protection to American labor." Hancock, being asked his opinion on the latter question, said he remembered hearing something about it when he was a boy; and the ill-timed remark raised a guffaw of derision, which echoed till his defeat was announced.

But it was evident that the long reign of the Republican party was drawing to a close. The quarrel between Blaine and Conkling had become intense, and the selection of Arthur, a warm friend of the latter, to be Vice-president on the ticket with Garfield, was shortly followed by the angry resignation of Conkling from the Senate, because he could not have his way in filling important offices. The death of Garfield by the hand of a man who claimed to be acting in the interest of the "Stalwarts" added to the confusion, and weakened still further a party which had grown so powerful as to raise up a host of enemies within its own ranks, and which had held office so long as to create a widespread suspicion that it had become corrupt. Arthur's administration, which followed, sedulously avoided scandals, and presented a tolerably clean record; but disintegration had begun, and the impression that the Republican party was losing the honest purpose that had given it strength and value deepened and widened.

The campaign of 1884 has been a strange one. The Democrats nominated a man of little ability, but a clean public record, and the Republicans, who had refused to elevate Conkling to the old place which he abandoned in a pet, nominated Blaine, a man of great ability, but of clandestine methods—honest, probably, but representing the men and the period at which the indignation of the so-called Independents was aimed. The battle was warmly and scandalously contested, and Cleveland was successful, by virtue of a small plurality in New York—not by Democrats, but by the defection of 25,000 Republicans to St. John and himself, and the non-voting indifference of 10,000 more. If President Cleveland shall make the mistake of supposing that he has been elected by Democrats only, and if he shall give us the spectacle of a partisan administration eager for the spoils, Republican deserters will abandon their experiment and return to their allegiance, and the great party—the Grand Old Party, as it is called by its friends—will regain the supremacy and begin a new lease of life.

MY BIG FISH.

By Angelo J. Lewis.

Three months ago I was a happy man. I had a charming wife, two handsome children, a comfortable income, a considerable practice, and (for a solicitor) a clear conscience. All but the last I still possess; but the loss of that one item has destroyed my peace of mind, and embittered my whole existence. And yet I cannot but think that there was great excuse for me. When a man basely yields to temptation he is said to "fall"; but that expression scarcely applies to my case. I was regularly pushed over by other people. But I will tell my painful story, and the reader shall judge for himself.

My name is Marmaduke Howard Jones. Dropping the Howard, as a trifle too ornate for everyday use, I am known socially and professionally as Marmaduke H. Jones; and I have felt some little pride in the name, as being uncommon, not to say *distingué*. I do not mean to suggest that I am by any means the only Jones, and there are doubtless other Marmadukes; but the *tout ensemble*, the combination, Marmaduke H. Jones, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, has always struck me as possessing considerable artistic merit, and as doing great credit to my godfathers and godmothers. I flattered myself that the combination was at any rate unique, and certainly never supposed, until a few weeks since, that there could possibly be another individual, still less another member of my own profession, rejoicing in the very same name. The reader will therefore understand that the supposition of mistaken identity was the last that was likely to occur to me, when, on opening my letters one morning, a couple of months ago, I found the following from an old friend resident in Yorkshire:

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.—CHARLES SUMNER IN HIS STUDY.

"Tipcat, Yorks.

"Dear old Boy—Just seen a notice of your splendid success, and hasten to congratulate you. You must come and try your luck with us very shortly. I know of a whopper, not far from here, that I should like you to have a shy at. Kind regards to the wife. Ever yours, sincerely, Sam Thorogood."

I stared at the letter in amazement. I had recently got a verdict in a rather uphill case of Grumley *v.* Pipkin, but it was not a matter of much public interest, and was scarcely likely to have made any marked sensation in a

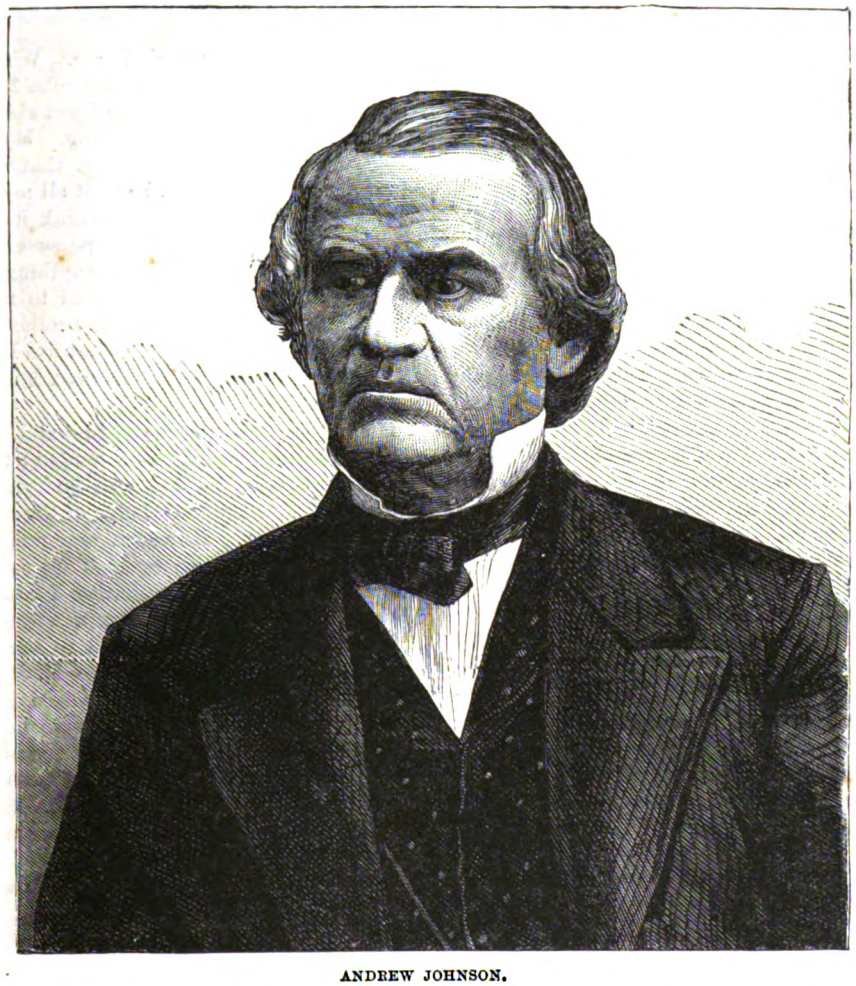
small town in Yorkshire. Still, this being the only available explanation, I adopted it. The allusion to the "whopper" whom I was invited to have a shy at was mysterious; but I concluded that it referred to some wrongdoer of high degree (possibly the parson or the squire), who had been riding roughshod over his humbler neighbors, and whom Thorogood desired, in country phrase, to "have the law of." I put the letter aside and went on with my other correspondence. Presently I came to a still more mysterious epistle:

"Bounderby, near Tiverton.

"SIR—Having seen the report of your recent achievement, I trust you will pardon my inquiring what flight you are in the habit of using. I feel that I am taking a liberty in addressing a total stranger on such a subject, but our mutual interest in the same pursuit must be my excuse. I inclose stamped envelope for reply.

"I remain your obedient servant,
"WM. PODMORE."

"Grumley *v.* Pipkin must have made more noise than I imagined," I soliloquized. "But what on earth does the man mean by his 'flight,' and our mutual interest in the same pursuit? Does he think I'm a member of the Aërial Navigation Society? As he has sent a stamped envelope for reply, I suppose he must have one; so here goes"; and, heading my note, "39 Furnival's Inn," I wrote:



ANDREW JOHNSON.

"DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your letter, but haven't a notion what it means. Please explain. Yours, truly,
"MARMADUKE H. JONES."

The next letter I came to was from a brother solicitor on professional business, but in a P.S. the writer said, "Accept my congratulations on your big fish. I had no idea you were such a sportsman."

"Big fish! Here's another lunatic!" I ejaculated; but at this moment I was interrupted by the entrance of a client. After we had disposed of his business he remarked, as he stood up to take his leave:

"Everybody is talking about that big pike of yours. I'm not a fisherman myself, but I infer that it was a very swell achievement. Allow me to congratulate you."

"What on earth are you referring to?" I exclaimed.

"Why, that big pike that you caught at—where was it?—Newbury, or some such place. I saw it mentioned in one of the papers. You didn't know you were so famous, perhaps?"

"I certainly did not. The thing must be a hoax. I never caught a pike in my life, and don't intend to. But now I begin to understand some extraordinary letters which I have received this morning. Some rascally practical joker has started the report, I suppose, to put me to the trouble of contradicting it; but I won't give him that satisfaction."

"Then you haven't caught a big fish at all?" said my visitor. "Well, I thought such a feat was scarcely in your line." And he took his leave with a slightly injured air, as though I had swindled him out of a congratulation under false pretenses.

I went on with the perusal of my letters, and dismissed the matter from my mind. But it was not to be so easily got rid of. When I went into the street every other person I met alluded in some shape or other to my "big pike." Of course I hastened to explain that the report was groundless, and that I had not caught any pike at all. But my protestations were received in a manner (to use a familiar phrase) to make a saint swear. I do not suppose for a moment that a saint could or would swear, but if he ever did, I cannot conceive any provocation which would more fully justify him in doing so. Where my assurances were credited, my interlocutors made it quite clear that I had gone down fifty per cent. or so in their estimation; some even indicating by their manner that they regarded me as a downright impostor, and believed me to have spread the report myself in order to gain an unfounded reputation for sportsmanship. Others disregarded my denial, and evidently believed that I *had* captured a big fish, but from a mean reluctance to explain how I did it, or some other nefarious reason, thought proper to disown my achievement. Both parties evidently regarded me as a contemptible sort of fellow; the one set for not having caught the fish, the other for having caught it, and not sticking to it like a man. At last, so sick was I of being disbelieved and looked down

upon, or believed and looked down upon notwithstanding, that when I met my friend Brown in the city one afternoon, and he began as usual, "I say old fellow, what about the big fish? I saw all about it in the papers," I did not take the trouble to contradict him, but wearily said, "Oh, yes; rather a big thing, wasn't it?" and forthwith changed the subject to more congenial matters. We parted, and the same afternoon I ran against Robinson. "Ah, Jones," he said; "I met our friend Brown, this morning, and he was telling me all about your big fish. You always were a lucky dog. Such things don't come in *my* way." Having allowed Brown to believe in the legend, I could not very well give him the lie, so to speak, to Robinson, so again acquiesced in a vague kind of way, and changed the subject as soon as possible, hoping to hear no more of the matter. But I was disappointed. Within the next two or three days I met at least half a dozen friends who claimed to have had particulars from either Brown or Robinson, and, having let the thing go so far, I had not the courage to undeceive them. But Nemesis was beginning to pursue me. As the poet justly remarks (I forget for the moment what poet, or his exact words, but he must have been a man in the first rank of the profession)—

> "Ah! what a tangled web we weave
> When once we venture to deceive!"

Remorse had begun to set in. I began positively to go round back streets in order to avoid meeting friends. I lived in a morbid dread of the subject of fish cropping up, as it invariably did in some shape or other. Even a pair of soles on the table was enough to destroy all my appetite for dinner. I dared not now undeceive Brown and Robinson, who, having related the story (on my own authority) to others, would naturally think that I had intentionally befooled them.

Again I met Brown, this time in company with a stranger, a tall, gentlemanly man, to whom he introduced me as "Mr. Marmaduke H. Jones, the hero of the big fish." His friend, whom I found to be Sir Lionel Damer, a noted fisherman, paid me the usual compliments on my great catch, and then proceeded to ask one or two questions, which would have been plain sailing enough if I had really caught the fish, but which, as it was, I answered in such an incoherent manner that Brown charitably cut short the interview, saying that we must talk over details another time. I have since heard that he apologized to Sir Lionel for my being "a little tight," kindly adding that he had never known me in that condition before.

Never in all my previous experience had I been in so horrible a position. For the first time in my life I realized what a "cold sweat" meant. If anybody suffers from a colder sweat, or more of it, than I did on that occasion, I pity him. And the worst of it was that I might find myself in the same position again at any moment. I had hitherto attached so little importance to the matter, that I had never even seen the paragraph which started the mischief, nor had I taken the trouble to note the name of the papers in which it had appeared, though they had been more than once referred to by my congratulators. I was pretty sure that the original statement was in the *Fishing* something or other, but what the precise name was, or where it was obtainable, I had not the smallest idea. With a feeling as if I was concocting a bank fraud, and might be "run in" at any moment, I began to make inquiries at news-agents' and fishing-tackle dealers' for any papers that answered the description. I discovered that there was a paper called the *Fishing Gazette*, and I bought the back numbers for a month past, and began to study them. At last I came on a paragraph as follows:

> "A Monster Pike.—We learn from a correspondent that on the 24th ult. Mr. Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor, while spinning for pike at the Upper Weir, Tenbury, was fortunate enough to hook a 24-pounder, which, after a three-quarters of an hour struggle he succeeded in landing."

This was so far satisfactory, though I had an uneasy consciousness that somebody in my presence had mentioned Sunbury, and somebody else Newbury, as the scene of my exploit; and that I had not contradicted them. However, my moral sense was by this time so far perverted that (now I knew Tenbury was the spot) I was fully prepared to maintain that I had always said Tenbury.

One expression puzzled me. What on earth was "spinning" in connection with pike? It unfortunately happens that if there is one subject about which I know less than any other, it is angling. My experiences as a fisherman are limited to the fact that when I was a boy of eleven or thereabouts, I spent all my available pocket-money (three-and-sixpence, I think it was) in a brand-new rod and line. I used it perseveringly for about a week, but not having caught anything (except colds), I felt that it was locking up capital to no purpose, and I accordingly swapped it away to another boy for eighteen-pence and a dead squirrel. What use I intended to make of the squirrel I don't remember, but I know that was the price.

The above having been my first and only experience in the fishing line (no joke is intended; the subject is far too painful to be treated with levity), it will be readily understood that my knowledge of the art was, to say the least, elementary. However, one point was now clear. I had caught my monster fish by spinning (whatever that might mean), and spinning I must stick to. The mystery as to how the paragraph appeared in the paper was still unsolved. I referred to the "Law List," but could not find any Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor. It was just barely possible that there might be a country practitioner of that name, country solictors only appearing under the heading of their respective towns; but after looking through all the big towns I could find no one of my own name except myself. My first impression was doubtless right—that the paragraph had been inserted as a hoax, and I smiled to myself as I thought how the engineer had been hoist with his own petard, his intended "joke" having been received as a substantial verity.

But then another thought crossed my mind, and made me extremely uncomfortable. Perhaps this anonymous joker was only biding his time. Perhaps he was only lulling me into a false security, and when he thought his "joke" had gone far enough, would write to the paper again and say that Marmaduke H. Jones did not catch the big pike after all—and a nice sort of position I should be in then! No, he had chosen to declare that I had caught a big pike, and I was by this time more than half convinced of it myself. If the story was not true, why, it *ought* to be true, and I was determined that for all practical purposes it *should* be true. I made up my mind that, come what might, I would stick to my fish. (The reader will perceive that I was now becoming hardened in crime.) I felt that I was now master of details. The pike was twenty-four pounds in weight; he was caught at Tenbury; and he was caught by spinning. Secure in this knowledge, I sallied forth with head

erect, feeling that I could not now very well be caught tripping. But pride comes before a fall. Almost the first person I met was an old acquaintance, Jack Broderip.

"Hullo, Jones!" he said; "I haven't seen you since you caught that big jack."

"It wasn't a jack," I replied; "it was a pike."

"Well, a pike is a jack," he rejoined, "isn't it?" I began to stammer out something in reply, when he continued: "I forgot; by-the-way, you swell sportsmen only speak of four-pounders and such small fry as jack. I apologize for alluding to your big fish so disrespectfully, but I assure you it was quite unintentional. By-the-way, how did you catch him? Live bait, I suppose?"

"Live bait of course," I said. I hadn't a notion on the subject, but as he seemed so cock-sure, I thought it better not to contradict him. "Spinning, you know."

"Spinning," he exclaimed, "with live bait! That's a novelty, isn't it?"

"Well, I believe it isn't exactly general," I said, modestly.

"If *you* say it, of course it must be the thing to do. I shall note that as a wrinkle. But I should think it was rather awkward to work. If it isn't a secret, how many hooks do you have on your flight?"

The question obviously implied more than one.

"Oh, about two!" I said, timidly.

"Two hooks only! Ah, two triangles you mean! Whose flight do you use, then? 'Pennel's,' or the 'Thames,' or the 'Francis,' or something of your own?"

"Well, to tell you the truth" (which it certainly wasn't), "a little arrangement of my own."

"Something special, eh? Well, I suppose these are professional secrets, so I mustn't pump you too much. By-the-way, it was at Tenbury, I think, the event came off? Now, whereabouts *is* Tenbury?"

This was a poser. Tenbury might have been in Owyhee, for anything I knew. I was obliged to make a leap in the dark.

"Oh, Tenbury, *you* know! Down Berkshire way."

"Berkshire, is it? I thought it must have been Tenbury in Worcestershire. There *is* a Tenbury in Worcestershire, I am pretty sure. Tenbury in Berkshire, eh? Good fishing there, I suppose?"

"Pretty fair," I said, with the air of a man who didn't think anything under a twenty-pounder worth mentioning, and at the same time making a mental mem. to look up the geography of Tenbury without delay. "I must ask you to excuse me now, for I'm in a desperate hurry. I have an appointment at the Taking Office. Good-morning!"

He wished me "Good-morning," looking, however, rather huffy at my abrupt dismissal, and I went into a stationer's to buy the A B C Guide. I found that Tenbury was in Worcestershire, and determined to stick to that county in answering future questions. I met three or four more acquaintances that afternoon. All of them were full of my big fish, and showed a disgusting appetite for details. I answered their queries as well as I could, but I felt that I was getting deeper and deeper in the mire at every step, and that I *must* manage to acquire a little more knowledge on the subject.

On my way back to the office I bought two or three treatises on fishing; but I had barely had time to open them when a valued country client, Mr. Culpepper, came in. He had important business to discuss, and was compelled to leave town again the next morning; so, to economize time, as it was nearly my hour for going home, I invited him to dine with me *en famille*. We walked home together, and dinner was half over when he suddenly said:

"By-the-way, Jones, that was a tremendous catch of yours down Tenbury way—that big pike, eh?"

My wife looked up surprised, for she had heard nothing of my apocryphal achievement.

"Oh, nothing particular," I said, trying to turn the conversation; "the thing has been much exaggerated. Nothing in it, I assure you."

"All very well for you, my dear fellow. I suppose you are such a sportsman that you make nothing of a five-and-twenty pounder; but we outsiders, who don't get such luck, think a good deal of it, I can tell you. But where was it? The papers said Tenbury, and Brown told me the same thing, but Philpotts assured me that he had it from your own lips that you caught it at Sunbury, and Tomkins was just as certain that it was at Newbury."

"Oh, Philpotts is mistaken; I never told him anything of the sort; and as for Tomkins, he's—he's lost his mother-in-law lately, and forgets things—he doesn't know what he's talking about."

At this point my wife struck in. Mrs. Jones is a very charming woman, but the least bit inclined (her only fault) to be jealous, and she has an exaggerated, not to say morbid, idea of the perfect confidence, or, rather, confidentialness, which should exist between husband and wife. I don't perceive that she tells me much, but she expects me to tell her everything. For the last moment or two she had been looking from me to Culpepper, and from Culpepper to me, in a manner which denoted, on the matrimonial barometer, "stormy."

"Mr. Jones! Marmaduke! This is something I am not to know, I suppose. What is it all about?"

Mr. Culpepper put on his blandest smile.

"Oh, you know all about it, my dear madam. I was only referring to your husband's great catch—the big fish that he hooked at Tenbury."

"Mr. Jones! Tenbury! And a big fish! Mr. Jones hasn't hooked a big fish, or any other fish."

Culpepper felt that he had somehow put his foot in it. It was obvious to him that for some reason or other Mrs. J. had been kept in ignorance of the big fish, and he did his best to retrieve his error.

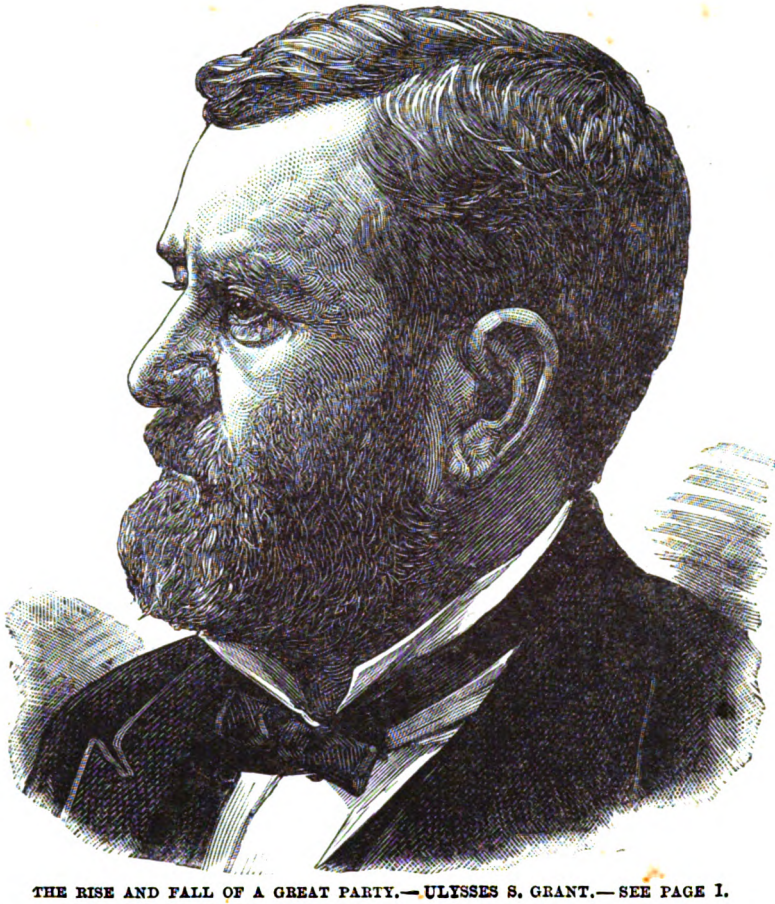
"Didn't he, really? Then I must have been mistaken. Some other Jones, perhaps. It's not an uncommon name."

"No, Mr. Culpepper! It is very good of you to endeavor to screen him. It is a point of honor among you men, I believe, to shield each other; but I am not to be so easily put off, I can tell you. Mr. Philipotts had the particulars from Mr. Jones's own lips, you said—consequently it is clear that Mr. Jones *has* caught a fish (though I shouldn't have believed it of him), and that that fish has been concealed from me."

Poor Culpepper looked extremely uncomfortable. As for myself—well, Mr. Kinglake has recorded that the late Emperor Napoleon used to turn a pale green when in the presence of the enemy; I never believed the story till that evening, but I do now."

"But, Maria," I said, "it is really nothing to make a fuss about. I assure you I didn't—no, I mean I did—catch a fish, but it was quite an accident, and it sha'n't occur again."

"No, Mr. Jones; there is a mystery here which I am determined to fathom. You have caught a fish—a large fish, it seems. Where is that fish? Why did you not send it to your once happy home?"



THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY.—ULYSSES S. GRANT.—SEE PAGE 1.

Mr. Jones glared at me as if she thought the fish was at that moment concealed about my person. I believe I was about to answer (forgetful of its dimensions) that it wasn't worth bringing home, or that I had eaten it all myself, when Culpepper came unexpectedly to the rescue.

"I can relieve your mind on that score, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones sent it to his collection at the Fisheries Exhibition." ("Good gracious," I thought, "what a liar the man is, though he means it in kindness, no doubt.") "I saw it there myself yesterday."

This was the "lie with a circumstance" with a vengeance, and yet there the man sat, as cool and collected as if he were repeating the multiplication-table. How I envied his calm composure. But the fiend went on:

"Make him take you to see it, Mrs. Jones, if he hasn't already done so," he continued; "it is really worth seeing. You'll find it in the second or third case on the left, just as you enter the gallery."

"He *shall* take me to the Fisheries Exhibition before he is twenty-four hours older," replied Mrs. Jones. "I will get to the bottom of this somehow. I wish you good-evening, gentlemen;" and she sailed out of the room.

"What on earth possessed you to suggest that?" I remarked ruefully to Culpepper as the door closed.

"Very sorry if I've done any mischief," he said; "I really thought it was the best thing I could say. I am extremely sorry I ever introduced the subject; but, of course, I couldn't guess that your wife didn't approve of your angling excursions, and that you had made a secret of this little matter. She is afraid your hobby might interfere with business, I suppose."

"Yes, that's it," I said, only too glad to jump at this straw in the way of explanation, and Culpepper shortly after took his leave. With terror I anticipated the inevitable explanation with Mrs. Jones; but it was postponed, for I found she had taken up her quarters in the spare room for the night.

My hair is not gray with years or otherwise, "nor grew it white in a single night, as men have grown through sudden fears." But I am quite surprised that it didn't.

The next morning Mrs. Jones came down to breakfast with her bonnet on.

"Where are you going, my dear?" I ventured mildly to inquire.

"I am going with *you*, Mr. Jones, to the Fisheries Exhibition."

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I felt that I was going to still further shame and exposure, but there was no help for it. What Mrs. Jones would say or do when she found that there was no fish of mine at the Exhibition, I shuddered to think.

We reached South Kensington in solemn silence. Like a condemned criminal just screwing up his courage for the final attentions of the late Mr. Marwood, I followed Mrs. Jones to the Museum department. We entered the gallery; I glanced, involuntarily, to the spot where, according to Culpepper's account, my great catch ought to have been. Great heavens! what did I behold! A handsome showcase, surmounted by the name of Marmaduke H. Jones, in large gold letters, and containing stuffed fish of various sizes and descriptions, the centre object being a monster pike. I felt that reason was tottering on her throne. Had I really caught all that fish, and didn't know it? Was I a somnambulist with a double existence, catching fish (and sending them to the Fisheries Exhibition) in my sleep, and forgetting all about it in my waking hours? The revulsion of feeling was too much for me—I fell on the floor in a dead faint. How long I so continued I cannot say, but I presently came to myself and found a small crowd round me, and Mrs. Jones holding a large and powerful smelling-bottle to my nose. I heard an excited whisper, "That's the gent as ketched all them fish; he don't look it, do he?" Mrs. Jones perceived that I was reviving; she said, "We will defer explanations, Mr. Jones. We had better go home." And we went home accordingly, in solemn silence as we came.

On my arrival I found two letters sent up from the office, also a copy of the *Fishing Gazette*. The first letter was from my friend Brown, and ran as follows:

DEAR JONES—That pike of yours has created a regular controversy in the *Gazette*. I send a copy for your perusal; the most contrary opinions prevail as to the way you caught him. Some maintain you throw in Thames style, some in Nottingham. You are reported to have used no less than seven different kinds of flight, including two that nobody ever heard of. Some say your catch was made at Tenbury, some at Tutbury, some at Newbury, and some at Sunbury. You are reported to have used a gorge bait, a live bait, and a spinning bait, and one idiot declares that you spin with a live bait. The funny thing is that all these statements are said to be made on your own personal authority. Do, for goodness' sake, drop the editor a line and set them right.

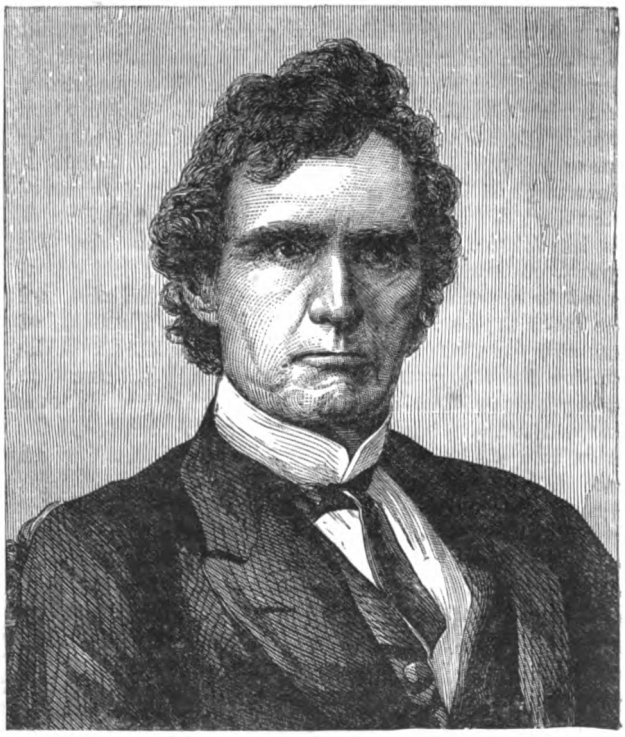
"Yours ever, HUMPHREY BROWN."

I groaned, and opened the other letter. It was as follows:

"Pwmbwlygwllwth, North Wales.

"SIR—I think of all scoundrels, the man who, at a safe distance, deliberately appropriates another man's distinctions is the meanest. I find that you have taken advantage of the accident of possessing the same name as myself (a name of which I shall henceforth be ashamed, since *you* share it) to take the credit of my recent fishing success as mentioned in the *Gazette*. I write by this post to the same paper to expose your contemptible conduct, and trust I may have an early opportunity of pulling your nose. "MARMADUKE H. JONES."

Here, then, was the solution of the big-fish mystery. There *was* another



THADDEUS STEVENS.

Marmaduke H. Jones, solicitor, and *he* was the real Simon Pure, the hero of the big fish. But to live at such an unearthly place as Pwm-thingumy—no wonder I could not find him in the "Law List." I took up the book once more and looked out the disgusting little place. There he was, sure enough. So simple, and yet so terrible, was the explanation of my mystery.

I have confessed all to Mrs. Jones, and she has graciously agreed, as I did not really catch any fish after all, to look over it this once. I have written an abject apology to my infuriated namesake, who has taken no notice whatever of it; and now, by Mrs. Jones's advice, I draw up this plain and unvarnished statement, to place the matter fairly before the public, and to rehabilitate, as far as possible, my damaged reputation.

One word I would say in conclusion. I notice that a popular writer in a current novel has made his hero wrongfully take the credit of another man's book. I do not mean to suggest that this is as bad as taking the credit of another man's fish; in fact, from recent observation, I should say that it would be regarded, at least in sporting circles, as a very mild offense in comparison. But I am quite sure that that popular writer, if he is a kind-hearted man (as I have no doubt he is), will be positively appalled, as he goes on, at the amount of misery he will bring on his unfortunate hero. I do implore him to pause while there is yet time, and let the offender make a clean breast of it at once, before he begins to feel the mental agony I myself have experienced.

THE TULIP MANIA.

Perhaps the most remarkable event that ever transpired in the history of floriculture was the tulip mania of a few centuries ago. Certain it is that no other flower of the thousands now in cultivation ever created anything near like the stir this common but beautiful flower did on its first introduction.

A writer in the *Journal of Horticulture* gives the following pointed history of the flower, embracing the period to which we refer: He says the tulip is a native of the Levant and the warmer parts of Asia, and is very common in Syria and Palestine. In the year 1559 the tulip was rapidly distributed through all parts of Europe, being brought from Persia by Conrad Gesner, an eminent German physician and naturalist. The scientific name of the tulip, *Tulipa Gesneriana*, commemorates the labors of its introducer. Early in the seventeenth century the special cultivation of particular varieties was first prosecuted to a considerable extent in the Netherlands, and the price of the roots was higher in value than that of the most precious metals. In the years 1634 to 1637 the passion for the possession of choice tulips became so strong among the Dutch that dealing in them became one of the most important money speculations, and the bulbs were sold and resold at enormous prices. For one root of the Viceroy variety £250 was paid, while for Semper Augustus a person agreed to give 4,600 florins (equal to £400), with the addition of a new carriage and a pair of horses. Another agreed to give twelve acres of land for a single root of this sort. As late as the year 1854 Mr. Groom, of Clapham, catalogued shop tulips at enormous prices. Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Eliza Seymour, were sold at 1,000 guineas each, others at fifty, twenty-one and ten guineas per root. In the following year, 1855, the whole of Mr. Groom's collection, which consisted of over 200,000 roots, was sold by auction, as they stood in the rows, at very low prices, and from this time the tulip as a show flower declined in the public favor at a rapid rate. The commercial value for a flower at the present day of a new variety of early tulip, if of unusual fine quality, would be about one pound, being only about one-tenth the value of a new hyacinth. The reason for this difference is that it would take fifty years to get up a stock large enough to send out; while with a hyacinth, which multiplies rapidly, the same results could be produced in ten years.

GREEK BRIGAND AND VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The brigands of the Balkan Peninsula, both Moslem and Christian, have, besides all the common superstitions, a great many peculiar to themselves, and more directly concerning their profession. These vary somewhat according to locality, but in the main are very similar all over the country. Before engaging in any important enterprise, a sheep is sacrificed by the assembled band, and a careful examination made of its entrails. Certain appearances these may present are construed as denoting the success of their plans, while others denote an attack by soldiers. If the marks or signs are interpreted as decidedly adverse, the hardiest band will abandon their project. Another favorite form of divination is by means of the shoulderblade of a sheep or lamb. The thin bone is scraped clean and held up to the light, and the lights and shades exhibited on its surface are interpreted according to certain rules known to those who consult this augury.

On the occasion of a marriage which lately took place in Macedonia between the son of one brigand chief and the daughter of another, notice was sent to a village that the brigands intended to honor it by having the ceremony performed there. Promises of protection were made if the villagers maintained silence with regard to the intended visit, and dire threats of vengeance if they betrayed them to the Turkish authorities.

On the appointed day the wedding party arrived, accompanied by a Greek priest, and the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. This concluded, the bands formed a circle round their chiefs. The latter then bared their left arms: an incision was made in each; the blood that flowed from them was allowed to mingle, and a solemn vow of brotherhood administered by the priest. Festivities of various kinds followed; sheep and goats were roasted, and the villagers invited to join the feast. Then, amid many mystic ceremonies, a sheep was sacrificed, and libations of wine were poured out. The customary auguries were drawn from the appearance of the intestines, and the villagers were then informed that pursuit would be made after them; but if the soldiers came to the village to molest them the brigands would come to their rescue. Three days afterward a detachment of soldiers, commanded by an officer, arrived, and began to ill-treat and arrest the peasants, as is customary in such cases, besides demanding money from them. Signals were made to the brigands, who were not far off, and they shortly returned and attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed.

On the formation of a new band, the attendance of a Moslem imaum or Greek priest, or both, according to the creed and nationality of its members, is procured by fear or favor. Under his auspices a few drops of blood from the arm of each outlaw are mixed with flour, and made

into pills. As each man swallows this emblem of unity, he pronounces a solemn oath, confirmed by cross or sword, according to the faith he professes.

In some districts, when the death of a hostage has been decided upon, every member of the band deals a blow at the victim. If one fails to conform to this rule, he is expected to be killed in the first encounter with troops. But in other localities, one man is chosen to fill the office of executioner, and it is considered of the highest importance that one stroke of the curved sword used for the purpose should sever the head from the body of the captive.

When the brigands are desirous of possessing themselves of money or treasure they suspect to have been hidden out of their reach, they kill or mutilate the person supposed to have concealed it. A portion of his body is taken to some crafty old hag, whose ostensible profession is the manufacture of tapers for religious ceremonies. The fat is extracted, and, mixed with wax or tallow, is made into a candle. Armed with this, the brigand commences his search, in the belief that the light of his taper will be extinguished when he approaches the spot where the treasure is secreted. This superstition accounts for the fingers of captives having been cut off even when they were not required to send to their friends to stimulate their zeal in procuring the ransom. One of the murderers of a family of seven persons was detected by his applying to have one of these candles made. The crime had been committed for the sake of plunder; and, as the sum found in the house was smaller than the murderers had expected, recourse was had to supernatural aid to discover the remainder.

Almost every brigand wears an amulet. If a Greek, it is frequently an old copy, or a few pages, of the Gospels. "Cham," once a notorious but now a pardoned brigand, always attributed a serious misfortune which befell him to his having laid his aside for a few minutes—a very old copy, which he carried in an elaborately-chased silver case, suspended round his neck by a chain.

One of the most ghastly Greek superstitions is that of the *Vrykolokas*, or Vampire. It is customary to visit the grave of a deceased relation at the expiration of three years after burial, and ascertain if the body is decomposed. If this process has been performed to their satisfaction, the bones are collected, and, after a further religious service, placed in a mortuary. But should this not be the case, the dead man is supposed to be possessed, and in punishment of his known or unknown crime, walks the earth at night as a Vrykoloka. The Klephtic legends are full of this terrible spectre, and many of their songs tell of the midnight visits of murdered men to their oppressors and tyrants, heralded by the ghostly *kukuvaghia*, or owl of ill-omen. For though it is popularly supposed that this unrest after death is a consequence of an evil life, men also who have been the victims of a terrible wrong cannot lie quietly in their graves, but revisit the scenes of their woes.

An interesting custom is observed on St. John's Eve in the villages of Thessaly, called "Klithona." It is, however, as a rule, performed only in the family circle, and many people long resident in the country are ignorant of it. At sunset a large jar or bowl is filled with water and placed in the garden. Round it the family assemble, each with a leaf or flower, which he or she throws in. A wild dance and chant is kept up all the time. The jar is then covered with a linen cloth, and the youngest of the party goes through the fictitious ceremony of "locking" it with the house-key. It is then carefully set aside until the following day at noon, when the party assemble for the "unlocking." The cloth is carefully removed, and each looks anxiously to see if his or her leaf or flower is floating on the water, as that foretells a long life, and an immersed leaf or flower an early death. A general sprinkling then ensues; the young people chase each other with glasses of water from the bowl, and consider a thorough drenching good luck. Singing is kept up all the time, and an occasional improvised couplet or two containing sly personal allusions add to the merriment.

In Macedonia the ceremony differs a little. Each person places a ring or some other small object in the jar, and they are withdrawn, one by one, by a girl who, before she dips her hand in, repeats some prophetic, complimentary, or depreciatory rhyme. Supper over, the bonfire is lighted before the gate; and, after taking down and casting into it the now faded garlands hung over the doors on May Day, the young people leap through the flames, fully persuaded that "the fire of St. John will not burn them."

Many of the local superstitions take the form of offerings to the spirits of the earth, air or water. A bride invariably drops her *obole* into the well before entering upon her household duties; and the village women, when going for water to the wells or springs in the woods, always carry with them some offering, if only a leaf or a flower. Pins are favorite gifts, and also bits of bright-colored cotton. In many of the stone fountains are nooks, apparently destined for the reception of these gifts, and containing the accumulation of years.

When a vine is planted a glass of wine is thrown in "for good luck." Wine spilt on the ground or the table is also considered a good omen. Oil, on the contrary, denotes the approach of evil.

A child, stunned by a fall, was picked up by an English lady, who brought him to consciousness by sprinkling water on his face. His mother came to claim him shortly afterward, and after assuring herself that no bones were broken, poured a pail of water on the spot where he had fallen, and added a handful of sugar, "to satisfy the demon."

Thunder is believed to be produced by the demons of the upper regions, and bells are rung during a storm to drive them away.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and equally unlucky to finish work upon.

No money must be paid on Monday, "or Saturday will find your purse empty."

On certain feast days a large cake, called a *péta*, is prepared; one is also made for beggars, and to refuse a piece to any one who asks for it would bring down all manner of misfortune. A beggar is never sent away from the poorest door empty-handed. Even the poorest will give a few olives or an onion; and during the scarcity of food that was felt in Thessaly a few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a beggar exchanging his surplus of bread for an apple or vegetable. At Smyrna, however, it is considered unlucky so give directly from one's table to the poor, as "yours may also be bare as theirs."

The almost universal superstition of the "evil eye" flourishes supreme in the East. Blue or gray eyes are supposed to possess the power of causing misfortune in a much greater degree than brown or black eyes, and it is not safe for any one with orbs of those colors to look intently at, or admire, anything. Sickness, death, loss of beauty, affection, and wealth, are all ascribed to the evil eye having been cast by some envious or malicious rival. To admire a child causes the greatest consternation to its mother, and the caps of infants are often decorated with

coins or other bright objects to distract the attention of any evil eye they may chance to meet from the child. An expression of approval or admiration, even of the most trivial thing, is constantly met with the entreaty: "Don't give it the evil eye!" and two fingers are immediately pointed at the object or person in question, accompanied by the exclamation "Garlic!" Indeed, garlic is considered a sovereign antidote against this malign power. It may be seen hung on any favorite object of furniture or ornament, or fastened to a horse's harness; over the door of a house, in company with the horseshoe; and tied to a broomstick in the corner of a room containing a new-born child, to counteract any laudatory remarks that may be made by ill-natured visitors.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.—SEE PAGE 1.

The infant of an English lady living at Smyrna was one day noticed to have lost its usual liveliness, and to have become fretful and uneasy, without any ostensible cause. The nurse, a Greek woman from Nicaria, attributed this to the evil eye, and begged her mistress to allow her to send for a *compatriote* known for her skill in such cases. The wise woman came. She spread a square of red cloth on a bed, undressed the baby, and laid it on this. A little pile of hemp was placed at each corner of the cloth, accompanied by sundry signs of the cross and other symbolic performances. The hemp was then lighted, and a series of gymnastic contortions performed with the child's limbs, in the midst of the fumes, interspersed with breathings and more crossings. It was then pronounced cured. It had undoubtedly recovered its wonted loveliness, and during the whole performance had crowed and laughed at the old *mayissa*.

A lady, watching the flight of a stork to his nest in a cypress-tree in the little town of Bournabat, near Smyrna, was suddenly assailed with a torrent of abuse from two Greeks who were passing on donkey-back, and who imagined themselves to be the objects of her attention. They anathematized "her gray eyes, that would cause them evil," with a fluency of vituperation of which a low-class Greek alone is capable.

The old proverb, "A hair of the dog that bit you," is daily illustrated in Thessaly. Savage dogs, noted for their biting propensities, may be seen deprived of patches of hair cut from their shaggy coats, to cure the incisions made by their teeth—no other remedy being considered so efficacious. LUCY M. T. GARNETT.

A GOOD deal of the pleasures of life, so far as trifles go, may be found in having a hobby.

LIFETIME OF VARIOUS ANIMALS.

CAMELS live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and thirty years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of four hundred years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when it perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live one hundred years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live two hundred years, common river-trout fifty years, and a pike ninety years; while Gesner relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish two hundred and sixty-seven years before.

THE PRESERVATION OF WINE.

M. PASTEUR is believed to have solved the question of the preservation of wine, which has long been a matter of great difficulty in France, and for which salicylic acid was used till it was prohibited as a penal offense. Now, however, the discoveries of M. Pasteur have shown how wine may be safely preserved without the addition of any chemical whatsoever. After minutely studying the microbes which cause the fermentation in wine or the deterioration of its quality, notably the microbe that imparts a bitter taste to Burgundy, M. Pasteur discovered that all mischief could be prevented by simply warming the wine for a few moments. Boiling is not necessary—a heat of 132 degrees to 142 degrees Fahrenheit is sufficient; but of course the wine must be kept in closed vessels, and no air allowed to approach. For private persons who are doubtful about a few bottles of wine nothing is easier than to carry out this method. If the bottles are very well corked, it suffices to immerse them in a saucepanful of cold water, which must be gradually warmed up to about 140 degrees Fahrenheit. This will completely destroy the germs within the wine without in any way injuring its flavor and quality.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT PARTY. JAMES G. BLAINE.

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

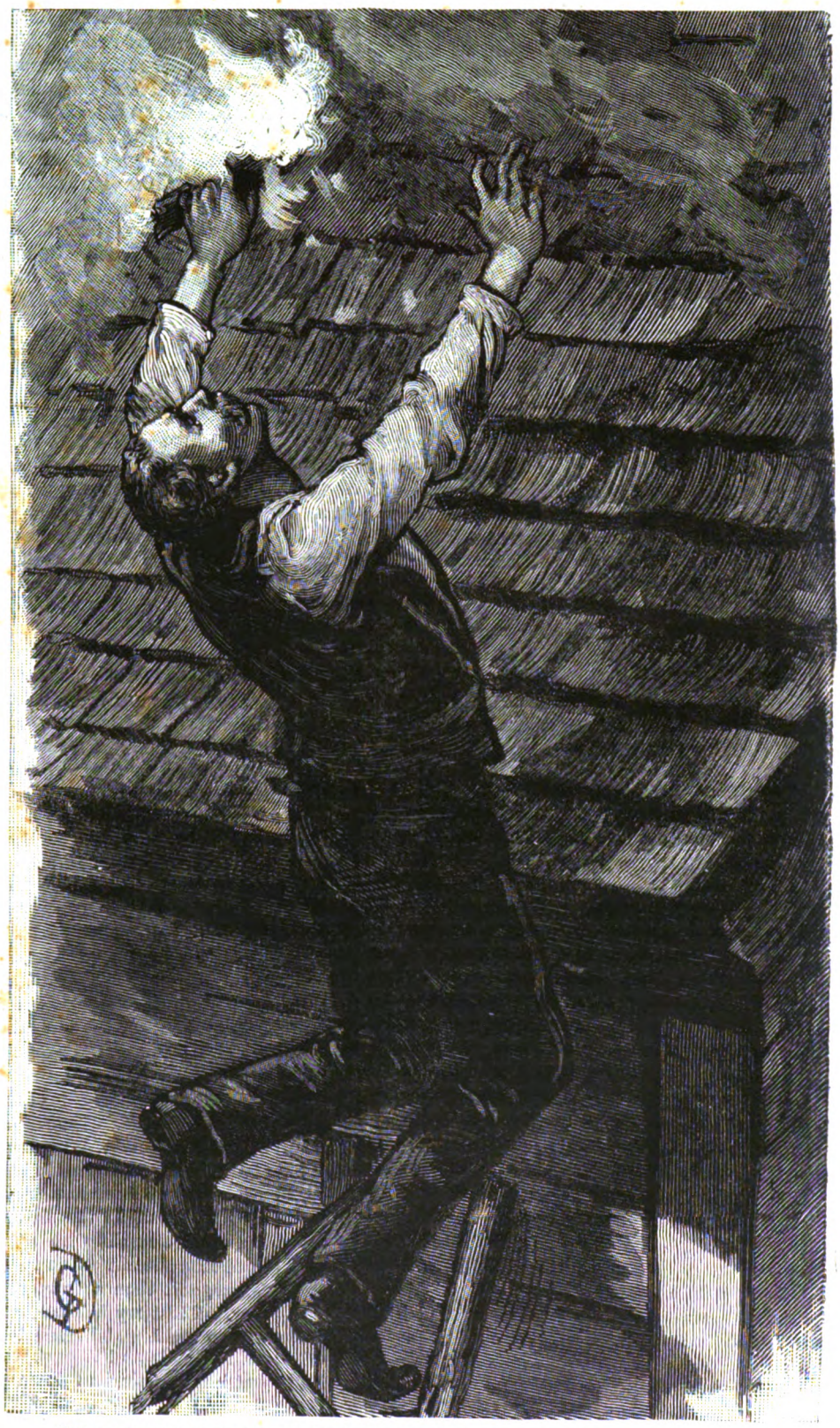
I WAS editing a literary monthly at that time, and just beginning to discover the vast number of writers our country can produce.

The *Monthly Recorder* was then a new publication, and as the impression had gone forth that we paid fancy prices for articles suiting our needs, poems and stories, essays and reviews flowed down upon us in one vast unbroken stream.

Every mail brought its offering to swell the tide, every hour its addition to our mountain of manuscript. I remember it was Christmas Day—never mind the year—bright and cold, and still outside, with the little lances of bright sunlight sparkling along the snow, and the frost painting our window-panes with strange, fantastic figures. Now and then the cheering music of the Christmas chimes came stealing into the room, and I could hear the voices of children calling in the street below. It was Christmas Day to them, with all its rest and joy—Christmas Day, with its "peace on earth, good-will to men"; but to me it was the same as ever, only longer, as I sat there working, hour after hour, reading, reading, reading love-stories till the very sight made me sick, and poems until the lines ran into each other in one confused blot of color. They were piled high up on the table in the morning, but they are thinning out a little now, and it is high time, for the sun is pouring in at the western window, and stretching out like a great golden hand half-way across the dark floor, where the waste of papers lie strewn in such confusion.

I am growing tired, and longing for a breath of the crisp, pure air outside; but just as I push back my heavy chair I chance to notice a smaller envelope among the others, and a glimpse of writing with which I have grown familiar. I draw it out from the pile, and hold it up to the light.

"It's not MS.," I muttered. "Must be they forgot to



"THE LADDER GAVE WAY, AND I WAS FLUNG HEADLONG UPON THE HARD WALK BELOW."

send her a check. No, it's something heavy and hard." The next moment it was opened. "By Jove! it's a picture!" burst from my lips.

And so it was, the photograph of a woman—not a beautiful one, but a young, strong, vigorous face, lit up with such full, earnest gray eyes, and a little bunch of pansies caught up in the heavy coils of dark hair, held back from the low, broad forehead by a single strip of narrow ribbon. Not a common face in any degree, but one to trust for ever, and, charmed by its expression, I sat looking at it until the sunbeam, working upward, fell across my knee and bathed the hair in a flood of glory. Then I noticed the accompanying note which had fluttered to the floor. Stooping, I picked it up and read these simple words:

"CITY, December 24th, 18—.

"*Mr. Philip Randall, Editor 'Monthly Record'*:

"DEAR SIR—You have shown me much kindness in the past, and to-day it occurred to me that even if I still continue to use my *nom de plume*, yet it might please you to see the features of one who has contributed so much to the pages of your magazine.

"Trusting that it *will* please you, and be accepted as a slight—very slight—Christmas gift, I remain as ever, most gratefully yours, LILIAN JUNE."

Would be accepted? Yes, she could rely on that, and treasured, too.

For one year had the work of her pen found space in our columns. The first one sent to us I remember well—a simple little story of patience and reward—not a strong effort, but it contained something in it to interest me, and, as others followed, that interest increased, but all to no avail so far as personal knowledge went, it was always the same "Lilian June" that told me nothing, and only in some way suggested a tall, fair woman, and as such I had pictured her. As such, I had commenced to feel my interest in her grow; to watch for the regular coming of her manuscript, and to study in the gradual growth and expansion of her peculiar powers. I had even forwarded her several times words of encouragement, and now and then, perhaps, a brief line of advice and aid.

Thus had we grown to be friends in a certain restricted business way—to feel a sympathy with each other, and our lines of life were drawn closer together by our similarity of thought.

Yet all communication from the office was simply with "Lilian June, City Post-office," and beyond the line of stone pillars which guard that edifice I found it impossible to go. Even now, with the picture she had sent in my hands, I was scarcely any nearer than before. It was still the old assumed name, and her identity as much a mystery as ever. And I sat there in the short twilight of the Christmas evening looking on the face of my gift until the western sky grew dark, and nothing lit up the features but the fitful bursts of flame in the grate. Then I put it most carefully in an inner pocket, and felt my way slowly down the narrow, dark stairs out into the street, with the stars shining clear and cold overhead.

I wrote the next day and thanked her, but if I dreamed of anything more it was useless, for nothing came back in return to the office excepting the regular roll of neat manuscript, which I could only send down to the printer and have put in type.

And so the weeks of work rolled around into months, and it was Summer time, and the corn grew yellow, and then came the cold Autumn winds and swept aside the faded leaves, to bring us again upon the threshold of Winter, with its snowy walks and icy air.

One morning I sat there again at the old table, with the blue tobacco-smoke curling up in fantastic rings to fade against the low, dingy ceiling; sat there facing the *old* pile of *new* MSS., with a fair face floating before me in a mist of shadow; sat there dreaming a daydream and building castles of smoke until Joe, the office-boy, suddenly interrupted my reverie by entering with a message.

I glanced hastily over the paper he held. My partner was seriously ill at his home in Somerset, and desired to see me without delay. A hasty glance at the time-card, and the next train bore me southward, over the fair farms of Jersey. It was only the ride of an hour, and as a very few moments sufficed for all our business, it was but little after dark when I again stood upon the cold, bleak station platform of that little country village, anxiously waiting for the night train to carry me to my more comfortable city quarters.

Five minutes, ten, fifteen passed slowly away, and swinging my hands about to keep warm, I walked up and down the narrow platform, and even practiced some athletic feats upon a ladder which stood leaning against the freight-house.

I took one last look down the track for the expected headlight, and then, as I turned back, had my attention attracted by a line of sparks flying out of a tall chimney belonging to a house just opposite me. They came forth in a perfect stream, would flare up separately for a moment, and then one by one melt away in the darkness. The wind seemed strong enough to bear them beyond harm, and I merely watched their falling from idle curiosity. But suddenly, as I looked, one larger than the others, unable to be carried by the light air, falls on the dry shingle of the roof, rolls along until near the edge toward me, then stops, smolders a moment and bursts out into a tiny flame. I hear a quick, startled exclamation beside me. It is the switchman.

"My God! Mrs. Chase's house is afire!"

Then, like a flash, I came to myself, and as I did so thought of the ladder against the freight-house.

"Here, men!" I shouted, "come with me!"

Together we grasped the heavy burden, and on a run staggered across the lines of track toward the house.

"Faster, boys; don't lose any time," I cried out as we rushed in among the group that had now collected.

"End her up!" and as they did so, I flung aside my heavy coat, and prepared for the ascent.

"Better let me go, sir," whispered the old switchman. "I don't believe that ladder is very safe."

"It's my place," I answered hurriedly; "I weigh less than any of you. Hold the ends tight!" and I ran swiftly up the lower rounds. Then, slower and slower I felt my way, for the old frame bent and cracked beneath my feet like a rotten stick. It just reached the edge of the sloping roof, and just beyond my reach clung that blazing bit of wood, charring the shingles. A little further—a little further! Oh, for something that I might cling to. Finally, I succeeded in working a shingle partially loose, caught a slight hold of it, and straightened my body out over the roof, made one desperate reach forward, grasped the blazing fragment, and forgetting the pain, flung it with a backward movement over my head into the air. One half-cheer broke from the throats below, and then a support of the lead gutter suddenly way. I lost my balance, my fingers slipped from their narrow hold, and I came back with full force upon the ladder! Crash! it gave way, and I was flung headlong out into the air, and down upon the hard, graveled walk below. * * * * * *

It was long, weary nights and days of pain that fol-

lowed—of hideous dreams, of wild, childish vaporings, of delirium, and almost death! What dreams—terribly real dreams, I had! What fearful pictures ever passing the scope of my disordered imagination, with their dark and light shadows! Now some scene, weird and wild enough for the regions of eternal punishment, only to fade into another of sunshine and beauty—while through them all floated, like a charm, the face of Lilian June. It could not be banished, but ever looked down upon me from a cloud of vapor that half hid, yet never wholly concealed, the features of the photograph. That womanly face, with the gray eyes lighting it up, always smiling down to me out of the mist.

Finally, I slowly and painfully forced back the heavy eyelids, and looked about me. It was a low, wide room, with that indescribable look of comfort about everything. The white, soft coverlet of the bed on which I lay, the blazing wood-fire, and the cushioned armchair standing before it. The great, old-fashioned clock, with long-swinging pendulum, ticking away in a distant corner; and the white curtains, drawn aside to let the morning sun pour in at the window, and beyond which I could see some great trees bending under their glittering load of ice and snow.

With the faces of my dreams still clinging to my wandering brain, I clasped one hand over my burning temples, and rubbed my heavy eyes in perplexity.

"Where am I?" unconsciously I spoke aloud.

I heard the brushing aside of some curtains, a soft, firm step npon the carpet, and turned my head over upon the pillow.

A young woman stood beside me, with the same gray eyes smiling into mine, the same heavy coils of hair bound back by the narrow ribbon—it was the face of the photograph, the face of my disordered imagination, the face of Lilian June.

"Then I *am* dead!"

I could not keep back the words, and my nurse laughed, and laid her soft, moist hand upon my forehead.

"Oh, no, Mr. Randall. I trust far from that," she answered, pleasantly. "Instead, you are much better, and your fever is gone."

A current of air swayed back the heavy white curtains just then, and let the sunlight pour in over my bed, and she turned away to fasten it into place. I lay still, watching her with all my wonder in my eyes.

"Then, where am I? Have I been here long?" I said, at last, with an effort, for it hurt me yet to speak.

"You are here with mother and me—in our house," she said, coming back beside the bed. "Where you were hurt—don't you remember?"

"I nodded, 'Yes,'" looking straight upward into her face.

"You have been here a long, long time," she continued. "But you must not try to talk any more now; see if you can go to sleep. You must mind me, for I am the doctor. Will you try to sleep?"

Not waiting for my answer, she turned as if to go away.

"Don't go, please!" I cried, weakly, touching her sleeve.

"Well, then, I will stay here, only you must try and sleep;" and she seated herself in the low rocking-chair, and commenced to do some sewing before the fire.

Presently she looked up, to see my eyes following her every motion.

"Come, come, this will never do," she said, pleasantly; "I will go, and then I know you will sleep; and when you wake up again, I will come and talk with you," and she turned away toward the door.

"Please stop!" I cried out. "What is your name?"

"Oh, is that all?" with a sunny smile. "It is Margaret Chase," and she closed the heavy door behind her very quietly, and all the house was still.

I know I must have slept for a long time, for it was evening when I awoke, and a shaded lamp stood upon a little stand near the bed, and an old gray-haired woman sat before the fire.

My mind was clearer now, and I greeted another figure, advancing toward me out of the shadows with a smile of welcome. I ate with relish the few things they allowed me, and then listened to her telling the story of my sickness, and of how I had been nursed back unto life.

I learned that the two women lived there alone, and that she, the younger, was a teacher in the schools. Listened patiently until, worn out and tired, I again fell asleep, only to awaken when another day's sun brightened the room through the frosted window-glass. And so the days passed away, and I grew gradually better and stronger, until I fell at last into the habit of resting in the low easy-chair before the window, and looking down the street for Margaret to come home from school, and in the long evenings of sitting with them—mother and daughter—by the bright wood fire, and watching the blaze of flame light up her clear-cut face and play hide-and-seek in the waving masses of her hair.

One night she came in with her cheeks red from the crisp air, and after supper said, as the chairs were being drawn up near the fire:

"Not for me to-night. I must help trim the church, for to-morrow, you know, is Christmas."

"Then, may I not go with you?" I asked quickly.

"No; it would not be safe—would it, mother?"

"I cannot leave it to any one, Miss Chase," I hastened to say. "Won't you help me into this overcoat?"

She did so without a word, and soon, bundled up from the cold air and leaning on her arm, I passed down the long street to the church only to find it full of young ladies, all busy, all talking, and soon all coming to me for suggestions and advice.

It was a hard position to be placed in, but the excitement flushed my cheeks and gave me strength, until I was soon putting up evergreens as fast as the rest.

It was in truth a busy party, prattling here and there as they worked. Finally, running out of other subjects, some one commenced telling what she expected sent her on the morrow, and of what she intended to give, and then they all took it up in turn.

"Now it's your turn, Mr. Randall!" cried out a merry blonde, from the chancel-rail, as she held up to me a large wreath of evergreens. "Confess, sir; what do you expect?"

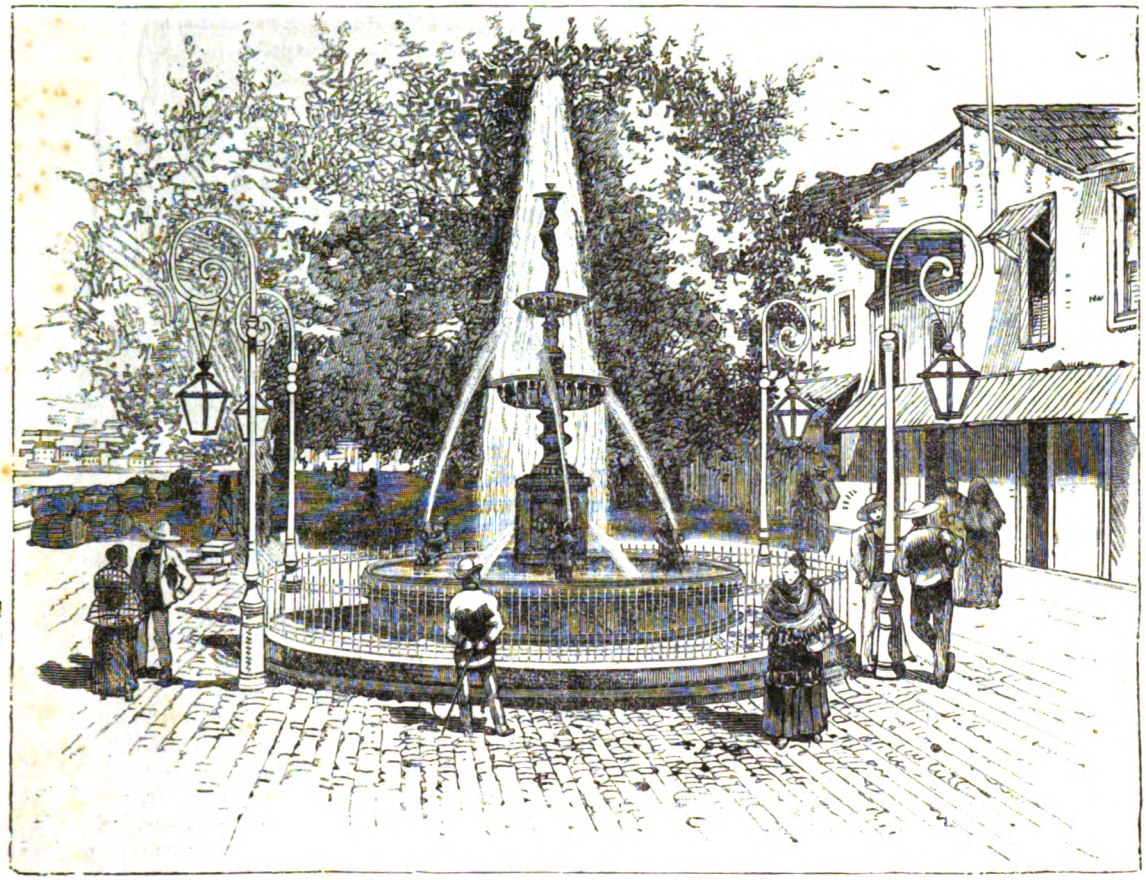
"You expect something hard to answer," I replied, from my elevated position on the step-ladder. "Last year I expected nothing, and yet received a most valuable present."

"Oh, dear, what was it?" they cried in chorus, clustering about the steps. "What was it?"

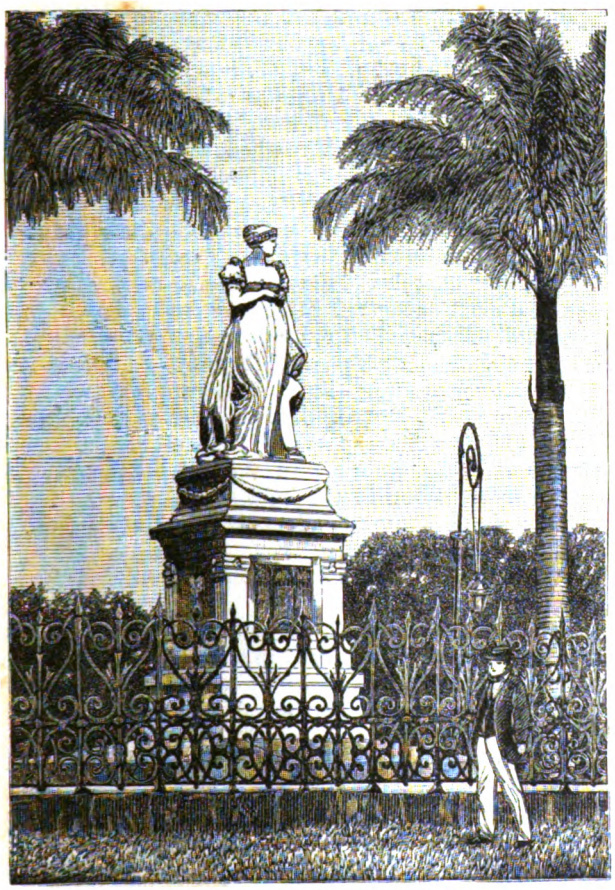
"Why, it was nothing but a photograph." I spoke the words rather loud, and looked over to where Margaret was working at something near the altar. "A photograph of a remarkably lovely woman, and the only thing peculiar was that I had never even met her, and did not know her name."

"I shouldn't call that a very valuable present," whispered the blonde.

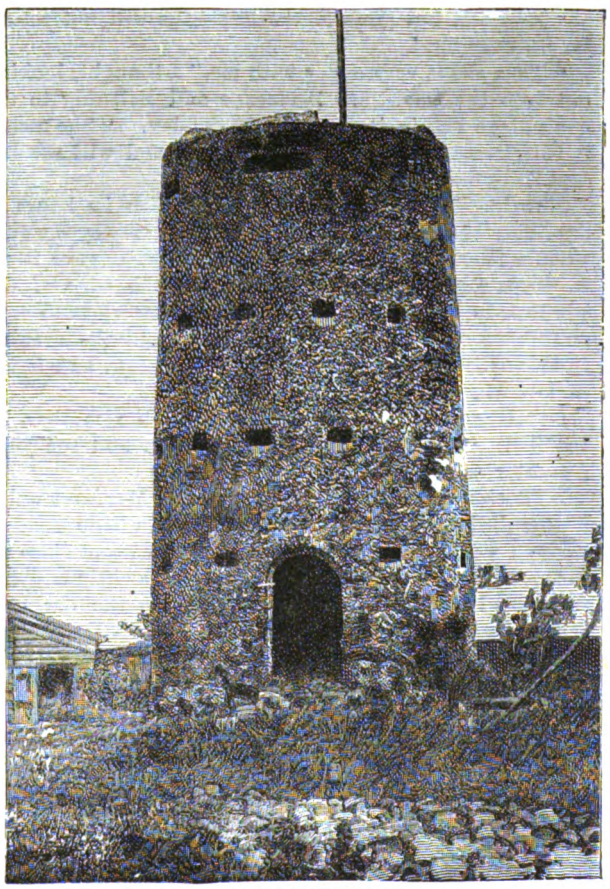
A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.—PEDDLING FLYING-FISH, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.—SEE PAGE 26.



STREET VIEW IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.



STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.



BLACKBEARD'S TOWER.

"No, nor I," I said; "and it would not have been—only I fell in love with the picture," and I saw the red flush mount in a sudden wave over the face that was partly turned aside, but she made no other movement to show that she caught the words and understood them.

Without a syllable being spoken, we walked home together through the snow. Her little hand rested very lightly upon my sleeve, but her face was pale and turned aside.

Silently down the quiet, deserted street, until we reached the house, and then, as we halted at the door, she turned and faced me. There were tears glistening in her eyes, as she stood there in the moonlight, one hand still resting upon my sleeve.

"Mr. Randall," she said, very slowly, while I waited in astonishment for what was to follow, "I could not but overhear what you said to-night, and it pained me very much indeed. You know me to be Lilian June. You know I sent that picture a year ago. It was a girlish freak, regretted as soon as it was done. You do not respect me, but I beg of you do not bring it up so cruelly again."

I tried to speak, but with a movement she stopped me, crying:

"No, no? Do not say anything more. I am not myself to-night," and she burst impulsively into tears.

What demon or angel prompted me I know not, but as she turned, feeling blindly for the door, I obeyed the impulse, and suddenly bending forward, caught her slender figure in my arms and pressed my lips in one quick kiss to hers. The next instant she had torn herself from my grasp, and I stood there in the snow and the moonlight all alone.

In the morning at the breakfast-table she was absent, and to my anxious inquiry Mrs. Chase replied:

"Margaret has gone to the city—she will not return before evening."

"Then she is very angry with me," I thought, looking out into the Christmas landscape and listening to the one village bell in its greeting of the day. "She means it to tell me to go away, but I must and will see her first."

How long that Winter day seemed, with its hours of daylight. In vain I endeavored to read; my eyes would wonder from the printed page; and I finally gave it up in despair, and seating myself upon the edge of the window, looked out upon the dreary, snowy landscape stretching away to the distant hills until the evening shadows began to lengthen along the snow, and it became dark.

"It is nearly train time," I said to the mother by the fire. "I will go over to the station and see your daughter safely home."

"There is no need. It is not far, and Margaret walks it often," she replied, looking up at me in a little wonder.

But I went out, after buttoning my greatcoat close up to the chin, into the keen wind and the swiftly eddying snow, and had to fairly feel my way in the darkness across the network of tracks, on to the depot platform. As I reached the low, small freight-house, my fears caught a sudden cry, at the further end. The words riveted my attention.

"It's no use, no use—they're gone!" some one said.

Drawn by the agony of the cry, I ran forward. The old switchman and another man stood together there in the storm.

"What is it?" I shouted, close in his ear.

With white face he turned to me:

"This man, a farmer, just got in, and says the weight of the snow has broken down the bridge at Snake River, and 'No. 4' is due in five minutes."

Horror-stricken I gasped:

"Can nothing be done?"

"No—nothing!"

"Telegraph, man—it may not be too late."

"We have no office here," and he dropped his head into his hands. He seemed fairly dazed in the face of such impending danger. Without a thought, I sprang forward, and grasped up his lantern, standing there, and turning, started on a run down the track.

"It's no use—come back," he cried after me; but I sped onward, never looking back to where he stood in the blaze of the station lamp. But his words rang in my ears on the Winter storm, "No use! no use!" Too late! too late to save the train my Margaret was on!—no, it could not be too late—must not be too late! As I ran, I flung aside my heavy coat, and relieved of its burden I swept onward like the wind. I had been a famous runner in the old college days, and that early training stood me in good stead now. The wind beat down upon me, driving the flying particles of snow in my face, but I minded it not. The snow in the cuts had drifted deep, but never waiting, I breasted it, and kept on until coatless, hatless, and panting for breath, I stood at last in the storm beside the broken bridge. One moment I took to lash the lantern about my left arm with a pockethandkerchief, and the next grasping a broken timber, I swung myself off the bank into the darkness. With a dull, grinding sound, the stick gave way; but as it fell I caught another, and worked along it until I stepped on a cake of ice, lodged and firm; leaning out from this, my fingers caught a piece of iron girding—cold and frosty, it tore the flesh from my hands, but I swung up it, hand over hand, until I felt my dangling feet strike something.

It proved to be planking, and along it I ran until suddenly I plunged off, waist-deep, into the icy water.

Thank heaven! my lamp was safe and its light burning, and I waded onward, stumbling over *débris* of the wrecked bridge until I reached the other bank, and scrambled up it as best I might.

Onward I went, tripping and panting, down the straight track toward where the light glared out of the distance—the light of the coming train.

On, over the piles of snow, blocking my passage, with set teeth and uncovered hair flying out in the wind; on, down the long track I ran, swinging my lantern wildly in the air. In that moment I thought of nothing, knew of nothing, excepting Margaret. It was her train I tried to save. Onward, stumbling, yet ever onward. And as I ran the glowing light came closer and closer, the rails began to jar alongside me, and I could see the great iron monster trembling in the light.

One short, sharp whistle cuts the air! I hear the grating of the brakes!

"Thank God! she is safe!" I cried, and fell forward on my face in the snow.

The train-men found me lying there, and a dozen strong arms carried me back to the warm cars, and when in a few moments I opened my eyes and looked about me on the strange faces, they asked me the trouble, and I told it as well as I could.

"Your deed, young man, was heroic," some one said, warmly.

"No," I answered back; "it was only selfish;" and I pushed my way out of the circle.

I did not seek Margaret—did not even try to see her. Why, I scarcely know, only I could not face her then.

They placed us in country sleighs an hour later, and drove us around to the station, and, as we were driven up by the platform, I saw her alight from the one ahead of mine, and, springing out, intercepted her.

She was walking rapidly, and, springing forward against the wind, did not notice me until I spoke her name.

"What! are you here?" she said, simply.

"Yes; can it be you are sorry?" I asked. She made no answer, and I went on, warmly, "Did you think I was coward enough to go away from you, and never say how much you have misunderstood me all this time?"

She still stood silent, pushing aside the snow with her foot.

"Will you accept my arm, Margaret?"

She took it, and we walked along together very slowly across the tracks and up to the door. Then, as she turned to open it, I said:

"Margaret, believe me when I say this: That I never knew you were 'Lilian June' until last night, so that even had I wished to feel or display any disrespect toward you, the opportunity came too late——"

"Too late! How?" she interrupted.

"Because," I went on, "long before that time I had learned to love you for yourself, my darling!"

"Love me?"

"Yes, love you—love you with all the strength of my heart; a love that gave me power to cross that river tonight and 'flag' the train you were on."

"You?—did you do that? And I thought you despised me."

And then, standing there under the shadow of the great elm, bending over the doorstep, standing there in the cool, crisp December air, with the white snow at our feet, and a merry church-bell ringing in the distance its Christmas chime, I told her the whole story, word for word, and she stood listening with her eyes cast down.

When it was ended, I took from my pocket the photograph, and held it out to her.

"Here is the cause of it all," I said; "the picture of a year ago. May I keep it still?"

"If you wish," she whispered, gently.

"But that was my last year's present," I went on, taking her hands into mine. "Then you sent me to the shadow; now, Margaret, I want your own dear self."

Her eyes looked up into mine with all the love of the universe shining through their tears; her hands closed upon mine in perfect faith and hope.

"Philip," she said, tenderly, "I give to you everything I have—my love!"

And the great bell, pealing and echoing over the snow, rang in the happiest Christmas of our lives, and stole beyond us into the house, where the gray-haired mother sat waiting our return, like a divine messenger of joy.

A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.

By W. S. Hughes.

Every one has seen upon maps of the West Indies a long line of little islands, ranged like a series of stepping-stones between the two great continents of America, but few are aware of the beauty and variety of their attractions. Anxious to escape, for a few weeks at least, from our metropolitan Winter, combined with a desire to visit some of the scenes a West Indian friend had glowingly described, we sailed from New York early in the month of January, on board the schooner *Della*, bound upon a cruise among the "Windward Antilles." The second day out overcoats and wraps were thrown aside, and before the expiration of two weeks of pleasant sailing we found ourselves in the mildest of tropical climates, with Barbadoes in sight twenty miles to the southwest.

The morning had dawned cloudy, but by ten o'clock the whole island lay bathed in cloudless sunlight. While it is yet far enough away to offer a comprehensive view, let us glance for a moment at Barbadoes as a whole: It is a colony of England, nineteen miles long by thirteen wide, and is the most densely populated island of the West Indies. Its 166 square miles of surface contain 187,000 inhabitants.

As we sailed along within a mile or two of the shore we passed great fields of waving cane, dotted here and there by little groups of white houses, or clusters of tall palms. Rounding the southern end of the island, we beat up the west coast against a fresh head-wind, and anchored about noon at Bridgetown, the capital. Seen from the harbor, the town presented a rather picturesque aspect, though not at all a typical one of the Antilles, as we afterward found.

Nestling amid a sea of gigantic palms, it stretches for a mile or more along a low semi-circular beach, close down to the water's edge. On our way ashore we pass the little stone fortress of St. Anne, its gray walls blending well with their dark-green surroundings. There was a sleepy quietness about the landings as we stepped ashore under a blazing sun; but a moment later a black cloud of native boys, barefooted, nearly naked, and surprisingly ragged, swooped down upon us, each vociferously announcing himself as a guide. It was a little too warm for comfort, so we put up our umbrellas, and seeking the shady side of the street wherever possible, strolled along in the leisurely fashion of the natives. Just in front of the landing stands a long row of yellow warehouses with thick stone walls, numerous small windows protected by iron gratings, and massive, iron-bound doors. In these buildings are stored enormous quantities of sugar, the principal product of the island, piled up in tiers of immense hogsheads, awaiting only the arrival of the steamer to be consigned to some firm in New York or Liverpool.

A short street, clean and dazzlingly white, took us to a triangular plaza shaded in the centre by three or four wide-spreading mahogany-trees. Under these are congregated, dozing indolently on their boxes, half a dozen black hackmen, who straighten themselves up listlessly as we pass and offer their shabby vehicles in a tone and manner that contrasted strangely with the energy displayed by their class at Long Branch or Saratoga.

There are 40,000 persons in the town. Among these, some four or five thousand are foreigners, mostly English, not half a dozen Americans. Where all these Europeans keep themselves is a wonder, for we rarely see one of them on the street. At the street-corners are groups of native girls, with great baskets of fruit upon their heads, waiting patiently for a buyer; here and there we pass a diminutive donkey dragging to market a cart two or three times as large as himself, loaded with broad-leafed grass. The market is not far off. It is there that one gets the best idea of the people.

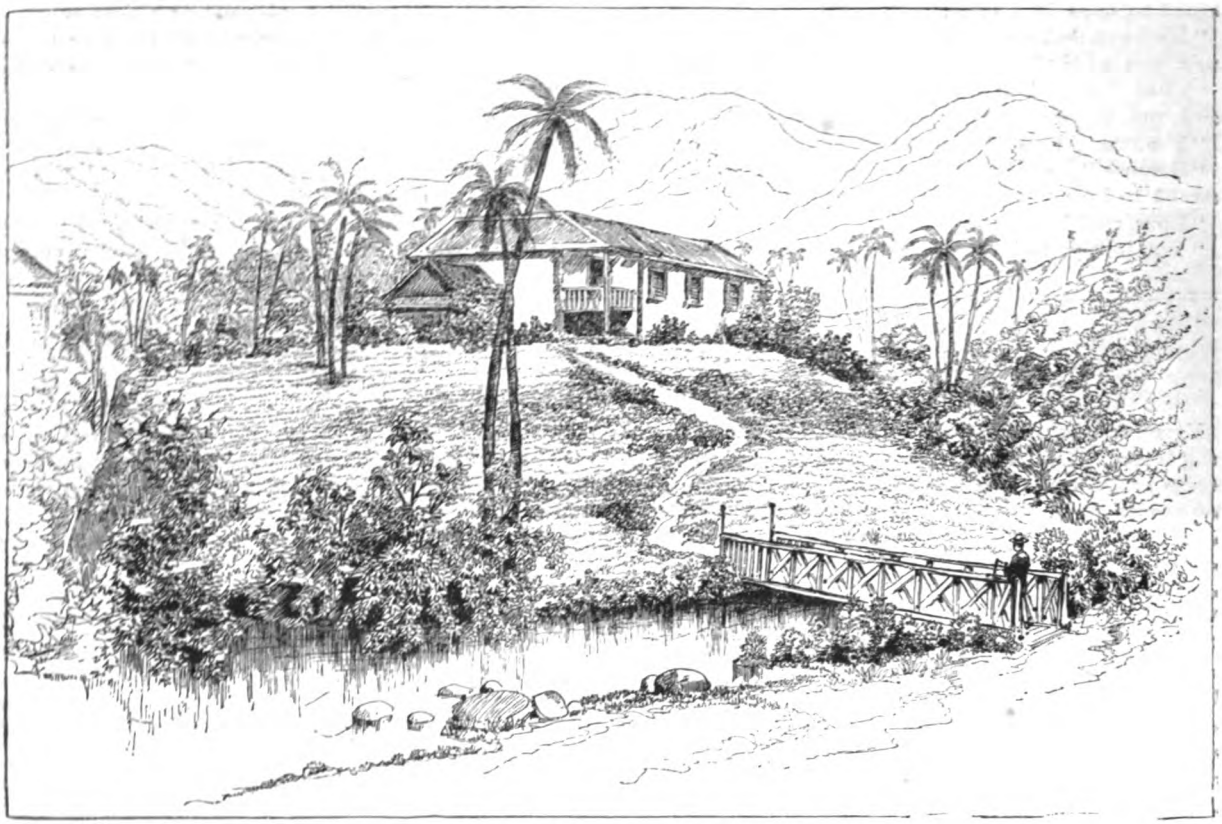
A great square roof of bamboo, covering half an acre or

more, is supported by beams and posts of the same material, underneath which the space is divided into stalls and passage-ways. Most of the venders are women and girls. In the morning the place is crowded; they push and jam each other, and make the air hideous with their jabbering. You see odd-looking fish, and strange fruits—mangoes, guavas, alligator pears, sapondillas, sour-sops. Some of the fish are hideous; others beautiful, like the tiny flying-fish. These last are a staple article of food in the Caribbees. The manner of catching them is peculiar: a long net, three or four feet high, is stretched along the surface of the water, and the fish are then caused to fly into it by fishermen, who frighten them into flight by beating with clubs on the sides of their boats.

One afternoon we drove into the country for a few miles. The ride was a delightful one—over roads as smooth and solid as a floor; past lovely cottages surrounded by neat yards and embowered among tall, graceful palms; through richly cultivated fields, and along beautiful stretches of seashore. About a mile from this town we stopped long enough to obtain a sketch of the residence of the governor of the island. The building, though somewhat superior to many others in its general style, may be taken as a fair type of the houses of the better class of Europeans. There are three classes of people—foreigners, half-castes and blacks. Of these the foreigners, or Europeans, rank highest in the social scale, and the blacks lowest.

The houses of the blacks are usually small bamboo huts without windows, and devoid of every article of furniture except, perhaps, a few chairs and a table. The blacks themselves were obviously happy and good-natured, but we were told that lying, stealing and cheating are inherent qualities of their composition. Another great fault is their licentiousness—a fault, we inferred, not alone confined to the lowest class of society or to any particular shade of color. A part of our drive was along the bank of a river which runs through the town, and enjoys the distinction of being the only stream of water on the island. Here Nature had been left almost untouched by the hand of man. Straight up from the river's banks rose a dense forest of tamarinds, whose foliage, closely resembling that of our locust-tree, formed an almost impenetrable wall. Only space enough had been cut away for a carriage to pass, and cropping out here and there above the green mass were stately palms one hundred and fifty feet high, waving their broad fans to the breeze, and looking down upon their vast lengths mirrored in the glassy waters of the river.

Further on we emerged into the open country where clusters of plantation houses met the eye in every direction. The chief industry of the island, as we have mentioned, is the cultivation of sugar-cane. The sugar estates vary from one hundred to one thousand acres in extent. On most of them the wind furnishes the motive power for crushing the cane, the tower-like mills, with their great arms often forty or fifty feet long, adding not a little to the picturesqueness of the country. We obtained a sketch of the mills at "Clifton Hall," one of the finest estates on the island. The sketch gives a fair idea of the mills; but the fields of cane, the stately plantation-house near by, and a dozen other attractive objects, all had to be left out for want of time.

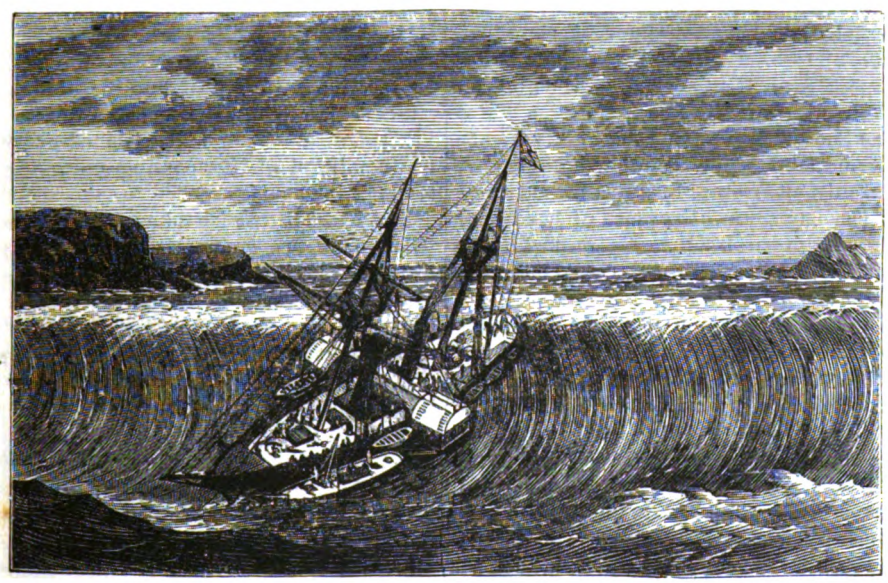


THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Bidding adieu to Barbadoes late one evening, we set our course for Martinique, one hundred and fifty miles to the northwest. The dawn of the next morning unvailed the famous island all along the eastern sky, while fifty miles away to the southward loomed up the rugged peaks of St. Lucia, their summits capped by immense masses of white clouds.

PORT OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS.

The coast of Martinique is charming. For three or four hours, as we cruised along the shore, we enjoyed an always changing panorama of delightful views—green hills and mountains; strange, fantastic peaks, and lovely little valleys, greeting us in succession as we passed. A times the island was overhung by low clouds, and then the sun, suddenly breaking through some rent in the vapory mass, would pour down upon the land a flood of bright rays, giving to each object its proper light and shade, and bringing into relief by the deep shadows it cast a hundred picturesque points at first unseen. A beat to windward of four or five miles took us into the land-locked harbor of Fort de France, capital of the island, and by noon the *Della* was lying quietly at anchor, under the frowning batteries of Fort Louis, in front of the town.



A GREAT TIDAL WAVE AT ST. THOMAS.

There is something of romance in the very name of Martinique, for it is, of course, its historical association with the Empress Josephine that gives to the island a fame quite out of comparison with its size. Here, as is well known, the Empress was born, and spent the years of her girlhood.

Fort de France lies in a little valley, walled in on either side by high cliffs covered to their very summits with

the green of perpetual Summer. We land about two o'clock on a long wooden pier projecting into the bay. It is the hottest part of the day, and the streets are deserted. The whole town is asleep, for it is the hour of the "siesta," a custom as necessary in the tropics as it is universal.

The town presents the usual characteristics of the West Indies—low-built houses painted a monotonous yellow; numberless windows with green blinds and no glass; roofs of red tiles and floors without carpets. The window-blinds toward the sun are tightly closed, for the sun's rays, so courted in our houses at home, are here as carefully shunned. The streets, white and scrupulously clean, are laid out in regular squares with streams of pure water running through open sewers on either side. The drainage of the town is excellent, and it is mainly to this fact that Fort de France owes its comparative freedom from epidemics.

We climbed to the top of the cliff, which in our sketch of the town is seen on the left above the grove of palms, and from which we could see the town and bay in all their tropical loveliness. What a beautiful bay it is! A nearly perfect parallelogram, three or four miles wide and twice as long, bounded by green hills and mountains with intervening valleys and ravines. When we descend to the town, an hour later, the streets are thronged with life, for the real business of the day has just begun. The great majority of the persons we meet are black; a few are white; the others of all possible intermediate shades of color. Some of the women of this last class are gorgeously dressed. Here is one wearing a long, trailing skirt of brightest crimson; the body and sleeves are white. A small green shawl, pinned in front, falls gracefully over her shoulders, while her head is surmounted with an immense handkerchief brilliant with yellow and purple squares, and secured with large gilt pins. Around her neck and arms are three or four rows of gilt beads, half an inch in diameter, and from her ears are pendent several large cylinders that look as though they could not weigh less than a pound.

Everywhere in Fort de France one is reminded of the Empress Josephine. Her portraits and those of her children adorn the rooms, and few mothers fail to give her name to at least one of their daughters. A beautiful statue in the public square of the town keeps the image of the Empress always before the people, while her memory is as eternally enshrined in their hearts. The statue is of white marble, a gift to Martinique from Napoleon III. It stands upon a pedestal adorned on the sides by bronze tablets representing scenes in the life of the Empress. One hand clasps a bouquet of the lovely flowers of her native island, while the other holds a portrait of Napoleon; but her face and eyes are turned away from both across the bay toward the place of her birth, which lies among the green hills nearly opposite the town. The square is a favorite resort for all classes of the people. It is inclosed by two rows of magnificent tamarinds, whose branches mingling together overhead form an almost perfect archway. Under these trees are rustic seats and benches where the people delight to congregate late in the afternoon and enjoy the cool seabreeze.

One morning we sailed across the bay to "Trois Isles," the birthplace of Josephine. Landing in a dense grove of palms, we soon came across a bamboo hut fairly teeming with nude little darkies, and succeeded in engaging one of them as our guide. In an hour we had reached our destination. The proprietor of the estate, an intelligent Frenchman, received us kindly and showed us through the old plantation-house. The main building was long since demolished in a hurricane; but a part of the house, that in which the Empress was born, is still standing and is now used as a storage-room for the farming implements of the estate. The estate, one of the finest in Martinique, comprises several hundred acres of the beautiful valley in which it lies, and derives its name, "Trois Isles," from three little islands that rise near it in the bay. The story of Josephine's life on the island has been too often told to be repeated here; but there was another daughter of Martinique, whose head was destined to wear a crown, about whom much less is generally known. Even more romantic than the life of Josephine was that of Aimée de Rivery, also born on a sugar estate in the mountains, near Fort de France. The estate, still one of the largest on the island, covers the side of a beautiful mountain three miles from the capital. It was owned by the father of Aimée, who sent her, at the age of thirteen, to be educated at the Convent of Nantes, in France. Five years later, having finished her studies, she started on a French vessel to return to her native isle; but, while yet in the Mediterranean, the vessel was captured by a Tripolitan ship, and Aimée among others, was taken to Algiers and sold as a slave to the Dey. The beautiful young creole soon attracted the attention of the Dey himself, and he sent her as a present to the Sultan of Turkey. There her beauty and accomplishments so entranced the Sultan that he determined to make her his wife. The gentle manner and respect with which he treated her won her affection, and in a short time she was proclaimed Sultana of Turkey, wife of Selim III.

The shipping interest of Fort de France is centered mainly in the exportation of sugar, and brings to the port vessels of nearly every maritime nation of the world. Formerly, nearly all of the external trade of the island was carried on here, but of late years a considerable portion of it has been diverted to the neighboring town of St. Pierre. Why this change has taken place is not easy of explanation, for the harbor of the capital is one of the finest in Martinique, and its wharves are furnished with every facility for handling cargoes, while the port of St. Pierre is regarded as dangerous by navigators, and is ill-supplied with shipping conveniences. Fort de France contains 14,000 persons, of whom about 2,000 are white—all French, not a single American. In religion, the inhabitants of Martinique are almost without exception Roman Catholics, and the cathedral chimes seem to be nearly incessantly calling the people to their devotions. We paid a visit one morning to the Church of "Notre Dame," near the centre of the town, and found it filled with women and girls of every shade of color and condition of life, coming and going in a continuous stream.

The fruits of the island are those common to the Antilles—mangoes, guavas, bananas, oranges, and the like—but the glory of Martinique is its mangoes. Nowhere else does this most delicious of tropical fruits attain to the perfection that it reaches here, for nowhere else is so much care bestowed upon its cultivation.

The tone of society is probably higher than that of any other island of the Caribbean group, and greater attention is paid to education and etiquette. The line of distinction between the better class of whites and blacks is very sharply defined; but it must not be supposed that culture and education are to be found only among the white population, for we frequently came across colored persons equal in every respect to the whites in intelligence and refinement. Since their emancipation from slavery, in 1845, the condition of the blacks has been gradually

improving, though still far from enviable. In traveling through the island one meets with nothing but kindness from all classes alike, and though dependent entirely upon the hospitality of the planters—since there are no towns in the interior—the stranger will always receive a hearty welcome, and generally without a thought of recompense. The roads are excellent, and the scenery such as one sees only in the tropics, and it might almost be said, only in Martinique. One of our pictures is of a country road and plantation-house, a few miles from Fort de France. The beauty of the place was exquisite, but no more so than that of a dozen others within easy reach of the town. Near by grew three or four of those remarkable trees, called the "Traveler's Palm"—so named from the water that collects in their great hollow-stemmed leaves, and which sometimes serves to quench the traveler's thirst when all other sources fail. We tapped one of these natural fountains and there ran from the incision more than a quart of clear, cool water.

The island is not without its mineral springs and places of resort for invalids. A short distance from the capital are the "Fontaines Chaudes," said to possess great curative properties for rheumatic diseases, and which are resorted to by the people at all seasons of the year. Whatever may be the medical qualities of the water, it gushes forth from the earth in river-like streams and flows through scenery that would put to shame the beauties of many another watering-place more widely known.

Some fifteen miles from Fort de France, on a bay almost as beautiful as that of the capital, though smaller, is St. Pierre, the metropolis of Martinique. A small steamer makes daily trips between the two ports, and keeping close along the shore, gives one an excellent opportunity of seeing the magnificent coast-scenery. In an hour and a half after the start from Fort de France, we rounded a high promontory, and suddenly found ourselves at St. Pierre. From the harbor the view was a charming one. Right before us was the town; away on the left spread out gentle slopes covered with sugar-plantations; in front, just beyond the town, rose a nearly vertical mountain-wall, 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, with here and there little cottages perched upon it in apparently the most inaccessible places. Our view of St. Pierre, taken from a photograph, shows the greater portion of the harbor and town, but the majestic background was unfortunately beyond the field of the camera.

Our visit happened to be made on Sunday, so we found the business-houses closed, and the town wrapped in silence, deeper from its being unnatural to gayety-loving, vivacious Frenchmen. If there be such a thing as a cool place in the tropics, we should declare St. Pierre to be that place. Fresh breezes, straight down from the mountains, come into the windows and sweep over the spacious verandas of the houses, keeping the temperature always below that of Fort de France. The latter is the political capital, but St. Pierre is the social centre of Martinique. Its streets are wider, and, if possible, cleaner, and its houses finer and better adapted to tropical wants. A city of 35,000 inhabitants, it is a miniature Paris in customs and society. Every one speaks French; but we hear it in all degrees of purity, from the refined Parisian accent of the official from France to the gibberish of the negroes.

Our stay of two days sufficed only for a visit to a selected few of the many places of interest in or near the town. Some miles in the country is the "Jardin Botanique," one of the most enchanting spots in the world. It lies in a little valley surrounded by a chain of mountains, and contains every variety of tropical tree and plant. In the centre is a small lake dotted by picturesque islets, and fed by a series of charming cascades that leap down the steep sides of the mountains near by. The lovely sights of the garden are inexhaustible. At every turn one discovers new beauties; for here Nature holds court in all her tropical splendor. The ground is thickly wooded, but the woods are pierced in every direction by winding footpaths or broad carriage-roads leading through dense thickets of rhododendrons, and under wonderful oleanders, drooping with their load of rose-colored blossoms. Even the lake itself is not free from aquatic and amphibious plants, for often the water is covered by great masses of broad-leafed lilies. And here and there on its shores, erected in the most charming spots, are neat summer-houses, where the visitor my rest while he enjoys the entrancing scenery around him.

In a secluded corner of the garden is an avenue of stately palms, which bears a dark reputation. Here, it is said, many a hot-blooded, chivalrous youth of St. Pierre has avenged his wounded honor or met an untimely end.

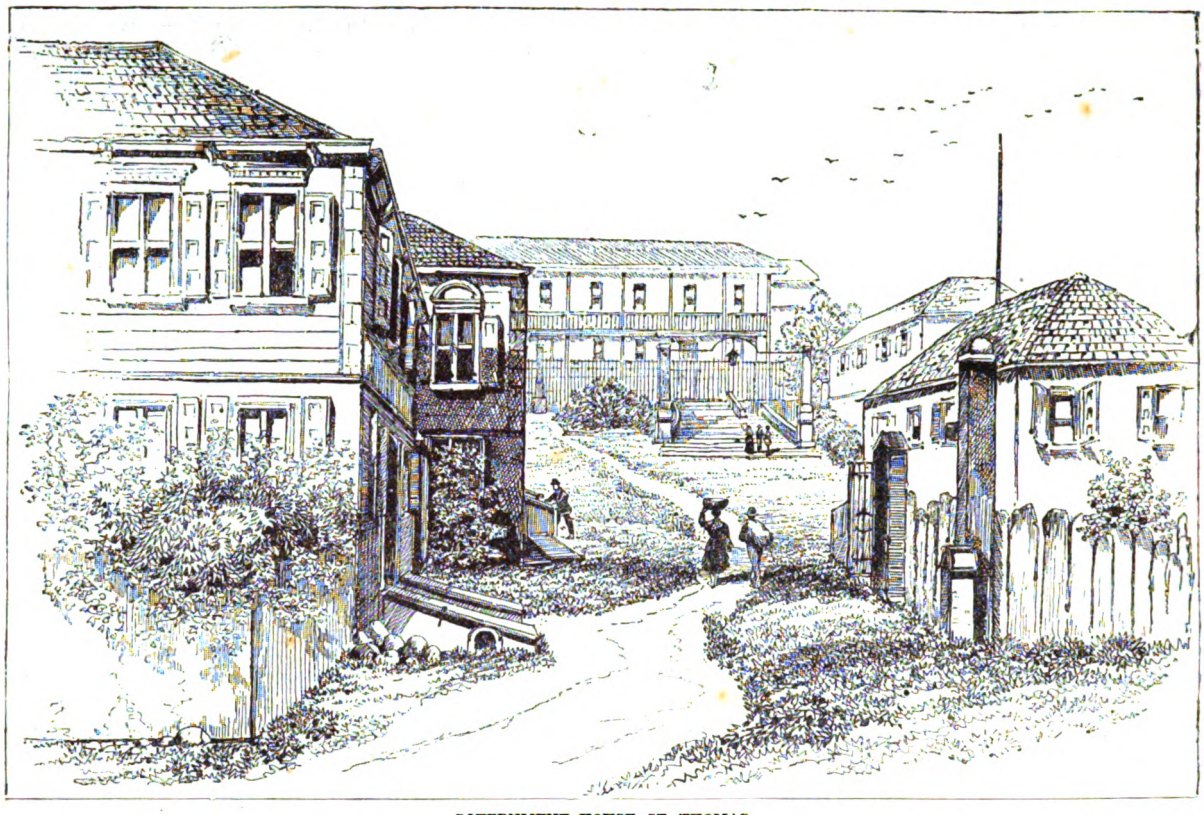
On our return to the town we drove through the pretty little village of Mont Rouge, perched upon a mountain-top 2,000 feet above the harbor, whence we obtained a magnificent view of St. Pierre and its environs of sea and land. St. Pierre is the rendezvous for the French naval vessels of the West India squadron, and during our stay the flagship *Minerve* and gunboats *Chasseur* and *Rigault de Genouilly* arrived in the port. Our intercourse with the genial and hospitable officers of the squadron adds much to the pleasant memory we retain of Martinique.

Sailing from St. Pierre, long before Martinique had sunk below the horizon of the *Della* we came in sight of the lofty peaks of Guadeloupe and Dominica—the former French, and the latter English.

England and France, as regards numbers, seem to have shared nearly equally the islands of the Lesser Antilles—one possessing nine and the other ten—leaving but half a dozen to be divided between the Dutch and the Danes. For two days we cruised northward, under a cloudless sky and over the smoothest of tropical seas, and on the morning of the third sighted Santa Cruz and St. Johns, which, together with St. Thomas, comprise the "Danish West Indies."

It was in a little town of Santa Crux, Fredericksted, that Alexander Hamilton served as a clerk in a shipping-house, before he came to the United States to make his name famous in the history of our country. There, too, in 1867, one of our naval vessels, the *Monongahela*, then lying in the harbor, broke loose from her anchors and made an inland cruise of half a mile up the principal street on top of a tidal wave. The receding water carried back the ship to within a hundred yards of the beach, but left her "high and dry" in the town—a position from which she was rescued only by engineering skill and a year's hard labor. But Santa Cruz owes its wide celebrity much less to these facts than to the one that it is, next to Jamaica, the most noted rum-producing island of the West Indies. The rum is manufactured from sugar-cane, and that of Santa Cruz has acquired such an enviable reputation for excellence and purity that planters on other islands are said occasionally to take advantage of its great name in exporting the products of their own estates.

Passing between Santa Cruz and St. Johns, quite near the high, rocky shores of the latter, we came to anchor about one o'clock in the afternoon in the harbor of St. Thomas. St. Thomas would be a picturesque town of itself, even without the aid of its charming surroundings; but, taken all in all, its beauty is almost faultless.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. THOMAS.

Snow-white houses, with the brightest of red-tiled roofs, rising in successive terraces on three small hills, all exactly alike ; a nearly circular bay fringed with tall, graceful palms, and walled in by lofty, dark-green mountains ; and a narrow entrance only wide enough for a single vessel to enter, all combine to make up a picture as beautiful as it is rare

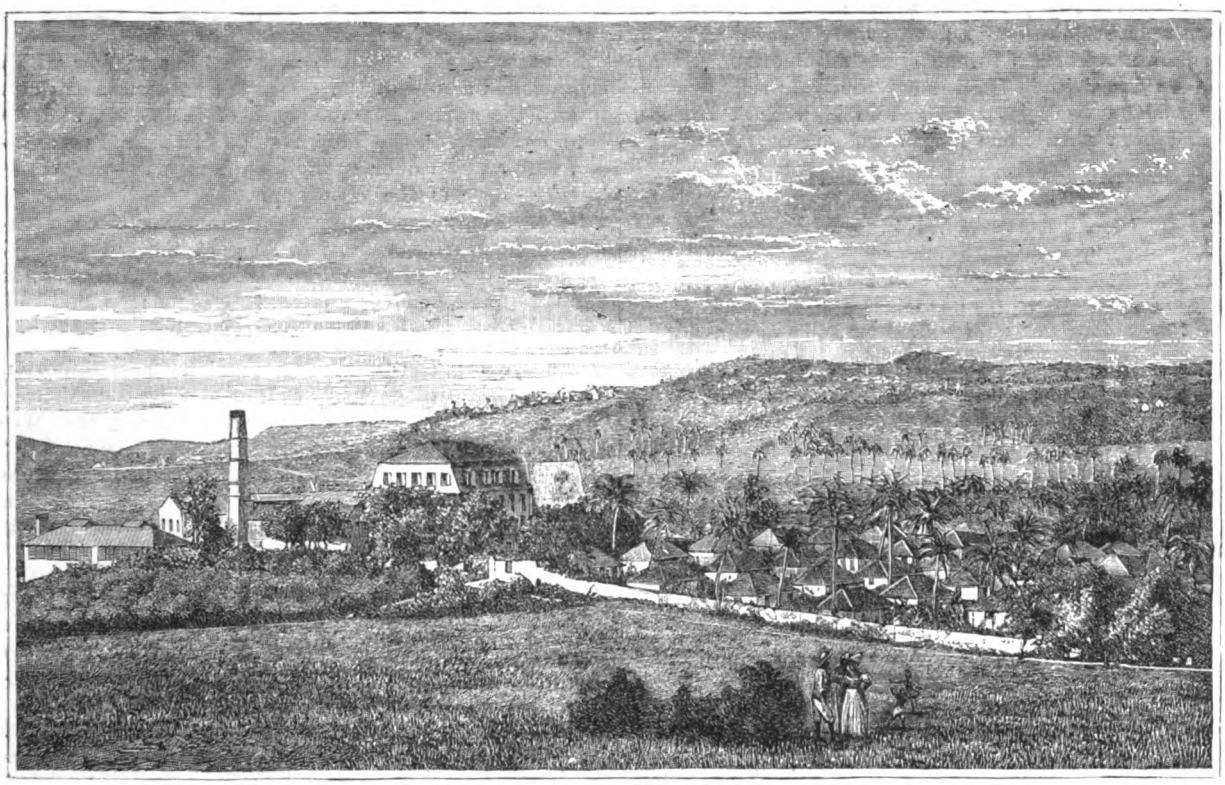
St. Thomas was for a long time the most important commercial town of the West Indies, being then the port of reshipment for all merchandise leaving the West Indies : but within the last ten or twelve years most of the planters on other islands have begun to export directly to the place of consignment, thus causing the business interests of St. Thomas to suffer a serious de-

FEMALE LABORERS COALING STEAMERS AT ST. THOMAS.

cline. But it is still a place of no small importance from a commercial point of view, and one of the few foreign ports of the world in which our American ships are not greatly in the minority.

English is the general language of the island, although nearly every one speaks also Danish and Spanish. Indeed, we were informed by merchants of the place that a knowledge, at least, of these three languages is absolutely essential to the transaction of their business, and that it is no uncommon thing to find in the shipping-houses clerks familiar also with German and French.

The residences, many of them solid and imposing, are built in the old Spanish style, usually only one story high, and rarely more than two. A wide entrance, with heavy folding-doors, leads into a hall opening into the square courtyard, around which the house is built, and into which all the rooms open. The court is usually a pretty flower-garden, where one may find in the greatest profusion the loveliest of tropical flowers and ferns.



A PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND OF ST. CROIX.

Traditions give St. Thomas more than its fair share of romance in connection with the days of buccaneers and pirates. On the summit of the centre hill of the town stands an old stone tower locally known as "Blackbeard's Castle." It is a circular structure twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter and fifty feet high, standing amid the ruins of what must have once been quite an extensive fort. The tower itself was probably used by the pirates as a point of lookout, and perhaps intended also as a last refuge in the event of their being driven from the main fort.

The accounts that connect the tower with the pirate chief are, however, purely traditional, but one universally believed by the natives. From authentic sources we find that the notorious pirate was an Englishman, and took his suggestive name from his beard, which was intensely black and covered his entire face.

His piratical career started in the West Indies with the capture of an East Indiaman, which he fitted out as a man-of-war with 40 heavy guns and a crew of 150 men. His acts became soon so daring and atrocious that Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, issued a proclamation, dated at Williamsburg, November 24th, 1718, offering "a reward of $500 dollars for the capture, dead or alive, of Captain Teach, commonly called 'Blackbeard,' $200 for every other commander of a pirate ship, for all inferior officers $75, and for each pirate on board such ship $40."

After years of piratical cruising among the islands and along our Atlantic coast, during which he made his name a terror by deeds of murder and rapine, Blackbeard was attacked in Pamlico Sound by an armed expedition, sent out by Governor Spotswood, and killed, after receiving twenty-five wounds.

Though it seems not unlikely that the old tower at St. Thomas was once the rendezvous of pirates, it is more than probable that its origin antedates by several centuries the period of piratical reign in the West Indies. But the question: By whom, and for what purpose, was it built? does not admit of an easy answer.

In an article published some years ago speculating upon the origin of the "Old Mill" at Newport, mention is made of this tower, "which," the writer says, "from the description given, appears to be almost, if not quite, identical with the tower at Newport; so close is the likeness in material, style, and size, that it is reasonable to suppose that it and the Newport tower were built contemporaneously, and for a like purpose." But any one who is familiar with the present appearance of the "Old Mill," will fail to find in it any very marked resemblance to the view, on page 21, of "Blackbeard's Tower," taken from a photograph.

The island of St. Thomas, so beautifully green when seen from a distance, is really barren and unproductive. Everywhere one finds the surface covered by a stunted

growth of brushwood, closely resembling in appearance the "sage-brush" of our Western plains, with scarcely sufficient arable soil to furnish a meagre supply of food for its 11,000 inhabitants, who all reside in the town. Late one afternoon we climbed to the top of the mountain just behind the town. It was a hard scramble of an hour or two up a steep rocky path; but the view from the summit well paid us for our work. The whole island, thirteen miles long by three or four miles wide, seemed almost at our feet—its coast indented by numerous little bays, and fringed with an ever-changing, sinuous line of white surf—while all around us, like a cordon of sentinels, rose the eight or ten little islets of the virgin group. But our horizon encircled much more than these, for forty miles away to the southeast we could see the green hills of Santa Cruz, and at a still greater distance toward the west were the rugged peaks of Porto Rico outlined against the sky.

Ere we returned the full moon arose, and, pouring down upon sea and land a flood of silver light, added, if possible, new charms to the scene around us. After a stay of three days in St. Thomas the *Della* sailed homeward, and a week later arrived in New York Harbor, having been absent one month and ten days.

LOVE'S WEAPONS.

By B. Montgomerie Ranking.

Love on a day lay down, athirst and weary,
  To rest him on the turf beside a stream,
Not knowing that strange flood for Lethe dreary,
  Whose drowsy murmur lulled the god to dream;
While, tumbled by his side, his full-filled quiver
Was spilled, and some darts slipped into the river,
  And some were dinted in the bank of sod,
  And some fell all athwart the sleepy god.
Anon he woke; and, gathered, cleansed, and dried,
Again they fill the quiver by his side.
  So he goes aiming with boy's ignorance,
  Unrecking of the taint that by mischance
His darts have gotten; these make men forget
  All for Love's sake—some others cause them set
Their all on earthy loves; but, sooth to say,
Sweet are the wounds of those that next his bosom lay!

A CHRISTMAS DOOM.

By Etta W. Pierce.

In and about Portsmouth the old mansion was known as Government House, for a colonial governor had kept state in its huge rooms, drank Port and Burgundy from its brass-bound buffets, and strutted up and down the oak stair, in full-bottomed wig and ruffles of Flanders lace, in the palmy days when George II. was King.

It was now December, 1799. The last descendant of old Governor Wyndham had removed long since to Massachusetts, and the ancient house, with all its relics of bygone greatness, had fallen to the care and custody of Martha Cole and her half-witted son Thomas. This pair now kept guard over the moldy grandeur of the Wyndhams.

"Generally speaking," said Martha Cole, "New England folks care little for great families; but it seems to me the Lord never made a Wyndham, from the old governor down, without sending a Cole into the world to serve him. My great-gran'ther begun the business, and here are Tom and I ending it. There's no denying that you're a nat'ral, Thomas," addressing her luckless offspring; "but still you can understand some things as well as brighter folks."

"That I can," assented Tom, blinking his pale, vacant eyes at Martha from the other side of the wood-fire.

Mother and son were sitting alone in the spacious kitchen, as the last Christmas Eve of the century gathered on the wintry sea, the ancient town of Portsmouth, and the weather-beaten gables of Government House.

Martha was a rawboned New Hampshire woman, dressed in coarse homespun, and wearing an enormous shell comb in her hemp-colored hair. With sudden energy she threw an armful of dry hickory on the dull back-log.

"I had a bad dream last night," she groaned, "and I hain't felt nowise right this whole blessed day because of it."

Half-witted Tom lolled on a settle against the hot jamb, and warmed his sharp knees, incased in snuff-colored breeches, at the fresh blaze. In shape and hue he resembled a mullein-stalk, and his ears stuck out from his head like wings.

"Eh, mother?" he answered.

She arose from her chair, and went to a window which commanded a view of the neglected garden. Far down toward the arched entrance-gate of the house, under a clump of fir-trees, the brown slope of a mound was visible, with an iron door sunk deep in its side—the family burying-place of the Wyndhams.

"I've been running to this window ever since morning," said Martha Cole, "to look at the old tomb—I can't keep it out of my mind. You see, I dreamed last night that it stood wide open, and some men in black come along the path yonder, carrying a brand-new coffin. Into that door they went, all slow and solemn, and put down their load among the dead Wyndhams—yes, right a-top of the old governor himself—him whose pictur hangs in the drawing-room—big peruke, and lace ruffles, and crimson westkitt, and all."

"Lor'!" said Tom, staring.

"Now this dream," cried Martha, "means trouble. Something ill is threatening the Wyndhams. I had just the same warning twenty years ago this very Christmas when that wild limb, Fergus Wyndham, the nephew of the old governor, rode a horse from Boston to Portsmouth in a single day, and pranced in upon me here as night was gathering—a night jest like this—looking as pale as the dead, but so gay and handsome, that I never suspected anything could be wrong with him. I got him a good supper, and brought up a bottle of Burgundy, fifty years old, from the wine-cellar, and built a fire in that southeast room, where the old governor used to sit with his great men in council; and next morning——"

"Well?" said Tom, as his mother's voice faltered.

She drew a quick, shuddering breath.

"Next morning 'twas I that found him there, hanging to a hook in the ceiling, with a bit of paper clinched in his hand, and on it these words written: '*I have eaten my cake.*' And I was so simple, that at first I thought 'twas the cake I had given him at supper, made with four-and-twenty eggs, and no end of sugar and butter, raisins, spices, and French brandy; but, oh, dear, no! he jest meant that he had gambled away a handsome fortune, ruined some of his best friends, and broken his young wife's heart. This was the last coffin ever carried into the tomb yonder, and a few days after his burial you were born, you poor innocent, with not an ounce of wit in your head. Fergus Wyndham's suicide was a costly thing for you and me."

Tom gazed vacantly at the speaker, and continued to caress his patched knees.

The fire blazed cheerfully in the cavernous chimney, and Martha had hung wreaths of evergreen against the smoky wall—these gave the kitchen a holiday look. No snow was on the ground, but bitter weather prevailed. Freezing gusts from the north rattled the tiny-paned windows, and moaned around the gables. Martha began to light the tallow dips.

"Who's master here now, mother?" quoth Tom.

"Another Fergus Wyndham," she answered; "the son of the suicide. I saw him once, twenty years ago, when his mother brought him down to Portsmouth to attend the elder Fergus's funeral. He was a mere child then, but he had the dark, fiery face of the family. I hear he's lately married a great belle and beauty of Boston—took her away from another lover, it's said—the Wyndhams were ever an overbearing lot. Mr. Fergus never comes a-nigh the old place; but I have his word that you and I will always be provided for here. Poor lad! He owes you that much for his father's sake."

She set about preparing supper—a simple meal of mush-and-milk, brown bread and boiled beef. In the old governor's day many a Christmas feast had been cooked in that kitchen, many a time had the rafters echoed with holiday festivity; but time works sad changes, and Christmas cheer was no longer known at Government House.

"Hark!" said Martha Cole. "What a moaning that wind makes in the chimney to-night. Portsmouth folks say the house is haunted. I ain't so sure but what it is. Anyway, I've heard the old spinnet in the drawing-room playing at all hours, and rapiers and high-heeled shoes clicking on the stair, and the tap, tap, of the governor's knuckles on the gold lid of his snuff-box, not to mention his guard, that offen march into the hall with reg'lar soldier steps, and put their arms in the rack that's on the wall there still. Ah, if I'd been a timid woman I shouldn't have staid on at Government House, with only a poor innocent for company, these twenty year and more."

"Lor'!" gasped Tom, and then fell greedily to his bread and boiled beef. Ghost stories had no charm for him.

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard from the direction of the hall.

"Who can that be?" said Martha Cole, dropping knife and fork in a startled way.

Visitors were rare at Government House, especially at this hour.

"Maybe it's Fergus Wyndham come again," grinned half-witted Tom. He meant the ruined aristocrat who had hung himself in the council-chamber.

"Hush, hush, you nat'ral!" said Martha, in a shocked tone, and she seized a tallow dip and went to answer the summons.

"Open! open!"

She heard the impatient shout as she hurried along the bare, cold hall, past the great rack, where the guard of the old governor used to deposit their arms. With nervous haste she drew bolt and bar, and looked out into the night. At the door of Government House stood a traveling-coach, and four reeking, panting horses. On the threshold-stone waited the driver, whip in hand, and face nipped blue with the intense cold.

"Hi, old dame!" he cried, at sight of Martha Cole. "Here are visitors for Christmas Eve—my master and yours—Mr. Fergus Wyndham and his wife. Come all the way from Boston, too! I hope you've got something hot to thaw out our stomachs, after the journey we've had this abominable day."

While the driver was speaking, another servant leaped down from the rumble and opened the carriage. A gentleman and lady, both muffled to the eyes, descended. Martha Cole, holding the tallow dip above her head, stared hard at these unexpected guests.

"Good-evening, Martha Cole," said the gentleman; "I suppose you do not recognize me?"

He threw back his long cloak and revealed a tall, imposing figure, and a dark, pallid face, wherein two lightning eyes, bloodshotten now, burned like living coals.

Martha dropped a courtesy.

"You were only a child when you came here last, sir," she answered. "But it's easy to trace the family look in you. All the Wyndhams are as much alike as peas in a pod. I'm sorry you didn't send me word that you meant to keep Christmas at the old house; then I might have provided proper fare for such company. But, as it is, sir——"

"Lead us to a fire!" interrupted Fergus Wyndham, impatiently. "That is the thing we most need, for we left Boston at sunrise, and have been all day on the road. Do not trouble yourself about anything which may be lacking in your larder, Martha Cole—we have not come to Government House for pleasure."

"From Boston to Portsmouth in a day!" muttered Martha. It was like that other Fergus of tragic memory.

Mrs. Wyndham had spoken no word. Wrapped in a long fur pelisse, and disguised still further by an immense bonnet, she waited beside her husband, with an air of utter weariness. Martha Cole saw that she was slender in figure and richly dressed; she also caught one glimpse of a loose curl of yellow hair, and a cheek as cold and colorless as if death had smitten it. Then the woman flew to the kitchen, and sent Tom to light a fire in the drawing-room, while she herself wrung the neck of a fowl, dressed him in haste, and plunged him into a pot that was boiling over the flames.

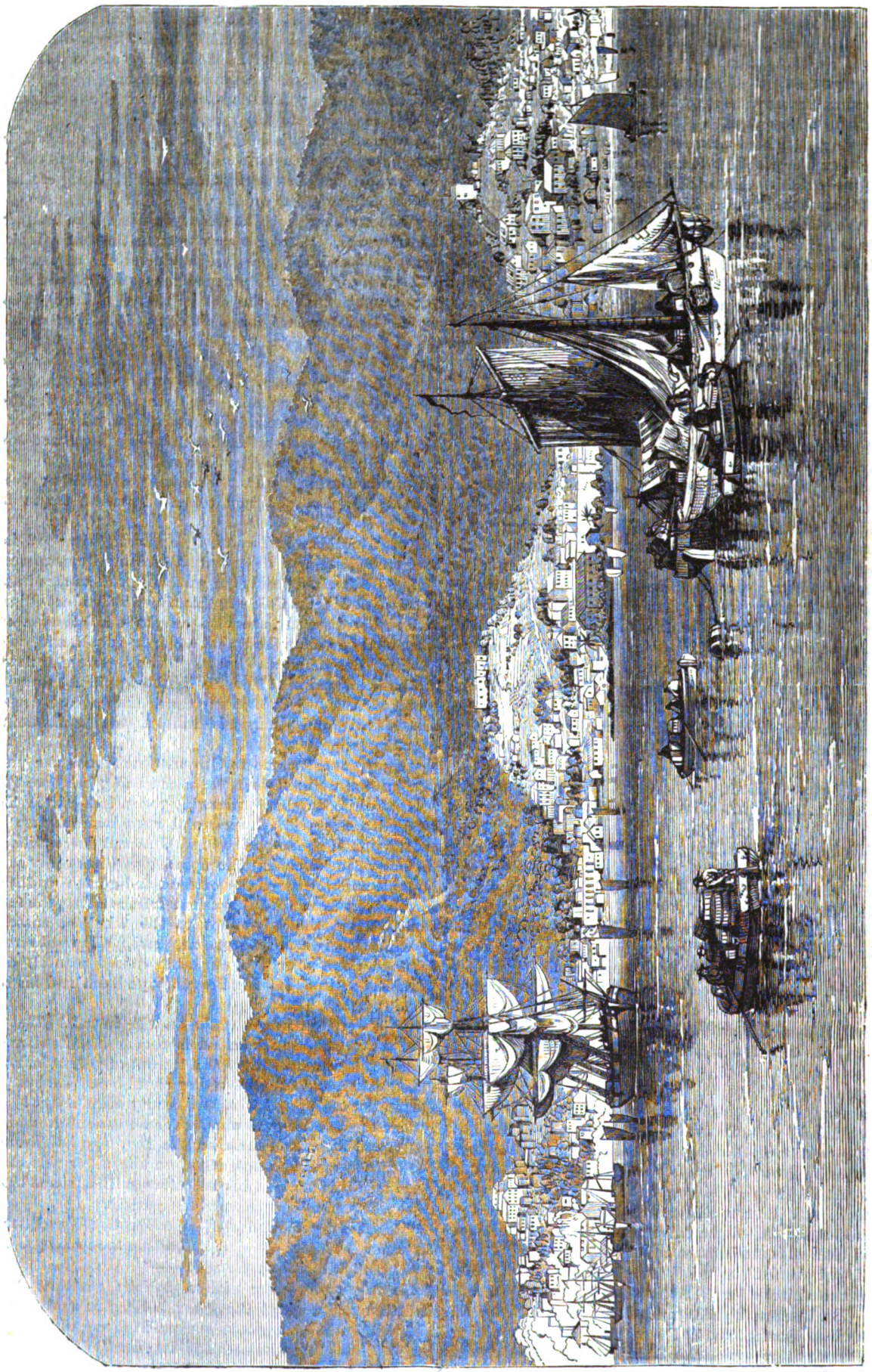
"They haven't come to Government House for pleasure," she mused; "what, then, can bring 'em here?"

Meanwhile, in the old drawing-room, half-witted Tom kindled a fire which leaped and roared merrily up the chimney, and shone on the big beams and deep wainscot, the claw-footed chairs, the spinnet that played "at all hours," and the portraits of dead-and-gone Wyndhams, looking out from their tarnished frames along the faded walls. Then the boy crept to the kitchen, snatched Martha's Christmas evergreens, and, all unobserved, fastened them over the curiously carved mantel, after which he retired, leaving Fergus Wyndham and his wife alone together.

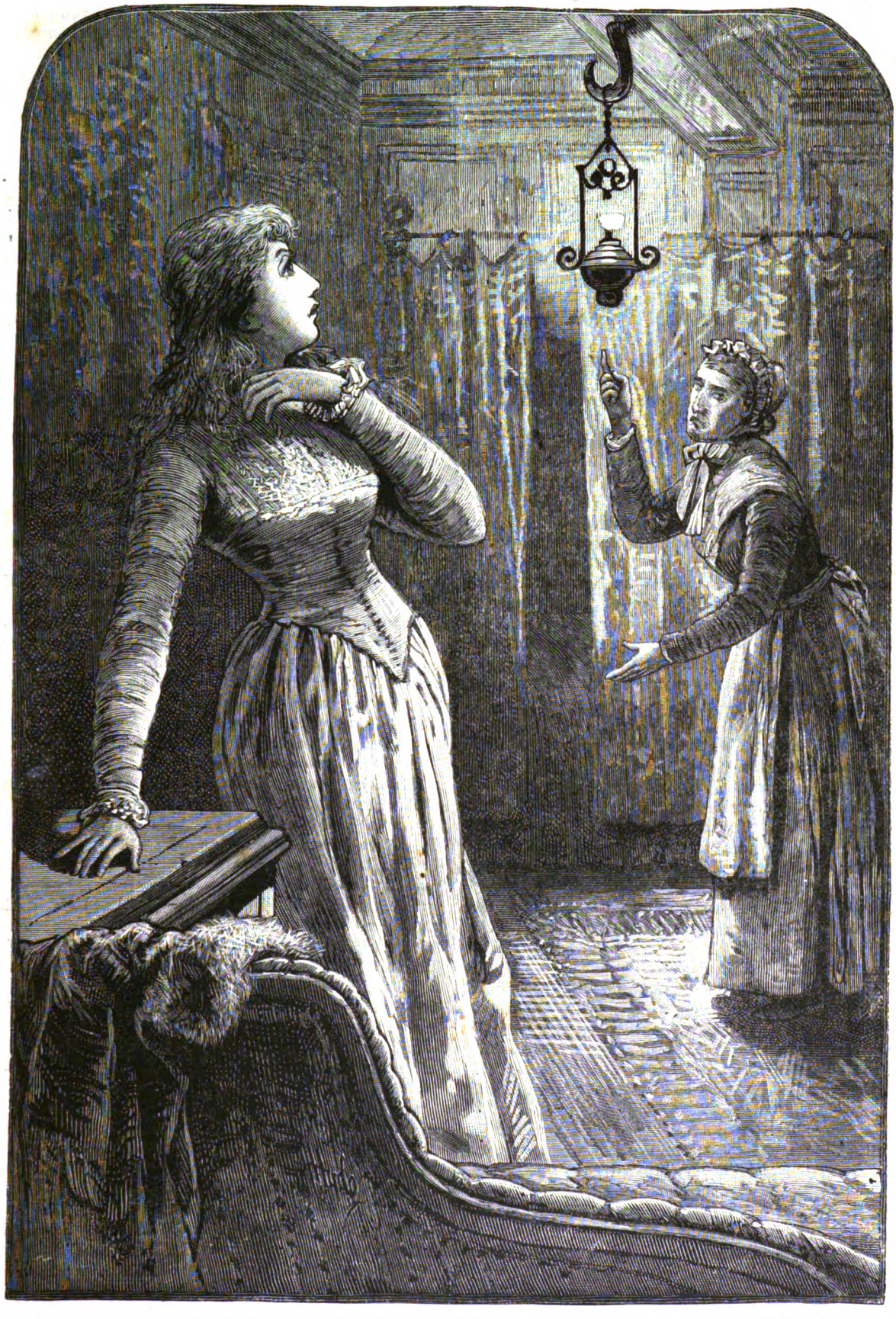
She had fallen into a chair on the hearth. The big bonnet slipped back from her face, revealing its dazzling blonde tints, and setting free a torrent of yellow hair that rolled, like sunshine, down her shoulders. Lo! a girl, still in her teens, and with the beauty of an angel! She let her great violet eyes wander for a moment around the room, and then fixed them on the man who had brought her thither, and who now stood on the other side of the hearth, in this home of his ancestors, with a face as bloodless and stern as New Hampshire granite.

"What a terrible place!" said Dorothy Wyndham, in a strange, bewildered voice. "And we are to keep Christmas here! Oh, I had thought——"

He interrupted her with a furious gesture. "You had thought to spend the great holiday in another spot, and with other company, madam! Fate often mocks our best-laid plans in just this manner." Then his eyes fell on Tom Cole's Christmas wreaths. He tore the pretty



A MIDWINTER CRUISE AMONG THE ANTILLES.—THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS.—SEE PAGE 23.



A CHRISTMAS DOOM.—"SHE LIFTED HER WOFUL EYES, GAZED LONG AT THE HOOK, FIRST WITH A GREAT SHUDDER, THEN IN A SORT OF HELPLESS FASCINATION."—SEE PAGE 30.

green things from the wall, and flung them straight into the fire. "No mockery here, on this night!" he muttered.

She raised her girlish white hands to her throat, as if suffocating.

"How long is my punishment to continue?" she gasped. "I know that I am to be kept a prisoner in this place, but how long—how long?"

"Is it possible you can ask?" answered Fergus Wyndham. For *all* time, madam! You will stay here the remainder of your life."

She flung out her arms in an agony of despair.

"Oh, you cannot, you will not be so cruel, Fergus!"

His lip curled.

"Cruel, madam? To me it seems like kindness. Your own world has cast you out. You can no more return to it than could Eve to her lost Eden. By this time, Boston is ringing with the news of Mrs. Wyndham's elopement with the dashing Captain Collingwood—the pursuit and apprehension of the lady by that meddlesome party, her husband—the justice which a Wyndham took upon himself to administer to both the unfaithful wife and her lover——"

She screamed, and started to her feet—golden hair rolling down her black damask dress, face as white as carven marble.

"Fergus!—oh, my God! Did you—did you *kill* him?"

"Yes," he answered, coldly, scornfully. "I killed him, there, in that strip of wood, on the Providence stage-road, just where I overtook you in your flight, madam! You fainted, and remained unconscious for hours after, but I assure you it was a fair fight. I gave him a chance to defend himself. He seemed strangely unnerved, however—he fired into the air. My aim was better, and your lover fell, with a bullet in his breast. He had the impudence to die with your name on his lips."

She uttered no word—only stood, frozen with horror, and stared at her lord.

"I have shown you unparalleled consideration, Dorothy," he continued; "first, by not killing you with Collingwood, and again, by removing you immediately from the society where you have reigned queen for an entire year. You are thus spared all the scorn and reproach which would surely overwhelm you there."

Something strange and dreadful had crept into her eyes.

"Murderer!" she gasped, "I have felt the long day that some terrible thing awaited me at the end of this journey, and here it is! You were careful not to tell me his fate before we left Boston."

"Be calm, madam," he replied, mockingly; "betwixt your swoons and your sulks, you gave me no opportunity. Let me beg you to remember that this is really our first conversation since I brought you and Collingwood to that sudden halt on the Providence stage-road."

"And you killed him there—your hands are red with his blood!"

"Yes," he said, with cold contempt, "I crushed the reptile that had stung me—there is the whole matter for you in a nutshell, Dorothy!"

She looked like some wild creature at bay.

"And now you have brought me to this far prison, this ancient barrack, to drag out the rest of my wretched life with you, his assassin, for a jailer? Fergus, I would sooner die, and at once!"

"One thing is certain, madam—at Government House you will have no more opportunities for conquest."

She tore the wedding-ring from her hand, and flung it at his feet.

"I never loved you!" she panted. "I married you because you were forced upon me by my kindred. They parted me from Collingwood, to give me to you; but my heart remained with him—with him, my one, only love! I have been your wife for a year, and suffered unspeakable misery in that time. But for the circumstances which led to the discovery of all my plans, Fergus Wyndham, this Christmas Eve I should have been far away with Collingwood—so far, that eyes of yours would never have rested on me more."

He set his heel on the wedding-ring and ground it down to the tiled hearth.

"It's a pity," he sneered, "that such a charming idyl should have ended only in disaster—that a passion so faithful should have been snuffed out, like the flame of a candle!"

"It is not snuffed out," she answered, calmly; "it will burn till my death! Tell me again what I am to expect at your hands."

"Justice, madam," he answered, bitterly, "but not mercy! You will, as I have already said, remain here for the rest of your life, and I will be your keeper. Here, the scorn of the world can never reach you, and here, as God is my witness, you shall never again see a human being, save myself, and such servants as I may choose to attend to you!"

She stood as white and still as a graven image, evidently pondering the situation; then she broke into a queer little laugh.

"Considering all that has occurred," she said, "I suppose I ought not to complain of my punishment. Hail, Christmas Eve, in my new home! Since I know now what my future is to be, I will ask you to call that woman who admitted us, and permit me to retire to whatever cell you may think suitable for such a culprit. I must also request you to dine alone to-night. Our long journey has worn me out."

She had a calm, unconquered air, which amazed and enraged him. He stalked to the door and called Martha Cole. That person came quickly to answer—so quickly, in fact, that some minds might have suspected that Martha's ear had not been far from the keyhole.

"Show Mrs. Wyndham to the best chamber in the house," he commanded.

"The best chamber in the house!" echoed Martha; "that's the old council-room, sir."

"Very well," said Wyndham, and turned on his heel and walked away to the nearest window.

"I must go and light a fire in it first," explained Martha. "All the rooms are as cold as the grave to-night, and one can't draw one's breath in them."

She vanished. A half-hour went by. The man stood dumb and motionless in the window. The pale, golden-haired girl sat dumb and motionless by the fire. This ominous silence was broken at last by the return of Martha Cole.

"The chamber is ready, ma'am," she announced, and Dorothy Wyndham arose and followed the woman up a wide oak stair to an imposing room, paneled in cedar. A four-posted bed stood in a corner, and a square of moth-eaten carpet covered the middle of the shining black floor. In the chimney a fire was now roaring, and Martha had lighted an oil lamp of curiously wrought brass, which swung from an iron hook in the centre of the ceiling.

"This chamber is in better repair than any other in the house, ma'am," explained Martha Cole. "But—I thought you might object to *that*," pointing to the hook; "some might. However, you don't look like a timid person, though you be so young and delicate."

Dorothy Wyndham went up to the fire and spread her tremulous white hands to its blaze.

"What do you mean?" she answered. "Is there a story connected with this room?"

"A good many, I dare say," replied Martha Cole; "for the walls are full of sliding panels and secret drawers, where state documents were once kept. But the hook—well, ma'am, perhaps I oughtn't to tell you."

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"It's been there in the ceiling ever since colony times, and twenty years ago this very night your husband's father—another Fergus Wyndham, ma'am—hanged himself upon it."

She lifted her woful eyes, gazed long at the hook, first with a great shudder, then in a sort of helpless fascination.

"I have heard the story," she said. "He had gambled away his fortune, and he came here to meet that last refuge of all ruined souls—Death. Hope was gone, happiness also. His future was bankrupt, his past a perpetual reproach. Under such circumstances, what better thing could he do than to make an end of his wretched self?"

"Oh, ma'am," protested Martha, in a shocked voice, "it was wrong—it was wicked!"

Dorothy Wyndham answered with a weird little smile.

"We will not argue the point, Martha. This is, indeed, a chamber of evil memory; but fortunately I am not a timid person, as you have already guessed. Bring my dinner to me here. I shall not go down-stairs again to-night."

The meal was brought. The lovely prisoner ate with feeble appetite, and then Martha gathered up the dishes, drew the moth-eaten curtains of ancient moreen over the windows and said:

"Is there anything more that I can do for you, ma'am?"

"See that I am not disturbed to-night, Martha."

"I will, ma'am. Are you quite sure that you are not afraid?"

"Of *that?*" looking up at the hook with another wan smile. "Oh, no! not *now*. The heart that has nothing left to hope for, Martha, has nothing to fear." Then suddenly clutching the breast of her black damask gown with both slim white hands, she cried out, wildly: "Oh, God, what a terrible Christmas Eve! Surely I died last night with *him*, and it is only my miserable ghost that is sitting here!"

Martha Cole dared not offer either help or sympathy. She went out with a heavy sigh, closing the door softly after her.

"Lord have mercy on them both!" she muttered. "It *is* a dreary prospect for one so handsome and young—to live here as a prisoner for the rest of her days, watched always by the jealous husband, who now detests her. In the old governor's time there used to be high jinks at Government House on Christmas Eve—it's enough to make the very rafters shudder to see *this!*"

* * * * * *

The night wore away.

Christmas morning broke in floods of chilly light over Portsmouth town by the wintry sea, and the gray gables of Government House. Martha Cole arose early, and after setting Tom to mind the breakfast, she hastened up-stairs with a jug of hot water, to Dorothy Wyndham's chamber.

"A merry Christmas to you, ma'am," she called through the keyhole of the door.

No reply.

"Open, Mrs. Wyndham," entreated Martha. "Your husband says I'm to attend you now, and help you dress. Nine o'clock has struck, and breakfast is ready and waiting."

But there was no response from within. Martha Cole turned, and saw Fergus Wyndham mounting the stair.

"I'm afraid there's something wrong here," she quavered. "She will neither answer, sir, nor open the door."

"What can be wrong, woman?" he answered, impatiently. "Mrs. Wyndham is still buried in dreams, or maybe she is indulging in a fresh fit of sulks."

Martha shook her head in a troubled way.

"I think not, sir. There's a secret door betwixt this chamber and the one adjoining; 'twas used by Governor Wyndham long ago. Shall we go in and see for ourselves?"

His haughty dark face grew a shade paler.

"Yes; in Heaven's name," he cried, "yes!"

A moment after the two burst into the old council-room. Martha Cole uttered a heartrending scream. Fergus Wyndham spoke no word, but he staggered back a step, and covered his eyes.

Through the moth-eaten curtains the wintry sunshine was feebly struggling. No form had pressed the huge bed in the corner; no hand had ruffled its yellow linen. Only the silk counterpane had been drawn off and torn into long strips.

The brass lamp swung no longer from the centre of the ceiling, but lay on the floor, with the oil dripping from its crushed wick and an overturned chair beside it; and suspended from its former place—that iron hook, on which one Wyndham had before sought and found death, something now hung, too terrible for eyes to look upon—the stark, dead body of Dorothy Wyndham, in its long black damask dress and vail of yellow hair.

* * * * * *

She was buried that Christmas night, in the old family tomb at the foot of the neglected and desolate garden.

Through the starless dark the snow flew in blinding sheets, and the wind was shrieking hoarsely in the tree-tops.

Fergus Wyndham moved at the head of the little procession which went solemnly down the white paths to the open tomb. His hat was off; the great flakes fell on his uncovered head; the light of a pine-torch danced mockingly over his haughty clay-cold face. Did he feel any sorrow at this hour—any pang of remorse? None could tell.

As the coffin of beautiful, erring Dorothy Wyndham, was lowered into the tomb, Martha Cole grasped the arm of half-witted Tom.

"Oh, my dream!" she groaned; "my dream!"

"Lor', it's all come true, hain't it, mother?" quavered poor Tom.

At the close of the sad ceremony, Fergus Wyndham hastily wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and leaped into his traveling-coach which stood waiting, with sleek horses and attentive servants, at the door of Government House. He flung a purse of gold coin to Martha Cole.

"Farewell," he said; "I have crossed this accursed threshold for the last time. You will never see me again."

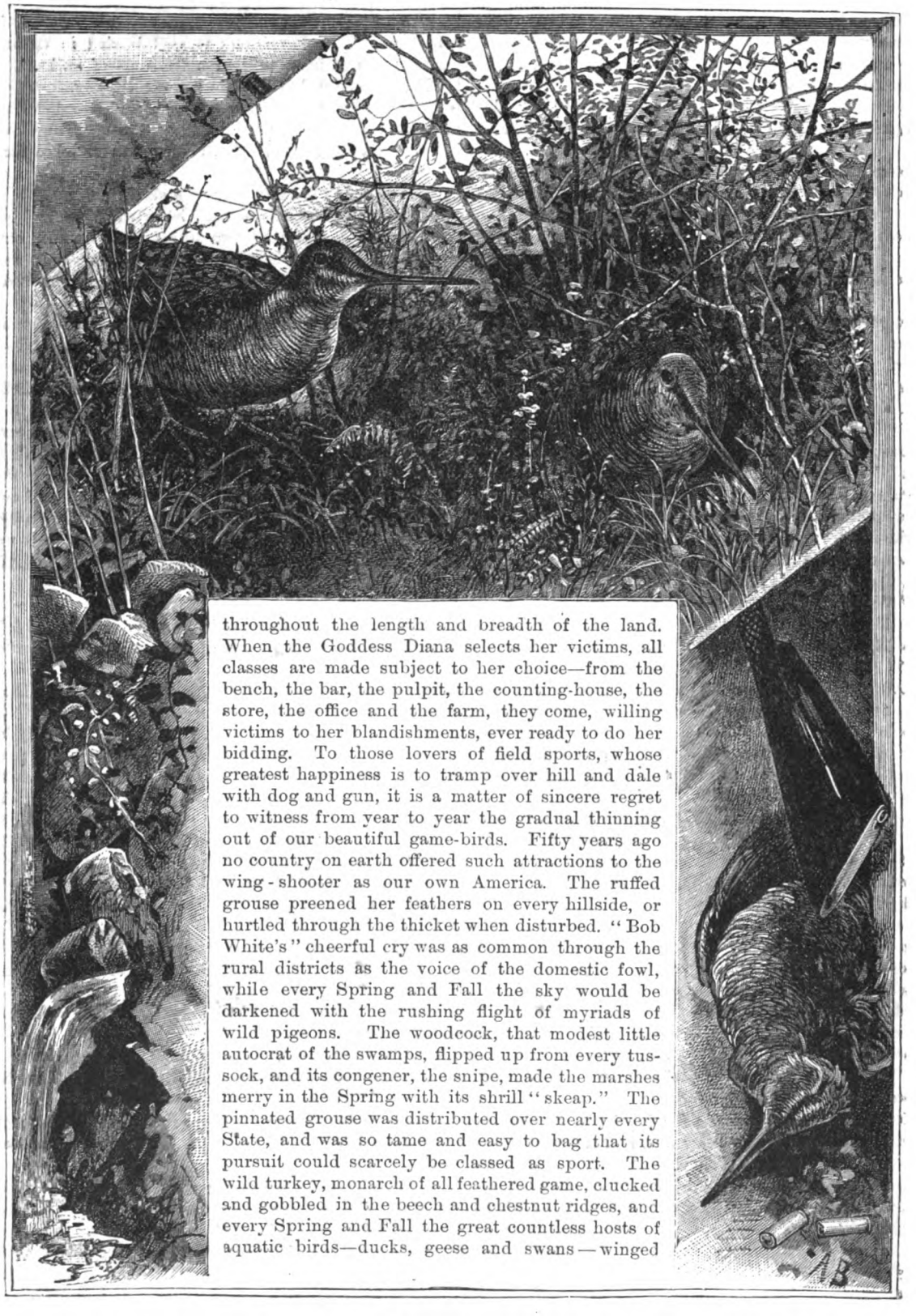
Then the whip cracked; wheels, hoops and harness rattled; the carriage-lamp whirled away into the Christmas night, and faded out there like a star.

Martha Cole and half-witted Tom fled shivering to the warm kitchen, and storm and darkness and mournful silence settled down upon Government House.

OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.

By H. W. De Long.

The sporting instinct is just as strong in man to-day as when in his primitive condition, armed with the rudest implements of the chase, he depended entirely upon his cunning in pursuing and capturing wild animals and birds for subsistence. Long ages have so modified this instinct, that what was once a necessity has been refined down to a noble and elevating passion, and to-day we find the lovers of field sports scattered indiscriminately



throughout the length and breadth of the land. When the Goddess Diana selects her victims, all classes are made subject to her choice—from the bench, the bar, the pulpit, the counting-house, the store, the office and the farm, they come, willing victims to her blandishments, ever ready to do her bidding. To those lovers of field sports, whose greatest happiness is to tramp over hill and dale with dog and gun, it is a matter of sincere regret to witness from year to year the gradual thinning out of our beautiful game-birds. Fifty years ago no country on earth offered such attractions to the wing-shooter as our own America. The ruffed grouse preened her feathers on every hillside, or hurtled through the thicket when disturbed. "Bob White's" cheerful cry was as common through the rural districts as the voice of the domestic fowl, while every Spring and Fall the sky would be darkened with the rushing flight of myriads of wild pigeons. The woodcock, that modest little autocrat of the swamps, flipped up from every tussock, and its congener, the snipe, made the marshes merry in the Spring with its shrill "skeap." The pinnated grouse was distributed over nearly every State, and was so tame and easy to bag that its pursuit could scarcely be classed as sport. The wild turkey, monarch of all feathered game, clucked and gobbled in the beech and chestnut ridges, and every Spring and Fall the great countless hosts of aquatic birds—ducks, geese and swans—winged

AN UNSUSPICIOUS TURKEY.

their way back and forth from their Arctic breeding-places to the Gulf, calling at every water-course and pond *en route* for rest and food, furnishing the fowler abundant sport.

But all this has, in a great measure, passed away. Whole districts, once prolific of game-birds, can now show scarcely a solitary feather; and the once great flocks of migratory fowl have become reduced to a few scattering bands. The impecunious gunner looks with envy on his wealthy neighbor departing for distant regions, where game has not been driven off, and wonders if the time will ever come when he can shoulder his gun and tramp off for a day's outing, and derive therefrom anything more than a mouthful of fresh air and that satisfaction which comes from a day with nature.

The purpose of this article is to consider the causes that have led to the present scarcity of game-birds in America, and to suggest, if possible, a remedy. In the midst of plenty man is prodigal; he forgets that a time of need may come, and neglects to lay by from his abundance that which will be a comfort in the years to come. He plunges into the wilderness, denudes the face of the country of the magnificent forest trees, hauls them into great heaps and burns them. What he wants is land, and forgetful of the game-birds who depend on the forest for cover, he cuts and slashes right and left, exposing the heads of water-courses to the hot sun, causing them to dry up, and never thinking to leave here and there a clump of primeval forest for the grouse and woodcock. Oh, the first settler, in spite of all that has been told and sung to his praise, was a very selfish fellow.

The abundance of feathered game half a century ago made a code of game-laws seem superfluous. Protection and propagation were not thought of, and the boy who laid his snares for the quail, or the "ne'er-do-weel" who shot the mother-grouse in June, and left a dozen little chicks to starve, were allowed to go on unmolested. The year was one grand open season from January through December, and the amount of shooting and snaring done during nidification and rearing times was only limited by the inclination. This gross neglect on the part of the people of fifty years ago was the first rude blow struck at our game-birds, and so palpable was the error that it was not long before legislation framed a loose set of protective laws that the people looked upon as an infringement of their rights, and paid very little attention to. As the country became more thickly settled, more land was necessarily cleared up, and the game-covers became more contracted and the birds less numerous. As the birds decreased, the sportsmen increased, and better laws were passed, and active, honest measures taken to enforcethem.

When the handy, accurate, cap-lock fowling-piece was invented, sportsmen thought that perfection in firearms had at last been reached; but when a dozen years ago the breech-loader, with its manifold improvements, was handed to the gunner, and stood the severest tests, then a revolution took place in the sporting world. Sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs sprang up everywhere. Men who had never fired a gun purchased a breech-loader and joined the fray. Every four corners had its shooting club, and as the guns outnumbered the game-birds, the reprehensible and questionable sport of trap shooting was inaugurated. From this time may be dated the fall of the wild pigeon. This bird, although not strictly game, has qualities worthy the mettle of any sportsman. To lie snugly ensconced behind some sheltering ridge as the hurtling legions pass over, offering fair shots, or to pour in a double dose of number eights as the robbers rise from the new-sown wheat, offers sport of a very high order, and one need not be beyond the prime of life to look back to the time when pigeon-shooting came around as regularly as the seasons. But with the revival of trap shooting, the pigeon was in such demand that men made the netting of them a business. Spies were out watching the location of the roosts, and when these were well established, the main body came on, armed with nets and stool-pigeons. Hundreds of thousands of these birds would be taken, packed into crates, and shipped to sportsmen's clubs all over the country. If they survived the stifling coops, it was only to meet a more ignominious death, as they sprang from a plunge-trap with freedom just before them, or were filled with shot and left to die a lingering death beyond the bounds. This could not last long. The pigeon grew more and more wary as his ranks were thinned. Further and further back he nested, until to-day netting has been given up through lack of birds, and the shattered remnants of the once mighty hosts have left the haunts of civilization probably for ever.

The last game-bird to disappear from our covers will be the ruffed grouse. Who does not know this noble bird? With what a startling rush of resonant pinions she bounds into the air, and plunges through the coppice *straight* as an arrow. Quick must be the arm and sure the eye of him who would cut down *Bonasa umbelleus* in mid flight. There is no time to take aim. The eye and hand must work together instinctively, and he who hears that welcome thump and flutter three times out of every five pressures of the trigger, can lay claim to being an A1 wing shot, without fear of dispute. The ruffed grouse will be the last game-bird to disappear, for the simple reason that it is, of all others, the best able to take care of itself. It frequents the roughest and most inaccessible of covers, asks no odds of man for subsistence, although it frequently takes toll from the grain-fields, and in Winter may be often seen busily budding in the farmer's apple orchard. This bird has a wide habitat in the United States, embracing nearly the whole of the Atlantic seaboard, and extending back almost to the Mississippi. Although emigration and natural increase may pack our country with a population as dense as the most crowded of European states, still there will remain upon our mountain-sides, and along our gorges, enough timber and undergrowth to foster the ruffed grouse; and, although greatly reduced in numbers, and made wary by long vigilance, our children's children will be accorded the privilege of hearing that wonderful "drumming" that has never been satisfactorily explained, and be perhaps allowed a fleeting view of this noble bird as she hurtles through the air.

But little "Bob White," the Virginia quail, lacks those traits of self-preservation possessed by his greater brother, the ruffed grouse, and it is a sad fact that this delightful little fellow must go in the Northern States at least, in spite of the best of game laws and a fair enforcement of them. The quail is fond of civilization, and thrives best in a good, well-to-do farming district, where the farms are large, and the crops of wheat and buckwheat are plentiful. He asks no dark and pathless forest for his rendezvous, but perches boldly on the topmost rail of a stake-and-rider fence, and calls out so loudly to his mate, that all the world may hear his love-note. His troubles begin from the moment his mother deposits in the nest the egg that covers him. Before chipping the shell he must run the gantlet of prowling crow, skunk, cat, weasel, and other vagrant oologists, and having come through this formidable array unscathed, and sallied forth a little downy fledgling, he leads a precarious exist-

ence dodging the hawks, owls and foxes until full-grown, when the sportsman steps in on the scene, and takes what he can get from the whirring bevies.

Quail-shooting is one of the most delightful of American field sports, and being nearly all open work, is more easily pursued than grouse or woodcock shooting. Picture a clear, crisp, frosty morning in early November. The uplands, in all their variety of stubble-fields and gorgeous woodland, lie shimmering in the rays of the morning sun. A brace of sportsmen, with guns over their shoulders, and a couple of eager setters quartering the ground before them, are tramping through a field of buckwheat stubble, fringed at its lower edge by a belt of alders and sumach. Suddenly the advance dog stops, and with protruding muzzle and stiffening tail scents a roading bevy. His mate, true to his training, although he has not as yet caught the tainted air, backs his comrade, and at a word from the huntsman they both draw on cautiously, step by step, slower and slower, until pausing, as if carved in marble, they stand, as pretty a picture as ever gladdened a sportsman's eye. Now comes the supreme moment in the sport. The gunners move rapidly up, with pieces ready—one steps to the right, the other to the left, of the statuesque dogs, pausing just in front of them. A smart kick is administered to a suspicious-looking bunch of buckwheat straw, when, "whirr," "whirr," "whirr," the air is full of flying quails darting away like bullets. Four reports ring out on the morning air, and four quails, amid a cloud of feathers, fold their wings and drop to the ground, while the balance of the bevy are marked down by the keen eyes of the sportsmen, as they take refuge in the alder belt at the lower edge of the field. The dogs, who, during all this time, have never moved a muscle, are given the word, and away they bound, retrieving the dead birds, and off they go again, men and dogs, to where the bevy was marked down.

Notwithstanding the accessibility of the cover frequented by the quail, it takes something more than a tyro with a gun to cut him down in mid flight. He flies like a bullet, and wastes no time in getting on the wing. But enough sportsmen and market-shooters have mastered this accomplishment, so that the work of exterminating "Bob White" is rapidly being accomplished. Let a pair of good shots, with well-trained dogs, get after a bevy of quail, and they will follow them until the last weary flutterer is laid to rest in the game-pocket.

But the sportsman and pot-hunter are not entirely to blame for the disappearance of "Bob White" in the North. There are elements at work in nature that seem bound to destroy the little remnant left by the gunner, elements that no legislation can eliminate, and the best efforts of man can only modify in a slight degree. The quail, although distributed all over the United States, is primarily a warm-weather bird, and thrives far better below the fortieth parallel than above it. Indeed, so great is the supply of quail in the Southern States, that with proper legislation they are practically exhausted. But in the North, when, after January 1st, the little shattered bands are at last allowed a breathing-spell, and a chance to pick up, there comes a great fall of snow, then a thaw intermingled with rain, followed by a quick, hard freeze; a heavy crust forms on the snow, a covering of ice is on the buds and seed pellicles, and the natural food of the quail is as effectually locked up as though it were in an iron chest. What follows can be easily imagined; deprived of means of subsistence, the little emaciated bands fall an easy prey to their natural enemies, or perish miserably from the cold, that with full crops they could easily resist. Every Winter our sportsmen's journals are full of accounts of whole bevies of quail found frozen to death, and many a region abounding in "Bob White" has been cleaned out to the very last feather by the severe Winters.

Among our vanishing game-birds there are none whose disappearance is looked upon with more regret by the sportsman than the wild fowl, whose semi-annual migration in years past has been looked upon as the happiest time of all the sporting year. Time was—not so very long ago—when to live in proximity to some river or inland lake was sufficient to insure sport of the keenest sort. When the first October frosts tinged the maples, then the blue-and-green-wing teal, representing the advance guard of the grand army massing away up within the Arctic circle, would appear, to be followed by the mallard, red-head, canvas-back, and a dozen other varieties, graded in hardihood as the frosts become more frequent and severe. Ensconced within his blind, built on some jutting point, the gunner would lie, and with his decoys anchored just off shore, would take his fill of shooting, piling the birds about him until an aching shoulder and a plethora of game would warn him to desist. But this is only a memory to-day. Now the ardent wild-fowl shooter must needs make long excursions to satisfy his passion. To be sure, a few unwary birds drop into their old haunts every year, but they can't resist the cannonade, and are off again almost before they have time to fold their weary pinions. The reason of the decrease of our wild fowl is very clear. In the first place there is a market for their eggs, and so profitable has the trade of egging become, that every year vessels cruise about the coast of Labrador for no other purpose than to rob indiscriminately the nests of the wild fowl. This unlawful practice reduces the number of the birds largely, and when the depleted host starts for Southern climes their troubles have just commenced. From the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico they run the gantlet of fowling-pieces. Pop, pop, pop, they go, the queen's arm flint-lock, the old pot-metal shoulder-breaker, the heavy punt gun, the hammerless breech-loader, all join their voices in the general chorus, and those birds who were lucky enough to get through unscathed can scarcely hope to get back in the Spring, when the same old chorus will be repeated. Is it any wonder our wild fowl are vanishing, and that in their periodical flights they shun civilization as much as possible? Spring shooting is a fruitful source of decrease in the numbers of our wild fowl. They are then bound for their nesting-grounds. Their flesh is in very poor condition for table, and for every female bird shot the lives and hopes of several offspring are blighted.

The woodcock is vanishing, just in proportion as the guns of sportsmen are thinning them out, and the ax of the husbandman contracting their cover. This bird, although breeding generally throughout the United States, is migratory. Summer shooting has been a fruitful source of its decadence, as the birds in July are not fully grown, and the killing of the old bird leaves the young ones without protection. However, Summer shooting has been abolished in a good many of the States, so that the woodcock's chances are brightening. Were the close season extended to September 1st, it would be still better, for a September woodcock, twisting through an alder brake, with that pert little whistle every sportsman loves so well, is a mark to try the nerves of the coolest gunner, and brought neatly to grass with an ounce of number-ten shot, makes as plump a little tidbit as one could wish to brag. Protect the woodcock

in Summer, and give him plenty of muck and loam in which to bore for red worms, and it will be many years before he vanishes.

Years ago, in the Springtime, the Wilson snipe was a regular visitor on our marshes, coming in sufficient numbers to make his pursuit productive of not only much sport, but of full game-pockets. Every salt marsh would be teeming with *Scolopax Wilsonii*, and every coast-bound train would be loaded with gunners and their dogs. Great was the music on the marshes in those good old times; but all that has gone by, and although a few snipe drop in every year, and a few hardy gunners take an annual excursion ostensibly for them, their glory has departed. Even the little waders and bay birds that once piped and whistled along the beaches in countless thousands have well-nigh disappeared; and the New Yorker who, a few years ago, could take a run down to the beach morally certain of a good day's sport without the loss of much time, must now seek pastures new, or leave his gun to rust in its case.

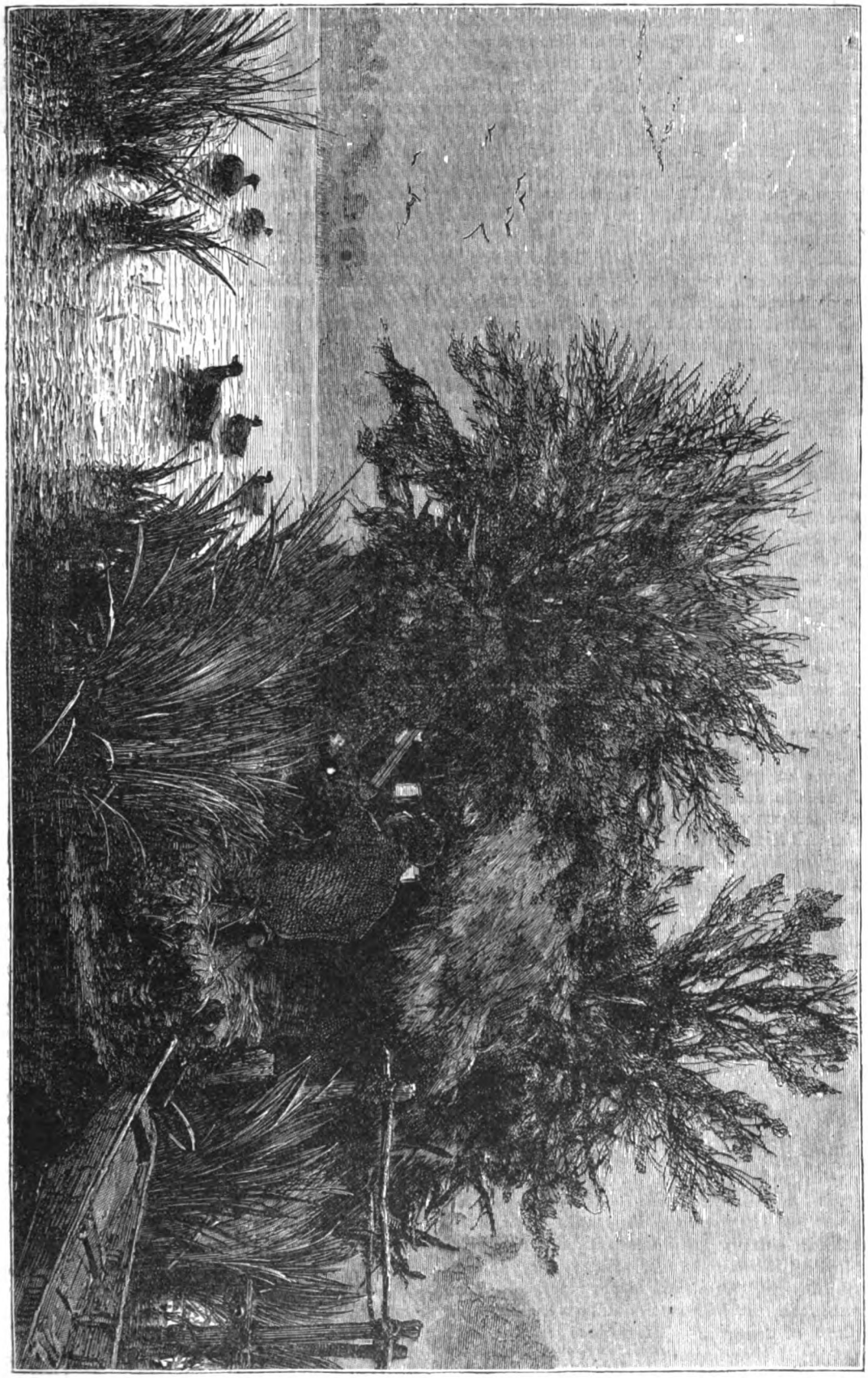
The noble wild turkey, except in our extreme borders, has become a *rara avis* indeed. Like the Virginia deer, this finest of game-birds must have large tracts of primeval forest in which to roam, and as in this age of improvement such tracts in the East are out of the question, this bird must, perforce, seek the confines of civilization for an abiding-place. A few still exist in the Alleghany Mountains, and in some of the Southern States he is still quite plentiful; but, like the Scandinavian capercailzie, the wild turkey is surely destined to dwindle away, and become extinct.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie-chicken, is still plentiful in the West and Northwest, but civilization is crowding them to the wall. But a few years ago the prairies of Ohio, Indiana, Southern Michigan, and Illinois, were fairly alive with them; now but a few scattering broods remain, and the sportsman and market-shooter must go to Minnesota, Dakota, and Kansas, to be successful in the capture of this noble bird.

A TURKEY-ROOST.

Thus are our game-birds vanishing. Increasing civilization, imperfect laws, reduction of cover, multiplication of sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs, market-shooting, and a general improvement in firearms, have been, and are now, doing their work, and as sportsmen stand aghast at the dreary prospect for future sport, the question naturally arises: What can be done to check this waste, and restore to our fields and woods at least a portion of their former plenitude? Man will still be born with the sporting instinct, and it must be indulged, and to indulge it fairly and honestly, he must have the requisites, less that which in itself is harmless and beneficial may take another channel, and work out that which is evil.

The first great necessity is protection, which can only be brought about by enacting intelligent laws and making the penalties so severe that a would-be violator will think twice before committing the deed. Let the laws be suggested by sportsmen, and a good force of active game-wardens be distributed to see that they are enforced. Appeal to that sense of pride and decency which is in every sportsman, that shall show him the folly and evil of



DUCK-SHOOTING—THE DECOY.

shooting for count, and make him a game-protector. Teach the people that to demand woodcock in June, and grouse and quail in April, of restaurant and hotel-keepers, is wrong, as it makes the caterers law-breakers, and works a tremendous evil to the nesting-birds. Once get people interested in protection, and game out of season will be so unpopular that there will be no market for it, and one of the greatest causes of depletion will be done away with.

When the subject of Forestry, which is rapidly growing in interest in this country, becomes a solid, working fact, it will prove a powerful factor in game-protection, for whatever increases our timber supply must inevitably increase our game-birds.

The question of fish propagation and distribution has been proven a success, and every year millions of fry are turned loose from the State hatcheries to restock our depleted lakes and streams. Were Government to interest itself in our vanishing game-birds as it has in our trout and bass, and by the construction and maintenance of large aviaries be able to turn loose yearly large numbers of quail and grouse, the supply would soon become exhaustless.

To interest the farmer in game-protection is to gain a very important point in this matter. Once get him to see the benefits, and every farm will become a preserve from which the owners can derive a revenue that will help out considerably when tax-day comes round. It would be but little trouble for him to post his land and keep an eye upon law-breakers, while a handful of grain now and then to the suffering quail in the cold Winter-time would not lessen his wealth any and do a world of good. To sum it all up, the fate of our vanishing game-birds rests largely with the people. Let the press take it up, and ventilate it so thoroughly that everybody will feel that portion of the responsibility rests upon them. So shall we see our game-birds coming back again to gladden the deserted covers. Once more the roar of the mighty hosts of pigeons shall be heard, and "Bob White's" whistle and the grouse's tattoo sound from every copse and pasture. Long lines of ducks and geese shall quack and honk across the sky, and in the place of vanishing game-birds America will boast of an ever-increasing, never-failing supply.

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BELLS.

Much is said about church-bells which formerly sometimes used to toll entirely by themselves on occasions of extraordinary importance. In some countries places are pointed out where church-bells which have fallen into a lake or river, or have sunk deep into the ground, will toll on certain days of the year, or on certain solemn occasions. The believers in these wonders go to the place where a bell is said to be hidden, and listen attentively. Generally they soon hear the distant sounds which they anxiously wish to hear.

A wonderful bell is mentioned by Abraham à Sancta Clara, who so forcibly preached during the latter half of the seventeenth century; and some account of the same bell is given by Montana in his "Historische Nachricht von denen Glocken," published in the year 1726. Montana says that "it may be seen at Vililla, a small town in the kingdom of Arragon." When this bell was being cast, one of the thirty pieces of silver for which the arch-traitor, Judas Iscariot, delivered up Jesus Christ to the chief priests, was melted down with the metal, which had the effect of causing the bell to sound occasionally by itself without being touched, especially before the occurrence of some great national calamity, such as a disastrous issue of a warlike expedition, or the death of a king. In the year 1601, Montana records, it continued to ring by itself for three days unintermittingly—viz., from Thursday, the 13th of June, until Saturday, the 15th; but whether it had some particular reason for this extraordinary procedure, or whether it was merely actuated by some capricious impulse, we are not informed by the learned writer.

A lamentable misunderstanding, occasioned by a little house-bell, is recorded by Grimm as having occurred in a German town; but we are not informed of the name of the town, nor of that of the citizen in whose house it occurred. The inmates of the house, with the exception of the mistress, heard distinctly the sound of the bell, and were quite certain that no one had touched it. Moreover, a few days afterward, they heard it a second time. The master of the house, a strong and healthy man, made up his mind at once that this omen portended the decease of his wife, who was keeping her bed, very much reduced indeed. He forbade the servants to tell their mistress what had occurred, lest it might frighten her, and hasten her dissolution. The state of suspense, after the bell had given warning the second time, lasted for about six weeks, when suddenly—the husband died, and the wife became better! Even after the widow had married again, the bell rang by itself on several occasions; and whenever this happened there was sure to be a death in the house—sooner or later.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A witty, humorous or satirical definition cannot be universally acceptable, since it usually hurts somebody's susceptibilities. No man or woman delighting in a burst across country at the heels of the hounds but would think it rank heresy to hold with Pope that hunting is nothing better than pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; and the novelist who says æstheticism means, "none of the old conventionalities, no religion, very little faith, scarcely any charity, and nearly all sunflowers," has few admirers, we may be sure, among the worshipers of bilious hues and graceless garments. Ladies ambitious of platform popularity would indignantly deny the truth of Whately's "Woman is a creature that cannot reason, and pokes the fire from the top," and how angrily your golden-haired girl graduate would curl her pretty lips at hearing a young lady defined as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve, and begins again at twenty. Her agreeing or disagreeing regarding matrimony being justly described as a tiresome book with a very fine preface, would depend upon whether she had private reasons inclining her to venture upon Heine's "high sea for which no compass has yet been found."

The gentlemen who instruct the British public respecting the merits and demerits of authors, artists, and actors, cannot be expected to own Lord Beaconsfield right in saying, "Critics are the men who have failed in literature and art." The newspaper-writer who pronounced a journalist to be a man who spent the best years of his life in conferring reputations upon others, and getting none himself, would probably demur at that by which he lives being described as "groundless reports of things at a distance"; and if an American, he would loudly exclaim against the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* defining "interviewers" as "creatures who invade every public

man's privacy, listen at every keyhole, tamper with every guardian of secrets; purveyors to the insatiable appetite of a public which must have a slain reputation to devour with its breakfast, as the monster of antiquity called regularly for his tribute of a spotless virgin."

The witness who enlightened judge and jury by explaining that a bear was a person who sold what he had not got; and a bull, a man who bought what he could not pay for, thought he said a smart thing; but he had been partly anticipated by Bailey, who, in his Dictionary, tells us that to "sell a bear" means among stockjobbers to sell what one hath not. The worthy lexicographer lays it down that a definition is "a short and plain description of the meaning of a word, or the essential attributes of a thing," but does not always contrive to attain to his own ideal. For example, we do not learn much about the essential attributes of things when told that bread is the staff of life; a bench, a seat to sit upon; a cart, a cart to carry anything in; that thunder is a noise well known to persons not deaf; dreaming, an act well known; that elves are scarecrows to frighten children; and birch, "well known to schoolmasters." He defines a wheelbarrow as a barrow with one wheel, and informs us that a barrow is a wheelbarrow. Some of his definitions are instructive enough, as showing how words have departed from their original signification. Thus we find that in his time a balloon meant a football; defalcation, merely a deduction or abating in accounts; factory, a place beyond seas where the factors of merchants resided for the convenience of trade; farrago, a mixture of several sorts of grain; novelist, a newsmonger; saucer, a little dish to hold sauce; politician, a statesman; and "the people," the whole body of persons who live in a country, instead of just that part of them happening to be of one mind with the individual using that noun of multitude.

Philosophers are rarely masters of the art of definition, their efforts that way, as often as not, tending to bewilder rather than enlighten. What a clear notion of "common sense" does one of these afford us by describing it as "the immediate or instinctive response that is given in psychological language, by the automatic action of the mind; or in other words, by the reflex action of the brain, to any question which can be answered by such a direct appeal to self-evident truth." Still better or worse is the definition of the mysterious process called "evolution," as a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogenity, through continuous differentiations and integrations; which an eminent mathematician has thus rendered for the benefit of English-speaking folk: "Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a some-howish and in-general talkaboutable not-at-all likeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and stick-togetherations." Putting this and that together, he who does not comprehend exactly what evolution is must be as obtuse as the playgoer, who, sitting out a play, does not know he is witnessing "a congeries of delineations and scenes co-ordinary into a vivid and harmonious picture of the genuine features of life."

Impromptu definitions have often the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness. "What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to the inscription over a doorway, "Mutual Loan Office." "I don't know," answered the novelist, "unless it means that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to one another." Said Lord Wellesley to Plunket: "One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "Well, my lord," was Plunket's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real"; an explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a "housekeeper" as meaning "a sort of a wife." "Pray, my lord," queried a gentleman of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?" "Very little in the end," responded his lordship; "at common law you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum." An American contemplating setting a lawsuit going, his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr. Burleigh soon afterward, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be. "A contingent fee," quoth Mr. Burleigh, "is this—if the lawyer loses the case, *he* gets nothing; if he wins it, *you* get nothing." "Then I don't get anything, win or lose?" said his questioner. "Well," was the consolatory rejoinder, "that's about the size of a contingent fee." So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

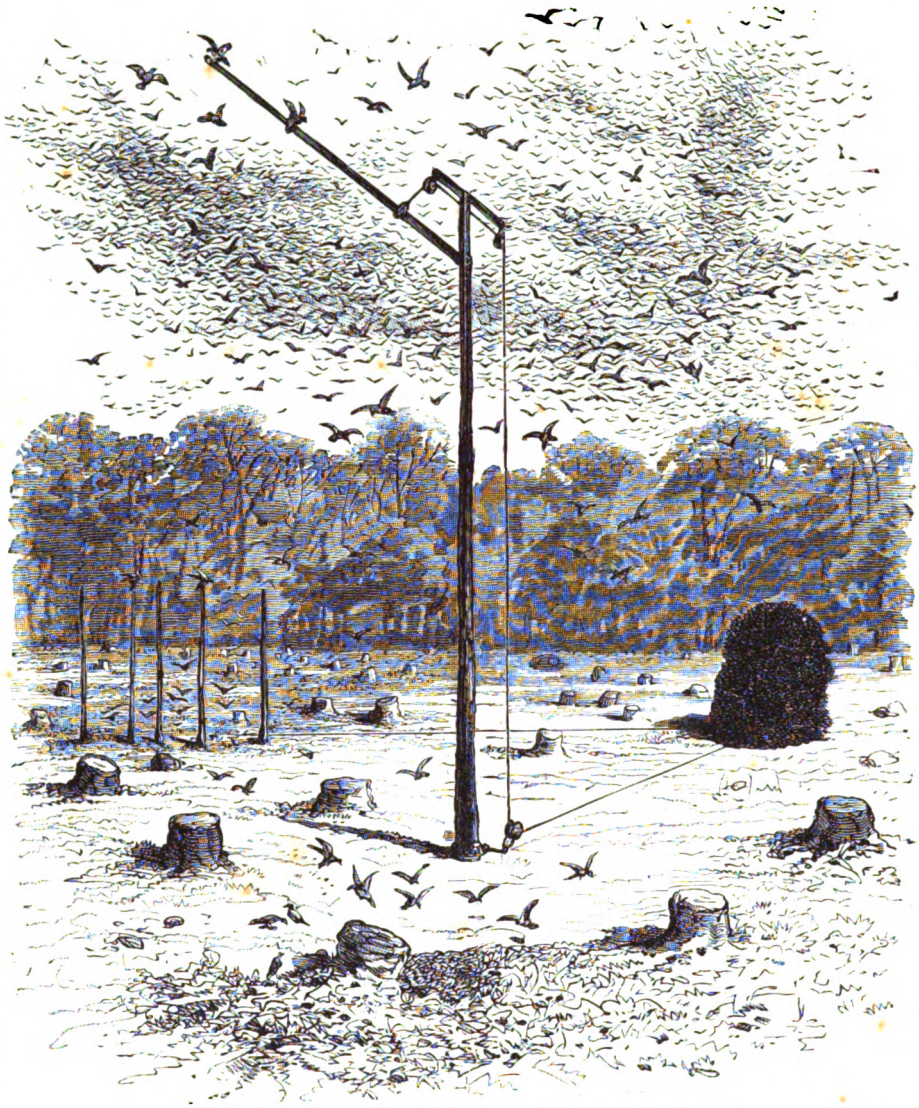
"What is a nobleman's chaplain?" inquired a legal luminary, perhaps over-fond of professing ignorance. "A nobleman's chaplain, my lord," said Dr. Phillimore, "is a spiritual luxury." It is astonishing how innocent gentlemen learned in the law are, by their own account. Addressing a matronly witness in a breach of promise case, counsel for the defense said: "I am an old bachelor, and do not understand such things. What *is* courtship?" "Looking at each other, taking hold of one another's hands, and all that kind of thing," was the comprehensive answer.

An Ohio school-committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for a schoolmarmship was the better fitted for the post—the young woman who averred that "respiration" was the perspiring of the body, or her rival, who believed "emphasis" was the putting more distress on one word than another; definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the English medical student responsible for: "Hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death"; and "Irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold by chemists as tincture of iron." All abroad, too, was the intelligent New York "health-officer," who, having testified that his district was afflicted with highjinnicks, being pressed as to what he understood "hygienics" to mean, answered: "a bad smell arising from dirty water."

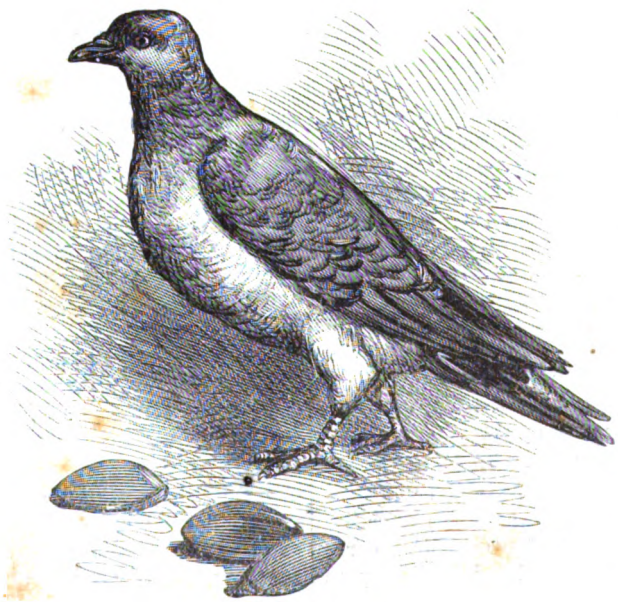
At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining "wit." Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: "Wit is that which sparkles and cuts." "Very good, Tom," said his father. "Then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!" and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished. Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of "Quaker," wrote: "A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker; but ma isn't"! The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions, such as: Ice, water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob when a fellow doesn't want to cry and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes

all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.

When the French Academicians were busy with their famous Dictionary, the members of the committee were at odds as to defining *de suite* and *tout de suite*. Bois-Robert suggested that they should adjourn to a restaurant and discuss some oysters and the question together. On arriving there, Bois-Robert asked the attendant to open *de suite* six dozen oysters, and Courart chimed in with: "And serve them to us *tout de suite*." "But, gentlemen," the woman said, "how can I open your oysters *de suite* and serve them *tout de suite?*" "Easily enough," answered one of the party; "open them *de suite*—that is, one after another—and serve them *tout de suite*—that is, as soon as you have opened them." His definition of the two phrases was adopted by acclamation. There is nothing like practical illustration to bring home the meaning of things. Puzzled by hearing a deal of talk about contracting and expanding the currency, an American lass asked her sweetheart: "What is the difference, John, between contraction and expansion, and how do circumstances affect them?" John was quite equal to the occasion. "Well, dear," said he, "when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "That's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming, we get on two chairs, don't we?" "I should say we did." "Well, love, that's expansion, and it is seen according to circumstances." "John," said the satisfied maiden, "we are contracting now, ain't we?" "You are right!" said John; and then was performed an operation which a great mathematician defined as consisting "in the approach of two curves which have the same bend as far as the points of contact."



OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.—DECOY TRAP FOR WILD PIGEONS.



THE WILD PIGEON.

Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not *bought* but *borrowed* it.

OUR VANISHING GAME-BIRDS.—SHOOTING RAIL ON THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 36.

MAY COLVIN.

An Ayrshire Ballad.

False Sir John a-wooing came
To a maid of beauty fair;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got his lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And so lightly has she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand,
And she's taken the best and she's left the worst
That was in her father's land.

He rode on and she rode on,
They rode a long Summer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off thy steed," says false Sir John,
"Your bridal bed you see,
For it's seven kings' daughters I've drowned here,
And the eighth I'll make out with thee.

"Cast off, cast off your silks sae fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they're o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast off, cast off your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it's too fine and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou fause Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never becomes a gentleman
A woman thus to see."

He turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gate,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou fause Sir John—
O lie you there!" said she;
"For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her father's gate
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of fause Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen?"

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
In the bonny cage where it lay:
"O what ha' ye done with the fause Sir John,
That he behind you does stay?

"He wooed you butt and he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me;
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,
And the spokes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay:
"O what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day?"

"It was a cat cam' to my cage-door,
I thought 'twould have worried me,
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

FRED'S RETURN.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY SUMMER.

By Margaret Blount.

"Only one day more and Fred will be with us, and we shall be happy as the day is long!" said pretty Nora Thurlow, as she laid her wedding-dress out upon the white coverlet of her bed and made a step backward, trying its effect. "Are you not glad that the time is so near, mamma?"

"Yes; I hope that nothing may happen in this last four-and-twenty hours to turn your joy into sorrow, Nora," was the low reply.

Mrs. Thurlow's mourning-garments, as well as certain traces of sorrow on her worn but still fair face, showed that her own experience of life had been a bitter one.

Yet there was a deeper cause for her words—the memory of past troubles; and, leaving her daughter to her absorbed contemplation of her bridal garments, she presently rose and went into the kitchen, where their one domestic was busily engaged about dinner.

"Lucretia, please tell me once more what that man said to you," she remarked, with apparent carelessness, after she had given a few directions about household concerns.

Lucretia Abey, a tall, gaunt spinster from New England, looked up from the potato that she was paring, with a keen expression of interest in her gray eyes.

"Do you mean the insane man that I met out on the waste land yesterday, ma'am?" she asked, pointing with her knife to the dreary, unoccupied flats that stretched between these distant suburbs and the great City of New York.

"Yes," said Mrs. Thurlow, evading that direct gaze. "You really *do* think he was insane, Lucretia?"

"Certain," avowed Lucretia, emphatically, wondering at the almost pleading tone in which the question was asked. "You would never have doubted that, Mrs. Thurlow, if you could have seen him. To be sure, he was dressed like a gentleman, and he had a handsome watch and chain, for he was looking at the time just before he met me. But his eyes would have told the story to any one, ma'am! Black as jet, but as burning as two coals of living fire. I can see them now!"

"And he said," inquired Mrs. Thurlow, whose soul died within her as she recognized this description—"he said that you were to tell me that he had traced me out, after a long and expensive search, and that I and my daughter might be sure that he would make one among the guests upon her wedding-day?"

"That's just it, Mrs. Thurlow, word for word. It struck me as such a strange thing, you know, because people generally wait to be asked to a wedding, instead of inviting themselves. But there! no one can answer for anything that a crazy person may do. And he seemed

to me to have some kind of a grudge against you and Miss Nora by the way he looked and spoke."

"He has, Lucretia. He is the worst enemy that we have—the only enemy, I hope—in this world. Take great care not to let him get into this house if he appears in the neighborhood again. I believe him to be capable of any crime in his present distracted state."

Mrs. Thurlow left the kitchen, preserving her usual outward quiet demeanor. But when she was in the hall alone, she clasped her hands and wrung them to pain.

"Robert Clifford free!" she exclaimed, aloud. "What can it mean? He must have bribed the keepers of the asylum, or else he has escaped. From what Lucretia says, he is evidently quite as insane as ever. And what may not my poor child have to dread from him, now that he has discovered our home. I cannot feel safe in this lonely place; at least, I could not if Lucretia was not here. But I have put her on her guard, and the police are constantly at hand. If we remain within doors I doubt if he can harm us. But, oh, how glad I shall be to see Fred's honest face once more, and to know that my darling is safe in his care!"

She went into the pleasant sitting-room, and found Nora there before her.

The fair young girl was standing before her writing-desk. She held a package of letters and a photograph in her hand, and was looking rather sorrowfully upon the picture.

"Here are the letters that poor Mr. Clifford wrote to me, and here is his picture," she said, turning to her mother. "I had entirely forgotten them, till, in emptying this desk, I came upon them in a drawer. Poor man! I was not to blame in that matter, *was* I, mamma?"

"How could you be, my dear? You were engaged to Fred Lathier before you met Robert Clifford at Cape May. He chose to persecute you with an unwelcome admiration, and you very properly deputed me to tell him that your affections were engaged."

"It seemed so sad. That he should be sent to the asylum, I mean," said Nora, her blue eyes still resting dreamily on the picture. "I *hope* it was not through me."

"My dear, he inherited madness from his mother's family," said Mrs. Thurlow, in an odd, strained voice. "Surely you might find some pleasanter occupation for your time and thoughts than this upon the eve of your wedding-day."

"Oh, yes. Only one feels more sorry for others, perhaps, when one is very happy," said Nora, with a sigh. "And this is such a strange, dark, powerful face. I can scarcely imagine any woman loving that man, although many might fear him. I suppose I had better destroy these, mamma?"

"Of course, my dear. Burn them—let me burn them at once. They should never have been kept," said Mrs. Thurlow, taking the packet from her daughter's hand. and thrusting it deep down into the fire.

The flame curled up around the package of letters, and in a moment more they were consumed. But the photograph writhed almost like a living thing within the blaze, and Mrs. Thurlow, watching it, saw, with a shudder, those fierce black eyes from amid a sea of fire, looking, with the threatening glance which she remembered so well, up into her own.

Dinner was served at four o'clock in that lonely cottage, and Lucretia, who was a born cook and housekeeper, prided herself on keeping up something of the style and state in those repasts to which she had become accustomed, in other days, in a pretty villa on the Hudson, before Mrs. Thurlow had lost her husband, and with him the fortune that had brightened and embellished life.

But on this day all the pains that she had taken were thrown away, as far as her mistress was concerned.

Not one morsel of food could Mrs. Thurlow touch. The cup of black coffee which she took after dinner acted as a stimulant upon her already excited brain.

Not daring to confide to her daughter or her servant the cause of her uneasiness, she was debarred from the comfort of sending for a local policeman and requesting that a watch more close than usual should be kept over her house for that one night.

"It would frighten Nora, and increase the remorse that she evidently feels for that wretch's doom, although she is innocent of having caused it," she thought, while she debated the question within her own mind. "No—I dare not apply to the police! This one night I must watch over her myself. But, oh, if Fred was only here!"

She could only retreat within the feminine fortification of "a headache," when lovingly questioned by Nora as to her silence and her gloom.

Lucretia, who had occasion in her own life to invent a headache when trouble and anxiety pressed her sore, yet had to be concealed from other eyes, cleared away the untasted dinner, and went grumblingly to her own room.

"Why can't she tell me outright if anything is hanging over her?" she muttered to herself. "I've lived with her ten years or more, and now I'm not fit to be trusted; it seems——"

"Are you Miss Abey?" asked a shock-headed boy, appearing at the outer door of the kitchen, as she entered it by the inner one.

"Yes—what's wanted now?" asked Lucretia, crossly.

"*I* don't want nothing," said the boy. "But your sister sent me here—Mrs. Samantha Peters, at No. 14 Doolittle Court."

"What on earth? Speak out, can't you? What has she sent you here for, in the name of goodness!" exclaimed the startled housekeeper.

"She's fell down the stairs and broke her arm. And she wants you to come right away, if you only stay five minutes."

The boy departed before Lucretia could sufficiently recover herself to send a message by him. She reflected that her mistress, in her present uneasy and excited state, would scarcely consent to her leaving the house.

On the other hand, her sister, the most nervous creature in existence, would certainly "worry" herself into a high fever before nightfall if she failed to make her appearance.

"Least said is soonest mended," thought Lucretia, making a rapid toilet. "I'll lock up the lower part of the house, and take the key with me. And I shall be back before tea-time, so no harm will be done."

Half an hour later a shock-headed boy ran up to a tall, dark, foreign-looking gentleman, who was pacing about a lonely quarter of the waste land.

"It's done sir," he said, touching his cap.

"Have you seen her fairly out of the house?" inquired the gentleman, his black eyes all aglow.

"Yes, sir. And a good way on her road to the city. I followed after her, so as to be sure," said the boy.

The gentleman threw him a silver dollar in payment of the service he had rendered, and strode away in the direction of Mrs. Thurlow's cottage.

"It was well that I discovered the housekeeper's friends and connections from my pretty Nora's artless

talk about her early home," he thought, with a smile of gratified malice. "And Nora is not for me. Nora has been pledged to another almost from her childhood. Very well—gold, that has broken the bars of a maniac's cell for me—we will see what power gold has here to break a woman's vow!"

The shadows of the night were drawing in, and the full moon was shining brightly down upon the waste land, when Mrs. Thurlow awoke from a troubled, restless sleep, to find Nora watching somewhat anxiously beside her.

"You cried out several times, mamma, and I was just going to wake you, when you opened your eyes," she said.

"I thought your father was alive—that he was coming back to me," said her mother, sadly. "But there were enemies between us; it was all trouble and horror. I am glad I woke."

"Oh, if papa *could* come back. It is so dreadful, not to be *certain* in such cases. To feel that he *may* be living."

"Hush!" said her mother. "A year has gone since we heard that he was lost at sea. He would have come to us long, long ago, if he had been alive!"

"Poor mamma! Oh, how I wish—"

The words died on the girl's lips. For the hall-door opened, and Robert Clifford, with an evil smile on his pale face, stood before them.

"I have managed to decoy your faithful domestic away," he said, as they started to their feet and clung to each other in mute horror and despair. "We three are alone in this wild and lonely place, and you are at my mercy. Aha, Mrs. Thurlow, I beg to inform you that I am the master here!"

"Not yet!" she gasped, seizing Nora by the arm, and whispering something in her ear.

The next instant they both rushed from the room. Robert Clifford dashed after them with a savage oath.

As they sped up the stairs three balls from a revolver whistled around their path, but, happily, failed to hit either.

"Quick, Nora! The roof—the roof!" cried Mrs. Thurlow.

He could not gain upon their flying steps.

The last short, dark staircase was gained, the heavy trap-door was lifted, they were through, and it was securely battened down from the outside just as he reached the place.

Safe and unharmed, the two frightened women stood on the flat roof and listened to his muttered curses below.

Presently they heard him go down into the yard and outbuildings. He was searching for a ladder. But he searched in vain.

"All right!" he cried, seeing them fearfully watching his movements over the edge of the roof. "I will make a burnt-offering of you, my pretty bride—a holocaust you shall be, my dear. No escape for you."

"What does he mean, mamma?" wept Nora.

And her mother only clasped her closer, mingling her own tears with those that fell from the bright-blue eyes.

"God help us! God forgive me!" she thought. "If she dies here, it is I who, from neglect and carelessness, will have killed my child!"

From below they soon heard the crash of furniture, as the maniac roamed from room to room, destroying as he went.

"Your bridal dress, my beauty!" he shouted. "I have found it, and laid it on your funeral pile. Adieu, my bride!"

There was no need now to ask his meaning. The dull roaring of flames below was an answer full of horror. How soon or how far off their doom might be, they knew not. They only felt that it was certain. And, kneeling, they prayed silently, each for the other, that the end might be sudden when it came.

MAY COLVIN.—"'O HOLD YOUR TONGUE, MY PRETTY PARROT.'"
SEE BALLAD ON PAGE 46.

"Farewell, my lovely Nora!" cried Robert Clifford, turning at the garden-gate for one last look at his victims. "You have brought your fate upon yourself. Robert Clifford disputes with no living man for the hand of his bride."

"Don't he? Then what does Robert Clifford think of this?" said a rough voice in his ear, as strong arms seized him, and strong hands slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

He turned, his livid face full of hate and fury, to confront his captors. But the look of wrath gave place to one of abject fear and submission as a smooth-faced

FRED'S RETURN.—"STRONG ARMS SEIZED HIM AND STRONG HANDS SLIPPED A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS OVER HIS WRISTS.
SEE PAGE 46.

gentleman in black glided out from the group of policemen and stood beside him.

"Escaped from my asylum, Mr. Clifford!" said the physician, blandly. "Bribing my keepers! Oh, that will never do, you know. You must go back with me at once."

Clifford's furtive gaze, avoiding the doctor's eye, fell upon the shock-headed boy, who stood near the gate.

"You, *you* have betrayed me!" he hissed. "Oh, if I was free!"

"None of that, mister!" responded the boy. "I did your errand, and you paid me. Then comes this gentleman, a-hunting for you, and I got scared, and told him where you were, for he said you was too dangerous to be at large. And what did you want me to get that woman out of the way for? What have you been a-doing here? My gracious, sir! look up yonder!"

The excited boy caught sight just then of a pale face peering from behind the stack of chimneys on the roof.

At the same moment fire burst from every nook and cranny of the doomed house.

The maniac gave a loud yell of triumph.

"You came too late to balk me of my vengeance, gentlemen!" he said. "You never will save my pretty Nora's life!"

"Nora, did he say?" asked some one, as two gentlemen rushed up the path to the gate.

"Nora! Mr. Thurlow—look there!"

* * * * * *

Some hours later Nora and her mother, rescued by almost superhuman exertions from their peril, sat in the private parlor of a city hotel, listening to Fred Lathier's story and to the self-reproaches of the housekeeper, who had found her sister perfectly well, and had hurried back to the cottage, only to see it a smoking ruin.

"Robert Clifford is safe once more in the doctor's custody, and you may be sure the wretched man will never be allowed to escape again," concluded Fred. "And now—are you strong enough to bear a little joy, my dear mother?"

"I thought I saw Henry—my husband—in the midst of that fearful flame!" said Mrs. Thurlow, looking piteously at him. "I thought I heard his voice."

"He carried you from that burning roof in his own arms," replied Fred. "He *was* lost at sea, as we heard, but was picked up by an outward-bound vessel. He has been round the world and through three months of illness in a foreign port since you saw him last; but here he is, alive and well, thank God! and we will all be happy now."

He closed the door upon the reunion of the long-parted husband and wife, and sought Nora for his own reward.

The wedding-day was very quietly celebrated, and Mr. and Mrs. Lathier are still dwelling in the Hudson villa with their parents, instead of taking the European voyage which they once contemplated.

Very happy was the Summer which had so terrible a beginning. But to this day Mrs. Thurlow can scarcely be prevailed upon to trust her daughter out of her sight. Nor do they ever venture in her presence to speak of the dreadful events of that last evening at the lonely cottage on the waste.

INTIMACY has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship, like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

A STROLL THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY, PH.D.

IN order to obtain a thorough knowledge of Jersey, it is necessary to make the "round of the island," an excursion which can be safely undertaken in the Summer, under the guidance of an experienced boatman. An enthusiastic traveler thus speaks of the effects produced by such a tour:

"To describe such an excursion fully would obviously be impossible in the narrow limits to which we are here confined, though it would be pleasant to linger in each picturesque nook and sheltered cove, where the blue waters shine with a peculiar radiance over their bed of golden sand, or ripple against the rocks in long, undulating lines of foam, or play with the fantastic tangles of the seaweed in constant eddies and gyrations; murmuring here a music as soft as that of Apollo's lute; deepening there into a sullen roar, like that of thunder in far mountain glens. We might enlarge on the strange combinations often assumed by rugged masses of rock—on the ever-changing aspect of the coast, now dipping down to the sea margin in gentle slopes of greensward; now rearing a seemingly impregnable barrier against the assault of the vexed and turbulent billows. We might speak of quiet little glens, with fern-clad sides, opening suddenly on breadths of ribbed sand, or of sheltered bays, receding, as it were, from the turmoil of the outer ocean, and throwing themselves into the embrace of the everlasting hills. Much, too, might be said of the strange forms of life which haunt the encircling waters—of gleaming jellyfish and radiant sea-anemones; of the asterias thrown adrift on every weedy crag. But all this is beyond our province, and we must, perforce, content ourselves with indicating the principal localities, and objects of interest which successfully present themselves to the voyager, as he coasts the romantic Isle of Jersey."

In making the circuit of the island, starting from St. Helier's, we first cross Saumarez Bay to Saumarez Point, which forms the eastern boundary of the spacious curve or semicircle, marked on the west by Noirmont Point, and inclosing the beautiful recess of St. Aubin's Bay, previously mentioned as so much frequented for its smooth beach and fine opportunities for bathing. Rounding Saumarez Point, we enter St. Clement's Bay, which is skirted by a well-kept military road. Out at sea are several rocky islets and dangerous reefs. It is supposed that a shoal bottom extends from this point to the coast of France, and the island is said to have been here dislocated from the mainland by some great natural convulsion in the eighth century. The soundings between Jersey and the French shore seldom exceed eight fathoms, and are frequently as low as five. The shore of St. Clement's Bay is dotted with houses and gardens, and at low water the scene is very curious, the surface of the sea for miles being covered with weed-strewn crags, rocks, islets, and broken reefs. Rounding La Roque Point, we enter upon Grouville Bay, with its oyster-fisheries, and on the crest of a rocky headland the battlements of Mont Orgueil Castle. This castle crowns the crest of a lofty rock, which is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, lined on either side by massive walls. Though no longer occupied as a fortress, it retains a military aspect, and its hoary battlements and ivy-shrouded walls combine to form a majestic and impressive ruin. It is supposed to have been erected on Roman foundations by Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, and to have been much enlarged and

strengthened during the reign of John. It was anciently used as a prison, and also as an asylum to illustrious fugitives. In Queen Elizabeth's time George Poullett resided here; in Charles I.'s, Philip de Carteret; and at a later date, Prince Charles, afterward Charles II., remained here for some months after the death of his father, and before he accepted the invitation of the Scots to return to England. The room he occupied is still shown. During his residence here, he made himself so well acquainted with every part of the island, that he is related to have drawn a map of it, which is supposed to be still in existence in a cabinet of curiosities at Leipsic. William Prynne, the Puritan author of the "Histriomastix," was imprisoned within its walls between August, 1637, and November, 1640, solacing his captivity with the composition of a "Poetic Description of Mont Orgueil Castle, in the Isle of Jersey, Interlaced with some Brief Meditations from its Rocky, Steep, and Lofty Situation." It was dedicated to one of the daughters of the governor—to

> "Sweet mistress, douce, fair Margaret,
> Prime flower of the House of Carteret;"

and opens thus:

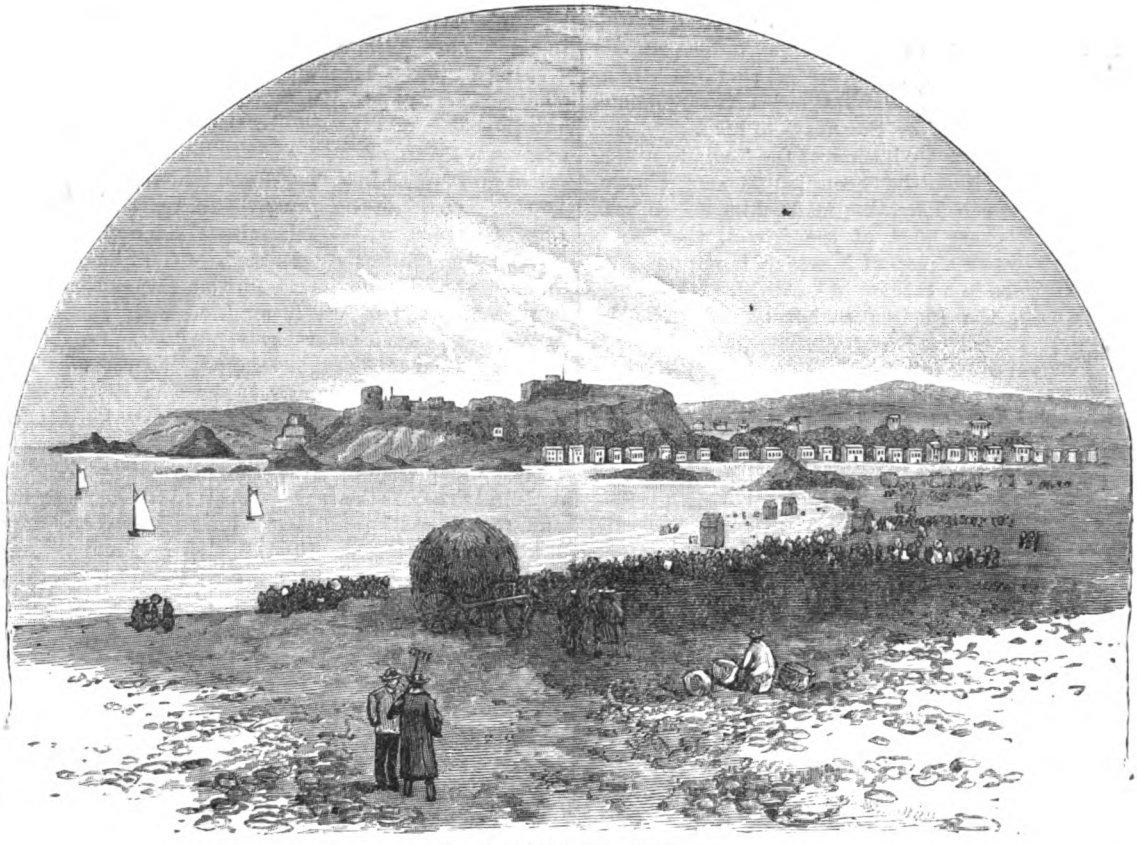
> "Mont Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
> Within the eastern part of Jersey Isle;
> Seated upon a rock full large and high,
> Close by the seashore, next to Normandie;
> Near to a sandy bay where boats do ride,
> Within a peere, safe from both winds and tide."

From this specimen it is easy to see what would have become of the original manuscript if waste-baskets had been invented in that day and paper-mills were in full operation. The view from the summit of the castle is very lovely, including Grouville Bay on the right, and St. Catherine's on the left; inland, a magnificently varied expanse of meadow, grove, plain and dell; beneath, the fishing-village of Gorey, with its church, harbor, oyster-beds, hotels and fishing-smacks; and to the east, the coast of France and the Cathedral of Coutances. After leaving Orgueil Castle and rounding several points, we come to Rozel Creek, one of the most romantic spots on the island. Up the creek, many narrow and woody glens offer a succession of charming "bits," which will keep the sketcher's pencil in constant occupation. The cliffs are of considerable elevation and mostly precipitous, and the little fishing-harbor and its few boats increase the picturesqueness of the scene. Bouley Bay, the next in order, is semi-circular in shape, and the cliffs which line it are bold, rugged, lofty and steep, and the scenery of the interior is wild and romantic. There is a pier here, and a battery for the defense of the island. Passing the cliffs of Chert and Norastone, and the narrow gorge of Crabbé, with its frowning precipices and bare walls of granite, we reach Grève de Lecq, notoriously one of the most interesting localities in Jersey. "The coast is broken up by ravines, gorges, gullies, and penetrated by numerous caverns. Into deep and dark abysses the ocean flings its waters with a kind of despairing wail; and in one remarkable fiord a streamlet leaps in spray and foam with a sheer descent of 100 feet. The precipices are dizzy; the crags dislocated into a thousand strange and fanciful forms; the tiny coves and inlets seem to invite you to play the lotus-eater's part; and while the caverns are all of them different in character, there is one so romantic and so beautiful that a visit to it "fills the mind with new and charming images." This cavern does not extend to any great depth, probably not more than fifty or sixty feet from the entrance; the aperture is about fifteen feet high; the roof of the interior, upward of twenty feet. The tide eats and penetrates to its remotest extremity, but does not fill the cavity. From the end of this cave a beautiful and singular picture is presented to the eye. The darkness of the position occupied by the observer, and the effect of the sides of the cave in cutting off the extremely divergent rays, so as to limit the field of vision, are of great value in giving depth and tone to the picture. During sunshine the prospect is extremely beautiful. Cape Grosnez, with its granite cliffs and deep inlets, forms the northwestern extremity of the island. Through an arch of a ruin on its summit an exquisite sea-picture is presented. The sea is studded with islands—Sark, Herm, Jethou and Guernsey—and on the northeast, sky and land seem to dissolve away on the coast of France. The southwestern extremity of the island is marked by a cluster of romantic rocks called the Corbières, from the flocks of sea-cormorants (*corbière*) which frequent them. At low water they form a kind of vertebrate causeway, and stretch across the sea to the island-coast; their strange and varied configuration rendering them a singularly interesting spectacle. St. Brelade's Bay and St. Aubin's will now be passed, and we return once more in safety to our starting-point, having made the round of the island by the coast line, a distance of about forty-five miles. The exploration of the coast cannot fail to create an appetite to see and enjoy the lovely scenery of the interior, and we were well repaid for the days we spent in walking and driving through the shady lanes and over the hard, smooth roads which run in every direction. Behind Anne Port, and about five miles from St. Helier's, is a fine Druidical monument, called the Cromlech, which testifies to the superstitious customs that prevailed on the island even before the invasion of the Romans. It is composed of nine stones supporting a flat one, all of granite, the largest measuring fifteen feet in length, ten in breadth, and about three in thickness, and is estimated to weigh twenty tons. Beneath it, a few years ago, some pottery and bones were found, besides flint implements; in stone coffins, under the Cromlech, were three skeletons, two males and a female, unfortunately without heads, but evidently belonging to a race of small stature. Other cromlechs have been found on the island, but generally smaller than those occurring in England and Brittany. One small one was removed to England and set up in a private park.

The village of Gorey, consisting of a well-built street, extending from the beach to Grouville, was at one time noted for its oyster-fisheries, but the beds have become unproductive, and the trade is now insignificant, although there is a prospect of improvement. The oyster-ground lies toward France, but the Jersey boats are not allowed to fish within three miles of the French shore. Besides the boats belonging to Jersey, many others come from the southern coast of England. The quantity of oysters fished was formerly very large, employing 400 cat-rigged vessels and upward of 2,000 men, besides many women and children. The average annual yield was at one time 300,000 bushels.

The road to Gorey passes by St. Saviour's Church, an edifice consecrated in 1154, and occupying a site from whence there is a superb view. The old graveyard, with its venerable tombs, and the ivy-clad walls of the church, afford a sombre and peculiar picture. The churchyard is a favorite resort of the English residents of St. Helier's, as it is within walking distance of the city, and affords ample shade from which to enjoy the view.

One of the favorite points in Jersey is the Prince's Tower, built upon an artificial hill, very probably

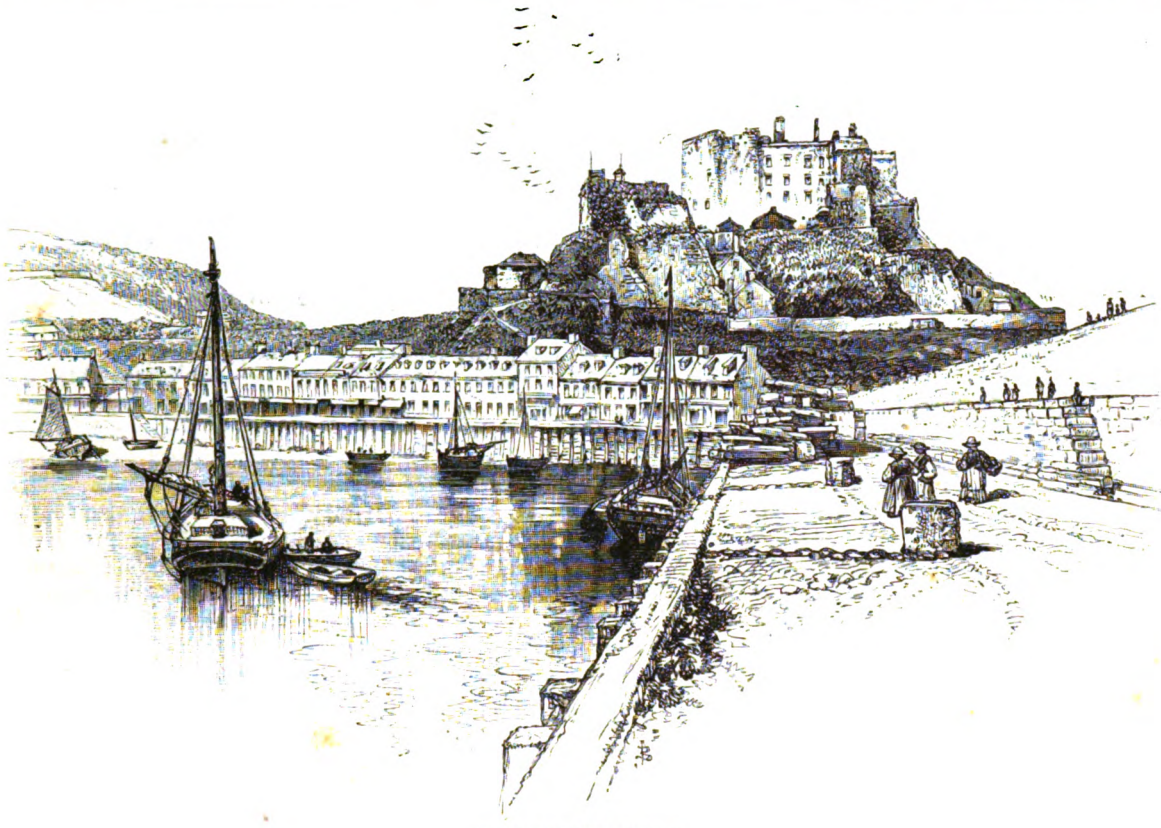


ST. CLEMENT'S BAY, JERSEY.

covering a cromlech, from which a large part of the island and some of its peculiar beauties may be seen. The tower itself is modern, but the site is very ancient. There was once a chapel here, and a legend concerning the place possesses some interest, as it is similar to the miraculous performances of saints as related in connection with several churches on the Continent. The legend tells that once on a time a great serpent made terrible havoc among the flocks and inhabitants of Jersey. No one had the courage to attack it until the Lord of Hambey, clothed in his armor, succeeded in cutting off the monster's head. Fatigued by his exertions, he laid down and fell asleep. He was found in this condition by his squire, who was in love with the Lady of Hambey, and thought the present a good opportunity to be rid of a rival; so the master was slain, and a lying message was sent to the widow, purporting to come from the dying Lord of Hambey, to the effect that the squire had killed the serpent, and beseeching the lady to marry the hero, which, of course, she does; but in a dream the truth comes out, and the squire is punished according to his deserts. The disconsolate widow erected a monument to her first and true liege lord, which has now disappeared, and has been replaced by a very humble tower. This legend is out of the ordinary line, in that the dragon was killed by a knight, who was not afterward to be regarded as a saint. St. George and the Dragon and St. Michael and the Dragon were very different personages from the humble knight of Hambey, and have had the advantage of greater renown.

A THATCHED COTTAGE IN JERSEY.

The approach to Prince's Tower is through hydrangeas, fuchsias and other flowering plants and shrubs, which have attained a very unusual size. From the summit of the tower the sea is seen on three sides, and the numerous rocks that bristle up around the island form a curious fringe to the green clothing of its surface. Inland the eye rests on a rich alternation of wooded and cultivated patches, which toward



MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

the west form a fine horizon. It is difficult to convey a proper idea of this view, for "words cannot embody the shifting effects of light and shade, the varying depth and play of color, the infinite diversity of outline, the glow, and the splendor, and the luxuriance, which invest the prospect with a magical attraction."

In contrast with all this beauty we drove over a tract of land in the southwestern part of Jersey, called Quenvais, which has now become a sandy waste. The sand has gradually lifted above the high bank and penetrated to a considerable distance inland. It is believed that the actual destruction of the old farms took place only about

THE CAVE AT GRÈVE DE LECQ.

THE GORGE AT CRABBÉ.

the end of the fifteenth century, but there is a tradition among the people that the sand was sent as a punishment to the inhabitants, who, many years ago, inhospitably declined to assist some shipwrecked mariners, in the hope of securing plunder from the wreck. The priests besought them to go to the rescue, but they declined to obey, and were properly punished by having their lands made desolate.

The manor-houses of Jersey are an important feature in the history of the island. The lord of the manor was entitled to certain rents, which had to be paid in grain, or its equivalent, and these rents still continue in some of the parishes. Some of the manor-houses are very large, and are surrounded by fine grounds with magnificent old trees. The one at St. Ouen's is a castellated structure, overgrown with ivy, consisting of a centre and two wings, the latter of comparatively modern date. We quote Mr. Durell's description of its interior, as we were not able ourselves to visit it:

"The door opens in a spacious hall, at the bottom of which is a large oaken staircase, which, for its antiquity and high preservation, has nothing to equal it on the island. The railing is of carved oak, and particularly elegant. From this hall there are doors which open into several spacious rooms. On the right-hand side going up the staircase there hangs the picture of a large and spirited horse, in the background of which there is a sketch of St. Ouen's Manor, such as it may be supposed to have been before the addition of its wings. It is not known by whom, or at what time, it was painted, though it is not so ancient as the incident to which it refers—an incident that occurred in the fifteenth century, while the French had the partial occupation of the island. The story rests on a tradition that the then Seigneur of St. Ouen's (Philip de Carteret) had gone out one day to fish in the pond, or rather small lake, which lies close to the beach of St. Ouen's Bay. While thus employed, he was surprised by a body of French troops, whom he had not perceived coming along the sands, below high-water mark. He had, nevertheless, sufficient time and sufficient presence of mind to mount his horse and gallop away from his pursuers. Being, however, closed pressed before and behind, he had no other resource but a desperate leap over a deep, hollow lane between two high banks. The noble-spirited animal, rallying all his strength, succeeded in this extraordinary attempt, and saved his master's liberty, if not his life. As to the pursuers, they either dared not to venture on the perilous leap, or else they failed in the attempt. The lord reached in safety the gate of his manorial mansion, but the spirit and the lifeblood of the generous courser had been expended in the great exertion. He sank under his lord as he alighted, and gasped his last. Such is the tradition; it is possible that it may have been embellished and exaggerated, but there is every probability that the substance of it is true."

The Philip de Carteret alluded to in the story was the father-in-law of Margaret de Harleston, a celebrated Jersey heroine in the time of Henry VII. It is reported of her that she went alone to England, very shortly after her confinement, to appeal to the King against the treachery of one Matthew Baker, the Governor of Jersey, who had falsely accused her husband of traitorous correspondence with the French. The intercession of this heroic lady is said to have been as successful as it deserved to be.

A FACE that cannot smile is never good

TROUBADOURS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY F. HUEFFER.

THE good old-fashioned idea of the troubadour—as the minstrel of love going from land to land singing his song and twanging his guitar with no object in view but the praise of beauty, and no rule to entrammel his passionate effusion—has by this time been pretty generally abandoned. It is, or should be, known to all students of literature, that Provençal poets, so far from being wholly wrapt up in their love-thought, took on the contrary a keen and active interest in the affairs of their day; that indeed their literary, as well as their social, importance, depends quite as much on their slashing and bitter satire as on their always sweet but frequently monotonous and conventional love-songs. But still more mistaken is the notion that the troubadour, as the singer of pure passion, was unfettered by any rules and canons of art. It may indeed be said that he was the representative of art, or, if the reader prefers it, artificiality, in its strictest and most highly developed sense. The metres invented and used with consummate skill by the poets of mediæval Provence remain a wonder of symmetry and technical perfection in the history of literature, unequaled by the poets of other nations who successively tried to imitate them.

For it may truly be said that in matters metrical the troubadours became the schoolmasters of Europe. In that capacity they were acknowledged and revered by the great poets of Italy, by Dante and Petrarch, while the singers of Northern France, the *trouvères*, although submitting more or less consciously to the same influence, observed a discreet silence on the point. Through the medium of French, and in a more limited degree, of Italian, literature, the metrical lore of Provence was transmitted to those singers of our own time and country, whom, in the heading of this essay, I have ventured to designate as modern troubadours. Amongst the latest school of English poetry, the adoption of complicated foreign metres has become a passion and a creed. Rondeaus and rondels, vilanelles and triolets, have been naturalized, and in a certain sense acclimatized, by our younger bards; and conservative critics have lamented over the degeneracy of modern days, ruefully pointing to the good old times when English poets would have scorned to borrow their metres from the foreigner. There, however, the critics were wrong—historically wrong at least. There had been a previous invasion of the same foreign element infinitely more important than the one which we are witnessing at present, and in an age to which patriotic lovers of literature regard as the acme of English poetry—I mean, of course, the reign of Elizabeth. That great time not only gave us the romantic epic and the drama, but it also introduced us to the sonnet and many other Italian verse-forms: and through the same sources, too. Spenser and Shakespeare, the two representative names of the time, also stand at the head of the revival of form inaugurated by the foreign movement above mentioned. It is true that neither of them adopted the strange importation with slavish accuracy. They recast the beauty of Italian rhyme in accordance with the genius of the language and their own. In this manner we see the Spenserian stanza grow out of the ottava-rima of Ariosto, and the Shakespearean sonnet out of that of Dante and of Petrarch. For that origin it does not belie, although it must be owned that Shakespeare, in his remodeling process, has used the utmost liberty—one might say, license.

It is curious that Shakespeare and Shakespeare Societies have never thought it worth while to investigate, or, at least, have never succeeded in fathoming, the true relations between the so-called sonnet of Shakespeare and the Italian verse-form of the same name. To accomplish such a task one must understand the structural principle of the sonnet, and for that purpose it is necessary to study Dante's treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," which, apart from being very little known, is, I must confess, anything but lively reading. At the same time it is the fountain-head from which alone a true insight into the metrical system of the Romance languages—which in most essential points is also that of our own—can be derived. Dante, who was what every lyrical poet by rights should be—a musician—was fully aware of the identity of musical and metrical laws; and many of the expressions he uses with regard to the latter had in his, and have even in our own, time, a musical significance.

Dante divides a stanza, if it is divisible at all, into two sections, which again may be subdivided in various ways. The chief cæsura of the stanza always coinciding with a pause in the sentence is called the volta, and the subdivisions, before or after it, are created by the repetition of certain metrical and melodic forms. If these groups occur before the volta they are called "pedes"; if after, they are called "versus." On the other hand, if the opening part is not subdivided at all, it is called "frons"; and if the final portion is sung to one continuous tune it receives the name "cauda," which survives in our "coda." An example will best illustrate the meaning of these terms. Let us take a stanza from "Don Juan," written, the reader is aware, in the ottava-rima:

"How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone from him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood and senses dim:
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanished, still retired with strife."

The chief break or volta in this stanza occurs after the sixth verse, and according to strict rule it would require a stronger mark of punctuation than the comma Byron has vouchsafed. The six verses before this volta are divided into three couplets exactly corresponding with each other as regards rhyme, and sung—as the old poems in similar metres no doubt were sung—to one and the same melodic phrase, ending most probably in the dominant key so as to facilitate the repetition. The final couplet introduces a new rhyme, and, it may be concluded, a new melodic phrase which serves by way of climax and conclusion. The stanza, therefore, consists in Dante's terminology of three pedes of two lines each, and of a cauda of the same number of lines. Applying the same rule to the sonnet in its regular form, we find that its volta occurs after the eighth line; that it has two pedes of four lines each, and a cauda of six. Shakespeare, for reasons best known to himself, was not pleased with this correct form of the Italian sonnet, which he accordingly remodeled in his own autocratic fashion. In the first instance he does not think it necessary to adhere to the number of rhymes which, in the orthodox sonnet, are repeated in the two pedes; the order of these rhymes also he changes with equal freedom. More than this, he has added one to the number of these pedes, and therefore transferred the volta or chief pause from the eighth to the twelfth line, leaving only the final couplet for the cauda. His sonnet, therefore, instead of two pedes of four lines each and a cauda of six, contains three pedes of four lines each and a cauda of two. In other words, the structural principle of the original sonnet has been entirely changed, only the number of lines of the Italian being retained. The reader will at once perceive the difference if he will compare any one of the immortal 154 with Milton's "*Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,*" or the famous sonnet penned by Keats, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*" And the matter is of greater importance than would appear at first sight. It is too frequently said that Shakespeare * wrote "irregular" sonnets; in other words, that he bungled, instead of which he enriched poetic literature by a new form of his own creation as capable of harmonious development as the original itself.

It is different with a great many other English sonneteers, both before Shakespeare and after him. The original position of the rhyme in the first section has been changed, and one or even two new rhymes have been introduced into the second quatrain for no better reason than that consonant final syllables are more scarce in English than in Italian. Such an excuse appears extremely weak. There is no necessity for writing sonnets, and those who cannot find the necessary rhyme-words had infinitely better refrain. So, at least, one would think but for the undeniable fact that some of the finest sonnets in the language show the defect alluded to. It would be easy to cite many cases in point from the works of modern poets, not excepting Keats, who, in the lines addressed to Reynolds, "*O thou whose face,*" has actually accomplished a sonnet without any rhymes, and, *mirabile dictu!* D. G. Rossetti. But perhaps it will serve the reader's purpose better to listen to an earlier and less known, but by no means despicable, sonneteer, Drummond of Hawthornden. The following lines deviate in every respect from the orthodox form of the sonnet adhered to, for example, by Milton, who, besides being a mighty poet, was also a profound metrical scholar. At the same time it would be impossible to deny that they show the peculiarities of Drummond's style in a favorable light:

SONNET.

With grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moistened face from beauty's skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise
That at each pace I fainting turned again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honor's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain
With back-cast looks I envied both and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object miss'd.
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair
When eagles' talons bare him through the air."

Anything more misshapen than the construction of this stanza cannot well be imagined. It is a kind of cross between the Shakespearean and the Italian sonnet, indicating the principles of both only sufficiently to let us feel their collapse in a hopeless confusion of rhymes. It

* I am, of course, aware that the form of the Shakespearean sonnet in its essential features had previously been used by the Earl of Surrey, who, most probably, was its inventor. At the same time these early attempts are metrically so crude and inaccurate that the establishment of the form and its permanent place in literature are undoubtedly due to Shakespeare, who, if not the earliest, is at least infinitely the greatest representative of the form of the sonnet generally called after him. Conscientious readers, however, may, if they prefer, put the name of Surrey instead of Shakespeare in the above remarks.

A PLEASANT LANE NEAR ST. JOHN'S, IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.— SEE PAGE 50.

may be added, although by no means in excuse of Drummond's negligence, that when so minded he was quite capable of turning out a very fair specimen of the orthodox sonnet. The name of Drummond of Hawthornden suggests another foreign verse-form, of which he also is amongst the earliest and most prominent representatives in England. This is the sestina. The sestina, like the sonnet, comes to us from Italy; but, unlike the sonnet, it is not of Italian origin. Unlike the sonnet, also, it can trace its birth to a well-known poet, Arnaut Daniel, one of the most celebrated troubadours of the thirteenth century. Arnaut's fame rests on a far safer basis than his own works, as far as they have been preserved to us, could furnish. Dante has introduced him in the "Purgatorio," where the Italian poet Guido Guinicelli speaks of his Provençal brother bard in terms of highest praise, calling him a "great smith of his mother-tongue, unsurpassed in love-song or romance." As very little of Arnaut Daniel is known in this country, a short account of his life, as transmitted by the old manuscripts, will probably be welcome to the reader, were it only as a brief respite from the technical disquisitions to which he has been treated.

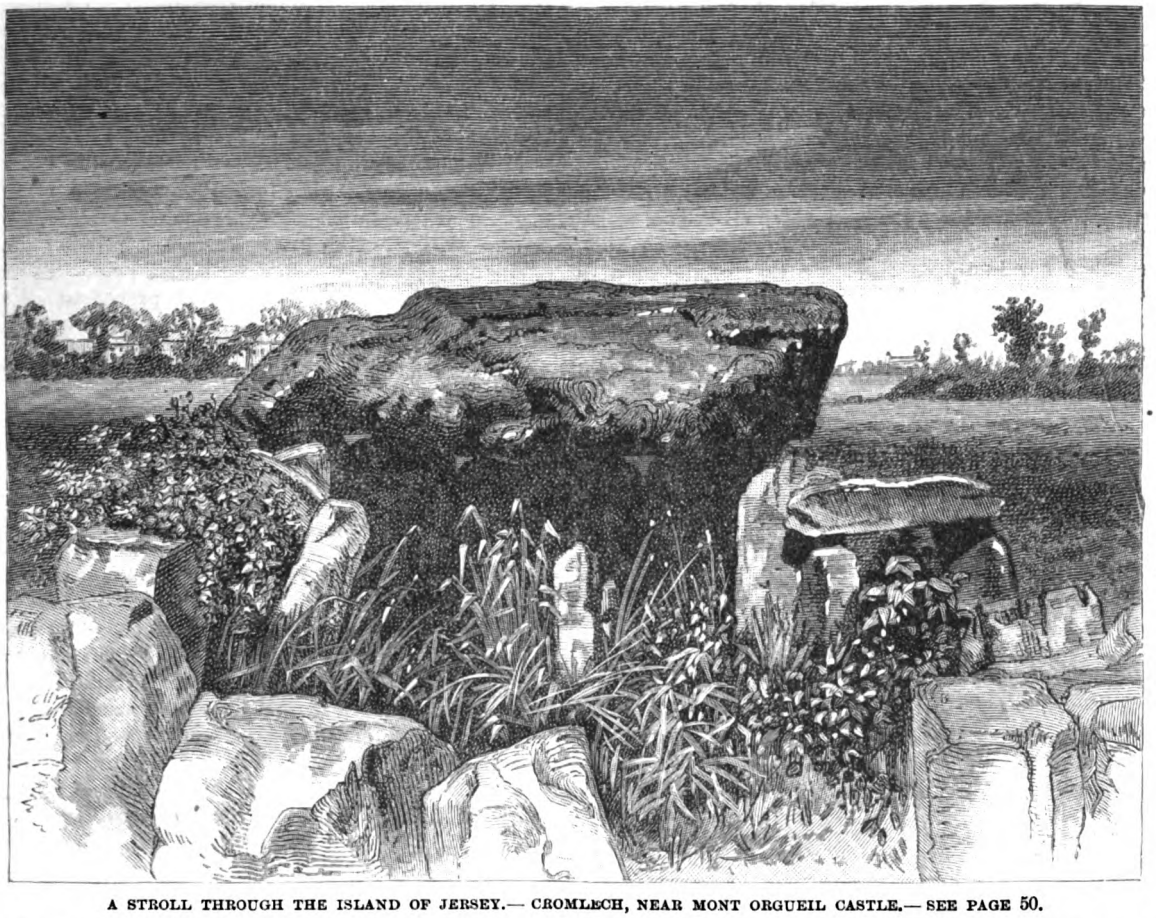
ANNE PORT, JERSEY.

"Arnaut Daniel," his Provençal biographer says, "was born at Castle Ribeyrac, in the diocese of Périgord, and he was gentle born. He was a good student, and took delight in writing poetry, and he left his studies and became a joglar (wandering minstrel). And he acquired a certain manner of writing in difficult rhymes, for which reason his songs are by no means easy to understand or to learn by heart. And he loved a high-born lady of Gascony, the wife of Lord William of Boville; but it was thought that the lady never granted him any favor of love, for which reason he says, 'I am Arnaut who loves the air, and I hunt the hare with the ox, and swim against the stream.'

"And it happened that he was at the court of King Richard of England; and there being also at the court another joglar, the latter boasted that he could invent rhymes as scarce as could Arnaut. Arnaut thought this good fun, and each gave his horse as a pledge to the king in case he should lose the bet. And the king locked them up each in a room. And Sir Arnaut, being tired of the matter, was unable to string one word to another; the joglar made his song with ease and speedily. And they had only ten days allowed to them. And the king was to judge at the end of five days. When the joglar asked Sir Arnaut if he had finished, 'Oh, yes,' said Sir Arnaut, 'three days ago.' But he had not given the matter a thought. And the joglar sang his song every night, so as to know it well. And Arnaut thought how he could draw him into ridicule; so one night, while the joglar was singing, Arnaut took care to remember the whole song and the tune. And when they were before the king, Arnaut declared that he wished to sing his song first, and began to sing in excellent style the song the joglar had made. And the joglar, when he heard this, stared him in the face and declared that he himself had made the song. And the king asked how that was possible; but the joglar implored him to inquire into the truth of the matter. The king then asked Sir Arnaut how it had happened, and Sir Arnaut told him the whole story. And the king had great joy at this, and thought it most excellent fun. And the pledges were returned, and to each he made rich presents."

The amusing anecdote just related, which, in a modified way, and no doubt by mere coincidence, is part of the plot of Wagner's "Meistersinger," is little in accord with the general tenor of Arnaut's life, as far, at least, as it is reflected in his poetry. He has been called the Browning of Provençal literature; his train of thought is severe, his language purposely obscure, and his rhymes fully deserve the term "cars"—scarce or unusual—which the old critics apply to them. Arnaut himself was fully aware of all this, and he gives an excellent reason for it. It is the unkindness of his lady, he says, which makes his speech harsh, and his metre difficult. Should she incline her ear to him he would soon sing the gayest love-song in the most harmonious measure.

However that may be, his peculiarity of style brought him such literary fame as must, to some extent, have atoned for the cruelty of his mistress. The way in which he is mentioned by contemporary poets and satirists plainly shows the esteem in which he was held, and that esteem was not limited to his own time or country. Dante, as has already been mentioned, places him above all other troubadours; and, moreover, has paid him the practical compliment of imitating one of his favorite metres, viz.: the sestina, or sextain, above referred to. Dante's example was followed by Petrarch, and it is no doubt through their means that the sestina reached this country.



A STROLL THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.— CROMLECH, NEAR MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.— SEE PAGE 50.

Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest representatives of the sonnet, is, as far as I am aware, responsible for the introduction of the sestina, of which there are several specimens in his works. He even improved on his models by writing what he calls a "dizain" (showing the principle of the sestina applied to stanzas of ten instead of six lines), also a double sestina, the difficulties of the achievement being, of course, considerably increased in this manner. Drummond of Hawthornden, as it has

already been indicated, is another early writer of sestinas, which he also modifies according to his own taste. After him the sestina seems to have sunk into neglect until the modern foreign revival, when it was restored to its old honors by Mr. Swinburne, and more recently still by Mr. E. W. Gosse. A form of poetry which has attracted so many writers in so many countries—for in France and Germany also it is naturalized—cannot be altogether without merits, and therefore well deserves our passing attention.

The sestina is a dangerous experiment, on which only poets of the first rank should venture. It is a man-trap well adapted to keep irresponsible intruders from the garden of poetry. Only in the first stanza is the poet a free agent; after that he is held by his own selection as in a vise; he has signed his bond, and by that he must abide. To speak without metaphor, the sestina is founded on the principle of what the French call *bouts-rimés*, or given rhymes, with the difference, however, that the poet is permitted in the first stanza to select his own rhymes, or, rather, ends of verse, which he has to repeat in all the subsequent stanzas according to a certain scheme. There are, as the name indicates, six lines to a stanza and six stanzas to a poem, not counting the tornada or envoi of three lines, in which all the six verse-ends of the preceding stanzas have to occur. To illustrate the order in which the repetition of the rhymes takes place, it will be advisable to quote at least two stanzas from what is most likely the first sestina in the English language. It is named "Agelastus's Sestine," and occurs in the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney:

"Since wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
Since sorrow is the follower of ill-fortune,
Since no ill-fortune equals publike damage;
Now Prince's loss hath made our damage publike
Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward grief seal up with outward wayling.

"Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling
Who justly make our hearts the seate of sorrow
In such a case, where it appears that Nature
Doth add her force unto the sting of Fortune!
Choosing, alas, this our theatre publike
Where they would leave trophees of cruell damage."

The ends of the lines are, the reader will perceive, identical in the two stanzas, but their sequence is, of course, entirely different. On comparison we find that

Sorrow, the 1st verse-end	in the 1st stanza	is the 2d	in the 2d.		
Fortune, the 2d	"	"	"	4th	"
Damage, the 3d	"	"	"	6th	"
Publike, the 4th	"	"	"	5th	"
Nature, the 5th	"	"	"	3d	"
Wayling, the 6th	"	"	"	1st	"

By reducing the result of this comparison to a formula we have the following:

1	first stanza	= 2	second stanza.
2	"	= 4	"
3	"	= 6	"
4	"	= 5	"
5	"	= 3	"
6	"	= 1	"

And this formula expresses exactly the relation of each stanza in the sestina to its predecessor, of the third to the second, of the fourth to the third, of the fifth to the fourth, and of the sixth to the fifth. The reader, therefore, has here a complete receipt for composing a sestina, to which he has only to add the slight ingredient of genius to make it a beautiful poem. That ingredient is by no means wanting in some of the English specimens. Mr. Swinburne has written some lovely sestinas, both in English and French, the latter, I have no doubt, being by far the finest and most melodious examples in that language. Unfortunately, however, I cannot but add that he has looked for his model, not in the works of Dante or the troubadours, but in some more modern source.

The lines in the original sestina do, as the reader will have observed, not rhyme with each other in the same stanza. They have to wait for their consonance till the next following stanza, and in this continual playing at hide-and-seek of the rhyme-words the charm of the sestina—the "humor of it"—consists. By matching them in each stanza, and thus making that stanza a whole in itself, you destroy the principle of reciprocity and interdependence, which is in this case simply indispensable. This course, however, has been followed by Mr. Swinburne, and not by him alone. Many years ago M. de Gramont, a learned French poet, published a sestina of this kind in the *Revue Parisienne*, edited by Balzac, who turned critic for the nonce, and expounded to his readers the beauties of the ancient form and of its modern adaptation. Théodore de Banville, in his "Petit Traité de la Poésie Française," quotes De Gramont's poem, and adds that this particular treatment of the sestina is borrowed from Petrarch, proving in that manner that he has never read that poet. There was, however, another and a very good precedent of whose existence neither Balzac nor De Banville ever dreamt. This is none other than our friend Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left us a very pretty sextain with rhyming verse-ends. One stanza at least may be quoted by way of illustration:

"The heaven doth not contain so many stars,
So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
When Autumn's old and Boreas sounds his wars,
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my rent heart hath torments all the night
And heart-spent sighs when Phœbus brings the light."

Whether Mr. Swinburne, in his treatment of the sestina, has followed Drummond or Gramont, or has acted independently of either, certain it is that, by introducing the rhyme into the single stanzas, he has sacrificed structural consistency to beauty of sound. The only modern poet who, as far as I am aware, has written a correct sestina after the manner of Arnaut Daniel is Mr. E. W. Gosse, who, in his recent volume ("New Poems," Kegan Paul), has given welcome proof that mastery of foreign form may coexist with simple and genuine English feeling. To his sestina the honor of a quotation in full is justly due.

"In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"'Harsh be my lines,' cried Arnaut. 'Harsh the woe—
My lady, that enthroned and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme.'
But through the metre spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang,
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

"It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

"This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"'Smith of his mother tongue,' the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe,
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

"And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the laboring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose."

We have hitherto considered the three important verse-forms which English poetry owes to Italy—the ottava-rima, the sonnet, and the sestina; for the latter also, although of Provençal origin, came to us, as we have seen, through the medium of Italian genius. To make this essay complete, it would now be incumbent on me to speak of the metrical acquisitions we owe to the mediæval poets of Northern France, the *trouvères*. Fortunately it is unnecessary to put the reader's patience to so severe a test. The triolet, the rondeau and rondel, the chant royal, and whatever their names may be, have been written about so much of late, that any one interested in the subject may easily inform himself of all that is needful. There is, for example—to mention only the most accessible sources—the very excellent "Petit Traité" of Théodore de Banville already referred to; and, still more handy, an able article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which contains in a concise form the substance of the French book, with the addition of some English examples. The short essay, "On Some Foreign Forms of Verse," by Mr. Austin Dobson (himself an adept), printed in Mr. Davenport Adams's collection of "Latter Day Lyrics," will also be found useful.

The grace and neatness of these dainty metres I am the last to deny. They are useful also as a practical lesson of the value of strict form. Even an irregular sonnet, as we have seen, may be a fine poem; but every one will admit that a halting rondel or virelai is simply an abomination. Moreover, Villon and others have shown that even for the reception of pathos and sentiment these forms are by no means unadapted. It is further agreeable to mention that our English poets have not been surpassed by their French rivals as regards both the accuracy and the consummate skill with which the metrical resources, placed at their disposal, have been turned to account. Such a poem as the following triolet, by Mr. Robert Bridges, is perfect of its kind. Note especially the subtle *nuance* which gives a slightly different meaning to each occurrence of the refrain:

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell this sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster,
When first we met? We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

And this is by no means a solitary instance of skill. The names of some of the best of our younger poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, E. W. Gosse, T. Marzials, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Miss Mary Robinson, immediately suggest themselves in this connection. These and others may claim to be the worthy successors of Charles d'Orleans, who, centuries ago, beguiled the weary hours of his English captivity with rondels and rondeaux full of tender sweetness. Scarcely less quaint than the broken English of the French prince is the Scotch rondel in which Mr. Lang celebrates the good old-fashioned game of golf (XXII. "Ballades in Blue China"; Kegan Paul, 1880).

But, admitting all this and more, it cannot be said that the gain to be derived from trifles of this kind amounts to much. The stanzas of the troubadours, and of the great Italian poets, are organically developed; they are as rich and as varied as the musical ideas from which originally they were inseparable. The canzoniere of Dante, or Petrarch, or Boccaccio, reveal metrical ideas which, in the hands of a modern poet, might be still further developed, and bear rich fruit. But no such development is possible where not rhythms but words are repeated, and where the principle from which it is derived is as monotonous as that prevailing in all the poems we are now speaking of. For it is easy to see, although M. de Banville and his disciples fail to see it, that the triolet, the rondeau, the rondel, and even the much-venerated chant royal, are but variations of one and the same metrical them, namely, the refrain. The refrain, that is, the repetition of the same verse at the end of each stanza, is of great importance in mediæval French poetry, which owes some of its sweetest and simplest effects to it. In the late Middle Ages, when the poetry of France and the world generally had lost much of its raciness and freshness, artificialities began to take the place of inspiration; for it must be remembered that the verse-forms so popular in the time of Villon were unknown to the genuine *trouvères*. The later poets soon discovered the resources of the refrain, and turned it to further account with much ingenuity. It will indeed be seen on closer investigation that in all these late French forms the repetition of a word or words, or entire lines, is a *sine quâ non*. There is besides this, also, a certain rule as to the length of the stanza, the sequence of the rhymes, and so forth; but all that is more or less incidental. The essential and permanent principle remains the refrain: that is, the repetition of certain words in certain parts of the stanza according to a given scheme. Now such a repetition may, in certain circumstances, be of excellent effect; but it may also prove a very serious impediment, and one for which there is no real organic necessity. In other words, the verse-forms we are speaking of are little more than playthings, which only the genius of certain poets has been able to lift to the sphere of serious literature. They rank at best with the sestina, certainly not with the sonnet, the ottava-rima, or the beautiful stanzas which some of the troubadours have left us.

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.

A TROUBADOUR.— SEE PAGE 54.

LAMARTINE'S RESIDENCE, RUE LA VILLE EVÊQUE, PARIS.

REMINISCENCES OF LAMARTINE.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

I first met Lamartine at one of his wife's receptions, in the *Rue la Ville Evêque*, where he resided when in Paris. This was in 1856. He was at that time sixty-four years old. The war with Russia was at an end. France having reaped all the laurels, arranged terms of peace with little regard to the wishes of her English allies. Louis Napoleon was in the plenitude of his power, and the *mot* went forth to the world that "not a gun could be fired to disturb the peace of Europe without the consent of the Tuileries." Bismarck was not then so prominent as to be regarded a chief factor in continental politics. For at that time the great man of Europe was Cavour, Victor Emmanuel's famous minister, and his influence over Louis Napoleon was becoming the talk of diplomatic circles.

Louis Napoleon never ranked Lamartine among the dangerous elements which might threaten the stability of the Empire. He looked upon him as a poet and a dreamer. So that he was permitted to hold his charming levées in Paris quite undisturbed, when such men as Changarnier, Cavaignac and Victor Hugo were expatriated.

LAMARTINE.

The persons I encountered at these receptions were principally men of letters of different nationalities, with a generous proportion of fine women, who were a compromise between the *Quartier St. Germain* and the *Elysée*. Lamartine himself was not perfectly at his ease. I judged so by what appeared to me an air of affected freedom of manner. He walked restlessly about his *salons*, conversing briefly with his visitors, and addressing himself to the ladies with the manner of a *preux chevalier*. He wore on his head a small velvet cap, something like a smoking-cap. In his hand he carried a delicate

riding-whip, with which he nervously switched himself with but slight intermission. His manner was amiable, but charged with egotism and vanity. He did not utter a word of politics. Doubtless there were *mouchards* in the room ready to report to the police if he had done so. In fact, he was really in Paris on sufferance, and he knew it. I had frequent brief conversations with him. It was suggested to me that I, as an American, ought to speak to him about his works, which I did, referring especially to his poetry. This would be a delicate way of informing him that we in America were familiar with his writings. He was evidently gratified, but after a little replied, "*Oh, je ne suis pas poète, je suis paysan*" (I am not a poet, I am a peasant). He soon began talking of the United States with much enthusiasm, and I was presently to learn why. Up to this period the Emperor had endeavored to placate the *ci-devant* provisional head of the nation by offers of a generous pension; for Louis Napoleon, like the great Emperor, would gladly have secured the adherence of the old families. These offers Lamartine could not bring himself to accept, though his affairs were in a most desperate condition. A scheme had now been devised to pay his debts and replenish his empty treasury, by starting subscriptions on a grand scale in various countries, including France, for a new and very fine edition of Lamartine's works. It was estimated that from the United States alone he would be able to touch, net, half a million of francs—$100,000—which would serve to liquidate his most pressing debts! Indeed, he expressed his confidence that our country would yield him a much larger sum; as he believed, in short, that there would be a rising of the people of our land to lift him out of his unhappy pecuniary troubles.

It was at this first reception that Lamartine, apropos of the proposed American subscription, introduced his bosom-friend, Jean Baptiste Desplace, to me. Desplace was on the point of setting out for New York, on his remarkable mission to wake up our country to an appreciative sense of Lamartine's distressed situation, and start a gigantic plan for subscriptions for the new edition of his works. A better man could not have been secured. Desplace had been the editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe* for ten years in London, and spoke and wrote English perfectly. He was a ripe scholar, a polished gentleman of handsome means and ancient family, living close by Lamartine, near Mâcon, and as I have said, his devoted friend. I was myself about returning home, and Desplace arranged his plans so that we could sail together. This will doubless explain the praises bestowed on our countrymen by the author of the "Confidences," and his readiness to converse with me.

There are many who will recall the visit of Desplace to this country, and the energetic efforts made to create a popular movement. A committee was organized, of which George Bancroft, the historian, was chairman. It consisted of many of the leading men of letters and in affairs through the country. Bancroft himself wrote a stirring appeal to the people to come to the rescue of the man whose eloquence and patriotism had done so much for his country and the world. Notwithstanding Desplace made energetic efforts to arouse popular feeling, the attempt proved almost a complete failure. The volumes were in an unknown tongue to the mass of the people, and they declined the investment. The result was exceedingly mortifying to Lamartine, and his expressed appreciation of the people of the United States was emphatically changed. The subscription even in France met with a very moderate success, and at last Lamartine accepted a Government pension of $5,000 per annum. This wretched stipend, as he regarded it, while it compromised his dignity, left him as deep in debt as ever.

A word more of personal reminiscence. I was in Paris on New Year's Day, 1859. On that memorable 1st of January, Louis Napoleon astounded Europe by a few words addressed to the Austrian ambassador, on occasion of the New Year's reception at the Tuileries. "I regret," he said, "that my relations with the Emperor of Austria are not more satisfactory." It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and Cavour was its inspiration.

It was about this time that, in a conversation with Lamartine, he remarked: "We are on the eve of a war with Austria in the cause of Italian unity. I dread the ultimate results. So fully have I been impressed with this, that, through one of my intimate friends, who is high in favor with Louis Napoleon, I sent him this message. Say to him, I said, 'If you bring about Italian unity you humiliate Austria. If you humiliate Austria you aggrandize Prussia. If you aggrandize Prussia you weaken France.'" "And what did Louis Napoleon reply to this?" I asked, with excited interest. "My friend told me," said Lamartine, "that the Emperor remained in deep thought for a moment, and then remarked, in a low voice: '*Peut être il a raison, mais c'est trop tard.*'" ("Perhaps he is right; but it is too late.")

It is a matter of history how, after the battle of Solferino, the French Emperor made a peace with Austria by which the larger part of Italy was restored to Victor Emmanuel, but which left the fair province of Venetia still in the hands of Austria. How, seven years later, in 1866, Italy, for the sake of getting Venetia, joined Prussia in a war against Austria. How, at Sadowa, Prussia dictated terms to the prostrate Austrians by which Louis Napoleon was humiliated in the eyes of all France. Then came the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the warning of Lamartine was fulfilled to the letter.

It may be appropriate to add to these reminiscences a brief account of, in many respects, the extraordinary man to whom they relate, and whose influence, touching the destinies of France, was for a time paramount.

Alphonse de Lamartine de Prat (he had, besides, an affluence of what we call middle names) was born in Mâcon, October 21st, 1792. His father was of the French aristocracy, and, as such, was condemned to the guillotine during the bloody scenes of the French Revolution. The death of Robespierre released him. Alphonse was launched upon the world with every possible fanning breeze. He was very handsome, with a fine, tall, erect frame, a large intellect, and a soul filled with the finest emotions. He had every advantage of education and of travel. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army; but the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba dispelled any illusions he might have entertained about the poetry of a soldier's life; so he quitted it. At twenty-eight he published his "Poetical Meditations," which brought him extensively into notice. He soon after received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Naples.

With his journey thither is connected a very romantic history. Lamartine had already traveled in Italy—travel was his passion—and the year before his appointment to Naples, while in Savoy, he had encountered an English party, of whose number was Miss Birch (she indulged in four or five supernumerary names) a young English heiress of large means. Love passages ensued between them; but there was little opportunity for a *dénouement*, and "so they parted." Now, it happened as the young Alphonse was on his way to Naples, to commence the career of a diplomatist, he encountered, at Geneva, the

identical Miss Birch, who was the heroine of the previous year. The result was a marriage *en route;* and this was the lady whose charming receptions I attended thirty-six years later in the *Rue la Ville Evêque* at Paris. The married life of these two was essentially a happy one, speaking volumes for both. I ought to mention that Lamartine's uncle had died, leaving to him a large fortune, on condition of his dropping "De Prat" from his name, and leaving it "Lamartine." From Naples Lamartine was sent to Florence as Secretary of Legation, and afterward to London. He next published his "New Meditations," and, in 1829, his "Religious Harmonies," which was so enthusiastically received, that he was, at the age of thirty-seven, elected a member of the French Academy, an extraordinary honor, since the Academy can consist of but forty members. He now began an active political career, with but little intermission, however, to his literary labors. He took his seat in the Assembly as a Conservative, but did little to distinguish himself. Somewhat discomfited, he determined on a grand, striking and original performance. This was a tour in the East. Lamartine started on it in 1832, at the age of forty. He made the most elaborate preparations to travel like a sovereign. He sailed in his own vessel, with numerous attendants and an overflowing treasury. He declared that this voyage had been the dream of his life. The Sultan was taken aback at the display of so much magnificence, and, in return for his princely gifts, made him illusory grants estimated at millions, but which turned out to be *nil.* The Arabs called him the "French Emir," and worshiped him as a sovereign potentate.

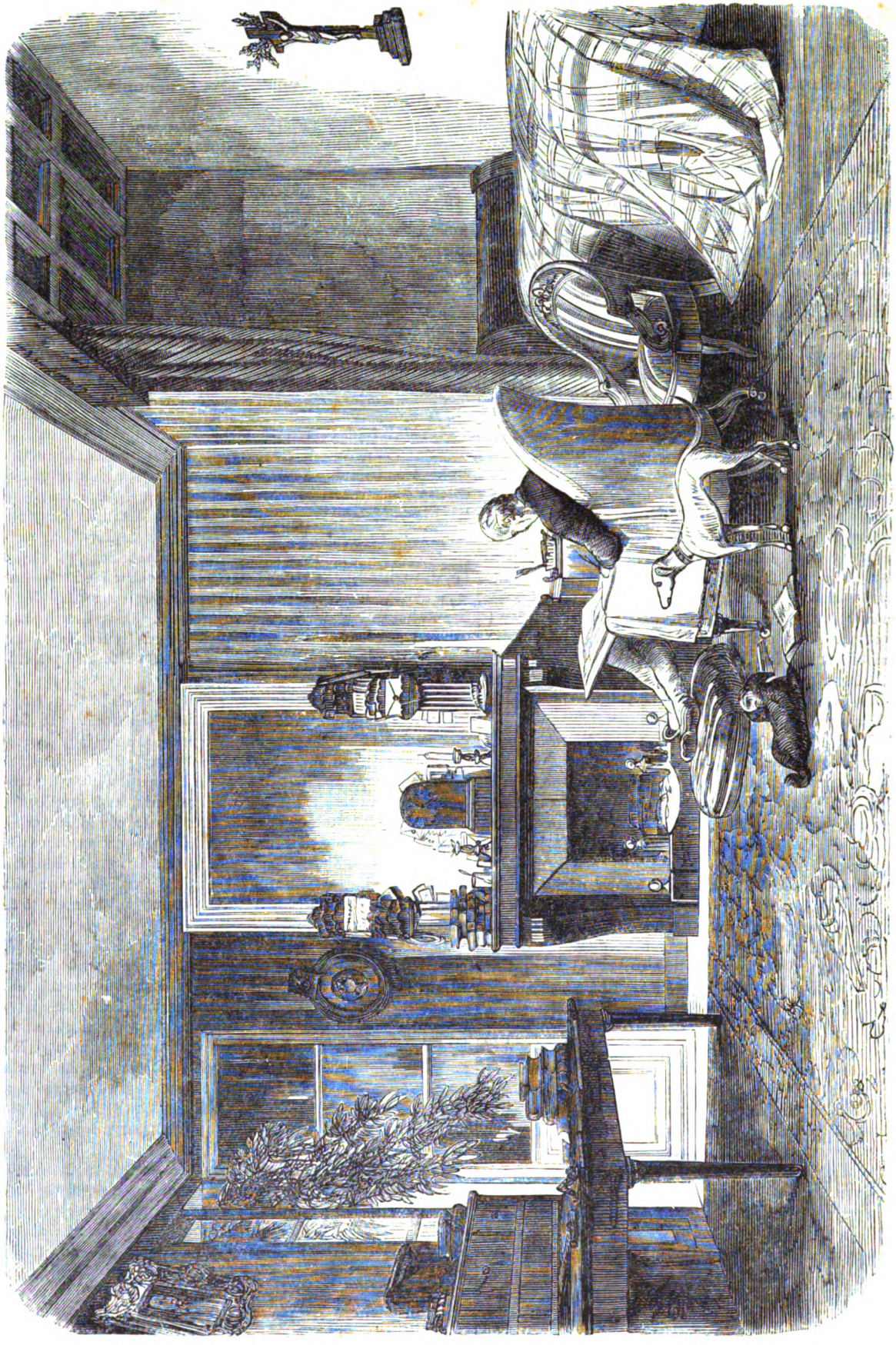
A grim messenger, "surnamed the Destroyer," stopped the excursion. His only child, his beloved daughter Julia, was taken ill of a fever, at Smyrna, and died, and all the glamour and glory and romance of the tour was at an end. Lamartine, with his wife, returned to their desolate home; then followed his book, "A Tour in the Orient." Finding himself returned to the Assembly, he re-entered political life. Although an aristocrat, his conservatism was gradually giving way to the fine, clear inspirations of the poet and man of letters. It was now he commenced his really famous "History of the Girondins," published in 1847, in eight volumes. It had an enormous circulation, and created an immense sensation. The *Edinburgh Review* declared that many of its pages equaled the finest vivid descriptions of Carlyle. The work produced a tremendous impression in France. To its influence must unquestionably be attributed the Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, and for a short period gave a republic to France. Lamartine came at once to the front as the leading and controlling spirit of the movement. When the young Queen presented the Count de Paris to the Assembly, and asked that he be recognized as King since Louis Philippe had abdicated, it was the eloquence of Lamartine which closed the hearts of the members against the suggestion. The revolution was successful, and the King fled for refuge to England. Then a fresh trouble threatened the young republic. The "reds" mustered in force, resolved upon a reign of terror under the bloody (red) flag. Lamartine was the only man who had the courage to go forth with boldness and harangue the mob—for mob it was. On this occasion the oration of Lamartine, in face of the fierce, determined, brutal populace, may be compared with the finest efforts of the great Greek or Roman orator. It was a French mob, and Lamartine was a Frenchman overflowing with poetic fire. He declared boldly that he would have none of the red flag. It represented all that was dark and disastrous in the life of France. He then described the career of the "tri-color," how that flag was identified with all that was grand and triumphant in the nation's history. Would they now abandon it? His eloquence prevailed, the tumult was suppressed, the "tri-color" waved in security, and Lamartine became the idol of the people over all France.

The remainder of this man's history is a melancholy one. He had now to enter on a career of statesmanship, and it proved a lamentable failure. The qualities which enabled him in his writings to thrill the hearts of his readers, and in his speeches to carry all before him, were of no avail in the Cabinet, where he was forced to encounter deep, scheming, astute politicians, selfishly laboring, each for his own aggrandizement. As for Lamartine, he was an egotist, and vain to the last degree; but he had not a spark of selfishness in his composition. He had no worldly wisdom whatever. The result was, he became the tool of the designing men by whom he was surrounded (especially of Ledru Rollin), who, by flattering his vanity, were enabled to use his popularity to further their own schemes. The people are not very long deceived. It was soon discovered that their idol had become a mere puppet in the hands of some of his associates. His fall from popular favor was sudden and final. It was with difficulty he was returned to the Assembly by one obscure district, when, a short time before, ten districts had returned him. It was now that Louis Napoleon, coming over from London, presented himself as a candidate for the Assembly, to which he was triumphantly chosen. The election for President was at hand. Time was when Lamartine would have been chosen by an overwhelming vote. Now he scarcely figured as a candidate. Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon headed the two parties, and the latter came in by a tremendous majority.

Meanwhile Lamartine, more deeply in debt than ever, labored manfully with his pen to raise money to discharge his obligations. He did receive very large sums for his writings; but these were entirely inadequate for his purposes. He insisted to the last in keeping up certain pensions to old servants, secretaries, and employés, and denied himself much, so that these could be paid. The Coup d'État of 1851 found him powerless to resist the schemes of Louis Napoleon, and as I remarked at the commencement of this brief notice, the Emperor not only did not banish him from the country, but sought to placate him by offers of assistance.

Lamartine died in Paris on the 1st of March, 1869, harassed to the last by debts and pressing obligations, and entertaining a bitter feeling of disappointment and chagrin. His works are very numerous, and they have been largely translated, and were very remunerative. His style was rich, and a fine flow of inspiration gave life and lustre to what he touched. Above all, he was a writer of unalloyed purity of thought and sentiment, and no one can read his writings without being lifted away from the gross materialism which pervades so much of French literature.

In 1870, a year after Lamartine's death, I visited France and Germany, witnessing many scenes of the war then raging between the two countries. I went to see my friend Desplace in his old château (it had belonged the family of the Noailles) near Mâcon. It was on the day the terrible battle of Gravelotte was fought, not very far distant. On that day Desplace took me to see the house where Lamartine was born, and, while standing before it, some words of his message to Louis Napoleon rose to my lips: "*If you aggrandize Prussia you weaken France!*"



LAMARTINE IN HIS STUDY.

THE DEATH-MARK.—"THE LADY, WITH THE MOST NONCHALANT MANNER POSSIBLE, TOOK POSESSION OF THE COMFORTABLE CHAIR THUS RESIGNED, SPREAD OUT HER SKIRTS, AND CROSSED HER SLENDER FEET ON THE PHILOSOPHER'S FOOTSTOOL."

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XIII.

"And now, Monsieur Vis," said the judge, when the volatile Aglae had disappeared, "I repeat to you the question of my friend Claude: What think you, now, of this affair?"

"And I reply to you, monsieur, as I replied to him, that my opinion is still unchanged. You will remember that I admitted the presence of this poor woman at the *fête* as possible. It is now a certainty."

"But it seems to me that there is something more proved than the mere presence of this woman at the *fête*. The costume described by Pichaud as worn by her tallies very closely with that worn by the masked woman who committed this horrible crime. Here, then, we have a cause; a woman and a costume which is, to say the least, very suspicious."

"But in spite of all this," said Vis, "my mind is still unchanged. I look at this Stephanie, I listen to her voice, and these satisfy me that she never committed

this crime. You must acknowledge, Monsieur le Juge, that this murder was premeditated, was fully planned in advance. It is not usual, here at least, for women to go to balls carrying with them on their persons poisoned weapons. Nor is it supposable that any one planning such a deed as this would be so unutterably foolish as to place her secret in the keeping of such a chatterer as that Aglae Pichaud. And then, do you think the murderer would have courted public attention by thus boldly claiming the estate of her victim? No; no; monsieur, this woman is innocent."

"You plead well for your client," said Duquesnay; "but I will now recall Madame Marrois, and we shall see what she will say."

When the woman entered the room for the second time, her step was firmer than upon the occasion of her first appearance in the judge's office. There were signs of deep emotion on her face. Her eyelids were red and swollen, and traces of recent tears were visible upon the lashes; her hand still trembled nervously as she played with her little sacque; but she came foward and took the chair just deserted by the voluble Aglae in a manner that bespoke a mind nerved to action

"You have considered my advice, madame," said the judge, "and will answer my questions?"

"Yes, monsieur," she replied, almost in a whisper. The answer was not given without great effort. The voice of the speaker was low, and she was compelled to moisten her lips before she could enunciate these words: "Yes, monsieur, I see now the mistake I was making: but I am only a weak, weak woman, and I was frightened. I thank you for your kindness in allowing me to explain. Yes; I will answer all your questions."

"This note, then, which you received from your husband, is it really destroyed?"

"I told you the truth, Monsieur le Juge. I burned it myself, day before yesterday."

"Ah!" exclaimed Duquesnay.

"I burned it in a moment of terror, when I first learned that my husband's assassin was supposed to be a woman."

"Well, then, this place of rendezvous, at which you met Monsieur Marrois, where was it? Was it not the public garden, on the night of the *fête* given to the Hussars?"

"Yes, monsieur; that was the time and place."

Duquesney paused a moment, and then said:

"Madame, you will please to relate to me all that took place upon the occasion of that meeting."

After a moment's hesitation, during which she seemed busy collecting her thoughts, Stephanie began:

"I was much surprised at the strange request contained in my husband's note—that I should meet him at this *fête*. At first I did not know what to do, and felt strongly inclined to refuse this request; but after thinking it over, I became convinced that it would be extremely foolish to disobey him. Besides, having come all the way from Lyons, I did not think it right to return without seeing him. Well, I obtained, through the assistance of Madame Pichaud, a costume and a card of admittance, and proceeded to the garden."

"Stop, madame, for a moment. Did you go on foot or in a vehicle?"

"On foot. I had inquired the direction to the garden, and had no difficulty in finding my way there. Indeed, there were very few people on the street at that late hour."

"And at what hour did you reach the garden?"

"Some time before twelve o'clock. The first person I met on entering the gate was my husband, who was apparently waiting for me at the entrance. I knew him at the first glance, although so many years had passed since I last saw him, and in spite of his changed costume—for he was dressed like a fine gentleman. As I approached and spoke his name, he offered me his arm and led me into a side alley or walk. I found myself in a strange position, meeting my husband under such circumstances and after so long an absence, and I was so nervous I could not speak. Monsieur Marrois, however, did not seem to experience the same emotion, and appeared little affected. He began at once to speak of our past life. How unsuited we were to each other, and how much misery would have been spared us had we never met. He went on to say that he supposed I had no desire to renew our connection. He waited for an answer from me, but I was still too excited to speak. Seeing this, he continued. No one in Abois, he said, knew that he was a married man. He had accumulated a fortune, and was desirous of forming new ties. In short, monsieur, he ended by saying that he wished to marry again, and that, if I consented to surrender my papers, and promise never to claim him, he would settle 100,000 francs on me. It was a strange proposal, and while I was hesitating what answer to give, we were interrupted by one of the maskers, who came forward and touched my husband on the shoulder and whispered a few words in his ear which I did not hear Immediately Monsieur Marrois turned to me and said, 'I will leave you now. Think over what I have proposed, and send your answer to the same address.' The next moment he had offered his arm to the masker and was gone."

"And this masker, madame. What was she like? I say 'she,' for I understood you to say it was a woman."

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge, it was a woman. Her costume I saw but indistinctly—a gray domino and mask. She seemed young, and must have been a woman of rank or position, for I could not help noticing the exquisite shape of the hand that rested on Monsieur Marrois's shoulder."

"And that is all you noticed?"

"All, monsieur. The masker was on the other side of Monsieur Marrois, and almost concealed from my sight. I remained for some time after the departure of my husband, walking up and down the alley, trying to reach some decision on his strange offer. At last I concluded not to decide until I had slept upon the proposition, and I left the garden and returned to my house. Madame Pichaud was asleep as I entered the lodge. I awakened her, gave her my costume and retired. Judge of my horror when, on descending, next morning, the first thing I heard was the news of my husband's murder?"

"And from whom did you hear this, madame?"

"From Madame Pichaud. I was overcome by the frightful tidings, and so prostrated with nervous excitement, that it was some days before I could crawl from my room. My first wild desire was to return to Lyons at once, and escape from this horrid place; but a strange chance prevented it. Some words that fell from the portress led me to confess that I was Monsieur Marrois's wife. She told me that my husband was a very rich man, and insisted upon my going to see the notary, to find what claims I had to his estate. She bothered me so much about the matter that I at last foolishly consented. When he had examined my papers he said that they were all in due form, and that I could claim half of my husband's property. I left the papers with him and returned to my room. And then, monsieur, I heard for the first time that it was supposed that the murder had

been committed by a woman. I saw at once all the danger I had run into by my precipitate action in claiming a portion of the estate. I was terrified, and when the summons came to me to appear at this office, I gave myself up for lost. It was then that I destroyed the note, which I feared might be regarded as suspicious. And now, monsieur, as God is my judge, I have told you the whole truth. I cannot believe that *le Bon Dieu* will permit an innocent woman to suffer for the guilty."

And with these words Stephanie finished her story, and fixing her dark eyes on the judge, sought to read the effect of her words.

There was a ring of truth in the poor woman's voice that could not fail to produce a deep impression upon the three gentlemen. The sternness had disappeared from Monsieur Duquesnay's manner when he spoke again :

"That will do, madame ; I have no further questions to ask you. But, stop——" he continued, as if suddenly recalling something. He raised the lid of the desk, searched for a moment in the interior, and produced a small object, which he handed to the witness. "You will do me the favor, madame, to put on that glove."

The woman appeared surprised and somewhat alarmed at this request, but did not hesitate. Her fingers, however, trembled so violently that it was with difficulty she removed her own glove and substituted the one handed her by the judge. When the exchange had been made, and she held forth her hand, it was with the utmost difficulty that even Duquesnay, accustomed as he was to judicial surprises, could repress the exclamation that rose to his lips. The fatal glove fitted exactly the hand it now incased.

"Madame," said Duquesnay, when he was able to speak without betraying his intense excitement, "you can now retire."

Poor Stephanie's fingers trembled still more violently as, without a word, she removed the glove, for she could see that there was some strange connection between it and the murder, and, bowing to them, she left the room.

A prolonged silence followed her departure, a silence so deep and oppressive that a heavy knock on the door startled the gentlemen like a clap of thunder, and it was with difficulty that Duquesnay uttered the word "Enter."

It was Guimand, who announced the arrival of Baptiste Ducorneau. This interruption was evidently a welcome one, and the judge gave an order to admit the man at once. The fat, round face of the *garçon* showed signs of alarm that were not decreased when the judge demanded, in a stern voice, whether he remembered the testimony he had given at the former examination. He stammered, "Yes, mo'sieu," evidently still more alarmed.

"I warned you then," Duquesnay said, "not to reveal that testimony to any one. Have you obeyed my injunction ?"

The *garçon* stood, first on one foot, then on the other. The perspiration which gathered on his forehead poured down his fat cheeks as he trembled in a pitiful manner. Duquesnay repeated the question, and upon a third repetition Baptiste at length confessed that he had betrayed the whole story of the gray domino to his cousin, Aglae Pichaud.

The examination had reached this point when it was interrupted by a loud exclamation from Vis. Seated by the side of the magistrate's desk, Aristide, while listening to the witness, had been turning over in a careless manner the accusing glove, which Stephanie had just taken from her hand. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he glanced at the glove more closely, and this scrutiny resulted in the exclamation that attracted the attention of the judge.

In response to the look of inquiry from the magistrate, Vis indicated that he did not care to speak before the *garçon*.

"You can go, Ducorneau," said the judge ; "and be careful what you do in the future."

The trembling *garçon* gladly seized on the order of dismissal. The door had scarcely closed on him when Aristide, unable any longer to contain himself, burst forth :

"Monsieur le Juge ! Monsieur le Juge ! I have made a strange discovery. Do you see this glove ?" he cried, touching it with his fingers—"this glove which we all saw just now, so exactly the hand of this woman who calls herself Madame Marrois. Well, sir, I swear to you this glove is not the one picked up by Lejeune in the arbor of the public garden ; not the one left by the gray domino, the murderess of Pierre Marrois."

"What are you saying ?" exclaimed Duquesnay and the mayor simultaneously, with an expression of great astonishment on both their faces.

"The truth—nothing but the truth. Some frightful trick is being played upon justice."

"But look, monsieur, look," said the judge. "See, the marks of blood are on the glove. Surely you must be mistaken."

"No ; I tell you, no ; this is not the glove. It is the same color, I admit ; but it is several sizes larger, and there is not the slightest trace of the perfume I noticed on the other, a perfume that would still be there."

"But this is impossible," said Duquesnay. "This glove has never been out of my possession since it was handed to me. Yes ; I remember now. I gave it to you, Leon. What do you say to this story ?"

"I cannot tell. I do not know what to think," Monsieur Dantan replied, in a bewildered manner. "This story appears so wild, so utterly incredible, and yet Monsieur Vis speaks so confidently."

"I will swear to what I have said before any court in France," cried Aristide. "Monsieur le Juge, I beg of you, in the name of justice, to give me a chance to prove the truth of my assertion. Join with me, Monsieur Dantan, and entreat him to allow this delay."

"Claude," said Dantan, as his friend hesitated, irresolute what to reply. "I think you should consent to this request."

"Be it so," replied Duquesnay, who appeared to be considerably relieved by this proposal to postpone the case. I will adjourn the examination, as you ask."

"And now let us try to forget this terrible affair," said Leon Dantan. It is near the hour of dinner, Claude. You and Monsieur Vis must come and dine with me. No ; no ; I will take no refusal."

After some attempts at excuses, the two gentlemen accepted the invitation, and Duquesnay, having secured the mysterious glove in an iron safe, the three left the office together.

Chapter XIV.

As upon the occasion of his former visit, the full, rich notes of the piano were the first sounds that greeted Aristide's ear as he crossed the threshold of the mayor's residence ; the delicious strains fell like grateful and refreshing balm on the over-excited nerves of the three gentlemen, who during their walk from the "Hotel de Ville" had remained almost entirely silent, wrapped in their gloomy thoughts. Upon Leon Dantan, especially,

the effect of the music was almost magical. The care-worn and anxious look which had stolen over his face faded as rapidly as the snow melts under the ardent glances of the Spring sun.

In the little music-room, which appeared to be the favorite resort of the family, the visitors found not only the two cousins, but Mademoiselle Zortichoff. Henri and Henriette, at the piano, were absorbed in some new music which the young lady was practicing; whilst Valiska, seated on a sofa, near one of the windows, was turning over a large portfolio of engravings which was supported on an easel of carved wood; she was the first to observe the visitors, and greeted them with a charming smile and a graceful inclination of her lovely head.

Some irresistible impulse drew Aristide's eyes to Leon Dantan as he acknowledged the young lady's salute, and he was surprised to watch the *empressement* visible in the mayor's manner. His cheek flushed and his eyes grew so bright, as he gazed on the charming figure of the young girl, that it began to dawn upon Aristide's mind that something more than a feeling of paternal kindness or benevolence attracted Leon Dantan to the young Russian.

He had little time, however, to think over his discovery, for Henriette came forward and greeted him with her usual teasing manner, inquiring with an air of well-assumed gravity after the condition of his health, and whether he did not find fasting and prayer calculated to injure his appetite for Pierre Dubois's delicacies.

While replying, in his solemn manner, to Mademoiselle Rousel's raillery, Aristide did not fail to notice that Monsieur Dantan had approached Valiska, and engaged the young lady in conversation. The suspicion which had arisen in his mind gathered strength each moment, and he wondered if any of the others had the slightest idea of what he now looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Hazarding some hints and insinuations, he soon found out from Henriette's reply that she at least was innocent of any thought that her uncle's attention to Valiska was dictated by anything but friendship.

Urged by a feeling of uncontrollable curiosity, he took advantage of the approach of Captain and Claude Duquesnay, who now came forward and joined in the conversation, to draw away toward the sofa upon which Mademoiselle Zortichoff was seated. She glanced up with a pleasant smile as he drew near, and, as *he* thought, made an almost imperceptible motion, as if to invite him to assume a place by her side.

Sinking down upon the sofa, he said, with a complimentary bow, that he was glad to see she had recovered from the indisposition of the day before.

"Ah, monsieur," Valiska replied, in her soft, musical voice, "I fear it is my destiny always to make a bad impression upon you. We have met now but three times, and on both of the former occasions my foolish weakness must have led you to form a poor opinion of my strength of mind."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle. On the occasions of which you speak, the exhibition of weakness on your part was rather due to the mistake of others than to yourself. The first time *I* was the guilty party, and yesterday your brother's persistence, and that melancholy story of your parent's——"

"Yes; yes!" interrupted Mademoiselle Zortichoff; "but you must make allowance for my poor Sergius. He has been an invalid ever since my mother's death, and his nerves are so shattered and destroyed, that the slightest contradiction is apt to bring on the most frightful convulsions."

"I fear, mademoiselle," said Leon Dantan, who was idly turning the leaves of the portfolio—"I fear that you are imperiling your health for your brother's sake."

"Ah, no," Valiska eagerly answered; "and if I were, it would be no more than my duty. Consider all that my poor Sergius suffers, and remember that I am the only one left to care for him."

The generous expression of the young girl brought a look of intense admiration to the countenance of the mayor, and so preoccupied was he in his study of the beautiful face before him, that he absolutely started when Claude Duquesnay called to him from the other side of the room.

"Monsieur," said Mademoiselle Zortichoff, turning to Vis, when they were left alone, "I hope that poor woman has been able to prove her innocence?"

Observing Aristide's evident astonishment at her words, she went on:

"I see you are surprised that I should know anything of the affair, but it is very simple. Monsieur Dantan mentioned it to Henriette, and my friend has no secrets from me. Surely, monsieur, you cannot think that poor woman guilty?"

The dark eyes which were fixed so intently upon his face produced such an effect upon the young man, that it was some time before he could frame the answer, for which the girl seemed eagerly to wait.

But it was not alone admiration for those lovely eyes that kept him silent so long; other feelings, other thoughts sprang up quickly in his mind. "Was this anxiety of Valiska's due to another cause than the innocent disbelief in the guilt of a fellow-being? Was she perhaps seeking to find out from him the result of the morning's examination? The old suspicion, which her beautiful face had almost allayed, again arose as the glamour of her loveliness lost its hold upon him; and when he replied to her, his voice was as grave and solemn as on the occasion of their first meeting.

"I am sorry to say, mademoiselle, that this poor Marrois did not create a favorable impression—at least upon Messieurs Duquesnay and Dantan."

"But you, monsieur?"

"Ah! as for me, mademoiselle, they look on me as a dreamer."

"I am truly grieved to hear that any such suspicion should still attach to this unfortunate Madame Marrois, for I conclude, monsieur, she was really the wife of Pierre Marrois."

"Of that there cannot be the slightest doubt."

"And may I ask," Valiska inquired, after a moment's silence, seeing that Aristide was absorbed in thought and showed no disposition to continue the conversation—"may I ask what is the evidence against this woman?"

Aristide recovered himself with an effort, and fixing his eyes intently on the charming face of the questioner, he replied:

"Apparently the evidence is very strong. This Stephanie Marrois arrived in Abois the day before the murder, communicated with her husband by note, and afterward met him at the *fête*. Now, perhaps you have not heard, mademoiselle, that Pierre Marrois's murderer was a woman?"

He paused to mark the effect of his words, and observing no trace of the slightest emotion on the calm face before him, he continued:

"A woman who wore a gray silk domino and mask, and had a small scarlet bow upon her shoulder. Now, unfortunately, it has been proven that when Stephanie went to the *fête* she was dressed in a costume almost

A SPANISH BEAUTY.—BY F. X. SPECHT.

identical with that which I have just described to you as worn by the murderess."

"But how, monsieur, was it possible to obtain such an accurate description of the woman who, you say, is suspected of this terrible crime?"

"In the simplest manner possible, mademoiselle," answered Aristide, again narrowly observing the countenance of the young girl; "we have the testimony of the *garçon* who waited on Marrois, and who observed the gray domino intently; and we have besides"—he paused a moment to give force to his words—"we have besides a glove which she left behind her, stained with the blood of her victim."

For one second Aristide fancied he could detect a faint and almost imperceptible quiver in the full red lips. The next he was obliged to confess himself mistaken; the only sign of emotion visible in the pale, statuesque features, was a slight smile, and the tone of Valiska's voice when she spoke was as soft and musical in its modulations as before.

"How dramatic! how very dramatic! Upon my word, Monsieur Vis, you have missed your vocation in life. You should have been in the East, and there you might have become a professional adventurer or story-teller! How Ispahan and Bagdad would have resounded with your praises! But to return to what you were saying. Surely this blood-stained glove did not belong to Madame Marrois—you would not have me believe that?"

"It, however, fits her hand *now*, mademoiselle."

"Excuse me, but you say that 'now' with a very curious emphasis."

"Everything about the affair is curious. Would you believe, mademoiselle, that this glove which the murderess dropped in her hasty flight and which was the only positive evidence against her—well, this glove has been stolen, and a substitute left in its place. A substitute upon which the thief has taken pains to impress the blood-marks that marred the original."

"That seems almost incredible, monsieur. If I understand correctly, this Madame Marrois is a perfect stranger in Abois. Surely she could not possess an enemy capable of doing her such an injury?"

"The desire to injure Madame Marrois was not the cause of this exchange; the poor woman is merely a scapegoat at whom suspicion is directed in order to shield the real criminal."

"It is not possible, monsieur, that you could be mistaken?"

"Entirely impossible; the glove that was found near Marrois's corpse was altogether too remarkable to be forgotten. Fancy to yourself that every one who saw this masked woman particularly noticed the beauty of her hand. I myself examined the glove with the greatest attention, and am satisfied that the hand which it covered must have been as perfect—as perfect—as your own, mademoiselle!"

The slender white fingers swaying so deftly the large fan did not tremble in the slightest degree as Aristide struck this sudden blow.

"Upon my word, monsieur," cried Mademoiselle Zortichoff, with a merry laugh, "you appear in a new *rôle*. I did not know you could be a flatterer."

"How can you imagine a hermit guilty of such an offense as flattery? I spoke but the truth, and I am sure this is not the first time that you have heard the same compliment. Surely Captain Dantan or my uncle, Monsieur Leon——"

He stopped; for the first time a slight change was apparent in the calm countenance; a faint flush stole over the pale cheeks, and an anxious, inquiring expression appeared in the dark gray eyes. The change was but momentary, but, short as it was, it did not escape the quick eye of Aristide, who quietly resumed the conversation, satisfied that he had at least made one discovery.

"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, the theft of that glove has, I fear, deprived justice of the only chance of ever finding the real culprit."

"Your words would imply a suspicion of some one, monsieur."

"It is true. That glove was the foundation upon which I had built the hope of discovering the murderess."

"A very frail foundation, you must acknowledge."

"True; but trifles even apparently more insignificant have sometimes been the first link in the chain which has led to the conviction of the guilty. Well, mademoiselle, as Cuvier, from the smallest fossil, constructed the most immense mastodon, so I, from the slender palm and tapering fingers of that morsel of kid, evolved a portrait of the woman whose hand it once clothed."

"How interesting! And this portrait, this evolution of your brain, may I inquire what it is like?"

"Certainly! A tall, slender, graceful figure; a pale, perfect face, with large dark eyes."

"Black eyes, monsieur?"

"Ah, no, mademoiselle—gray, dark gray; and a mouth and chin as delicately molded as a sculptor's dream."

"The hair? Oh, I can imagine the hair. Blonde, is it not?"

"As you say, of the purest blonde hue."

"Nay, faith. You are, perhaps, not aware of it, but this photograph that you have drawn of your ideal murderess is almost identical with the reflection which my mirror shows me each morning. Are you, perhaps, about to accuse me, monsieur?"

"What a question! *You* cannot imagine it. Besides, remember you were not at the *fête*."

"That is true; but there is no knowing," continued Valiska, with a laugh, "what wild ideas will sometimes steal into the brains of you gentlemen. I consider myself very fortunate in being able to prove—what do you call it?—ah, yes, an alibi, I believe. Is not that the term? I shall have to be very attentive to Captain Dantan, for I must rely upon him and old Orloff as my witnesses."

"I fear, mademoiselle," replied Aristide, in the same light, jesting tone employed by the young lady—"I fear Captain Dantan would be of little use to you, for I understood him to say he left you at your cottage at half-past eleven. Now, the masked woman did not reach the *fête* until after midnight."

"And how could you know that, monsieur?"

"Ah, those pretty hands betrayed her! The man who drove her to the garden might have forgotten her costume, but he did not forget her hands, and from him we learned the fact that it was after twelve when she entered his carriage, at the corner of the Rue d'Orville and Magenta."

"Go on, go on, monsieur. You cannot imagine how interested I am."

"Interested? I should think so."

So absorbed were the two in this conversation, that the merry voice of Henriette, breaking in upon them, produced a mutual start of surprise.

"So much interested, that you have had ears and eyes for no one else for the last hour. I declare, my dear, it is wrong to monopolize Monsieur Vis in this way. You

forget that I am anxious to cross-question him about Henri's escapades in Paris, and there are my uncle and Monsieur Duquesnay, who have been looking anxiously in this direction for some time—too polite, of course, to interrupt you; but, as I can plainly see, both wishing themselves in monsieur's place. So now you must surrender him to me. Come, Monsieur Vis, I expect you to tell me all the wonderful exploits that you performed during the siege."

"That is it," replied Captain Dantan, approaching the sofa; "you must make Aristide tell you his story. He was a famous man in Paris."

"Famous, indeed," said Aristide, relapsing into his ordinary quaint, melancholy style; "famous as the inventor of a wonderful sauce, which I assure you, Mademoiselle Henriette, would make even horseflesh palatable. This was was my only claim to greatness."

The gay laugh with which Henriette received this information, made more humorous by the mock-heroic manner of the speaker, attracted the attention of the other two gentlemen, who came forward and joined in the conversation, which now became general, turning chiefly upon incidents of the late war, and especially the siege of Paris.

"Ah, monsieur," said Leon Dantan, as Aristide Vis concluded one of his episodes, illustrative of the heroism displayed by the defenders of the capital, "we, too, have our heroes; but, surely since you have been in Abois you must have heard of the Abbé Marteau? Such deeds as *his* cannot be too widely known."

Aristide, confessing his ignorance, the mayor was about to speak, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, announcing that dinner was served.

The evening passed only too rapidly. Mademoiselle was prodigal in her efforts to please, and her talent as a musician was so extraordinary as to charm her hearers, and make them entirely oblivious of the lapse of time, so that it was really a matter of surprise to all when the domestic brought the information that Mademoiselle Zortichoff's servant was in waiting. The young lady arose instantly and prepared to depart.

Throughout the entire evening Aristide had sought in vain to renew the conversation interrupted by Henriette, but, without making it noticeable, Valiska managed to evade all his efforts; he now, however, saw a way to accomplish his design, and stepping forward, he said, with a smile, that, as he and mademoiselle were neighbors, he trusted he might be allowed the privilege of seeing her to her cottage.

After a slight hesitation the young lady accepted with a gracious inclination of her head.

But Aristide had expected a *tête-à-tête*. He was doomed to disappointment, for Capatin Dantan declared that it was altogether too early to think of sleep, and proposed that he and his cousin should join them in their walk. Vis accepted his defeat with a good grace.

"What was it I said to Monsieur Duquesnay?" muttered the young man to himself, falling, as if by instinct, into his habit of self-communion, when he separated from his friends at Mademoiselle Zortichoff's cottage. "If Justice ever finds this woman, she will be found ready and prepared with a full and complete defense; there will be no fear of tears or alarm. This affair grows more and more dark. I wish to God I was well out of it."

Chapter XV.

Several days had passed since Aristide had taken voluntarily upon himself the defense of Stephanie Marrois, and, in spite of all his efforts, he was fain to admit that so far, at least, he had accomplished nothing.

No new discoveries came to reward the hours of toilsome thought that he had devoted to the study of the case. His first idea had been that the clue to the mystery could only be unraveled by finding the thief who had exchanged the gloves; but it did not take him long to come to the conclusion that this was by no means an easy task.

Claude Duquesnay positively declared that the glove had been locked up in his desk ever since it came into his possession; and Leon Dantan was equally as positive in his assertion that it remained untouched in his pocket from the moment when he had placed it there on the night of the murder, until next morning, when he handed it to the judge.

"Who could be the thief? Who could be the thief?" This was the one thought that now had possession of Aristide's brain; but the more he dwelt upon the matter the more difficult the solution appeared, especially when the affair was viewed in connection with the suspicion which had taken hold upon him on the occasion of his first visit to the mayor's house. Now he could not doubt the correctness of what he had said to Mademoiselle Zortichoff, namely, that this exchange of gloves had been made to draw all attention away from the real criminal.

Could there then be another person who shared in his suspicion, and who was plotting as earnestly to defeat justice and protect the guilty, as he (Vis) was laboring in the cause of the law and innocence?

He began to think that Stephanie Marrois had a very poor champion indeed. He had catechized Madame Pichaud, but all that resulted from a number of interviews and a liberal outlay of five-franc pieces had been several long and voluble descriptions which, in the end, amounted to no more than the same testimony which the loquacious Aglae had given to the judge.

He had called on Stephanie, but while acknowledging with the liveliest gratitude her thanks for his kindness and sympathy, the poor woman admitted that the whole affair was to her a complete mystery.

The brigadier of gendarmes had also been interviewed with equal want of success. The man, in return for the profuse *douceurs* of Vis, was equally profuse in his offers of assistance, but as it soon appeared that he knew nothing that could be of any service, his offer amounted to very little.

To sum up the whole matter, the more Aristide thought over the affair, the more was he obliged to acknowledge that, as far as he could see, the game was blocked.

This was by no means a pleasant or encouraging thought, especially to a man who had not exactly a poor opinion of himself.

Aristide, seated in his comfortable armchair in the little saloon of his cottage, surrounded by his books and pictures, seemed a man to be envied, but had any one at that moment asked him his own opinion of himself, he would, without hesitation, have declared that he was the most miserable and unfortunate creature in the world.

For more than two hours he had been sitting there, turning over and over in his mind the insoluble mystery, looking at it now from this point, now from that, trying to recall the expression of this one's face, or to remember that person's words, until his brain was fairly dazed with the tumult and conflict of ideas.

The sound of some one opening the door dimly forced itself in amongst this tangle of thought; he was vaguely

conscious of the patter of light footsteps, and the soft rustling of skirts.

"Well, well, what is it, Jeanne?" he inquired, in a dreamy, abstracted manner, as the disturber of his solitude stopped behind his chair.

"But it is not Jeanne!" a merry, mocking voice replied, with a low, silvery laugh; a voice which aroused Aristide Vis from his dreamy abstraction, and sent his misty ideas and confused thoughts flying to the four winds of heaven, as suddenly as if a charge of dynamite had exploded beneath his feet; a voice which made him spin around in his chair with electrical rapidity, and gaze in helpless and bewildered wonder on the lovely Vision which stood before him. A Vision—all scarlet and black, as light and gay as a tropical bird. A Vision of big brown eyes under delicately arched brows; eyes at one moment sparkling with malicious mirth—the next, soft and tender as those of a dove. Cheeks glowing with blushes, warmly tinted as a moss-rose bud; the straight Grecian nose, exquisite mouth, and dimpled chin. A profusion of dark chestnut curls, falling so low, as to almost hide the white forehead; crowning this charming head, a large straw hat crushed into the latest mad caprice of fashion, adorned with long drooping ostrich feathers of scarlet and black, and further embellished with a hideously natural green lizard, which seemed to be peeping down at the lovely face below. The costume, of black satin and Spanish lace, with its bunches of scarlet and crimson flowers, had been artistically fashioned, to make more apparent the perfect form which it clothed; and the small hands in their long black kid gloves, which rested so familiarly on the young man's chair, were dainty enough for Titania herself.

"Well," said the visitor, after some moments of silence, seeing that Aristide was too much overcome to speak—"well, *mon cher*, when you succeed in recovering control of that erratic brain of yours, perhaps you will have the courtesy to offer me a chair, for you surely do not intend to sit there staring at me in that ridiculous manner all day?"

The young man arose in mechanical obedience at this reproof, and the lady, with the most nonchalant manner possible, took possession of the comfortable chair thus resigned, spread out her skirts, and crossed her slender feet on the philosopher's footstool, as if her presence in the hermit's sanctuary was the most natural thing in the world.

"And so I have found you, my friend," continued the beauty, as she nestled herself snugly in the luxurious cushion; "and now, perhaps, you will explain to me what induced you to run away from Paris in that mad fashion, and leave me to be looked on as a forsaken Ariadne. I declare I can scarcely forgive you for your stupid conduct. There! for mercy's sake, don't look at me in that melancholy way. You forget that there is such a thing as a law of Interdiction in France, and if you continue in your eccentricities, your friends will certainly have to lock you up for safety."

"Angelique!"

"Oh, yes, I am really angry with you! Only fancy, exposing me in the manner you did to the mock sympathy of my friends. Why, you had not been gone twenty-four hours before Lucie de Veilleurs was at my house shedding her crocodile tears over what she called 'my desertion.' Desertion, indeed! I told her very quickly that this was no case of a lost lover, like her affair with Charles de Rivière; that my bad sou was only mislaid, and liable to turn up at any moment—and you see I was right; but do, for heaven's sake, banish that look of stupidity from your face."

"Excuse me, my dear Madame d'Aubrac," replied Vis, who had managed at length to recover from the mental whirl into which he had been thrown by this startling and unexpected visitation. "Excuse me, madame, but really, I am so surprised, so completely overwhelmed, by the honor which you have done me, that you should not be astonished at my inability to find words to express my sense of gratitude. You will, however, permit me to say that I cannot imagine to what I am indebted for this distinguished favor."

"Ah, my friend, that sounds very grave and fine indeed; but, as long ago I had determined that, when I was tired of balls and *fêtes*, and disposed to look for a successor to my poor general, you should be the man, I was not willing to allow you to escape me so easily."

"Madame! I am surprised."

"Surprised? There is no reason for that. It seems to me that the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you did me the honor to ask for my hand."

"And perhaps, madame," replied Aristide, stiffly, "since your memory is so good, you may remember the answer you gave me?"

"Why, yes! of course!" cried Madame d'Aubrac, with a gay laugh. "I told you then that you were my Fate, but that I was not willing as yet to surrender myself to destiny."

"That is to say, madame, you laughed at my proposal."

"By no means, monsieur; but you were foolish enough to take my jest in earnest, and without giving me a chance for explanation, you ran away from Paris like a veritable schoolboy trying to escape punishment. Of course I did not pay you the compliment to hunt for you. I said to myself, I will hear of him sooner or later, and as Paris was getting dull and hot, I accepted old Madame Vidaumont's invitation to form one of a party of young people whom the good old lady was to chaperon at Monte Carlo. Well, *mon cher*, it did not take me long to grow heartily sick of all the noisy gayety and life of that wicked place; and just when I had gone through my wardrobe, just when my last new dress had been worn, chance threw into my hand a newspaper with a long and thrilling account of a mysterious and blood-curdling murder at Abois. I cannot imagine what induced me to read it, for, as you know, my friend, I am not given to that style of literature. But only conceive my astonishment when the first name I saw in connection with the terrible affair was your own. So I was right, I said to myself; here is my bad sou at last. I was sick to death of Monte Carlo, and sicker still, I believe, of Trouville and all the other fashionable places, so I said to myself, Why not go down to Abois? It is in the country, and possesses the charm of novelty at least; and so you see, my dear, here I am! And now perhaps you will be equally open in your confession, and tell me how you have been employed since the day you deserted me so shamefully?"

"Oh, quietly enough, madame," answered Aristide, who had now recovered fully his calm and placid manner. "There is just a sufficiency of the country here to please a man of my pastoral taste, and enough of civilization to assure me a perfectly cooked meal."

"Oh! you sybarite! and your Paradise has perchance an Eve who has taken my place in your fickle affection?"

"Two or three, madame."

"You surprise me, monsieur! I thought you cultivated the character of a misogamist."

LAST SUMMER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BOUGHTON.

"I did in Paris; but here in the country, you know, it is all so different. In the first place, the young ladies are not flirts."

"Is that, perhaps, an insinuation, monsieur?"

"Oh, by no means; merely a statement of fact."

"And among these charming ladies that do not flirt, may I ask if you have found one to suit your fastidious taste?"

With an air of pretended confusion that was well feigned, Aristide muttered an affirmative:

"Perhaps, madame."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask the name of your new inamorata?" said Madame d'Aubrac, with a slight deepening of the rosy flush upon her cheek.

"You know my candid nature, madame. I could never conceal anything from you. It is a Mademoiselle Valiska Zortichoff."

"A Russian? An adventuress, of course; all Russian ladies are that, I believe."

"Can't say," replied Aristide, with an airy move of his hand; "all I know is, that the young lady is perfectly irresistible."

"A brunette?"

"Oh! by no means. You know I could never learn to admire brunettes. A blonde, tall and slender, with lovely soft blue eyes, full of innocence and truth."

"Why, upon my word, monsieur, you are becoming absolutely poetical."

"The subject, madame, might give an inspiration to even a more prosaical, matter-of-fact person than myself."

"You know that I do not like blondes, they are always deceitful," replied the lady, tapping her little foot impatiently on the floor.

"In that case perhaps you would be better pleased with Mademoiselle Henriette Rousel. Mademoiselle is a brunette, with brown hair and eyes."

"Rousel!—Henriette Rousel!—where have I heard that name before?" inquired Madame d'Aubrac. "Oh! I remember now; that is the name of the *fiancée* of your friend, Monsieur Dantan, that charming gentleman whom you introduced to me. And pray, what has become of him?"

"Since you remember him so well, you will doubtless be pleased to know that he is here in Abois."

"Delighted, upon my word! *Mon cher*, you must present him to me at once, otherwise I fear I shall find it dull in this pastoral Eden of yours, as you say we brunettes cannot do without our flirtations. And now," continued the lady, as she languidly arose from her comfortable seat—"now, my dear, I think I have done you enough honor for one day; besides, I fear this country life is making you just a trifle dull and uninteresting. Adieu. You will find me at the Hotel de Belfort; but do not come unless you bring Monsieur Dantan. My best wishes to your blonde. Adieu and *au revoir*."

And with a bewitching smile and the same gentle rustling of her silken skirts which had heralded her approach, the lady swept from the chamber.

"Angelique!" murmured Aristide to himself. "Angelique, indeed! Diabolique would have been better!" and with this consoling sarcasm, the philosopher sank into his chair with a grunt of satisfaction, and sought in vain to turn his thoughts again to the subject of Marrois's murder.

Chapter XVI.

The freedom which the hermit of Abois had won by his ignoble flight from Paris was lost and gone. That ideal life of calm and placid philosophical abstraction, pleasantly enlivened by the discussion of some magnificent work of art from the fertile imagination of Père Dubois, had come to an untimely end. Madame d'Aubrac was a despotic little tyrant, who demanded from her liege subjects the utmost prodigality in the way of courtship and adulation, and poor Aristide very rapidly found himself relegated to his former condition of servile submission and passive obedience. It is true that he did not submit without an effort, and even went the length of trying to arouse his sovereign's jealousy by the most marked and open attention to Valiska Zortichoff. But this attempted diversion proved a lamentable failure, and each day he found himself more and more completely involved in the meshes of the net which had formerly ensnared him.

As for Madame d'Aubrac, she declared herself charmed with her new surroundings. Abois was simply delicious; the scenery, a marvel of beauty; and the gentlemen, really adorable. She was like a child just escaped from school: she plunged with the utmost zest and enthusiasm into all the amusements which Abois afforded; dazzled the provincials with her brilliant toilets; the splendor of her jewels, her wonderful gloves, and marvelous *bottines;* and rapidly gathered around her a gay coterie of young people, as careless and light-hearted as herself, who made her *salon* re-echo with their zest and merriment. She was soon involved in a number of flirtations, more or less serious.

A similarity of taste and disposition between the baroness and Henriette produced an instantaneous friendship, which rapidly grew into such fervid intensity that the pair were not satisfied to be separated from each other for even the shortest time.

Two only of his new acquaintances, whom Aristide hastened to present, failed to find favor in Angelique's eyes. These were Mademoiselle Zortichoff and Leon Dantan.

"It is no use, my friend," said the baroness, when, taking advantage of a *tête-à-tête* with the gay lady, Aristide was pleading for the forty-second time the cause of his friends; "all your arguments will never make me like your Russian. I am sure I cannot see what you men find to admire in those blonde-haired girls, with their pale, expressionless features; and just let me tell you, that for all their look of saintly innocence, they are far worse than we brunettes. Icicles, with a devouring flame always burning beneath the frozen surface. Now, you know, with us, it is a flash, an explosion, and that is the end of it."

Aristide faintly murmured something about such explosions sometimes resulting fatally; but the lady, evidently enthused with her subject, paid no attention to this interruption, but dismissing it with a wave of her hand, she went on:

"Yes! With us, as I said, it is a thunderstorm; over in a moment and forgotten. But with these blondes it is quite different. They treasure up an injury and brood over it for months. Oh, I can tell you they are awfully vindictive and revengeful. I assure you, if I were in Henriette's place, I should be greatly alarmed. I believe this Valiska could be as cold-blooded and remorseless as the wretch who murdered that poor Monsieur 'Parrois, or 'Barrois'—which was it?"

Aristide could scarcely stifle the exclamation of surprise produced by these words of the baroness, but a glance at the lady's face convinced him that there was no concealed meaning in the insinuation, or lurking suspicion, such as that which had proved his torment for so many days.

"And pray why ?" he hazarded the inquiry timidly—"why should Mademoiselle Henriette be especially alarmed ?"

"What a question ? I declare, Aristide, you are as blind as a bat ; an absolute mole ! Cannot you see that this lovely Russian is heels-over-head in love with Captain Dantan ? On my soul, the way she throws herself at him is simply disgusting ; and it speaks volumes for the young man's innocence, that he seems not to be aware of this '*grande passion.*'"

"I am sure you must be mistaken, Angelique."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. Heaven gifted me with good eyesight. Now, you know if there is one thing that I do detest, it is a flirt ; and your Valiska is an outrageous flirt. See that poor Leon Dantan."

"I am afraid Monsieur Dantan is not a favorite of yours ?"

"The man is simply a fool ! a veritable idiot ! Bah ! you need not open your eyes in that way. You will never make me believe that you are not aware of Monsieur le Maire's *amourette.* When these old men take it into their heads to fall in love with young girls, they are just too ridiculous. Why, he blushes like a schoolboy whenever his inamorata speaks to him. I hate this slavish submission in a man, I do, indeed," she continued, emphatically. "Do you know, I believe that I should prefer to have a man beat me rather than always be my humble servant ? You need not look surprised, for I assure you I am not jesting. What I want is some one to look up to as a master, a creature far above me——"

A period was suddenly put to this grandiloquent declamation of the baroness by the entrance of Captain Dantan and his cousin. The greeting exchanged between the two ladies was in the last degree warm and effusive.

"Yes, *ma chère,*" said Henriette, with a laugh, "here I am again. I could not stay away. I absolutely could not. So I made Henri fetch me ; and now I want you all to myself the whole evening."

"That seems to me very like a dismissal, Aristide," said Captain Dantan.

"Oh, no," replied Mademoiselle Rousel. "You gentlemen may remain here for, say, five minutes, and then I know you will have the politeness to go somewhere and smoke your cigars."

"On my word, my poor Aristide," Captain Dantan laughingly remarked, as the two young men emerged from the Hotel de Belfort, and sauntered down the street, "madame has you completely in her toils. I declare it astonishes me to see you in the character of a tame cat—you who used to preach me such fine lectures on the supremacy of men."

"Oh, my friend, there is a great deal of difference, I must admit, between precept and practice. Even Hercules, you know, had his Omphale. What man can struggle against his fate ?"

"I am sure," cried Henri, smiling at the serious manner of his friend, "if my fate came in as charming a form as Madame d'Aubrac, I should not try to escape it at all. She certainly is one of the most fascinating women I ever met. I vow you are a very lucky fellow indeed."

"Are you sure that a fascinating woman like Madame d'Aubrac, for instance, is calculated to harmonize with philosophic thought ?"

"Philosophic thought be hanged ! I never saw one of you philosophers yet who would hesitate to choose between a lovely woman and a musty old volume. Take my word for it, the reality of life is the best, after all. Ah, Aristide, what a humbug you are !"

"Nonsense, my friend," replied Vis ; "but tell me, I beg of you, who is that gentleman in black there, just on the other side of the way ? He seems to be a person of importance, if I am to judge from the extent of his bowing acquaintance, for I swear he has received a salute from every man, woman and child who has passed him."

This person to whom Vis alluded was a tall, elderly man with a smooth-shaven face, and an expression of great benignity in his handsome features. His long black coat had something so clerical about it that Aristide was not surprised when Captain Dantan, after a glance, replied :

"Oh ! that ? That is the Abbé Marteau ; he is the big gun of Abois. My uncle told you his story, I think."

"No ; he was about to do so, when something interrupted him."

"Well, I am not exactly familiar with the affair, but his conduct seems to have been something very heroic. I believe charges were brought against the inhabitants of Abois of maltreating German prisoners during the last war, and Monsieur Bismarck, with the intention of making an example, suddenly pounced down on the place and informed the citizens that they were to select two of their number to be shot, as a warning to all the other French towns. Well, if I am not mistaken, the thing went so far that two unfortunates were chosen and about to be executed, when the Abbé came forward and proffered himself as a substitute for the condemned. Very heroic, was it not ?"

"It was, indeed ! And the end of the affair ?"

"Oh ! the nobleness of the offer produced an effect even upon Bismarck ; the sentence was rescinded, and the two citizens restored to liberty with the warning to 'go and sin no more.'"

During this conversation the friends had unconsciously turned into a side street, which brought them at length to the Cemetery of St. Jean. This was usually a favorite place of resort for the young people of Abois, the ground being handsomely laid out, and affording a pleasant promenade. But upon this evening only two figures were visible within the inclosure, a man and a woman. Their backs were turned toward the newcomers, but Aristide and Henri immediately recognized the graceful form of Valiska Zortichoff, in black, whose general appearance seemed not unfamiliar to Aristide ; but while he was struggling to locate the unknown, the couple turned, and to the unbounded astonishment of Vis, the strange gentleman proved to be Charles Guimand, the agent of Police. This discovery staggered Aristide, and for a moment he was not able to reply to Henri, who had also recognized the detective, and inquired :

"What the devil he supposed that fellow had to do with Mademoiselle Zortichoff ?"

But this was just the question which now had complete possession of Vis's brain, and he was mentally asking himself whether it was possible that Guimand shared in his suspicion of the young lady ? While he was revolving this thought in his mind the agent chanced to look up. He started slightly on beholding the two gentlemen, and with a low bow abruptly left the young lady, turning down one of the side walks.

Valiska came hastily forward, and as she drew near, Aristide could plainly discern the traces of deep emotion in the pallor of her countenance and the agitation of her manner. She was the first to speak, though it evidently required a great effort.

"Can you tell me, monsieur, who is is that strange gentleman who left me just now?"

"I trust, mademoiselle," said Captain Dantan, "that the man has not been annoying you?"

"No, not annoying, but he has asked me such curious questions. Perhaps, I should not have been alarmed if I had not accidentally noticed that we were entirely alone in the cemetery.

"The man is a police agent, mademoiselle," said Aristide, speaking gravely, and studying the face of the girl as she spoke. "He was sent here to investigate the Marrois murder; but, may I ask how you came to meet him?"

"Very simply, monsieur; I usually walk here in the cemetery, and this evening I was taking my accustomed exercise, when the man came forward and addressed me, saying he was a stranger in Abois, and wished to know if this was the Cemetery of St. Jean. I answered in the affirmative, and thought he would leave me; but, to my surprise, he went on asking other questions about the town. I became, at length, alarmed at his pertinacity, especially when I noticed, as I said before, that we were alone. It was just at this moment that he must have remarked your presence, for he left me abruptly."

"It was a gross piece of impertinence on the fellow's part to speak to you at all, and I will see that he is well reprimanded. I cannot think how he could have the audacity to take such a liberty."

"Oh, after all, monsieur, the man was not really impolite, and his manner was perfectly respectful. Perhaps, I was unnecessarily timid. I should prefer that you would not mention the affair."

"As you please, mademoiselle; but I see you are walking in the direction of your cottage—you will allow Monsieur Vis and myself the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

"I wonder what those curious questions were?" thought Aristide. "I wonder had they anything to do with the Marrois murder?"

It was nearly dusk when they reached the cottage. Old Orloff was standing in the gateway, evidently on the lookout for his mistress, and in answer to her inquiries after her brother, replied, with a surly growl of reproof, that Sergius was not feeling well, and had retired."

"You must not be angry with my poor Orloff," said Valiska, with a smile, as the old man, still grumbling to himself, stamped away in the direction of the house; "he never can get over the habit of looking on my brother and myself as children, and I assure you, sometimes he scolds us awfully. But, will you not come in? It is still early. I received some new music to-day, Captain Dantan, of which, I would like your opinion."

Seeing, from the expression of his friend's face, that Henri was desirous of accepting the invitation, Aristide muttered something about an engagement at the "hotel," but this, the captain overruled, declaring there was plenty of time, and that if Mademoiselle Valiska would permit, he would just remain long enough to listen to the new music.

"I believe that devil of an Angelique is right, after all," said Aristide to himself, as he sat in the little parlor attentively studying the faces of his two companions, as they hung over the piano. "Mademoiselle Henriette will have to watch my gay friend closely; for, if that girl goes on making eyes at him, there's no telling what will happen. I don't know whether I could resist the expression of those gray orbs myself, and poor Henri always was weak toward pretty women. It would be a nice kettle-of-fish if uncle and nephew should become rivals in reality. Upon my soul, Angelique is as keen-sighted as a hawk; only to think of her seeing all that in the few short days she has been here." This remembrance of Madame d'Aubrac's astuteness formed a link in the chain of thought which led Vis's mind away to a consideration of the lady herself, a theme so fertile, that the time passed by unnoticed. Indeed, so entirely was Aristide absorbed in thought, and Captain Dantan in the music, that the sound of a small clock on the mantel striking eleven was a startling interruption to both gentlemen. They rose immediately, and, with a hasty apology for the inconsiderate length of their stay, bade Mademoiselle Valiska "good-night."

"Why in the devil's name did you let me stay so late?" said Dantan, as old Orloff closed the garden-gate upon them with a growl, which might equally as well be interpreted to mean either a blessing or a curse. "Henrietta will give me a proper scolding."

"Well, I like that," replied Aristide; "don't imagine I am going to shoulder your sins; I assure you I have enough of my own to carry."

Mutually reproaching each other in this way, the friends hurried along the Rue d'Orville.

The night was intensely dark, and the street so badly lighted, that it was with difficulty they could find their way; after a few moments, however, they turned into the Rue Magenta, the main thoroughfare of the town.

"Confound it!" cried Henri; "that place was as black as pitch; I thought we would never get out of it."

The young men had increased their pace, and were crossing one of the intersections of the avenue, when a person coming at great speed from down the side street suddenly collided with Captain Dantan. The shock must have been a very severe one, for the unfortunate pedestrian staggered and seemed about to fall; but, recovering, muttered a "Pardon, monsieur!" and hastened on.

The whole thing passed so rapidly, that Aristide could only make out that the unknown was tall, slender, and dressed in a long, dark, shapeless garment; he was, therefore, very much surprised when Henri said:

"I hope that poor woman did not hurt herself. I wonder where she is going at this time of night, and in such haste, too?"

"You have very sharp eyes, my friend," replied Vis; "to me that person was nothing but an indistinct shape. Pray how did you recognize that it was a woman?"

"Oh, my eyes were of little more use than your own. I believe I caught a glimpse of a pale face, but so vaguely, that I haven't the slightest idea what it was like. No, my friend; I went by the ear entirely. The voice that said, 'Pardon, monsieur!' was unmistakably the voice of a woman."

"Well, *mon ami*," Aristide answered, laughingly, "the woman will be apt to remember you, for you must have left a permanent impression on her. But come on, come on! It won't do to stay here talking over your fair stranger. You forget Mademoiselle Henriette."

The entrance to the Hotel de Belfort was still brilliantly lighted when they reached it, though the absence of the usual throng of attendants bespoke the lateness of the hour.

Henri, who was slightly in advance, was springing up the broad marble steps, when he felt his shoulder suddenly seized in a vise-like grip, and the voice of Aristide broke on his ear, but in tones so changed as to be almost unrecognizable:

"God of heaven, Henri! what is that upon your sleeve?"

The young man turned suddenly at these words.

THE STUDENTS.— BY C. ROBERTS.

Vis, pale as death, and overcome with nervous emotion, was pointing to the right arm of his friend.

Following the direction of the trembling finger, Dantan could scarcely suppress an exclamation of horror when he saw, distinctly marked upon the sleeve of his gray Summer coat, the imprint of a bloody hand.

Chapter XVII.

For some moments this startling discovery rendered the young men absolutely speechless and motionless.

"By heaven!" cried Henri Dantan, suddenly breaking the silence. "It was *that* woman. I remember now I felt her catch hold of my arm to save herself from falling. What can it mean?"

"Come," replied Vis, speaking in an agitated whisper, and at the same time dragging his friend down the stairs, "I feel something within me that tells me we are going to discover a frightful crime. Come on."

He hurried Dantan along the street at a rapid pace.

"Wait!" he suddenly cried, stopping abruptly after they had gone a short distance. "You ought to know the streets of this infernal town. Can you remember where it was we met that woman?"

"Certainly; that street down which we came was the Rue Valcourt."

"Then that is where our search must begin."

Without another word the two hastened on. They had almost reached their destination when they came suddenly upon a gendarme.

The soldier recognized Captain Dantan immediately, and saluted.

It took but a few moments to explain to the man what had happened, and bidding him follow them, the friends continued their rapid walk.

The Rue Valcourt was enveloped in darkness; the street-lamps were scattered at such distances as to be absolutely useless. Not a light was visible in any of the houses, nor a single pedestrian to be seen upon the sidewalks.

"What are we to do?" inquired Henri. "Everything appears as quiet as death. I can scarcely see my hand before my face."

"Wait," replied Aristide. "That woman," he continued, after a moment's thought—"that woman had come but a short distance when we met her. I am satisfied of that. If we only had a light!"

"Oh, as for that, monsieur," interrupted the gendarme, "I have my lantern in my pocket."

"Then light it at once."

The man obeyed, and a ray of light from the bull's-eye of the lantern was soon illuminating the darkness.

"Which way, monsieur?" he inquired of Aristide, to whom, by tacit consent, he seemed to look for advice.

"It was the left-hand side of the way, Henri, was it not?"

The captain nodded affirmatively.

"Then we must try that side first," continued Vis. "You go on before with the lantern, and we'll follow."

The search was destined to be a short one.

They had not passed over three-quarters of the square in the order described, when the gendarme, who was slightly in advance, uttered a loud exclamation, which instantly brought the two friends to his side.

"See here, messieurs, see here!" cried the man, excitedly, flashing the light of his lantern on the sidewalk.

"As I live, here is the print of a foot in blood! A woman's foot, messieurs."

Aristide was down on his knees in a moment. A single glance was enough to convince him that the gendarme was correct. There, on the flagstone of the pavement, the slender outlines of a woman's foot was distinctly imprinted.

"And here is another!" cried Henri, who had walked a few steps further on. "And, *mon Dieu!* come here, Aristide! come here! Here is a stream of blood trickling down the steps of this house."

This fearful discovery brought the two others to Captain Dantan's side, and the full light of the lantern was thrown upon the entrance. For a few moments they stood rooted to the spot, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the ghastly sight.

A broad crimson flood was welling out from beneath the door, and slowly dropping from step to step.

"Who lives here?" murmured Aristide, in a voice barely audible.

The gendarme recovered himself with a start, and replied, in tones scarcely more distinct than those of the other:

"It is a store kept by an old woman named Robert. She lives here with her daughter in a little room behind the shop. Shall I try the door?" continued the man, who, more accustomed to such horrible sights, was beginning to regain his composure, and, without waiting for any reply, he ascended the steps.

"It's locked!" he cried. "Shall I knock?"

And again, without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to hammer with all his force upon the panels. No answer from within; but as he continued his blows, the noise soon alarmed the neighbors. Windows were quickly raised, and eager voices, in accents of alarm, demanded, "What was the matter?"

The reply of the gendarme soon filled the street with an excited throng, who crowded around the front of the ill-fated house, gazing with white faces on the awful sight. The next moment a hundred voices were raised in clamorous questioning.

Lights flashed in the houses, and women began to pour out, adding their shrill voices to the louder tones of the men.

Suddenly some one, on the outskirts of the crowd, raised the cry of "Murder!" and the next moment that fearful word was resounding through the streets.

Men, women and children ran excitedly in every direction, spreading the alarm. No one sought to render any assistance to the gendarme in his efforts to obtain admission to the house. Nobody appeared to have any other idea than that of spreading the ghastly tidings throughout the town as quickly as possible. In vain did both Captain Dantan and Aristide call on the citizens to aid them in an effort to burst open the door; they were not even listened to. It was with a feeling of absolute delight that the young men welcomed the appearance of the first blue-and-yellow uniform. Another followed, and shortly eight or ten gendarmes collected around the spot.

The nephew of the mayor was known to all of them, and in answer to his questions they hastened to inform him that a messenger had been sent to notify the Chef de Police. Upon Aristide suggesting that the door should be immediately broken open, the men hesitated irresolutely, saying it would be better to wait for the arrival of the Chef. The delay seemed interminable, although not more than a few minutes could have elapsed, when one of the gendarmes cried out, "Here comes Monsieur le Chef!" and the crowd, making way respectfully, formed a lane through the dense throng, along which a gentleman hurriedly advanced, followed by two companions.

Vis recognized the tall figure and the keen, intelligent features of the person whom he had seen once before, in the office of the Juge d'Instruction. The men who accompanied him were a gendarme, and Charles Guimand, the agent of police.

Henri hurried to meet the newcomer, and greeted him eagerly, at the same time pouring out his story with voluble excitement. The chief listened with grave attention, and upon the conclusion of the narrative closely examined the hand-print upon the sleeve of the captain's coat, and the blood-stains on the doorsteps. After a brief investigation he arose to his feet, his pale face bearing witness to the effect produced upon him by that hideous stream of blood, and said, in a decided tone, "The door of this house must be broken open; we must enter at once."

"Excuse me, monsieur," interrupted the detective; "but would it not be better first to make a careful examination of the exterior? Monsieur," he continued, with a bow toward Henri, "speaks of footprints on the pavement; it seems to me they should be examined at once if we wish to obtain any clew from them, for, if we delay, they may be as completely effaced as those upon the steps, which, if Monsieur le Chef will look closely, he will see have been completely obliterated by the gendarme, accidentally, of course, in his efforts to obtain admission to the house."

It was, indeed, true; the broad impression of a man's shoe had defaced the outlines of the delicate footprints which both Aristide and Henri had noticed on the steps of the house. Nothing remained but just sufficient of one of these outlines to show the exquisite symmetry of the foot which had made the impression.

The Chief of Police uttered an exclamation of chagrin at this discovery, and hastily ordered the crowd to fall back. It was with some difficulty that the police succeeded in enforcing his order, and when, at length, it was accomplished, and the pavement cleared, it appeared but too quickly that the forebodings of the detective were indeed well-founded. Every trace of the bloody footprints had disappeared from the flagstones. While the chief stood gnawing his lip with vexation at this unfortunate and, as it appeared, irreparable, loss of what might have proved a valuable clew, one of the gendarmes came forward and handed to his superior an object which he said had just been found at the corner of the Rue Magenta. It was a large key, the handle grimed with blood and dust. This key aroused the chief from his fit of depression, and spurred him into renewed activity. He quickly returned to the house, ascended the steps, inserted the key in the lock, and opened the door. The place was as dark as night and as silent as the grave. Inviting the young men to follow him, the chief, accompanied by Guimand and two gendarmes, entered the building and closed the door behind him.

The lanterns of the police, piercing the obscurity with their narrow lanes of light, made the interior dimly and vaguely visible. It was fitted up as a small shop, with shelves upon the wall, and a counter at the back, stretching the entire length of the room. Upon the shelves and counter were a number of boxes, packages, bundles, etc., all the little accessories of a thread-and-needle store. From the low, dark ceiling hung several shawls, colored handkerchiefs, and pieces of cotton stuff, which still waved like funereal banners from the draft of air which had been created by the opening of the door. The shop appeared entirely untenanted, but the floor was wet and sloppy with a warm and sticky flood. With pallid faces and trembling hands the chief and his companions hesitated upon the threshold as if loath to soil their feet in those gory stains. The voice of the chief sounded fearfully loud as it broke the ghastly silence, although in reality its tones were lowered to a deep, husky whisper.

"The entrance to the sleeping-room is there behind the counter, is it not?" he inquired, looking at one of his men, whose only reply was an affirmative nod of the head.

"Go around, Jacques; we will follow you."

The man obeyed, though with evident reluctance. Splashing through the blood, he opened the little door, which gave admission behind the counter; but almost immediately recoiled with an exclamation of terror.

"*Mère de Dieu!* Monsieur le Chef," he cried, "there is the body of a woman lying here, all in a heap, behind the counter!"

The man's words brought the others quickly to his side, and the light of both lanterns were thrown upon the narrow space between the counter and the shelves. There, as the gendarme had said, lay the body of a woman. She was stretched upon her back; her upturned face was absolutely as white and colorless as a sheet of paper, and across the throat was a fearful gash, which had almost severed the head from the body. The face of the chief was as pallid as that of the murdered woman, when, seizing Aristide, who stood nearest him, by the arm with a grip of iron, he pointed to the upturned countenance of the dead, and cried, in a voice tremulous with uncontrollable emotion:

"See, monsieur, see! there on the forehead of this unfortunate creature, the same, the very same marks! The assassin of Pierre Marrois has been here!"

A single glance confirmed the words of the excited man. There, on the marble-like brow of the corpse, was the same blood-red cross which Aristide had noticed for the first time, in the dimly-lighted arbor, on the face of the murdered Marrois.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSICIAN AND THE DWARFS.

The following adventure was first related by a jolly young German, who said he was acquainted with a friend of the very person to whom it occurred.

Once upon a time, a poor musician who lived in the neighborhood of Hildesheim, an old town in the former kingdom of Hanover, went home late at night from a lonely mill, where he had been playing dance-tunes at a christening festivity. The mill is still extant. Its name is Die Mordmühle (The Murder Mill), probably because something dreadful may have happened there years ago. His way led him past a cliff in which there was a dwarf's hole. When he cast a glance at the hole, he saw, to his amazement, sitting before it a dwarf, not more than three feet high. Scarcely had he recovered from his first fright, when suddenly he felt himself seized by invisible hands and drawn under ground many miles deep into the mountain. All this occurred in a moment's time. Immediately the poor musician found that he had been transported into a beautiful hall, illuminated with many thousand lights of various brilliant colors. The flooring of the hall was of pure silver, and the walls were all of the purest gold; the chandeliers were of emeralds and diamonds.

Presently the dwarfs desired the musician to play his best tunes. While playing, he heard quite unmistakably the little folks dancing to his music; he also heard them coughing, giggling and laughing; but he did not see any

being except the dwarf who had taken him there. After a little while the same dwarf brought in a bottle of exquisitely fine wine, and placed it before the musician. When the poor fiddler had helped himself repeatedly from the bottle, he began to feel more at his ease, and became a little talkative.

"Well, my good master," he said, "I am playing and playing here one tune after another, and hear all kinds of noises; but I see no Christian soul but yourself; could I not have just a look at the gentlefolks whom I have the honor of serving with my music?"

To this sensible request the dwarf replied: "By all

THE ICONOCLASTS.— BY PERCY MACQUOID.

THE "INCURABLE."—"IT WOULD BE A MERCY TO HIS FAMILY FOR HIM TO GO. HIS POOR WIFE'S NERVES WERE COMPLETELY UNSTRUNG."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

means! There is no danger in that. Just take my hat and put it on thy head."

As soon as the musician had placed the dwarf's large round hat on his head, he saw the hall crowded with thousands of little pygmy ladies and gentleman, very smartly dressed, who were promenading up and down, bowing and courtesying to each other; and with them were some little children, certainly not bigger than a thumb. After having played a country-dance to conclude the ball, the musician was dismissed, but not before the dwarf who had brought him there had filled his pockets with wood shavings, of which a large heap lay stored up just near the entrance of the hall.

"Of what use is that stuff to me!" thought the musician; and the first thing he did, when he found himself again free in the open air, was to empty his pockets and throw all the shavings into the road. Heartily tired, he reached his home. On the following morning he put his hand into his coat-pocket to ascertain if perchance any of the shavings remained; when, lo! what should he draw out but a piece of the purest gold! Directly he set off again to the road where he had disencumbered himself of the shavings the night before. But he could find nothing; all traces of the treasure had disappeared.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFEDALE.

"Sisters, hasten we on our way,
The wharfe is wide and strong!
Our father alone in his hall will say:
'My daughters linger long.'
Yet tarry a while in the yellow moonlight,
And each shall see her own true knight:
For now in her boat of an acorn shell,
The fairy queen may be;
She dives in a water-spider's bell,
To keep her revelry,
We'll drop a thistle's beard in the tide,
'Twill serve for bridles when fairies ride;
And she who shall first her white horse see,
Shall be the heiress of Bethmeslie."

Then Jeannette spoke with her eyes of light:
"Oh, if I had fairy power,
I would change this elm to a gallant knight,
And this gray rock to a bower;
Our dwellings should be behind a screen
Of blossoming alders and laurustine;
Our hives should tempt the wild bees all,
And the swallows love our eaves,
For the eglantine should tuft our wall,
And cover their nests with leaves;
The spindle's wool should lie unspun,
And our lambs lie safe in the Summer sun,
While the merry bells ring for my knight and me—
Farewell to the halls of Bethmeslie."

Then Annot shook her golden hair,
"If I had power and will,
These rocks should change to marble rare,
And the oaks should leave the hill,
To build a dome of prouder height
Than ever yet rose in the morning light;
And every one of these slender reeds
Should be a page in green,
To lead and deck my berry-brown steeds,
And call my grayhounds in;
These lilies all should be ladies gay,
To weave the pearls for my silk array;
And none but a princely knight should see
Smiles on the lady of Bethmeslie."

Then softly said their sister May,
"I would ask neither spell nor wand,
For better I prize this white-rose spray,
Plucked by my father's hand;
And little I heed the knight to see
Who seeks the heiress of Bethmeslie.
Yet would I give one of these roses white
If the fairy queen would ride
Safe o'er this flood ere the dead of night,
And bear us by her side;
And then with her wing let her lift the latch
Of my father's gate, and his slumbers watch.
And touch his eyes with her glow-worm gleams,
Till he sees and blesses us in his dreams."

The night-winds howled o'er Bolton Strid,
The flood was dark and drear,
But through it swam the fairy queen's steed,
The Lady May to bear;
And that milk-white steed was seen to skim
Like a flash of the morn on the water's brim.
The morning came, and the winds were tame,
The flood slept on the shore;
But the sisters three of Bethmeslie
Returned to its hall no more.

Now under the shade of its ruined wall
A thorn grows lonely, bare and tall,
And there a weak and weeping weed
Seems on its rugged stem to feed.
The shepherds sit in the green recess,
And call them pride and idleness.
But there is the root of a white rose-tree
Still blooms at the gate of Bethmeslie.

Woe to the maid that on morn of May
Shall see that White Horse rise!
The hope of her heart shall pass away
As the foam of his nostril flies—
Unless to her father's knee she brings
The white-rose tree's first offerings.
There is no dew from Summer skies
Hath power like a drop from a father's eyes;
And if on her cheek that tear of bliss
Shall mingle with his holy kiss,
The bloom of her cheek shall blessed be
As the fairy's rose of Bethmeslie.

THE "INCURABLE."

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," etc.

"You know him?" whispered my companion.

"No."

"What! Don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"

"Elisha Fay! Do you mean to say *that* is Elisha Fay?"

"It is he; the man on whom Wall Street hung for years, watching every move, every word, every look. There you have him."

These words were addressed to me by Dr. Laund, the proprietor of the B—— Private Asylum for *Incurable* Lunatics.

Laund and myself were fellow-students in Paris. For several months we occupied rooms in the same building. He was German, from Pennsylvania—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, who, nevertheless, attended with regularity lecture and clinique. He used to experiment in the oddest manner. I recollect his chaining a dog in one position for a week, in July, and feeding the poor creature on salted meat, without water, to test whether or not hydrophobia would ensue. It did not ensue, but the dog died.

Yes, Laund was wild, harum-scarum. Yet, like a genuine German, studious, with his reflective periods. He was accustomed to frequent Bicêtre. I little thought what would come of it. The next I heard of Laund was in hospital practice in Philadelphia; then I lost sight of him for years. It is needless to tell how our acquaintance

was renewed—an unhappy event in the life of one of my clients—suffice it to say I found in the proprietor of the "B—— Private Asylum for Incurable Lunatics" my old intimate of the Rue Dauphine. It was indeed a surprise. After my business with the establishment was over we went to the doctor's room, in a retired wing of the building.

"To think of finding you here!" I exclaimed; "you, of all others, in a retreat for *incurables*—how can you stand that, who used to boast so much about the healing art? How can you sit down quietly and admit that every case you have is a case for ever to be despaired of? I should think you would go crazy yourself."

"Not so fast—not so fast!" exclaimed Laund, with a touch of his ancient humor; while he took from the sideboard a bottle of dry Roederer and prepared to cut the wire. "If this be an asylum for incurables—and I admit that none but those deemed to be so can find entrance here—I say, if it be such a place, I do not admit their state cannot be improved and their condition greatly ameliorated; to this I devote myself."

"But to feel that not one of them can be restored!"

Our glasses were filled; clink, clank, in true student way—the wine disappeared.

"You are quite at fault," retorted Laund. "Law has, no doubt, sharpened your wits, but it fails to expand or liberalize. You object to incurables. I dare say you are yourself an incurable on more points than one—absolutely clean beyond any mortal power to recover or restore you. Take an inventory of yourself, physically and morally, and say if I am not right."

With that he drained another glass of wine, and so did I.

"Never mind *my* ailments. I am talking of your terrible surroundings. How came you here, and why did you select this branch of your profession?"

"I will tell you some day—am not now in the vein."

Then we set about talking busily of old times and the changes in Paris and our acquaintances, and what had become of them. Before we were aware of it, the champagne was finished and it was nearly time for me to go.

"You had better spend a night with me," said the doctor. "I have a suite of rooms here, you see."

"Not for a thousand worlds. Do you believe I would willingly sleep in the same building with all those fearful subjects?"

"You would soon become accustomed to it. Some of my patients are very agreeable companions."

"Companions? I thought they were incurable."

"So they are, but many have their quiet and often sane intervals of considerable duration, and are then allowed the freedom of the house and grounds, under supervision, of course. Do you recollect the gentlemen I found you talking with when I came down?"

"Certainly. We were conversing about horses, and he had just asked me to look at his stables."

"The man is an 'incurable'—the horses and stables exist in his imagination only."

"It does not seem possible."

"But it is so. A very interesting subject. I think you had better spend the night; I will fill your notebook with topics."

"Not this time. Perhaps I may bring myself to it—doubtful, though."

"You will look through the place?"

"Yes; that I would like to do, though I dare say the scene will haunt me a year; but I will try it, and take the next train."

We left Laund's pleasant apartments and passed into the main hall, thence into the grounds. Several gentlemen were to be seen there. Some were engaged in conversation, others were seated reading, still others sauntered about by themselves.

"On my word," I said, "I could fancy myself in a section of the Garden of Plants, and these some of our professors. It is like it, isn't it?"

"I am glad you think so, for I laid out the grounds to resemble that part of the 'Garden' near the old cedar of Lebanon. You see, I have my cedar, too—actually brought from Palestine—but it don't thrive very well."

"I observe your guests are none of them young—all past the prime of life, I should say."

"Yes. It is owing partly to the delay in sending them to me; besides, I receive no females who are apt to develop earlier. When I can organize the right set of matrons, I shall enlarge my establishment. Then we shall have the society of both sexes."

We made the tour of the grounds, stopping frequently to speak with the persons we encountered. I could not help noticing the effect the doctor had on all we met—every one exhibiting a consciousness of his own condition, and a recognition of the presence of a strong, healthy, robust soul. They did not appear cowed, but humiliated.

"Do these unfortunates know they are insane?" I asked.

"A large proportion unquestionably do—in a sense, at least. It depends on the nature of their insanity. Read my book; it will tell you a great deal more than I know myself, or, at least, care to discuss. Look at that man. He was a Government contractor, and made so much money, it turned his head, He is the youngest person I have here—five-and-thirty. His wife lives in great magnificence in ——— Avenue."

"Does she never visit her husband?"

"Never. He has a little daughter ten years old who comes frequently."

We passed on, and entered the house.

"When you come again," said the doctor, "we will look further. Stop, would you like to see an acquaintance?"

"I have no objection.

We ascended two flights of stairs and passed to the end of the corridor. The doctor took a key from his pocket.

"No one enters here unless I am present, whether by day or night. It is my severest case."

He threw open the door and we went in. I never can forget what I saw. The room was small, with two grated windows. It was guarded from approach by iron rods extending clear to the ceiling, precisely like those used for the cages of ferocious animals. There was a space of only four or five feet between the door and the grating of the cell—for it can be called by no other name. The door, sides, and top, were finished in woodwork, leaving a perfectly smooth surface, except on the side where the bars stood. No furniture of any kind, not the least article, in fact, was to be seen. Only in one corner a quantity of straw had been tossed. This appeared broken into fine bits, which were scattered over the place. Within this inclosure a human being paced up and down swiftly. He was something under the medium height, forty-five years old, as I was told; light, active and athletic. His hair and beard were very gray, and cropped close. He wore no article of clothing, except a garment made of hemp cloth, absolutely cut to the skin, coming tight around his throat and his body, and close-fitting his arms and legs. It is impossible to describe the effect of this spectacle on me.

For a minute or two the figure continued his walk, without in the least noticing us.

It was here that the doctor whispered, "You know him?" and on my replying "No," he exclaimed, "What! don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"

Elisha Fay! What a host of recollections were brought back by the mention of that name. I had known the man—not, indeed, very well, but in the course of affairs we had not unfrequently met. It was five years since he had disappeared from Wall Street. His family reported he was in delicate health—had softening of the brain. Softening of the brain, indeed!

I searched in vain for a resemblance to the famous man of Wall Street, and found none. His hair and beard, formerly so dark and luxuriant, were white and stumpy. In his tight-fitting hempen suit there was nothing to recall the handsomely dressed and very graceful figure. The features, distorted by madness, had not the least similarity to the cool, collected look which characterized Elisha Fay.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFEDALE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 82.

While I stood oppressed by thoughts which crowded thick upon me, the creature inside made a tremendous dash at the grating, so suddenly that I stepped back in alarm. He seized the rods and shook them with all his might. Then he stood still and poured out a volley of the most awful oaths and maledictions that can be imagined. How such a quantity of blasphemy could be got together and so condensed, passes comprehension. Such strange, peculiar, original curses, terrible enough to curdle the blood! What may appear singular in this connection, Elisha Fay was not a profane man by habit; indeed, his manner was always quiet and calm.

The horrible strain was directed against the doctor solely. The "Incurable" never looked toward me, any more than if I had not been present. My companion took it coolly. Presently he said, "Mr. Fay, here is a friend come to see you; don't you recognize him?" and he mentioned my name.

The maniac directed toward me the merest possible glance—it conveyed a look of ineffable contempt—and began with fresh imprecations, mingled with the most disgusting obscenity. He would step backward to the further side of the room, spring with fury on the iron rods, and shake them with all his insane strength, and then commence again with oaths and curses which would make you tremble. These were, I repeat, all hurled at the doctor, no notice whatever being taken of me. I had no wish to prolong the scene. "I have seen enough," I said, and we left the spot, followed by the yells and obscene taunts of the madman, and proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartments.

"And you like this sort of life?" I asked.

"Absolutely, yes. To me, the subject of insanity is more interesting than any other."

"Do tell me something about this man. What was the matter with him? Did it break out suddenly? How did you come to have charge of him?"

"You overwork a good deal, don't you?" said my friend, without answering my questions.

I shrank like a guilty one from his strange, penetrating scrutiny.

"Perhaps I do; what then?"

"Elisha Fay overworked," replied Laund, as he offered me a cigar, and proceeded to light one himself.

I shuddered.

"Overworked?" I ejaculated, faintly. The doctor nodded.

"Let us have the particulars," I demanded, stoutly. I began to be piqued at Laund's successful attack on my nerves.

"Nearly five years ago," said the doctor (it was the year I established this place), I was called in consultation with Dr. Z——, an old friend—whom you know, I dare say—with reference to a patient of his, that poor creature up-stairs. I asked about his previous history, for, being a newcomer in the vicinity, I knew little or nothing of the names which figured in financial circles. Z——'s account was that he had been for several years the family physician; that, for a twelvemonth previous to our consultation, he had been frequently called on by Fay, who, while he had little to complain of as to his general health, declared it was impossible for him to sleep. His nervous system was suffering in consequence.

PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH, FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.—SEE PAGE 87.

At that time the man had an immense weight of business on him—business which, as he felt, left no time for recreation—scarcely time, indeed, for his meals. Wherever he went he was in connection with his office by telegraph, a set of wires being laid to his own house. Dr. Z—— explained to Fay that there was but one remedy—he must quit work and recreate; absolutely nothing else would save him. He looked at Z—— incredulously, as if he thought he did not really mean it. When he discovered to the contrary he was vexed. He said he knew all that sort of thing himself, without going to a physician; what he wanted was help to go ahead as he was. Z—— told him he would have to come to it; he gave him the best suggestions he could about his daily habits; and the stockbroker went to his work again. He used to visit Z—— often, and repeat the old story, and receive the same answer. He was breaking down fast; but the demon had possession of him.

"One day he came to Z—— in great distress, and declared something must be done to make him sleep. He said he was in a gigantic operation which he hoped to conclude in one week; he had not slept half an hour in any night for a fortnight. He could stand it no longer; and he insisted Z—— must do something to keep him up for a few days, then he would follow Z——'s advice and quit the city. The reply was that nothing could be done while he kept at work; that he was in a very critical condition, and must break off immediately, or the worst consequences would follow. He was very angry, and went away saying he would consult some one else in future.

"Z—— was in hopes he would call on a respectable physician; but he went to a quack, who readily undertook to put him right. He was subjected to a strong opiate; he slumbered a few hours, and thought he was in Paradise. That finished him; he did not sleep any more. He carried out his operation, made an extra million of dollars, and was taken home—*mad*. This was the whole case. After a careful examination, it appeared to me, taking into question the elastic physique of the man, that there was a chance of his being cured. I advised what I thought should be done, and came away. I I suppose my directions, which were very minute, involved too much trouble to the family—at least, that Mrs. Fay thought so.

"It was in the height of the season; she was a fashionable beauty, gave fine entertainments, and so forth, and so forth, and was very much admired. Directly against my advice, the poor man was sent to a private asylum, where only exceedingly *recherché* aristocratic madmen, who could afford to pay immensely, could gain admittance. I heard no more of the case till about six months ago. Owing to some reports in the newspapers of the scandalous doings in our private asylums, attention was directed to the very exclusive establishment in which Elisha Fay had been confined.

"An old friend of the once famous stock-broker called at the place and insisted on seeing him. He was too influential a man to be refused. [The lovely Mrs. Fay's nerves were too delicate ever to trust herself there. She had not cast eyes on her husband for more than four years.] To the astonishment of the visitor, he found the victim in a seven-by-nine cell, in a straitjacket. The surroundings were really too repulsive to describe. The 'keeper' was a coarse, brutal fellow, and replied to questions indifferently or with insolence. The ancient friend of Elisha Fay went away horror-stricken.

"Dr. Z—— was again consulted. Investigation followed. My reputation had been established, and the case was intrusted to me. The meeting which I had with the 'eminent man' who was at the head of the prison which inclosed what was left of poor Elisha Fay—that meeting—my God, what can I say! The wretch had not seen his victim for more than a year. He had been remanded to the *pen* as a raving maniac, and that was the end of it. He had nothing to say, no word of suggestion to offer. He blandly remarked he thought it would be useless, quite so, to remove him. He could not hold out much longer. Indeed, it would be a mercy to his family for him to go. His poor wife's nerves were completely unstrung.

"I asked a few questions. It appeared that it was only by the exercise of violent force that the broker was conveyed inside the walls of what was to be his dungeon. He was at once submitted to 'severe treatment.' Nothing else remained to do, so the eminent person thought, and the wonder was that the man lived through it and held out so long—that's another interesting topic; my book will tell you about it. I took possession of my subject. Dangerous as it would seem, off came the straitjacket. He had his limbs free. What a time! Clothing was out of the question. He would have torn off with teeth and nails the suit he has on now in ten minutes. He knocked himself about pretty severely, but he was exhausted at last. That suit, by-the-way, is a great triumph—my own invention. The first went in half a day. The next stood for twenty-four hours. By degrees he came to tolerate it a good deal of the time. It is a success. His health has wonderfully changed for the better. I do not despair of greatly improving his condition."

"Do you ever trust yourself with him?" I asked, drawing a long breath.

"Certainly; you saw how violent he was. Had I entered the place he would not have laid hands on me."

"You don't say that!"

"Yes; he feels safe, so to speak, behind the railing. When I go in, he is subdued at once."

"How did you ever manage to get such a control? Do you use force?"

"Force! Do you mean punishment?"

I nodded.

"Never. How can punishment be applied to an irresponsible subject!"

"I did not think of that. It cannot."

"Punishment!" continued the doctor, apparently not noticing my reply—"punishment of a mad person! The idea is one of the most horrible that can be conceived of."

"But he is incurable?"

"I fear so; yet I don't despair of introducing him to you one of these days in the 'Garden.'"

"What will Dr. ——— say of the private aristocratic insane establishment?"

"Oh, he predicted death would ensue in a week after removal here. I fear there will be another person more disappointed than Dr. ———."

"Who?"

"The lonely *wife*, who is crazy to be a dashing young *widow* and control the whole of the crazy man's fortune now managed under direction of the court."

"Poor woman!"

I rose to go.

"I am greatly indebted to you," I said, grasping Laund warmly by the hand. "Besides renewing old scenes and old friendships, and witnessing exhibitions, I can never forget I have had the benefit of a consultation."

"How is that?"

"You will understand how when I tell you, if I live till to-morrow, I shall quit New York for a tramp through the wildest region I can think of. I confess I do overwork, and I am determined to profit by to-day's experience."

"Can't you give those fellows down-town a touch about this sort of thing?"

"I will try."

PRUSSIA'S FIRST KING.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Friedrich-Wilhelm, the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg, whose history has already been narrated, died in May, 1688, and was succeeded by his son, Friedrich III., the twelfth and last Elector, for in 1701 he assumed the title of Friedrich I., King of Prussia.

Friedrich was thirty-one years of age when he became Elector of Brandenburg. He had been a feeble and sickly child. An accident received in infancy had injured his spine, and left traces behind it which lasted through life: a slight distortion of the spine and an impaired nervous system. At the age of six he was placed under the charge of a tutor, Eberhard von Danckelmann, a man of imposing aspect, of high acquirements, marked individuality of character, and, as was afterward shown, of great political capacity. Danckelmann imparted varied knowledge to his apt pupil, inspired him with noble sentiments, and with a deep devotion to the political views of the Great Elector. He also paid special attention to the physical training of the young Prince, who remained under the charge of his tutor until his sixteenth year, by which time he had grown up into a tolerably healthy youth, though he lacked the robust physique of his father and of his elder brother, Prince Karl-Emil.

The domestic surroundings of Friedrich were not altogether happy. His own mother died when he was only ten years old, and two years afterward his father married Dorothea, the widow of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who bore him several children. His elder brother died in 1674, and Friedrich, at the age of seventeen, became heir to the Electorate and the other dominions of his father. The Electoral Prince and his mother-in-law never got along well with each other. As her own sons grew up she naturally became solicitous about their future prospects, and from time to time she induced her husband to make provisions for them which appeared to trench upon the rights long ago secured to the heir of the Electorate. Friedrich was nervous, excitable, and perhaps unduly jealous of Dorothea and her sons; and naturally enough there were found persons to feed his mistrust. The Elector rather took sides with his wife; and after an unusually violent scene, Friedrich ran away to his aunt in Hesse-Cassel, whose daughter, in 1679, became his wife.

The young couple came to Berlin. But still things did not go on well. One day after dining with his stepmother, the prince was suddenly taken ill, and suspected that he had been poisoned; and again, with his father's permission, he absented himself from Court. His young wife died suddenly in 1673, leaving only a daughter. Within a year and three months Friedrich married the Princess Sophie-Charlotte of Hanover. Their first child died soon after its birth, and for some years there was no prospect of another. But there was besides Friedrich one more life between the sons of Dorothea and the Crown. This was Ludwig, the younger brother of Friedrich, a robust young man. He died suddenly in 1687. Friedrich's suspicions were roused to the highest pitch. He left Berlin and went first, ostensibly on account of his health, to the baths in Bohemia, whence he soon proceeded to the Court of his father-in-law at Hanover. The Elector wrote to him, commanding him, "as his father and soverign, and under pain of his displeasure," to return at once. Friedrich had given utterance to some hasty words about "the murderers of his brother"; but inquiry showed that there was no good grounds for his suspicions against his mother-in-law, and a reconciliation was effected, though Friedrich was secretly vexed at the provisions in the will which his father had executed a year before, making large provisions for his sons by his second marriage. The Great Elector died in the next year.

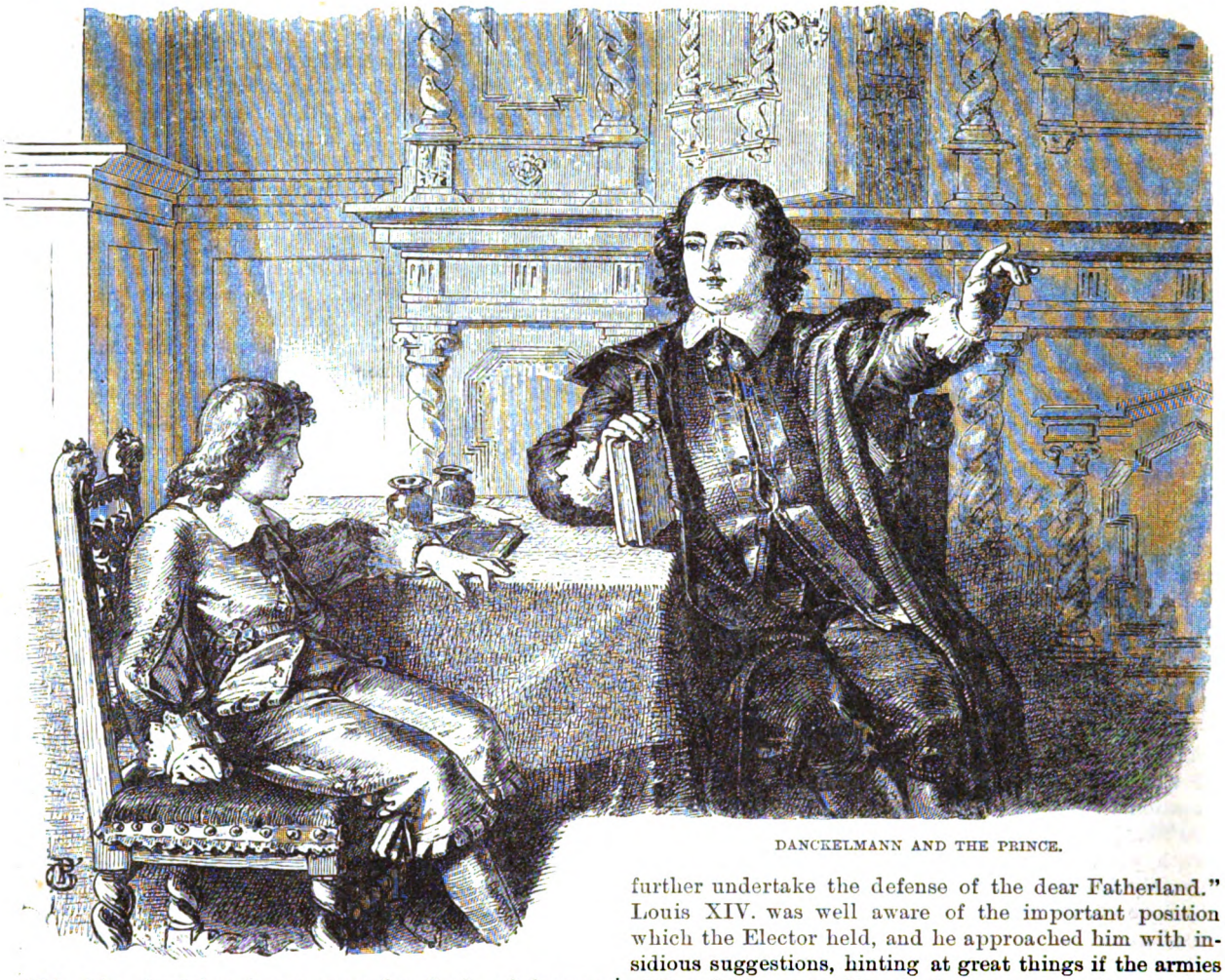
When Friedrich III. acceded to the Electorate, the "Great Alliance" had been formed between Austria, Spain, the Netherlands, and Brandenburg, against Louis XIV. of France. England, under James II., was looked upon as a dependent of France; but William of Orange was already making preparations for his expedition to wrest the crown from James. Almost the first act of Friedrick, after he became Elector, was to make Danckelmann, his old tutor, a member of his Privy Council, and in effect, to place the guidance of the state in his hands. Danckelmann had already filled several not unimportant positions in the Government, and his great ambition was to show to the world that, notwithstanding the death of the Great Elector, Brandenburg was yet strong enough to fulfill its lofty mission in Germany and in Europe.

As things then stood, much depended upon the course which the Elector should take. Without his aid it was doubtful whether a military force could be brought together sufficient to set England free from the rule of the Stuarts, and at the same time to protect Germany and the Netherlands from the hostile attempts of Louis XIV. When William of Orange besought the aid of Friedrich, the reply was: "The Elector will stand or fall with the Prince."

Three months after the death of Friedrich-Wilhelm, and as long before the descent of William of Orange upon England, an event occurred which was to precipitate the great war. The Archbishopric of Cologne had become vacant, and the party who favored the French proposed the Cardinal of Fürstenberg for the place; the other party chose Prince Joseph-Clement of Bavaria. In the provincial towns Fürstenberg was upheld by the French arms; Friedrich sent some regiments to Cologne, in order to save the capital city of the Archbishopric for the Germans. The war between Austria and the Turks was still raging; the Austrians had gained some marked successes, and had taken the strong fortress of Belgrade.

Louis XIV. determined to strike a sudden and decisive blow. In September, 1688, he took up arms. His ostensible purpose was to secure the success of the Cardinal of Fürstenberg in Cologne; and, ultimately to make good some pretensions which he had set up in the name of his daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, who was by birth Pfalzgravine of the Rhine. Should he gain these points, he could, at least, do as he pleased in the Rhinelands. In a few weeks his forces overflowed the Palatinate and the ecclesiastical states on the Rhine. Speir, Wormes, and Mainz, Heidelberg, and Aschaffenburg, were seized, and bodies of French troops forced their way into the heart of Swabia and Franconia.

These events inspired a mortal terror through the greater part of Germany. To whom could they look for



DANCKELMANN AND THE PRINCE.

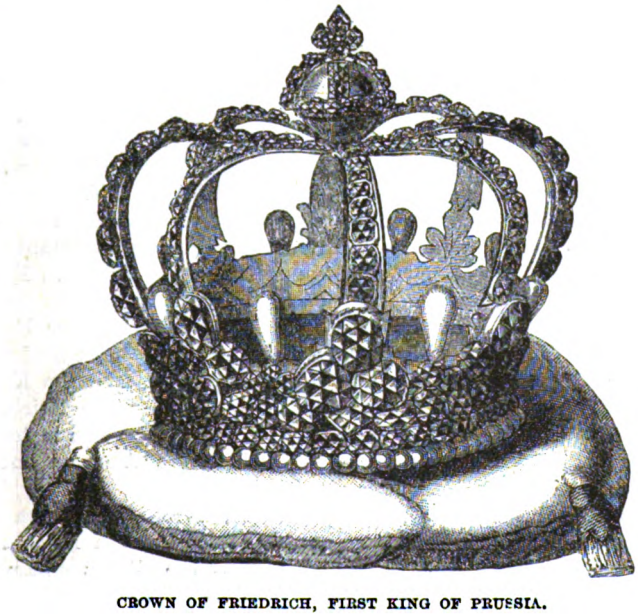
aid? The Austrian forces were hundreds of leagues from the Rhine, and those of the minor states of Germany and of the Netherlands were too weak in numbers and organization to make any successful opposition to the French. The veterans of Brandenburg alone could give them safety. The Netherlanders said to the Elector: "Next to God, our highest trust is in you, and in you alone. We are for ever beholden to you for the patriotic zeal which you have in every way manifested." The Kaiser said: "I hope that, as Friedrich III. has won undying glory by the seizure of Cologne, so he will still further undertake the defense of the dear Fatherland." Louis XIV. was well aware of the important position which the Elector held, and he approached him with insidious suggestions, hinting at great things if the armies of Brandenburg would not take any very zealous part in the war against France. But Friedrich put the tempter away, and resolved to assemble all his disposable force "for the Reich, and for the liberty of the state and of conscience." He arranged a conference with Elector Johann-George of Saxony, Duke Ernst-Augustus of Hanover, his father-in-law, and Landgraf Karl of Hesse-Cassel, his brother-in-law, and urged them to unite all their forces with those of Brandenburg for an energetic repulse of the French attack.

This spirited action on the part of "the best-armed

CORONATION MEDAL OF FRIEDRICH THE FIRST.

DESTRUCTION OF HEIDELBERG.

state of the Reich" united the greater part of Germany and the Netherlands against the hostile pressure of the French. Prince William of Orange thus found himself in a condition to complete his preparations for the expedition to England, and set sail, November 5th, 1688. Among the forces which accompanied him were a body of Brandenburg troops, at the head of whom was Marshal Schömberg, a French Calvinist, who had entered the service of the Elector. The English expedition was successful; James II. was deposed; the Prince of Orange ascended the British throne as King William III., and brought the military force of his new kingdom into the war against France.



CROWN OF FRIEDRICH, FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.

Louis XIV. was now forced back into the defensive. To relieve himself from the pressure upon him, he gave the notorious order for the "burning" of those German borderlands of which his troops had taken possession, especially of the Palatinate. The ruins of the fair Castle of Heidelberg attest to this day in what a ruthless manner this order was carried out by General Mélas and his associates.

Thereupon Germany and Austria, Spain and Savoy, England and the Netherlands, united in the "Grand Alliance"; and Friedrich III. led his entire force into the field against the French. During the year 1689, the contest was waged mainly around the fortresses upon the Middle and

Lower Rhine. The Brandenburgers took Reuss, Rheinberg and Kaiserwerth; aided the Upper Germans in the capture of Mainz, and in conjunction with the Imperial troops, compelled the surrender of Bonn, which had been stoutly defended, and where the Elector commanded his troops in person.

Brilliant success would have been certain if the other members of the Great Alliance had shown a devotion and energy like that displayed by Brandenburg. But, as so often happens in coalitions, there were clashing interests and local jealousies. The aid given by the English was less effective than had been anticipated. It had been one of the stipulations in the Alliance that Kaiser Leopold should make peace with the Turks upon conditions not intolerable to them, and so be able to devote all his force to the war with France. But he had been so encouraged by his previous successes, that instead of making peace, he endeavored to "push on his conquests even to Constantinople." Thus the strength of the Allies was split up in various enterprises distant from each other. The contest went on with varying success for several years until nearly all parties were measurably disheartened. In the East, all the conquests which had been made south of the Danube were lost, including Belgrade; and it was only by the enforced bloody battle of Szalankemen, fought in August, 1691, that Hungary was barely saved from coming again under the domination of the Turks. In the Spanish Netherlands the French gained the victory of Fleurus, July, 1690, and established themselves in threatening positions, until the capture of Namur, September, 1695, restored the balance to the side of the Allies.

The Brandenburgers took part in almost every important engagement during this period. Electoral troops were sent to the British Islands with William of Orange; other divisions fought in the Netherlands, on the Rhine, the Po, and the Danube, and everywhere maintained the ancient renown of the Brandenburg arms. In Italy Electoral battalions, under Prince Eugene of Savoy, aided in the capture of the fortress of Casale. In the frightful "ring" at Szalankemen, Louis of Baden broke through the thickest swarms of the enemy, after other regiments had tried in vain. The capture of Namur was, in the words of William III., due "for the most part" to the valor of the officers and soldiers of the Elector of Brandenburg.

The internal condition of Brandenburg had thus far presented a very favorable aspect. The first years of a war, when it is not waged within one's own borders, are almost invariably prosperous ones for the people at home. War, in any case, involves the raising and expending of vast sums of money, and thus other industries than that of fighting are vastly stimulated. So it was in England during the great Napoleonic wars. So it was at the North during our Civil War. Governments can for a long time raise money to almost any amount, to be paid at some future day. But the day of payment comes sooner or later; and when it does come, then come the "hard times." The territory of Brandenburg was not the theatre of hostilities, as it had been during the Thirty Years' War. During the years of which we are now speaking industry of every kind received a wonderful impetus. Emigrants flocked thither from all quarters—and found enough to do. Agriculture, manufactures, trade, and the arts, flourished. The Elector was, moreover, a very lavish prince. He built and planted largely, and set up and maintained a very luxurious Court; everything for four or five years seemed to prosper with the Elector and his minister Danckelmann. But by-and-by there began to loom up that awful shadow which we call a "deficit," growing ever darker and heavier. Danckelmann had to urge a curtailment of expenditures, beginning with the Electoral household. This gave occasion for the opposition of numerous rivals, who were jealous of his advancement. Friedrich was slow to lose his respect for and confidence in his tried adviser; but the whole Court—and notably the Electress—was against him. Everything which went wrong was laid to his charge. The Elector, who was more and more annoyed at the retrenchments enforced upon him, finally gave way; and on the 4th of December, 1697, Danckelmann was formally dismissed from office. Two months before this the Treaty of Ryswick had been signed between Louis XIV. and the Allies.

The policy of the Elector and his minister had been a noble and generous one. It failed, however, in one respect. They made great sacrifices for the common cause, and got nothing, or next to nothing, in return. The Kaiser and the Spaniards treated him shabbily in the matter of providing for the troops which he had furnished to their succor. The English and the Dutch were slow in paying the subsidies which they had promised. William III. of England treated him in one respect worst of all. By the provisions made upon the marriage of the Great Elector with Luise of Orange, the landed inheritances of the family were to fall to the House of Brandenburg, in case the Orange male line should become extinct. William III. was the last male of his line, and upon his death Friedrich III. was the undoubted heir to these great estates. William III. had made a secret will as early as October, 1695, leaving these estates not to his cousin, Friedrich III., but to a very distant relative, Prince John-William Friso, of Nassau-Dietz. Of this, however, the Elector as yet knew nothing.

The war of the Great Alliance had been for some time wearing itself out. Louis XIV., thoroughly exhausted, was desirous of peace, even upon terms which would satisfy the principal demand of his opponents. He would renounce the pretensions which he had set up in 1688, recognize William III. as King of England, and restore to the neighboring states the greater part of the territories which they had lost by the so-called "reannexation." The better security of Germany and of the Protestant religion, for which the Elector had taken up arms, was gained in essential respects, though much remained to be desired. Strasburg, for example, the most important place which had been lost to the Reich, was not to be unconditionally vacated; but the Kaiser was offered the choice whether he would have Strasburg or Freiburg and Breisach. These latter were Austrian provinces, while Strasburg was of no special value to the House of Habsburg, since it was merely a Free City of the Reich. Friedrich III. perceived clearly enough that the purpose of the French in offering this alternative was to retain the far more important Strasburg, by playing upon the selfishness of Austria. He sent the most urgent protests to Vienna, urging, in prophetic words, that Strasburg in the hands of the French would be a standing menace; their best place of arms for the subjugation of Germany; he adjured the Kaiser to be mindful of his duties as Head of the Reich. But the bait which the French had held out was too enticing. Freiburg and Breisach became Austrian once more, and Strasburg remained French.

But the recklessness from which the most sacred interests of the German Reich suffered in this matter was outvied by the slights cast upon Friedrich III. at the Ryswick negotiations. By his faithful adherence to his

allies he had deserved much from every one of them; and he now met only with shameful ingratitude. Not one of the Powers had honorably paid the subsidies which they had promised; and now at the Peace Congress which convened at Ryswick in the Summer of 1697, Friedrich III. was treated not as a Sovereign Prince, but as a subject vassal. An embassy from the Elector was indeed present at Ryswick, but the Kaiser arrogated to himself the sole right to treat concerning peace in the name of the whole Reich, and thus also in the name of Brandenburg. The French upheld the assumption of the Kaiser; the English and the Hollanders troubled themselves very little about the remonstrances of Friedrich; and thus it came to pass that the prince who in the war had enacted one of the most important parts played only a very subordinate one in the treaty by which the war was brought to a close, September 20th, 1697.

At this very time was fought the last great battle of the Turkish War, which had been raging for fifteen years. On the banks of the Theiss, near Zenta, September 1st, 1697, Prince Eugene of Savoy routed the Moslem hosts with fearful slaughter. Here a Brandenburg corps had fought on the side of the Austrians with such bravery that Prince Eugene embraced their commander, General von Schlabrendorf, exclaiming, "Next to God, I owe this magnificent victory to you, and to the bravery of the Brandenburgers." The result of this victory was the Peace of Carlowitz, concluded not long after, which secured Greater Hungary for the House of Habsburg.

Danckelmann had been succeeded as Prime Minister of Friedrich by the Lord High Chamberlain, Kolbe von Wartenberg, a courtier, whose chief merit was his activity and dexterity in subserving the personal inclinations of the Elector, and thereby furthering his own private interests. The first important thing which Wartenberg found upon his hands was to carry out what had come to be a fixed idea in the mind of Friedrich III.: that of securing for himself the dignity of King. And now that matters had turned out so badly for him at Ryswick, this elevation would afford some consolation for the humiliation which he had suffered there. The idea was by no means a new one. It had, indeed, been suggested during the lifetime of the Great Elector. Friedrich had taken it up quite early in his reign, and had broached the project to the Court of Vienna, and met with anything but favorable responses. Personal vanity had much to do with this wish on the part of Friedrich. The dignity of Elector had lost much of its ancient importance. Two of Friedrich's former compeers had lately attained to royalty, or were in expectation of doing so at no distant date. Elector August II. of Saxony had been chosen King of Poland; Elector George of Hanover would soon be called to the British throne, as the nearest heir designated in the Act of Succession; and the Elector of Bavaria was on the lookout for new dominions and thrones. Should Brandenburg be left behind by her old rivals, Hanover and Saxony? It must not be overlooked, however, that there would be a real and substantial gain in the formal consolidation of Preussen, Brandenburg and Cleves into one independent state, which could scarcely take any other name than a kingdom, with a king at its head.

But how should such a dignity find recognition? According to the idea of the times, the Christian states constituted a sort of commonwealth, over which there was at least one titular head. In the Catholic idea, there was a kind of double head: the Roman Pontiff as spiritual head, the Kaiser as temporal head. Protestants, indeed, denied this spiritual headship of the Pope; and for that very reason, perhaps, held all the more, in theory at least, to the temporal headship of the Kaiser. Leopold, the present Kaiser, was individually a very insignificant personage—little more than mouthpiece of the Court at Vienna; and the policy of this Court was wholly averse to the recognition of a great Protestant Power in Northern Germany.

The circumstances were singularly complicated by the attitude assumed by the Roman *Curia*, so far as its intentions were known. So tolerant had the Elector showed himself toward Catholics, that the idea gained prevalence that there was but one step between this tolerance and the going over to Rome. Vota, a clever Jesuit, endeavored to persuade the Elector to receive the desired crown from the hands of the Pope; and other matters might be left for the future to take care of. Another Jesuit planned a marriage between the Elector Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm and an Austrian Archduchess—she to remain a Catholic, and their female children to be brought up in that faith. The Elector turned a cold shoulder to both these projects.

At Berlin, indeed, it was more than hinted that the best way would be for the Elector, who was, in fact, as Duke of Preussen, an independent and Sovereign Prince to assume the royal title upon his own responsibilities, without asking the assent of Pope or Kaiser. But it was by no means certain that, if he should call himself a King, anybody else would recognize him as such. His title would lack the outward and visible stamp, which the assent of the Kaiser would give it.

With the Imperial Court so set against him, the Elector would probably never have gained any satisfactory terms had not a new train of events come up to favor him. Great wars were again, not very long after the Peace of Ryswick, impending in the East and the West of Europe. Poles, Danes, and Russians, were arraying themselves against the Swedes. Augustus of Poland and Saxony was dreaming of fresh augmentations to his wide dominions, and was anxious to meet with no hindrance in this from the disciplined armies of Brandenburg, and so he put in a good word for the Elector. The French threatened the liberties of Europe more seriously than ever before, for the last scion of the Spanish branch of the Habsburgs was just dead, and Louis XIV., upon very frivolous ground, laid claim for himself and his to that vast heritage—that "Kingdom upon which the sun never sets." To prevent the union of the Spanish monarchy with France, the Austrian Habsburgs, the English and the Dutch, must put forth all their strength, and, if need should arise, must secure auxiliary armies, for the acquisition of which no price seemed too high. The military power of the Elector of Brandenburg was very great. He had, indeed, some interest in opposing the French; but if his attention were drawn away to the war in the North, it was quite doubtful upon which side the armies of Brandenburg would in the end be found.

At this juncture Friedrich renewed his urgency upon the Kaiser for his assent to the assumption of the royal dignity. Leopold was in pressing need of support against Louis XIV., and matters were brought to a speedy conclusion. On November 16th, 1700, a compact was duly signed, by which Friedrich, in addition to certain other concessions to the Court of Vienna, pledged himself to recognize the Austrian Hapsburgs as the heirs to the Spanish crown, and to furnish them with an auxiliary force of 8,000 men. In return the Kaiser wished "blessing and good fortune to the dignity which the Brandenburger was about to attain; and might it remain in his posterity for ever."

THE ELECTOR FRIEDRICH AT BONN.

Friedrich III. has been often blamed for paying too high a price for this sanction to his royal title. It has been said that, in critical times, when no one could predict what changes of fortune would occur, he had deliberately tied up his own hands by pledging his support to the Austrian policy. But there can be no doubt that the Imperial assent could not have been gained upon more favorable terms. And it is worthy of note that

CORONATION OF FRIEDRICH AS FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Eugene of Savoy thought the advantages in this transaction were altogether on the side of Brandenburg. He is said to have declared emphatically that "those ministers who advised the Kaiser to recognize the Prussian crown deserved hanging."

In the month of December, 1700, the Elector and his family, accompanied by a great suite, set out for Königsberg, four hundred miles from Berlin, for the coronation was to take place in the chief city of Preussen, which was to give its name to the new Kingdom, of which it formed no inconsiderable part. On January 15th, 1701, a herald proclaimed in the streets of Königsberg, amid the pealing of bells and the roar of cannon, that "the Allwise Providence had ordained that the Most Illustrious and Most Powerful Prince and Lord, Friedrich, was now become King in Prussia" (*König in Preussen*). On the 17th was held the first reception of the "Knights in the Order of the Black Eagle," an Order founded for the coronation, and which remains the principal Order of the Kings of Prussia. On the 18th of January, Friedrich, clad in sumptuous robes, and surrounded by an illustrious assemblage in the Castle of Königsberg, placed the crown upon his head with his own hands, and then himself crowned the Queen. Thus asserting that nobody had bestowed the crown upon him; that no superior, temporal or spiritual, had given him permission; that the Imperial Court had merely given friendly recognition to what he had done by his own complete sovereign authority, and according to his own good pleasure. This idea is plainly set forth on the medal struck for the coronation. The obverse bears the laureled effigy of the King, and the legend: FRIDER. PRIMVS. D. G. REX. BORVSSIAE. On the reverse is a stately female figure, who stands overlooking the islanded Baltic. She is girt with the sword; her right hand bears the sceptre; in her left hand is the crown, which she is in the act of placing upon her head. The significant legend is: SVVM. CVIQVE—"To each his own."

PRINCE EUGENE EMBRACING THE BRANDENBURG GENERAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZENTA.

After the coronation, the King and Queen repaired to the Schlosskriche to render thanks to God for the great benefit they had obtained, and to receive the Sacrament of anointing. The ceremonial closed with a long series of festivities—banquets, serenades, illuminations and fireworks. The populace of Königsberg were regaled with an ox roasted whole, and fountains flowing with red and white wine; and the silver coronation medals were scattered in the streets.

The King remained at Königsberg until March, and then took his departure, escorted for a long way by the corporation and the burghers. In May he made his public entry in Berlin, where all due preparations had been made by the burghers, so that the ceremonial was as imposing as that at Königsberg had been. Thus was

accomplished that for which Friedrich had longed, which Danckelmann had opposed, and for which Wartenberg had labored with all his might. The Brandenburg state took from henceforth not only the arms of the Kingdom of Prussia, but also its name and title, and assumed an independent place among the Powers of Europe.

The commencement of the eighteenth century brought something more than the crown to the Prussian state. Even in those days, when the thoughts of Friedrich III. had been almost wholly engrossed with the attainment of the royal crown, the Court at Berlin was striving toward art and philosophy. The Electress, soon to be Queen, did good service in this direction. Her own thirst for knowledge, and the relations into which she had been brought with men of thought and culture, had long before led her to wish that Brandenburg should have an "Academy," or, as it was more usually designated, a "Philosophical Society," like those which already existed in England and France. Her desire was at length accomplished in part. Leibnitz, whose residence was at Hanover, made Berlin also a part of his field of action, and the Electress became his pupil, a circumstance which favored her wishes.

In March, 1700, a plan for founding an "Institute for the Advancement of Knowledge" was presented to the Elector, which was not only favored by him, but was considerably enlarged at his suggestion. Leibnitz and Sophie-Charlotte had intended to make special provision for researches in mathematics and natural philosophy. Friedrich took into view also theology, history and philosophy, in order that the "past history of the German people, and of the Evangelical Church," should be thoroughly understood, and that "the German language, which had become debased and corrupted by the admixture of foreign words, should be restored to its former purity and beauty." The Elector made noble benefactions to this academy, whose letters of foundation were dated July 4th, 1700. It is true that the difficulties which beset the ensuing years for a long time impeded the growth of this learned society, but the idea upon which it was based is characteristic of the spirit of the times when the Electorate of Brandenburg was developing into the Kingdom of Prussia.

But the Government of Friedrich, notwithstanding all which had been gained, after the downfall of Danckelmann rested upon rather unsecure foundations. During the latter years of the Electorship, the Court at Berlin had absorbed a considerable portion of the public revenues. The expenditures were largely increased after the coronation. The number of Court officials was greatly enlarged, The royal residences, country-seats, and hunting-lodges, were expensively furnished and kept up; banquet succeeded to banquet. Every day at dinner there was a band of four-and-twenty performers. The officers of the royal suite were resplendent in white satin trimmed with points of gold. The attire of Their Majesties glittered with the most costly precious stones. The King's diamond buttons cost more than $10,000 each.

King Friedrich I. should not, however, be held wholly accountable for all this extravagance. For years he scarcely suspected how matters really stood. The courtiers, whom he had made the successors of Danckelmann, cunningly kept everything disagreeable out of his sight. Kolbe von Wartenberg—who had been created Count von Wartenberg in 1699—maintained his long ascendency by pandering to the inclinations of Friedrich. In the matter of the elevation of the Elector to the Kingship, he had worked, not only for the wishes of his master, but also for the interests of the state. That attained, the state expenditures should have been economically administered. But Wartenberg's chief aim was to lead the King on from amusement to amusement, and thus delude him by a show of propriety quite at variance with the actual condition of the Kingdom.

Among the able state officials who had not been willing to submit to the rule of the excellent Danckelmann, it was inevitable that there should spring up deep dissatisfaction against his unworthy successor. But their attempts to have him removed availed nothing against the good opinion which Friedrich had cherished for Wartenberg ever since the acquisition of the royal dignity. Wartenberg had moreover introduced into the royal Council two men after his own heart, by whose means he secured his position still more firmly. These were the Reichsgraf August von Wittgenstein, who was made Chief-marshal of the Court, and Count Wartersleben, an officer who was promoted to Field-marshal, in place of the stout old Albrecht von Barfuss, who had been for a short time the rival of Watersleben.

All these men worked perniciously in the domain of foreign affairs; for not long after the coronation of Friedrich, the fury of war drew closer to the Prussian territories from all sides. In the West began the "War of the Spanish Succession," in which, by the agreement with the Kaiser, some portion of the Prussian armies had to take part. Simultaneously with this, Charles XII., the young King of Sweden, was aiming fearful blows at Denmark, Russia, and Poland, who were leagued against him. In this "Northern War" Prussia could not remain neutral, although her own territories were not directly endangered. But by taking part in this war Prussia might perhaps gain either Polish Preussen or Swedish Pommern. And notwithstanding the war in the West, the well-trained armies of Prussia were sufficient to form a heavy weight in the scale against Charles XII. But England, Holland, and the Kaiser, were desirous that the whole of the armies of Prussia, not a mere fragment of them—should be employed against France, thus letting the Northern War alone. As they represented the matter to the Court of Berlin, if the King of Prussia went into this Northern War he must do it at his own expense; whereas, if he lent his main force to Austria and the naval Powers, he would not only get large subsidies, but might look for a goodly share in the anticipated conquests. Wartenberg was largely paid for advocating this side of the question; and Friedrich was won over. Apparently this case was very much as it had been in the former war of 1688-1697. But there was really this great difference: Then the aim for which Brandenburg entered into the contest was to defend the liberties of the German Reich and of Europe; now Prussia entered upon it in order to prevent the frustration of the designs of Austria and the Naval Powers.

During this long War of the Spanish Succession, the soldiers of Prussia fought in Belgium and on the Rhine, in the heart of Germany and in Italy. Their numbers sometimes rose higher than ever under the Great Elector; and their discipline and equipment served as models for all other armies. In every one of the great battles by which the supremacy of Louis XIV. was destroyed, the black-and-white flag of Prussia led the way to victory. At the severe conflict at Hochstadt, on the Danube, August 15th, 1704, the Prussian battalions were under the chief command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, who afterward expressly ascribed to their "unshaken constancy" that the enemy "fled with great precipitance, and gave to the Allies such a splendid victory." Belgium

and Italy were wrested from the French by a long series of bloody encounters, in which the Prussians won for themselves the highest renown; sometimes fighting by the side of the Duke of Marlborough, sometimes by that of Prince Eugene. The proudest day of all was perhaps September 7th, 1706, when they made a successful sortie from Turin, which was closely invested by the French. Prince Eugene looked on with wondering admiration as they carried with a rush the lofty intrenchments by which the enemy had covered themselves. The Imperial general announced to the Court at Vienna: "The Prussians have by far excelled my people in bravery and discipline. We must take all possible care for the comfort of such troops. The Prussians have well deserved it; and there is no price too high for me to reward their endurance."

The admirable discipline which made the Prussian troops the best soldiers in the world, was owing to the generals, most of whom had been trained in the school of the Great Elector. Foremost among these was the youngest of them all, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, in after years to be known as "The Old Dessauer." He had left the government of his little estate, and had found a new home under the black-and-white flag. His regiment was the first which was trained to keep equal step, and moved upon the battlefield under a rain of bullets with as much precision as upon the parade-ground. To the infantry he gave the iron ramrod, instituting thereby the terrible "Prussian quick-firing." Wherever he led, his subordinates knew that victory or death was the only alternative. When he moved upon the veterans of Louis XIV. his bands played the lively tune which has become immortal as "The Dessau March." After the great day at Turin, Prince Eugene wrote these grand and simple words: "Prince Leopold has again wrought wonders." And when the war came to an end, the grim soldier went back to the kindly domestic life which he had taken up in despite of the remonstrances of his princely kindred, by uniting himself in equal marriage with the beloved one of his early years, Anna-Luise Föse, the daughter of an apothecary.

But of what avail to the Prussian state was this unequaled army? King Friedrich might look with pride upon its heroic achievements; but he could not look to receive any guerdon commensurate with the heavy sacrifices which he had made. For a long time he hoped for this. From the Kaiser he had looked for this or that acquisition in Germany won from the Spanish Habsburgs. He claimed the little territory of Ober-Gueldres, and designated the possessions of the House of Orange as his birthright. In all this he was bitterly disappointed. King William III. died, March 19th, 1702, leaving behind him that testament which ruthlessly disinherited the son of Luise-Henrietta. In the Netherlands men were jubilant at this, for they dreaded any closer relations with the powerful Kingdom of Prussia; and when Friedrich took possession of a part of the Orange inheritance, the Swiss Neuenburg and the German Countships of Lingen and Mörs, they broke out into rude execrations against "the Prussian thieves." Kaiser Leopold also died, May 5th, 1705; and under his son and successor, Joseph I., the Habsburg policy set itself still more rudely in opposition to this "North-German vassal," for Joseph I. had grown up amid the brilliant victories which Austria had won during the last ten years over the Hungarians, the Turks, and the French. His overweening Imperial self-sufficiency led him to consider and treat the Prussian state as one bound to all the observances due from a subject country.

King Friedrich took umbrage at this treatment by the Allies, and perhaps scornfully gave orders for the recall of his troops from the Rhine and from Italy. But finally the considerations again prevailed which had determined his policy since the beginning of the war. The whole world now grew more and more accustomed to the idea that Prussia must put forth her whole strength for any good cause, and must get only "God's pay" for it.

The Northern War in the meanwhile filled all Europe with turmoil and blood. The provinces of Preussen were repeatedly in peril of being overswept by the opposing armies all around them. In Berlin emissaries of both parties proposed a league, which should be remunerated, as the case might be, by the acquisition of Vor-Pommern or of West Preussen. The state of the Great Elector did not now possess a favorable opportunity of securing Stettin or Dantzic, and at the same time of protecting its own territory against any sudden attack. For years men had lived in apprehension of a near stroke of fate, until finally Charles XII. shifted the scene of war to Southern Russia, and there—at Poltawa, July 8th, 1709—was routed by the forces of Peter the Great.

Men might then breathe somewhat more freely; but they were by no means spared the miseries of war. While Swedish, Russian and Polish hordes were marching through the territories of Preussen they spread infectious diseases generated by their rough military way of life. In the Province of Preussen, where there had been a succession of bad harvests, the general distress rose to a fearful height, and a pestilential fever made such ravages that within a short time the population was reduced to three-fourths of its former number; and men began to believe that the Russians must in the end bear rule in Vor-Pommern in place of the Swedes; for during the progress of the war the Russians, Poles and Danes had seized upon the German possessions of Charles XII. Czar Peter, the vanquisher of the Swedes, was already dreaming of the extension of his sovereignty into the heart of the German Reich. The independence of the Prussian states would be lost should the Autocrat of Russia reduce Stettin and Stralsund under his sway. Only the taking of a decided part in the war could prevent Prussia from being stifled by the Sclavic Power.

But a revolution had taken place in domestic affairs which might be looked upon as the presage of better things for the development of the Prussian state. The Wartenberg Ministry was broken up toward the end of the year 1710, and true patriots regained the ear of the King. The catastrophe would perhaps have come sooner had there not been faithful subordinate officials who made up in a manner for the misdeeds of their superiors. But these grew too flagrant to be passed over. An investigation was instituted in the Autumn of that year. Count Wittgenstein was arrested on the 29th of December, and for a long time was exposed to condign punishment. But the King remitted, "at his constant and pitiful entreaty," the payment of a large fine which had been imposed upon his family estates. Count Wartenburg got off still more easily. Thanks to the kindly feeling which Friedrich preserved for him, the King "in all graciousness" permitted him to retire from the service with a pension of 69,000 marks, and he died at Frankfort-on-the-Main a few months later.

The change thus begun was all the more salutary because better men succeeded those who had been displaced. The greatest influence was acquired by the Privy Councilor Rüdeger von Ilgen, a Westphalian by birth, one of the most learned and accomplished diplomatists of the times, who had already done the state good service; and now that his hands were unfettered he had

SOPHIE-CHARLOTTE, FIRST QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

DAN'S LETTY.—"'GIVE ME THE KNIFE, WEIR,' SAID LETTY, WITH A TOUCH OF BRAVADO IN HER VOICE. 'WILL YOU BE FRIENDS?' HE ANSWERED, EXTENDING HIS HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

opportunity to show that he could not only keep the Fatherland from harm, but could gain for it new advantages. Among the practical advisers of Friedrich I. was the Crown Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm, now grown to early manhood, who had seen through the abuses of Wartenberg and his cabal; and more than any other man had given voice to the universal distrust against it.

But Friedrich I. had not much more to do with public affairs. Queen Sophie-Charlotte had died at the beginning of 1705. Three years afterward he married Princess Sophie-Luise of Mecklenburg. The marriage brought little happiness, for the new Queen was harsh and bigoted in religious as well as other matters. Before long she became mentally deranged, and lived in seclusion in her own apartments. The health of the King had gradually declined. Early one morning the poor Queen, in her white night-dress, dashed into his sleeping-room. There had been a tradition in the House of Hohenzollern ever since the times of the ill-starred Kunigunde of Orlamünde—wellnigh four centuries before—that "The White Woman" was wont to appear just before the death of any one of them. The shock was too much for the King. He was taken to his bed, from which he never rose, and died a few days after, February 25th, 1713, at the age of fifty-seven. The poor Queen lived twenty years longer.

The War of the Spanish Succession had been virtually closed some months before, though not formally ended until April, 1713, when the singular Peace of Utrecht was signed, confirmed and somewhat modified a year later by that of Rastadt. But the Northern War still smoldered and sputtered between Swedes and Poles, Russians, Danes and Germans, until the embers were at length trodden out by King Friedrich-William, in his one war, in 1715.

King Friedrich I. has been treated of in a singular manner by history. His subjects were fond of designating him their "Good Lord." His weakness and foibles lay on the surface. He looked more at the show and parade of power than at its reality, and suffered himself to be led and guided by dexterous courtiers, who humored his inclinations for their own advantage; but his aims were upright and lofty, and he sedulously maintained the military power of his state, which had been bequeathed to him by his father. Certainly no European sovereign of his time, except William III. of England, can be placed as high as he. His grandson and namesake, Friedrich II., styled the Great, could have no personal recollection of him, for he was only fourteen months old when the old King died; but in summing up his character he has "hit the nail on the head." He says: "Friedrich I. seems to say to his successors, 'I have won the royal title for you; may you prove worthy of it. I have laid the foundations of your greatness; do you complete the work.'"

DAN'S LETTY.

THE wind was blowing fresh from the sea, with a salty smell. The little waves along Crab Inlet came running and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach the shore.

An old boat lay bottom upward in a drift of white sand, and on its battered side, next the land, some one had recently cut with a sharp knife the name of Letty, followed by a rude attempt at a heart and dart.

"Who did this?" said Weir Alden.

Weir Alden was a young fellow who had come to Crab Inlet, with a gay party from the hotel at Flinder's Point, for the day.

He had now wandered away, considerably further than he had any idea of, from the rest of his friends, in company with Miss Ives, a pretty girl and a bit of a "blue," to search for a certain kind of a sea-flower or weed that she was very enthusiastic about, and felt certain that she could find.

"Delightful!" cried Miss Ives, as Weir pointed to the name cut on the boat. "Letty never did it, that I know; but it is what Letty's own true lover may have done."

"And right you are, miss," said a hoarse, throaty voice, the other side of the old boat, as a sunburnt man, with a wide-brimmed coarse straw hat and flannel shirt, very much open at the neck, rose slowly to his feet from the drift of sand where he had been lying. "It were Letty's own true lover as cut her name. And pretty as the name be, yet it ain't no circumstance to Letty's pretty face, no more than yours be to hers, miss, though pretty enough you stand. And if you don't believe it, miss, just ask any one you see around here for Dan's Letty, and hear what they says."

"I don't see any one to ask," said Miss Ives, much amused. "Are you Dan, and did you cut the name on the boat?"

"Right you are, miss, again. And seeing you so pleasant-spoken, I had like you to see my girl."

"Your—oh, Letty! Thank you, Dan. I should like to see your paragon of beauty very much."

"Stop! What's that? My parable of beauty, did you say? Right you are, miss, every time. Letty is more than a circumstance to that, too. Sit you right here on the sand, miss, you and your brother—it's clean—and I'll go off and fetch Letty now."

"Isn't this delicious!" said Miss Ives, in a whisper to Weir, Dan being not yet out of sight, though certainly he was out of hearing, striding away along the shore toward a point where the green fields ran down to meet the white sand. "Did you ever imagine such a quaint specimen of humanity in any place, Mr. Alden? Decidedly; finding Dan and Letty is better than finding seaweed. What seaweed is a circumstance to Letty, Mr. Alden, or to Dan?"

"Give it up," said Weir, lazily stretching himself at her side in the dry, warm sand. "If you are 'no circumstance' to this 'parable of beauty,' Miss Ives, what can a little pulpy or withered bit of seaweed be? Look over the edge of the boat, if you please—there, where the rank grass stops. Dan has evidently found Letty to 'fetch' her, and Letty will not be 'fetched.'"

"Oh, but she must come!" cried Miss Ives, faithfully following Weir's directions, and pressing her narrow, pretty chin against the rim of the old boat, while her soft eyes fixed themselves intently upon the two figures on the edge of the green. "I must see her close."

"I wonder why he called me your brother?" said Weir, pursuing his own thought, and heaping a tiny mound of sand on the fold of Miss Ives's gown that was nearest him.

"You looked so uninterested in me, probably," said Miss Ives, unconsciously piquing him to regard her more attentively. "Do, Mr. Alden, go over there and bring Letty back. I am sure she will not come for Dan."

Indeed, the girl's figure in the field had turned from the man's, and taken several steps away.

Weir made Miss Ives look at him.

"Do you really want me to go for you?" he said.

"Yes, really."

"Very well. Then, fool's errand or not, I will go."

Weir Alden leapt impetuously up, with a sudden, new sensation regarding Miss Ives that was rather pleasurable to feel, and moved rapidly in the direction of the field.

It is not so easy to walk in deep sand. By the time he had come up to Dan he was quite out of breath.

Letty had not gone very far. Weir saw before him the full, rich shape of a woman divinely tall, in a close-fitting dark gown, with a speck of scarlet where the flat white collar closed at the neck, and dark, loosely-braided hair that the wind, in toying with, had blown to picturesque untidiness around her face.

But such a face! In his lifetime, among all the beautiful women he had ever seen or known, Weir Alden had never met with such surpassing loveliness before.

Instinctively he removed his hat with the air he would have bowed to royalty, and stood bareheaded in reverence to this rare beauty.

Dan looked proudly on her, with an attempt to imprison her hand in his, in token of ownership, perhaps. But Letty snatched her fingers away before they were held fast in his broad red palm.

"She has took it into her head not to go yonder and see your sister," said Dan, with a sort of apologetic air, "and if you know women much, as you might be married, so be——"

"I am not married," said Weir, briefly.

"So being if you know women," continued Dan, "you know as they must and will have their way. It ain't to be wondered at, considering the sect. But it do make me disappointed-like to have Letty take on not to go, so pleasant-spoken as your sister is, too."

"And why will you not go, Letty?" said Weir.

"I don't choose to be laughed at, nor pulled to pieces when my back are turned," said the goddess, with the same superb indifference to grammar Weir had observed in Dan; "and, besides, you are both Flinder's Point Hotel people. I don't have nothing to do with such."

"Ah, but we cannot help that! It is the only hotel in the place. But I know it is not a very good hotel. It is rather rough. All the same, there are some very nice people there. You mistake, too, if you think you would be pulled to pieces or laughed at by us. Why should we laugh?"

"You couldn't help it," said Letty, shortly; and she fairly moved away, with a grand erect carriage and a stately step.

Dan went after her; but she sent him back. He spoke to Weir, who did not heed him, all Mr. Alden's attention being centred on the retreating, disdainful beauty. He had forgotten all about Miss Ives.

When he returned to her, he wondered he had even found her pretty. His mind's eye was filled with the image of Dan's Letty.

"It was a fool's errand," he said.

"Never mind," said Miss Ives; "I have found the seaweed. On the whole, I am glad the 'parable' refused to come. One would not have known what to say to her. How do you talk to a Crab Inlet girl, Mr. Alden?"

"She snubbed us because we are Flinder's Point Hotel people," said Weir. "Crab Inlet thinks itself above the Point."

"Is she a 'parable,' Mr. Alden?"

Weir was silent. He felt what Letty had said was true. They were laughing at her already."

"Isn't she pretty, Mr. Alden?" pursued Miss Ives.

"Pretty? No!" cried Weir, recalling the splendid beauty of her face.

Miss Ives smiled complacently, and exhibited her seaweed.

Weir Alden did not feel like talking with her, so he put a few leading questions about this particular kind of weed, which launched her at once into the deepest of conversational monologues, haply showing him her stores of knowledge, and proving her right to the title of a "blue."

This sort of thing lasted until they joined the others of the party, for which Weir was very thankful. Yet Miss Ives had been doing her best to entertain him.

In some unaccountable way Mr. Weir Alden missed the boat that carried back his friends to Flinder's Point at six o'clock.

Miss Ives had left her shawl on the sand, and discovered her neglect only when on board the boat. Weir Alden volunteered to get it.

There was fully a quarter of an hour before the boat sailed, according to the printed time-tables, and he had more than time enough to have returned with the shawl. But the boat sailed without Mr. Weir Alden or Miss Ives's shawl.

There had previously been a good deal of excitement in regard to Mr. Alden's non-appearance.

Miss Ives had begged the captain to defer his departure until Mr. Alden came. This, however, the captain, with his finger on the time-table, absolutely refused to do.

His boat had regularly sailed the same hour for thirteen years from Crab Inlet for Pocahontas Bay, stopping at Flinder's Point on the way down. The gentleman must sleep over night at Crab Inlet.

There were several houses where the captain knew he could get a bed. The boat would leave Pocahontas Bay the next morning at nine, and take the regular trip from Crab Inlet again at this same hour—six. Possibly the captain would then have Mr. Alden on board—unless, indeed, Mr. Alden should hire a sailing-boat and follow the little steamer to Flinder's Point.

Miss Ives thought Mr. Alden would do this last. She penciled him a little note, which was left fluttering in the wind, transfixed by a rusty nail to a clapboard on the dock, until he should come there and see it.

Weir Alden had strolled as far as the old, upturned boat on the sand, before Miss Ives's shawl was found. Then he had seen Letty standing beyond, on the edge of the field, and had gone on further to her, Miss Ives's shawl hanging on his arm.

"Letty, I want to speak to you a minute before I go," he began, "perhaps never to see you again."

"Who are you?" said Letty, abruptly, with her eyes wandering caressingly over his highbred, pleasant face.

"My name is Weir Alden."

"How would you like me to call you Weir?"

"Very much indeed. Will you do so?"

"Suppose I had not asked if you liked it or not, but had begun calling you Weir all at once?"

"I should have been pleased all the same."

"I am not pleased to have you call me Letty."

"Miss Letty, I beg your pardon. I meant no offense," said Weir."

"Would you have called a young lady by her Christian name the first time you saw her—one of your *friends?*" pursued Letty. "Of course you would not. But I am not a young lady. I am poor and countrified, and you look down on me, Mr. Weir Alden, like all the city fine people at Flinder's Point Hotel. Look at me, though, and tell me honestly are they any of them made better than I? Have any of them a handsomer face? I don't

THE LAST FAREWELL.

take any credit to myself for my good looks, Mr. Alden Weir. God made me; but somehow I feel as if I were a lady out of place, and not a born Crab Inlet girl."

She broke away from him with a gesture that forbade him to follow.

Weir saw her as she crossed the wide field. There was nothing left for him but to retrace his steps.

He found the dock deserted and the boat gone; he also found Miss Ives's impromptu note. After he had read it, he crumpled it carelessly in his pocket.

Then he went in search of a boatman and boat to get to Flinder's Point before night. He felt it was useless to attempt to get Letty to talk to him. It would be both selfish and unkind if he should endeavor to force an acquaintance. With a sigh he dismissed the idea.

Weir had no desire to remain. He resigned himself, however, to the inevitable, and permitted Dan to pilot him to a house where he could sleep over night. Dan led him to a one-storied, unpainted, larger house than the others on the shore—a house that stood in a vegetable-garden, with a green field sloping behind to meet the sand, and said:

"So being as you seen Letty this day, and was sorter knowing her, so to speak, I owned as you might be more comfortable here. The old folks will be glad of to take you in."

Weir did not know what to say. In his heart he owed Dan a debt of gratitude for giving him another opportunity to meet Letty.

But he began already to wonder what he should say to

SMILE, LADY SMILE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 111.

All the Crab Inlet boats were out. In this new dilemma Weir Alden saw Dan, to whom he very briefly described the case, and artfully made appeal for sympathy. How to get to Flinder's Point to-night?

It could not be done, so Dan said. The tide would be against it when the Crab Inlet fishing-boats should return.

Indeed, there was no certainty that any of them would return that night. If they had gone outside they would be likely to anchor and stay out a day or so.

"You can get a place for the night almost anywhere here," Dan continued. "Sir, it is the best you can do, and if you know women, as I said before, why, you know your sister won't be over-worried because as you don't come till to-morrow. She knows where you are, so be her mind is easy. It's no circumstance to not knowing where a man may be."

her—how explain that chance alone brought him to her door.

It was as Dan said. The old people—a slow-moving, sad-faced old man, and a gentle-voiced, careworn woman whom he regarded oddly as Letty's parents—gave him their best room at once.

The daughter being away, the mother herself prepared the sheets and brought water to his room. The old man told him the evening meal would be ready in a little while, and invited Dan to share it.

The three men sat out on the front porch, while the kitchen-door stood open, and the old woman within was standing over the fire, preparing some savory fish, whose odor stole appetizingly out to them.

Dan and Letty's father had begun to talk of things incident to their station and occupations in life. The grand figure of Letty came in sight through the homely

little garden. To spare her from meeting him before she knew he was her father's guest, Weir Alden strolled away in the direction of the shore.

He not once looked round, nor did he stop till he had reached the old boat, bottom up on the sand, again. It was the third time that day.

He staid there a little while and studied the rude letters of Letty's name cut in the wood. Some impulse made him take out his own knife and to begin, schoolboy fashion, cutting his own initials underneath Letty's name. And while he was so engaged, Letty herself came to call him into the house for supper. Weir felt suddenly very much as if the schoolmaster had detected him defacing his desk.

"Give me the knife, Weir," said Letty, with a touch of bravado in her voice, and purposely making use of his name.

"Will you be friends?" he answered, extending his hand. "There is no lady alive that can equal you, Letty."

She slowly put her hand in his, with a questioning look, while his left hand tossed the knife far out over the little tumbling waves. Then they felt that they understood each other without any more words.

The homely fare tasted sweeter to Weir Alden than any rich banquet could have done. He was intoxicated with Letty's beauty and the gleaming whiteness of her arm, bared to the elbow, as she passed dishes and rose from the table to wait upon the guest. He began to talk, and exert himself to please his hosts. They hung, as if entranced, upon his words.

The moon poured a white light on the sand. Dan and Letty walked together in the moonlight, and then Dan said "Good-night." He struck across the country to his own home. The old man and his wife had gone to bed.

Letty came to Weir, as he sat alone in the moonlight, and gave him the key of the house-door, with instructions, or a request, rather, to fasten it securely when he should retire.

"It is early yet," said Weir. "It is not ten o'clock. Are you sleepy that you are going to bed now, Letty? Come and walk with me a little on the shore. I am lonely, and I would like to walk with you in the moonlight for once in my life, so that I might have that walk in my memory ever."

Let was persuaded. She found a charm in Weir Alden's manners and bearing different from the class of men she had known all her life.

Once convinced that he did not seek her acquaintance to ridicule and despise her lowly mode of living and want of education, she became womanly and confiding. She chatted quite at her ease and charmed him.

Arm in arm they paced the white sand. The wind blew fresher and colder, without the sun to temper its chill.

Weir got Miss Ives's shawl and wrapped it about Letty's shoulders. He thrilled in the moonlight at the slight contact of his fingers with her lovely form, and she, too, thrilled with pleasure at the soft weight and rich feeling of the warm India cashmere that for the first time she wore. She stroked the border lovingly, and said:

"How nice it must be to be a lady and wear such a shawl! I wish I was rich enough to have one. But I am afraid your sister will be angry if I wear it. Take it off; it is too fine for a poor Crab Inlet girl."

"Nothing is too fine for you, Letty," whispered Weir.

So Letty kept the shawl on.

After a while they sat down in the shadow of the boat. Weir was tolerably well acquainted with Letty's whole history now.

She was utterly unreserved with him as a child. He knew the meaning of the heart and dart on the boat, and her name carved above them.

Letty had never guessed that Dan loved her. She was used to seeing him every day, and never thought of him in the light of a lover.

But once she saw him hacking away with his knife on the boat, and when he was gone she came up and read the name and saw the rude heart and dart. Then she knew that Dan cared for her first.

After that she often went to the old boat and looked at her name, and still wondered why Dan never spoke. And once, just before supper-time, Dan had been sent to look for her, found her here, and took courage to tell her the secret she had already divined. So Dan was Letty's own true lover now, and some day, they did not know when, they meant to be married. Such was Letty's artless story of the only love-affair of her life.

A pang shot through Weir Alden at the thought of such glorious beauty being made a sacrifice to a man like this.

He envied Dan, and for a mad moment, as he looked at Betty, hated him for the good fortune of such a wife. He went to bed with the moonlight streaming on his face, and he dreamed of Letty.

In the morning he wakened early, and hurried out of his room. But early as it was, he found the little family had already breakfasted, and the old man was weeding in the vegetable-garden before the house.

Letty was alone in the kitchen. Her mother had gone away to assist a neighbor whose wife was ill, and had called on her for help. The table was spread with a white cloth, and the simple service on it was ready for the guest.

Weir asked only for coffee and bread. He watched Letty make the coffee, and she allowed him to lend a helping hand. There was something very fascinating in it all. And finally he coaxed Letty to sit at the table with him and eat.

He had an odd fancy the while that it was like a honeymoon breakfast. Letty was so assiduous in her attentions. He had such a strange content—a feeling of perfect happiness and delight. He had a wild desire to realize it all.

After breakfast he went out and weeded with the old man. Dan found him in the garden when he came hurrying to tell him that the little steamer from Pocahontas Bay and Flinder's Point that morning was lying at her dock. Weir took Dan's arm and went after the captain of the boat.

He gave him a written order for a portmanteau, his gun, rod and other traps from the hotel. When the boat sailed that night at six Dan was on board, charged to return with them.

Weir Alden staid six weeks at Crab Inlet. His friends wondered what had become of him, and then quite forgot to wonder—that is, all but Miss Ives. Miss Ives did not cease to wonder. She received her shawl and a note by Dan. She had questioned him, and knew Weir was staying at Letty's house. She wondered if a girl like Letty had anything to do with his staying. She also puzzled over the note he had sent. It was very short: "Give me time enough," the note said, "to think over it. I have lost my head. Do not write to me. In pity's sake let me alone."

Miss Ives accordingly let him alone.

Weir was all this time desperately in love with Letty.

Naturally he was with her a great part of the time alone. Naturally, the rest of the time Dan joined them. But Weir chafed at the infliction of Dan.

He could not endure to hear their marriage discussed. It seemed to him Dan was always parading himself as Letty's future husband. It was intolerable. Once he said to Letty:

"Do you remember what you said the first day I saw you, that you felt you were a lady out of place here in Crab Inlet? Tell me, Letty, how would you like me to take you away from here, and make you a lady in your true place?"

"I would like it," said Letty, her face in a glow.

"Then it shall be!" cried Weir; "since you are willing, Letty, that is enough. We will go."

"But Dan?" murmured Letty, reluctantly.

"You are throwing yourself away to marry Dan," said Weir, angrily. "A peerless creature like yourself to be buried all your life like a diamond in a bank of clay. Forgive me, Letty. It is a monstrous and unnatural thing. You ought to queen it among your mates. Come with me, Letty. I will give you love and everything else that your heart desires. I will deck you in silk and lace, and you shall sparkle with precious gems. You shall be waited on and served, and do no more work. I cannot bear to see you work."

"I am not ashamed of work, Mr. Weir Alden."

"But I do not want you to work, my darling. I want you to be a lady and my wife."

"Take me," said Letty, putting both her hands in his, and looking out to sea.

Weir lifted her hands to his lips and kissed her round, lovely wrists. But Letty did not look at him once. It was odd.

Weir made Letty keep this a secret. He arranged to go to Flinder's Point alone, and let her go on to Pocahontas Bay, where he meant to join her. Then they would be married and leave for the city. But Letty was to write to her parents and to Dan from Pocahontas Bay.

He took leave of Crab Inlet that week. Letty represented at home that she wished to buy things for her wedding—which was strictly true, although she did not refer to poor Dan—and would like to visit the stores at Pocahontas Bay.

Dan was the one who unsuspiciously suggested Letty should leave under the captain's charge, with Mr. Weir Alden as companion as far as Flinder's Point. Dan took Letty on board and left her there, having resigned her to the captain and to Weir.

The honest fellow was overjoyed at the prospect of marrying his "true love Letty," as he kept styling her, so soon. For had she not proposed this trip and the purchase of wedding-garments herself?

Weir felt some compunction in the matter; but as his glance fell on Letty all uncomfortable feelings vanished of doing a wrong to Dan, and he only considered that for this glorious beauty a man might do much worse and be justified for the sake of possessing and of calling her his own.

Letty was strangely quiet on the way down. They had left at six o'clock, and by nine had reached Flinder's Point. Letty was to sleep on board all night as the safest place. The captain had arranged with Dan and her father that she should have his cabin for herself. Weir had no need to feel disturbed as he crossed the gangplank away from his love.

But he did feel disturbed. He did not like to leave her even this little while.

There was dancing in the hotel parlors as he entered. Miss Ives was sitting outside, watching the dancers through the open windows, and she saw him pass. He was obliged to stop and speak.

"What did you mean by your note?" she said.

"I am going to be married," said Weir. "Didn't I say I had lost my head?"

"Who is she?" then asked Miss Ives, and her voice was not so glad as it had been when she greeted him.

"It is a long story," said Weir; "this is not the place to tell it in. I will tell you all another time. I want to tell you. And I want you to be very kind."

Miss Ives tried to find the meaning of his words all night. The thought of Letty never once entered her head.

Weir avoided her in the morning. He addressed his trunks and left them in the office. Then he got a horse and wagon from the hotel-stable and drove along a soft, sandy road by the shore, to the beautiful curve of Pocahontas Bay, where the railroad station and the active little village lay.

He wandered about in every place he thought that he could meet Letty. He waited where he appointed to meet her, but she did not come. Finally he began to make inquiries.

The little steamer, of course, had sailed at nine o'clock that morning. It was possible Letty had become confused and remained on board. In that case she had been carried back to Flinder's Point. She was totally unused to travel even so short a distance alone.

Weir drove back to Flinder's Point. He brought the horse back reeking with sweat. He hurried to the boat-landing, just in time to see the steamer cast off. He returned in great dejection to the hotel, and a porter told him a young woman was in his room.

It was Letty. She was terribly white and pale.

"I was afraid to leave the boat alone," she said; "you were nowhere near. I came here to find you and to tell you I cannot go."

"You cannot certainly go back," said Weir, in an icy tone, with every drop of blood freezing round his heart.

"Why not?" said Letty, simply. "I have done no wrong. The captain told me to get off at Flinder's Point, to amuse myself in seeing the ladies and to find you, who would take care of me till Dan comes. The captain will bring Dan here on the six o'clock trip."

"And are you and Dan going to stay here all night, away from home together, since you cannot go back until morning?"

"Oh, no! I am going to sleep on board the boat. The captain says I may have his cabin again, and that Dan may turn in with him."

"Letty," said Weir, excitedly, "you are as false as I believe you true!"

"If you please," said Letty, with an imperial air, "I will leave you now. Perhaps I ought not to have come—indeed, I know I ought not to have come. My duty is to Dan and to home. I don't want ever to see you again. You came to Crab Inlet and almost forced me away. You tempted me because you saw I wanted to be a lady.

"I loved you," groaned Weir.

"I have been thinking it all over," continued Letty, slowly, "and I would not be happy as your wife. I don't know how to be a lady, and you couldn't help seeing my ignorance and contrasting me with those others who are ladies born. I would seem to you a very poor make-believe. You would be ashamed of me—you couldn't help it—just as I am ashamed of Dan when I see him with you. And I loved Dan before you came."

"Will you marry Dan?" said Weir, in a smothered voice.

"I do not know. I know, though, that I never want to see you, never want to look on your face. again. I used to be happy before I knew you. I am not happy now, or satisfied. I wish you would give me a last promise never to see me again."

THE ORNAMENTAL DIRECTOR.— SEE PAGE 106.

"Do you mean that?" said Weir.

"I mean it," she answered.

Weir covered his eyes with his hand. Letty was standing at the door.

"Then Letty," he said, with great effort, "I will give you my word."

"Thank you," she said.

And he felt a little wind blow over him like a sudden draft, and when he looked up she was gone, and the wind was blowing in from the open door.

He staid in his room till the six o'clock boat had gone. Then he went outside, and Miss Ives was the first person he saw.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Alden?" she said, with real concern; "you look so haggard, I am afraid that you are not well. I have been waiting here to see you. I thought it a good place—it is so quiet—to hear what you have to tell me. But if it is a long story, and you are ill, never mind. I will hear it another time."

"Now is as good as any time," said Weir, a sudden impulse sweeping over him like a wave, and carrying him away with it, making him draw nearer her, and speak in a low, dangerous voice, she thrilled to hear. I will make

A CORK TREE WITH BARK ON.

the story short. I will not tell you why I exiled myself at Crab Inlet so long. I wrote I was making a fool of myself, that I had lost my head. It is for you to say whether I am the fool or not."

"You are going to be married," she said, in a faint way.

"The announcement was a little premature. You must give me your consent first. I asked you to listen and be kind. Will you be kind now?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Alden."

"Miss Ives, I am asking you to be my wife."

And then it happened very curiously that Miss Ives put both her hands in his, exactly as Letty had done not a week ago, and while a spasm of pain at the recollection crossed Weir's face, she said, with a pretty blush, and her eyes put away:

"I shall not take so long to think about it as you have done, nor need you have exiled yourself for my sake, as I feel you did, Mr. Alden. I do not think you have lost your head loving me." And as she said this, a grim smile hovered an instant on the lips of the man in whose hand hers were held. "What you have lost is time." And now Weir's smile grew more grim and faded away. "For, if you had asked me before, or the first day we went to the Inlet, I would have said the same thing I say now."

A TREE PARTLY BARKED.

"And that is?" said Weir, scarcely regretting the

IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—STRIPPING THE CORK FROM THE TREES.—SEE PAGE 109.

impulse that had made him speak, as he regarded Miss Ives, who still studiously looked away from him; and as he felt her pulse flutter in his touch. This time Miss Ives looked at him.

"I will be kind," she said.

THE ORNAMENTAL DIRECTOR.

The Marquis of Mistylands was a truly magnificent creature, who married the heiress of A. Shoddyman, merchant clothier, of Bradford and San Francisco; but Lord Augustus Shortcasshe, one of his younger brothers, had no money at all, nor would the most honorable marquis give him any. His junior lordship, who had a pleasant wit indeed, was wont to compare himself to an acorn—"which is," he remarked, "the same thing as an oak-tree, only not so big." Lord Augustus and his brother were wonderfully alike. They had the same features, the same hair, even the same proud noses, and, above all, the same pure, unadulterated love of themselves. "Come, Bustibus," (Bustibus was the form of Augustus used in familiar intercourse by the peer in addressing his kinsman), "if you were in my place, would you give me a tanner * to save me from drowning? Out with it, man? Yes or No?" And to this straightforward appeal the younger brother, who never wasted an untruth, answered with candor and spirit, "Not one." Whatever else he was going to say, however, was happily stopped by the entrance of the most honorable marchioness, and the party dined together very cheerfully off hominy, pumpkin-pie, American oysters, and other transatlantic delicacies which her sprightly ladyship had opportunely introduced into the domestic cookery of the ancient house of Shortcasshe.

"I'll tell you what it is, though, old man," chirped the marquis, while the beauty who adorned his home had retired to make herself more captivating for her opera-box on the grand tier, where she was about to pass the fag-end of the evening before she went the round of balls upon her list, "I don't mind doing anything for you that costs nothing."

"Honor bright?" asked the young lord, looking up from his dessert-plate, where he was peeling a walnut that required attention.

"Well, I don't know about 'honor bright.' That's a little rough on a man after dinner. Let's hear first what you want," said the marquis, who had a practical mind, and was fond of inquiring into details affecting his interests.

"I want you to breakfast with me to-morrow at the Albany," replied his brother, lighting a little rose-colored cigarette, which he drew from a silver-gilt case engraved with his crest and coronet. Our impecunious nobility have ever a high contempt for expense, and Lord Augustus was in constant intercourse with many creditors who understood his feelings and appreciated them.

The Marquis of Mistylands made no answer, but sipped his wine slowly, and once held it up to the light. Then he winked, closing his right eye gently, almost imperceptibly; but he certainly did wink, though in no other respect did his noble features depart from their calmness and gravity.

"Well?" said Lord Augustus, with a note of interrogation in his voice, as he inhaled the fragrant tobacco of the true Odessa make.

"I hear," observed the marquis, dryly. "What then?" The peer, as he spoke, cast his eyes up at the ceiling, as though absorbed in contemplation.

"Some city men are coming to call on me at one o'clock. If they see you with me they will think we are on good terms, and I can get what I want out of them," explained Lord Augustus, with perfect sincerity.

"Ah! I am to act as a decoy duck. It is a simple plan," replied the marquis, demurely. "You don't expect me to say anything, I suppose?"

"Not much. You'll have to be civil, you know, as if we were no end of good friends," said Lord Augustus. "And, hang it, Fred, my lady shall have my Maltese dawg if you'll go through your paces cleverly. It will save you buying one."

"Send the dog. I'll come," answered the marquis; and he went.

They were important people who called on Lord Augustus Shortcasshe, and the marquis even found his own account in making their acquaintance, for one of them subsequently put him into a way of doing a great thing in building-lots with a worthless part of his estate that had never before yielded a guinea. Another got him some shares which rose to a startling premium before he paid for them. A third taught him how to deal with a railway company which wants to run through the ornamental part of a gentleman's park, or interfere with his plans for remunerative improvements connected with suburban villas.

Indeed, they belonged to that bold and enterprising body of men who just now possess most of the nerve and energy to be found in England. They were contractors for public works on a large scale—men who ranked with Brassy and Peto, Waring and Betts. Lord Augustus and his most honorable brother naturally looked down upon them, but they might as well have looked up. They knew perfectly well what they were about. They had come to buy Lord A. Shortcasshe merely because he was worth buying. They had no doubt about that in their minds, and they were hard-headed men of business, not at all likely to deceive themselves. They could not afford to be duped, rich as they were. The public like lords, and they had to deal with the public. The public was their master, and no better policy can be pursued in trade than to satisfy a customer. Shareholders might grumble now and then, and did grumble, about promotion-money; but they never grumbled about having lords among the directors. Indeed, if there was not a lord somewhere they would not take shares, and a lord could only be made a director. His colleagues would take care he did not go far wrong. He would have no real power. He would be merely ornamental—and useful when it was necessary to use him. There must always be a margin on any contract worth working, and a few hundred pounds to the right people were never thrown away.

Lord Augustus had no idea how accurately his worth had been estimated before he was definitely purchased. A duke's uncle had run him very hard, and would have broken his chance but for a docket of bankruptcy which was struck against him by a tradesman who owed him a private grudge arising out of some affair of gallantry twenty years before. Such things will happen, and vulgar men take inconvenient revenges. The duke's uncle was at once put out of the running, not because the contractors are more rigid in their code of morals than other people, but because directly a nobleman gets into a scrape there is such a hubbub round his name that it loses all value in open market. An earl, in like

* The slang term for an English sixpence.

manner, had his little game spoiled by a riot in a police-court. The business world is strangely touchy on such questions. Besides, there is a good deal of competition for this sort of outdoor relief for the upper classes, and whenever one competitor can put a spoke in another competitor's wheel he is sure to do it. Now, Lord Augustus had never been mixed up in any public scandal. He had been caught young, and, under shrewd training, ultimately became one of the most ornamental directors in the imperial city.

It was a red-letter day for Lord Augustus Shortcasshe when he first attended the meeting of the board of directors who had negotiated for his services. The marchioness, his sister-in-law, who was fond of fun, put it into his head that he looked too young for a man of business, and had amused herself all the morning by imparting a judicious tinge of powder to his hair, that it might seem to be growing gray at the temples. He also ordered a complete suit of snuff-colored clothes from his tailor, that he might appear in a garb of becoming gravity, having observed in several comedies he had witnessed at the theatres that city men were usually dressed in brown. On the other hand, several directors had arrayed themselves in attire of great splendor to meet him, and were festooned with gold chains and brilliant-hued cravats. But all passed off satisfactorily on both sides, and everybody present, from the chairman to the assistant secretary and the solicitor (who naturally happened to be there), shook hands warmly with their titled colleague, who was now one of themselves, and reflected the lustre of hereditary rank on their establishment.

Some of them shook hands with him more than once, and the ornamental director, who had forgotten to take off a rather unbusiness-like collection of rings which he wore on his right hand, suffered some inconvenience. Indeed, warned by his sufferings, he always shook hands with members of the boards to which he belonged in after-life by extending his forefinger only. He came to belong to a great many boards in due time, for the Lord Mayor's dominion contained no better figurehead for a new enterprise; and before he was forty years old the name of Shortcasshe was known on every Exchange in Europe.

It was known favorably, too. The city men had no cause to repent of their bargain. Lord Augustus would have been worth his price if they had given twice as much for him, and all the parties concerned in this transaction had equally good reasons to be content. He had precisely the qualities which his employers wanted; for ordinary men of business, practiced as they are in the methods of making money habitual to them, are mere children in the ways of the world. They are like people who have lived all their lives in a mine, and see nothing of the upper earth. Moreover, although men of business know very little of courts, cabinets, parliamentary wire-pullers and influential ladies, those high and mighty personages take a very keen interest in them. and are for ever prying into their proceedings and making vexatious rules and regulations about them. The ways of the governing classes all over the world have never altered, and those men of business fare ill who confront them unprotected. Did not one of the sharpest money-makers in Europe get the finest concession to be had for love or gold out of His Majesty the King of Kings, who is known to our Stock Exchange as the Shah of Persia, and was he ever able to make anything of it? Have not the Pashas of Turkey and the Tchinovniks of Russia driven every man of business to despair who has had dealings with them on commercial principles? Lord Augustus would have piloted them through all their troubles into the smoothest of waters had they but consulted him.

The official world has its secrets as well as Change Alley and Threadneedle Street. It has manners, language, and a code of ethics all its own. A virtuous engineer, with his clear head full of useful facts and scientific truths, will make nothing of a peer of the realm, or of a Secretary of State, or of a foreign diplomatist, prince or general. All these illustrious personages will receive him on stilts, and talk mere words and wind to him; yet the virtuous engineer and his backer, the eminent capitalist, cannot get beyond the influence of any one of those occult and vigilant influences which rule all sublunary affairs. It is here that the ornamental director comes in.

Suppose the Government of All the Tartars has not fulfilled its engagements with scrupulous accuracy, and a company of enterprising Britons have ten thousand men employed on a railway to pay every week out of their own pocket. What are they to do? A letter to the *Times* will not bring the Grand Tartar to reason; it will only make matters worse. Two sides can play at writing to the papers, and, if the truth must be told, perhaps the Tartaric Government has a strong *prima facie* case against the company, together with much influence over the Press. The Tartaric Ambassador probably is one of the first journalists living—so strangely are diplomatic appointments made abroad. Moreover, the company cannot back out of the contract, because the Tartaric Government has got their caution-money, and will not let go its hold. Besides, the contract is a lucrative and a valuable one, if only the difficulties which stop the way could be got over. They seem trumpery enough; but the local manager of the company has committed suicide while in a state of brain fever, and the chairman's nephew, a golden youth on his travels, hac just wired to say that his successor is always drunk, having grown quite reckless at the hopeless character of the obstacles placed in his way. All is loss, confusion and disorder. It changes by magic when Lord Augustus appears on the scene. The Aide-de-Camp-general Governor-general, His Serene Highness Knaz Dontoumosch-Tupplingoff, who has played such an unapproachable, mysterious, abominable, perplexing, diabolical part in the telegrams and letters of the poor men of business, and who has seemed to the board of directors and the secretary, sitting glumly over the prospect of next half-year's dividends, as Satan incarnate, turns out to be merely a jolly dog, somewhat used up by devotion to tobacco, champagne and ladies. He and Lord Augustus go off to shoot in the Caucasus, and when they come back all is settled. They understand each other directly by the freemasonry which belongs to their class.

And did not Lady Hermione Nortiman, Augustus Shortcasshe's own aunt, marry Count Krankswilsky-Smokitoff, the Governor-general's own uncle? He and the ornamental director called each other by their Christian names before they finished dinner on the first day they met.

"Those confounded engineers and their 'Co.,'" complains the Governor-general, opening his whole heart to Lord Augustus, and letting out the cares of office abundantly, "write me sometimes two letters a day. I never read them. Once several of them were very impudent, and I had them pumped upon. I hope it did them good. By-the-way, who is 'Co.,' *mon cher?* They sign their letters 'Humpty, Dumpty, Grumpy & *Co.*' I know

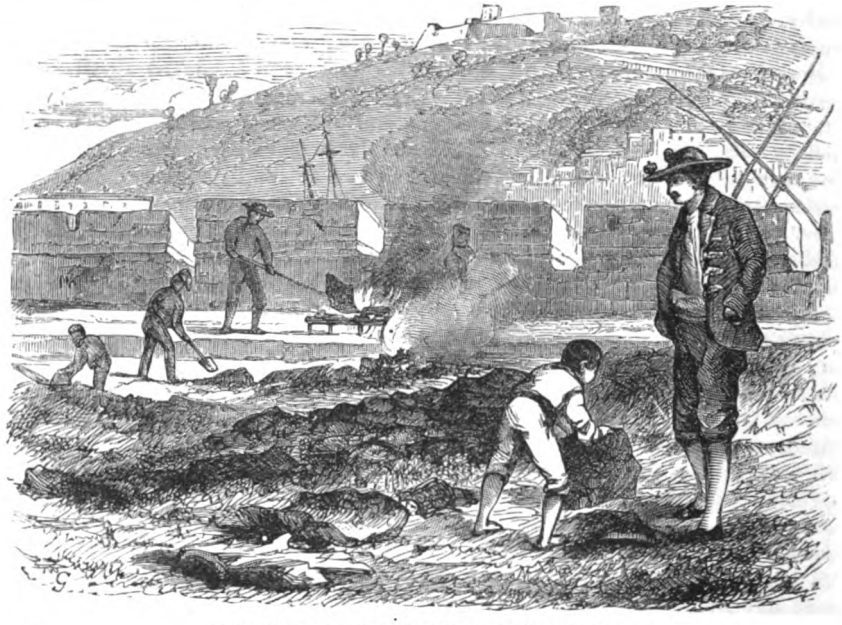
IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—SORTING FROM THE ROUGH BALES.

Humpty, who bought my yacht, and Dumpty, who sent my brother some cigars from Havana. Grumpy was here lately. But who is '*Co.*'?"

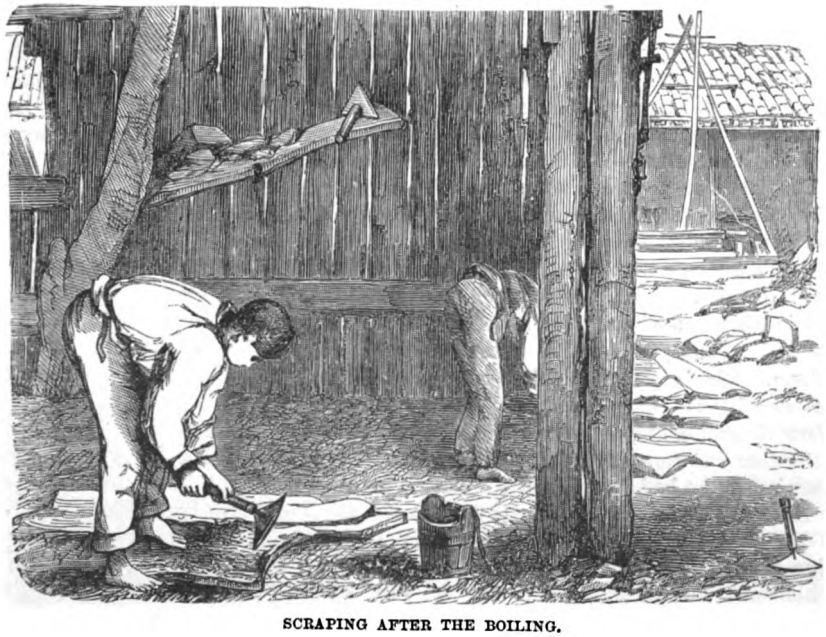
Lord Augustus explains that he is "Co.," and the Aide-de-Camp-general Governor-general goes off into a fit of laughter.

"You know as well as I do," he adds, "that I can do nothing for you. But I'll tell you who can. There is a Polish Jew named Dashmivig who has the ear of the Minister of Public Works. Luckily, he is Peruvian Consul, so I can ask him to dinner to-morrow. He will put it all right for you. But you will have to take him right into your boat, I fancy, if your cargo is worth anything. He is a reasonable man, however, and manages one of my estates. I never found him dishonest. You may have what you like of him if you get the marchioness, your sister-in-law, to be civil to his wife. All these people are bitten by a taste for noblemen's tea-parties."

So that business is settled. Lord Augustus is sometimes wanted also nearer home, for nobody can handle one of the real shifters of the scenes on our own pure stage of public life so well as his lordship. He and his set could make London too hot to hold any one who made a resolute stand against them. Besides, the scene-shifters are mostly made of the same stuff as themselves, and these people won't offend each other. Indeed, they cannot do so conveniently, because they meet half a dozen times a week, and must be either civil or have a row, which none of them fancy. The governing classes are a very judicious community, and keep themselves wonderfully close.



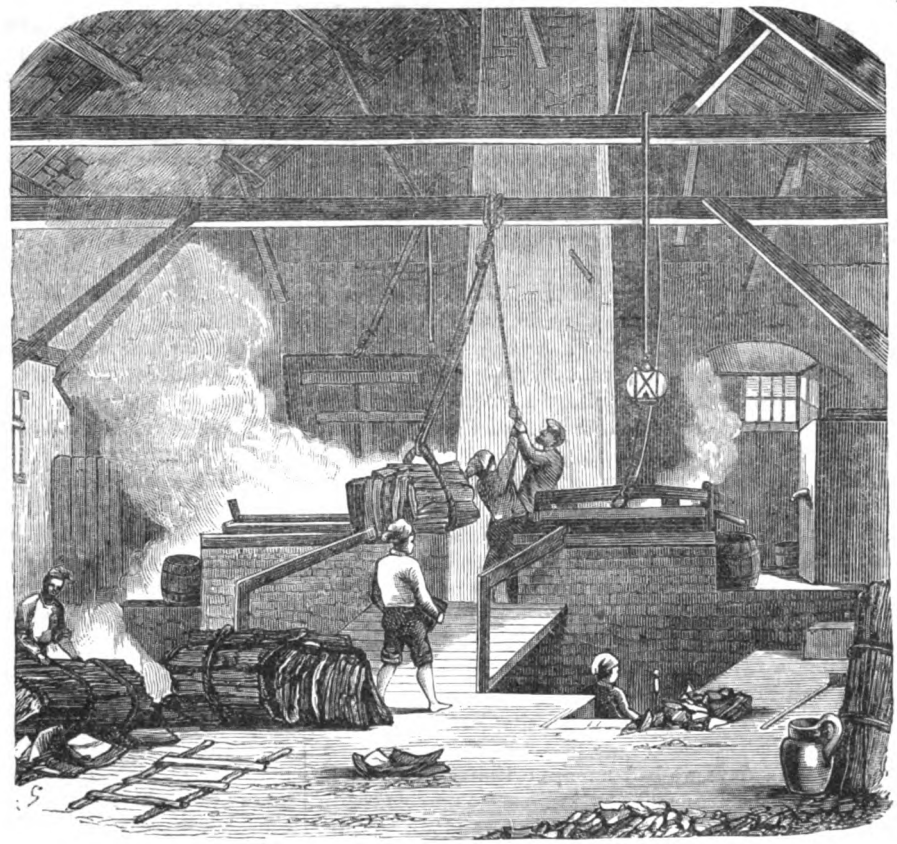
BURNING THE OUTSIDE OF THE COMMON WOOD.



SCRAPING AFTER THE BOILING.

There was yet another quality which men of business liked in Lord Augustus and other ornamental directors who resembled him. They really did the work for which they were paid, and they showed admirable discipline under instructions. There was nothing obstreperous and kicking about them. They went perfectly quiet in harness. They did not babble; they did not sell themselves twice over,

as certain men of business have been known to do. They were loyal and true to their employers; and such was the spell of their nobility over the substantial British shareholder that they could be trusted to make an awkward statement on dividend day better than the most experienced chairman or secretary. They really did it better, too. It was quite an inspiring sight to see my lord handle a body of perplexed shareholders at a critical meeting; and if any malcontent so far forgot himself as to stand up and challenge a statement, overloose or vague, made on such authority, cries of "Order!" soon gave evidence of the respect in which the nobleman was held, and some happy allusion to the usages of polite society at once put the laughers on his lordship's side and confounded the politics of his opponents. Even his lisp and his jargon of fashionable life in which he spoke seemed to have a charm for them, and many of them stored up his words and phrases for after use with amazing fidelity.



IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.— THE BOILING DEPARTMENT.

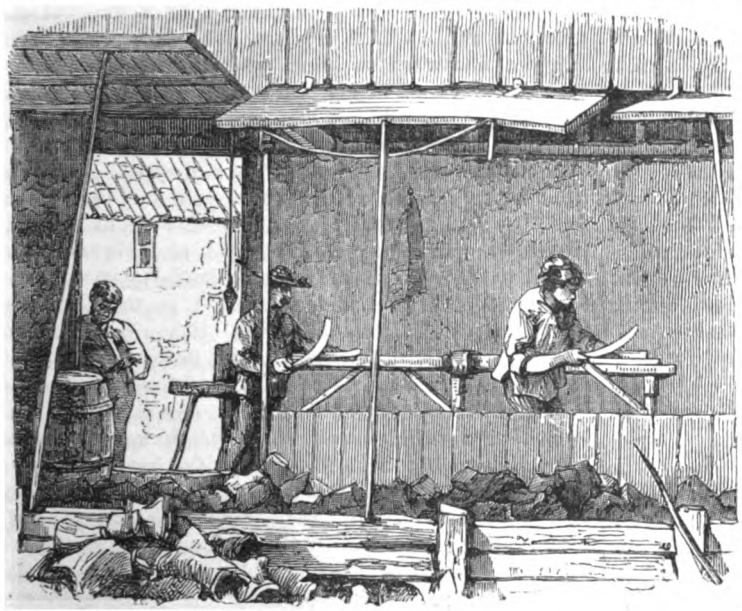
In plain truth, Lord Augustus was the dummy of the great capitalists and contractors who had set him on high, and he acted becomingly in that capacity. In their turn, too, they were very kind to him, and often put him up to a good thing.

"But," observed Sir Whistleton Fluke, one of the most prudent of them, "whenever you want to make a trick for your own private game, employ Chyssel. He is the best man-of-all-work I know, and not too greedy of the plunder." So, while Lord Augustus Shortcasshe made a good profit by his profession, every company which employed him might safely be congratulated on its Ornamental Director.

IN THE CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.

Passing through Spain from the north, we had nearly reached Gibraltar, when we came late in the day to a detestable *venta*, where our patience gave way. Stay there for the night we would not, so the only alternative was to take the road.

No sooner said than done; every one was willing, and in a short time we were once more on horseback, taking the landlord of the *venta* for our guide. The horses were wonderfully fresh, considering the distance we had traveled, and mine was ready, as usual, to kick up behind on every occasion. It will easily be imagined we were not at that momant a very lively party, and I had become so very sleepy I could with difficulty keep the saddle. For some time it was a most dismal ride, while our course lay along a dank, muddy valley, and as we penetrated the dense body of fog extending in all directions, it seemed as if a curtain were drawn between us and the moon, deadening all her brilliancy, and chilling mind and body alike.



FACING THE WOOD FOR THE MARKET.

After fording a stream of some depth, we came out upon a pleasanter line of country, and at length found ourselves on a tract of dry sand, just before entering the celebrated "Cork Wood," which we saw as few travelers have seen it—amid the profound silence and solemnity of midnight, with floods of checkered moonlight streaming tnrough its long-drawn avenues, which at the moment appeared like the realms of dreamland, while, as the horse-hoofs fell with noiseless pace on the fine powdery sand, our party might have been taken for a cavalcade of ghosts.

My horse being at all times an unpleasant neighbor, I rode a little ahead, and in my then dreamy state, "'twixt sleeping and waking," it seemed the most natural thing in the world to look any moment for the ghostly form of bygone Moor or Spaniard, issuing from the depths of the forest, to challenge us on our night-march as intruders on their shadowy domain.

Nothing, however, ghostly or bodily, Christian or Paynim, did we encounter through all that long reach of forest-glades, stretching out, so it seemed to us, some ten or twelve miles; nor did even a scudding rabbit or stealthy fox once cross our path. The solitude was absolute. No living thing besides ourselves was in motion in thicket or glade, and that strange midnight ride became a fitting conclusion to our various wanderings through the *dehesas* and *despoblados* of Spain's most solitary wilds, being itself the most silent and solitary of them all.

The next few days we had an opportunity by daylight of examining the tree and the industry connected with it—an industry we owe to the Benedictine monk who invented champagne. It seems strange that the making of corks for bottles should ever have become a lost art, yet such it really was during the Middle Ages. The ancient Romans used corks, but the secret was lost, and men stopped their jugs and bottles with twisted hemp dipped in tar.

Either from the study of the classics or the study of nature the good monk saw the capabilities of cork, and once introduced bottles, disdained all other stoppers, till some wretch applied India-rubber, and bound it with a wire.

The cork-tree is found in Southern France, throughout the Peninsula, and in Northern Africa, often in forests of considerable size. When a tree attains a size of a foot in diameter the cork can be removed. As the cork of commerce is really the dead bark, its stripping off does not injure the tree; it is not really barking, or even "blazing," if the operation is performed in such a way as not to injure the live bark beneath. The tree, with the rough outer bark on, that has already done all its appointed work, may be seen in our illustration. When a tree attains the proper size, the first outward bark or virgin cork is stripped off. This is used only for garden purposes. Seven years afterward the cork-cutter begins his regular work. He selects his tree, and cuts a long gash from top to bottom, and then makes cross incisions around the tree, his experience telling him how deep to go. Then, with his adz, he keeps tapping the bark till it is detached from the tissues beneath, and when it is loose he deftly removes the cylindrical pieces.

The tree then presents the bare appearance indicated by our artist, and in seven years has another layer ready. When the tree is cultivated, or grows in a marshy spot, the formation of cork proceeds more rapidly, but the result is a product of inferior value. Nature requires her own time and place; she will not be hurried or gainsaid.

The rough surface of the crude bark is burned off by exposing it to a blaze, care and vigilance being required to prevent the fire from going too deep. The cork is then sorted from the rough bales, and the inferior qualities, known as fishing-cork, packed for use with nets and similar implements. The better qualities are then taken to the boiling-house, where they undergo a steeping in hot water. When properly cured in this way, so as to give a firm texture, the pieces are scraped on the outside of all the remains of the outer layer, so as to show the quality. This is done with a triangular kind of adz. Another inspection selects the best sheets, and these are more carefully faced for the market. The cork is then shipped far and wide, to be cut up into stoppers of all sizes by more rapid processes than those in vogue in Spain.

A cork-grove is a scene of industry at different seasons. The bark-cutters work from May to August; later on, when the sweet acorns fall, the herds of swine find here a most appetizing meal, and the pork of the cork-woods rules the market. In Winter you will come on woodmen felling old trees, to strip off the inner bark for the tanners, and deliver the wood to the charcoal-burners, whose smoky work goes on in the depths of the forest.

ORIGIN OF "THE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE."

Like so many great things, it owed its genesis to a mere accident. It was in July, 1829, when Mrs. Cowden-Clarke was sitting at the breakfast-table of some friends in Somersetshire that regret was expressed that there existed no concordance to Shakespeare. Eager in everything, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke resolved then and there that she would write this desired concordance; and that very afternoon, while joining her friends in a walk through the fields, she took with her a volume of the poet and a pencil, and jotted down the first lines of her book under B, "Boatswain, have care—*Tempest* i., 1," etc. The following is an account she gave me of the mode of writing she ultimately adopted for this work: "I had a separate portfolio for each letter of the alphabet; these portfolios were ranged in front of me on my writing-table. I opened my father's copy of Shakespeare at my side, having two pages in view at a time. I took the first word that presented itself at the top of the first page (we will suppose this word to begin with an 'a'), and entered each word commencing with the same letter on the manuscript page which was headed by the word, and placed it in its respective portfolio; going thus alphabetically through the whole of the two spread-open pages until every salient word therein was duly culled and registered. I generally worked from four to six hours per day, and always before and after breakfast till dinner-time." When she had got half way she was told that some other person was engaged on the same task. Sadly, very sadly, she packed up all her portfolios and materials, resolved to abandon the task, thinking, with native modesty, that the unknown rival would surely do it better. She told me that to this day she could recall her feelings while kneeling on the floor and pushing away the large packet under her bed for safe-keeping, for they lived in small quarters then, and space had to be economized. Joyful, very joyful, was she when she learned the rumor was unfounded, and she could haul her packet forth again. Some idea of the vastness of the undertaking may be gained from the circumstance that the paper alone required for the work cost over £5.

SMILE, LADY, SMILE!

SMILE, lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.

Smile, lady, smile! I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.

Smile, lady, smile! For who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?

A MASQUERADE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE beautiful Maude Featherstone was leaning her white arms on the lace and satin cushions of her dressing-table, and gazing frowningly into the polished surface of the great mirror, which swung there from a framework of elaborately carved vines and Cupids, in itself of value enough to have furnished the marriage-portion of many a less fortunate girl.

Open caskets upon the same daintily-draped, elegant piece of furniture, revealed the flash of diamond ornaments, the soft gleam of pearl, the ruddy spark of ruby.

Flung across the lace-wreathed silken coverlet of a couch in the alcove near, were resplendent garments of velvet and gold embroidery, and a long vail of silver tissue, with a fringe of pearl, trailed on the carpet beside them.

A waiting-maid was fastening a diamond buckle in a white-satin slipper, and when she finished it she brought forward a bouquet of hot-house roses, and set them within a golden holder and laid them beside a cobweb morsel of lace which passed for a handkerchief, and then proceeded to lay out a pair of snowy-white kid-gloves, elaborately edged with pearl embroidery.

Still Miss Featherstone glowered fiercely into the mirror, the scarlet lip curled, the dark eyelashes knit into a frown.

"I have a great mind to do it," she cried, sharply, turning around suddenly.

Anice—the waiting-maid—dropped a glove in her trepidation at the tone of her mistress's voice.

"Did you speak, miss?" she asked, tremulously.

"Anice, I have half a mind to change my costume. Have we anything that can be rigged up for some character of sweet simplicity? Bah!"

"Oh, Miss Featherstone! there is scarcely an hour before it is time to dress. And this beautiful, elegant costume!" stammered Anice, her consternation lending her boldness.

"Yes, it is superb! And madame and I were so long studying it up," sighed the belle, gazing with longing eyes at the fine array. "And there was never anything more becoming to me."

"You looked the Princess, indeed. Oh, what a pity to lose it from the ballroom," pleaded the maid.

But Miss Featherstone swept away to the window, and was staring out blankly.

"No," she murmured, slowly, "I must not wear it; that is positive." And then turning around imperiously: "Anice, I say I shall not wear the Princess costume. Think, girl, with all your might, and tell me if there is not something we can study up, and improvise out of the wardrobe there."

Anice cast her bewildered eyes toward the flowers.

"I could bribe the gardener to give me a basket of flowers, though he declares the conservatories will look naked, they have been so stripped for the house decorations. We might loop that white *tulle*, and call you a flower-girl; or make the red satin and the blue silk vandyke into a gypsy costume; but you would be late; it would take me three hours."

Miss Featherstone stamped her foot imperiously once more.

"I must not be late. We guests of the house are to be in the ballroom at a fixed hour. Why did I not order two costumes to choose from? Oh, if I could exchange with some one, and no one know I intended differently!"

Anice gave a little cry of relief.

"Oh, there is Miss Stone's—I saw her arranging it this afternoon. And it was really charming; only too simple for you, Miss Featherstone."

"Miss Stone—who is she? I have not heard her name, have I?"

"The governess, miss. She is very nearly your shape, now I remember, and a very genteel person—for her station, I mean."

Miss Featherstone laughed contemptuously.

"The governess! I scarcely glanced at her, but her costume ought to answer. Sweet simplicity, of course. Go and find her, Anice, and bring her here without an instant's delay."

Anice vanished in a trice, and her mistress paced restlessly to and fro during her absence, murmuring brokenly:

"It is the last concession I yield to you, Colonel Rossitur; but is a great one. My lovely costume yonder pleads against you. But this one more effort to please your fastidious tastes I am resolute to try. Some time I will have revenge for the present chagrin, let it end as it may."

For Miss Featherstone's vanity had received a sharp thrust. An hour before, while the gentlemen, who, like herself, were guests at the Haverstraw mansion, were out with their cigars, she had stolen out quietly upon an outer balcony, to cool her heated forehead. And from below, with the aroma of their cigars, two voices had come to her.

"Well, Rossitur," said one, gayly, which was easily told as Hal Haverstraw's, "your wits will be tested tonight in the masquerade. Take care that the stately lady doesn't cheat you, and that your vows are not breathed in other ears. I understand from Kate that the costume is something marvelous and surprising."

A mellow laugh, that was music always to Maude Featherstone's ears, rang out in reply, with a deeper tone.

"Pshaw! I only want a careful scrutiny to put me in possession of the identity of every one of our own party. As for Miss Featherstone, if it is she to whom you refer, don't imagine there will be any chance for mistake. Look for the richest velvet and satin, the heaviest embroidery, the purest diamonds, and within you'll find the great belle. She wouldn't demean herself to anything common, and therefore unclean."

"Take care, man. That tone was a little irreverent toward the reigning queen."

"Perhaps so," came slowly, and she fancied there was an accompanying sigh of impatience. "I confess I am a little tired of all this high-mightiness and elegance. It would be refreshing to find a little genuine originality of

character and sweet simplicity of costume once in a while. The real woman, and not—manners of high-breeding and clothes!"

"What a cynic!" returned the other, and then came the sound of other steps, and voices of a larger group of gentlemen. And Miss Featherstone glided back to her apartments, and to her mirror, and to the decisions I have narrated.

Colonel Rossitur's favor, it will be evident, is the goal of Miss Featherstone's aspirations.

To make sure of winning his approbation she is schooling herself to this desperate sacrifice, the refusal to wear the superb costume of the Eastern Princess which Madame ———'s arts and her own have only produced, after a month's profound thought and closest study.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" was the belle and beauty ready to exclaim, as she turned her back to the alcove and dared not trust her glances toward the glistening and gorgeous attire outspread there.

But in a few moments Anice appeared with her arms filled with a gauzy fabric studded with simple silver stars, and behind followed a slender young girl with a bewildered look in her blue eyes, and a childish quiver of grief about the rosy lips.

"I think it will answer admirably, Miss Featherstone," declared Anice, eagerly. "It is really very pretty, and the idea is charming. See, she calls it *Aurora*. And there at the train is the gray cloud, and the yellow stars of night, with the crescent fading out before the rosy glare that comes, you see, in this flounce, which is really put on like a puff of cloud; and at the waist is the pale blue of the morning sky, with a berthe of crystal beads for dew, and the wreath is morning-glories; and over all this white-starred tulle for a vail, with the rising sun cunningly contrived in this gilt helmet-top of rays. She told it all to me so prettily, I was quite charmed, and it is so fresh and novel."

Anice fairly lost her breath in talking so swiftly, but her imperious mistress caught something of her enthusiasm.

"Fresh and novel!" echoed the latter; "why, that is what most of all I desire. You have done well, Anice. Let us try it on at once."

The girl stood looking in amazement, while mistress and maid proceeded to this summary disposal of the pretty dress she had arranged with her own labor and care."

"But," stammered she, presently, "what am I to do myself? Mrs. Haverstraw desired me to be present to-night with the children in costume. She gave me these materials for that purpose?"

Miss Featherstone had just given an ejaculation of thanksgiving that the dress-waist, by hard pulling, was able to meet.

She turned around and stared, as if the effrontery of the speaker astonished her.

"Why, Anice, I thought you had arranged it!"

The maid frowned upon the girl.

"Of course I expected she would be satisfied if I paid her what you would generously give."

"I do not sell my dresses," said the governess, spiritedly.

"But Miss Featherstone wishes to change her costume," declared Anice, in a tone of voice that seemed to declare that no other consideration was admissible after this announcement, "and this is the only one at hand."

RUDE REPARTEE (OR, "COLLARED").

THE HON. FRANK FITZFEASANT (explaining the "rights" of the Peers to fair American Guest).—"*Bai Jove! Miss Mayne, I assure you that our awistocwacy may bweak, but it will nevah bend!*"

MISS MAYNE.—"*Well, Mr. Algernon, if all your Aristocrats wear Collars like yours, I don't wonder at them not being able to bend.*"

A MASQUERADE.—"A FAIR YOUNG GIRL STOOD ARRAYED IN AURORA'S COSTUME, AND TWO DEVOTED YOUNG ADMIRERS WERE CHORUSING: 'OH, LILLIE, I KNEW IT WASN'T YOU!'"—SEE PAGE 111.

"You shall have a month's salary, girl," haughtily asserted Miss Featherstone, turning again the mirror.

"But, madam, I would not refuse to appear to-night and displease Mrs. Haverstraw, not for a year's salary."

"Pshaw! Arrange another costume; it seems you are skillful with your needle. Anice shall help you to anything of mine you like to use after I am dressed. And there is no harm in your being late."

"Indeed there is. I am requested to take the children in to the opening," persisted the governess, her voice breaking a little.

"Does Mrs. Haverstraw know what the costume is?" asked Miss Featherstone, wheeling around upon her once more.

"No; she only knows I was to make it out of a chest full of materials. I made the children's, too. Dick is a page—Grace, a little maid-of-honor. They are gone with the maid to show themselves to their mother. They will be back and want me."

Anice stood glaring ferociously upon the speaker, holding the pretty Aurora vail ready to throw over her mistress's head.

Suddenly that mistress declared:

"She shall wear the Princess costume, Anice. I will cheat them all. And what triumph I shall have to-morrow!"

She did not say aloud what she added in her thought:

"And I will show Colonel Rossitur a pretty trait of character. I will let him think the governess admired the dress, and that I changed it to give her the sensation of grandeur for once in her life."

"You will let her wear that exquisite dress?" repeated Anice, in utter bewilderment at this unexpected phase of her lady's character.

"Yes; every article; diamonds and all. Understand, girl, that you will bear around with you a magnificent fortune; and be careful, though there are to be police about the grounds, I know. When the unmasking comes, you are to retire here, of course."

The governess was too bewildered also to speak. She stood still, glancing furtively toward the splendor streaming the alcove couch.

"Make haste, Anice; get me ready, and then attend to her," commanded Miss Featherstone. "It is really quite as becoming, is it not?"

And she turned complacently to the glass, and grew exhilarated in spirits with each progression.

"You will wear a bracelet or a necklace of pearls, at least?" queried Anice, presently.

"Not a jewel!" declared Miss Featherstone, emphatically.

"She might take the bouquet yonder," suggested the quiet watcher. "Aurora makes the flowers, you know."

"To be sure," laughed Maude Featherstone. "How like one of our old schoolgirl larks this seems. I am going to mystify everybody to-night—even Mrs. Haverstraw herself. Don't tell her of this change, child. I don't think I will stay to see her dressed, Anice; it might dampen my ardor, and possibly weaken my resolution. Give me the mask and I will hie to the rendezvous. She really will have an air like me."

"Her figure is the same, only a little more slender: and the carriage of the head might be mistaken for yours, but——"

"Oh, yes, of course. Let her bask to-night in the sun of my brilliancy. She will waken in the morning the governess again. Don't let your head be turned, child, by flatteries meant for me."

And with this last laughing adjuration Miss Featherstone fluttered away, and Anice was left to attend to the unexpected duty of robing the governess.

"You are a fortunate girl to-night," said Anice, patronizingly. "Just look at these."

"They are dazzling; but they are not so sweet and pretty as my Aurora," declared the slim young thing, with a cool self-possession that rather took Anice aback. "But since your mistress has walked away with that, I suppose nothing is left me but to invest myself in the grandeur thrust upon me. No, thank you; not that heavy coronet. This light spray of diamonds will be better."

"But the coronet is so rich."

"And so heavy. I can make this ruby comb look like a crown with the diamond spray behind. The Princess must have her crown. And that bodice has gems enough to make the dress royal without anything more. I suppose being an Eastern Princess makes it need to look so overloaded."

"Madame ——— calls it exquisite, and so does my mistress. I'm sorry if your ladyship isn't pleased with the handsomest masquerade costume ever seen in these parts," retorted Anice, indignantly.

The blue eyes flashed back to hers.

"I think I may be allowed to express an opinion, since your lady has chosen my taste before her own and Madame ———'s united. She has preferred my costume to this—much to my dismay; and there's nothing for me to do but to make the best of it. Please lock up these other jewels, and note which ones I take. Now the vail. I like that exceedingly, and the girdle of jewels. Am I to wear this lace mask? Pray hasten, for I must see the children safely in."

And in a few moments more the chamber was left to Anice, who muttered angrily as she gathered up the costly litter on table, chair and couch:

"Such airs for a governess! I never saw the like before. But she did look like a lady in the elegant dress—as much as my mistress; that's a fact. Whatever could be at the bottom of Miss Featherstone's freak? Not a jewel! She, that never goes without a little fortune on her fingers, and neck, and ears, on common occasions, and had taken such pains to get all these together for this very ball. Well, there's no accounting for fine ladies' freaks, that's the truth!"

Without, the governess was hurrying rapidly toward the nursery-parlor, and this was what her thoughts were saying:

"So I have met Maude Featherstone at length, Thank Heaven, she did not know me! After that cruel letter of hers in answer to my appeal I have no desire ever to claim her relationship. What would they say if they knew, these fine people?—if they knew that Maude and her mother turned a deaf ear to an orphan's appeal to her own uncle's family for help to save from sickness and starvation. Thank Heaven, I was helped out of the sore need! Thank Heaven I am able to care for myself now. And, most of all, do I rejoice that the children's innocent corruption of my name has made me Miss Stone to all the rest. But what strange chance has come that she and I meet here to exchange costumes, and possibly characters—who is to say?"

Chapter II.

The ballroom at Mrs. Haverstraw's was in a blaze of glory, and the masqueraders were filing in for the grand preliminary procession to the inspiring strains of a brilliant march.

The Eastern Princess felt a light touch upon her arm as she stood hesitating a moment on the threshold, and, turning hastily, beheld the master of ceremonies, who escorted her to one of the foremost places, and looking around for a cavalier, beckoned to a Hamlet, whose sable velvet and jet embroidery stood out in sharp contrast to the brilliant attire of the others.

"Well?" asked the Hamlet, in an amused voice.

"Will you do escort to a Princess from the perfumed East? Oh, Prince of Denmark, take a look at her, and see if your boasted penetration serves you!"

"It does not need a second glance. Can you find so many brilliants elsewhere? Pshaw, Haverstraw, what a farce your mysteries become! I can select all the prominent members of our party already. Yet, stay; there is one, and what a charming dress! Aurora, of course. Let me do escort there."

"Not for the march. I should experience the fair princess's enmity for all time to come if such an affront were put upon her dignity. After the march please yourself—my duties end there, and my mother will excuse me from further service in this character."

Hamlet went forward slowly, and if reluctantly, it only passed for the suitable demeanor of the *rôle*.

He gave his arm to the Princess, and immediately after the tiny little page and maid-of-honor fell behind, and carried the train that glittered with gems and embroidery.

"You come from the land of the pearl and sapphire; how could you leave those sunny skies and perfumed vales for our dreary clime, oh, Princess of the Orient?" said Hamlet.

"Fate was stronger than the allurements of that happy land. Surely, oh, gloomy Dane, you should know that the time and the hour comes which says Go, and we can only obey."

Hamlet gave a little start before the first sentence was finished.

The reply was scarcely what he had expected. A vague curiosity animated him.

"You might think you were still looking on Lalla Rookh's enchanting garden, with the fireflies dancing over the roses," he continued, "when you gaze about you to-night."

"And there is a silver strain in that wonderful melody which might be the song of the bulbul itself. How charming it all is!" was the low-breathed but somehow joyously-fervent reply.

"You are enjoying it, then, fair Princess? Surely nothing of all this can be new to you?"

"You forget I am not a gloomy Dane who has learned all the secret sins and horrors of a seemingly prosperous court. I am a very young and unsophisticated princess, sent forth from the land of birds and flowers as unsophisticated as they in all these strange Frank customs—this *blasé* world of grandeur."

More and more puzzled, the Hamlet fell to examining closely what little glimpse was revealed to him of the side *contour* of her face.

He cast many sharp glances for a stray lock of hair, and began to be less secure of his own penetration.

He fell into a brown study, from which a low, musical laugh roused him.

"What amuses you, I pray?" he asked, in rather a chagrined tone.

"I was wondering if it was the soliloquy scene, and was prepared to hear 'To be or not to be,' when your lips finally unclosed. You are distraught indeed, Prince Hamlet."

"I beg your pardon. But when you accepted a Hamlet, you could not have expected a gay and rattling cavalier. I have been in a puzzle."

"So are we all, I take it. You have no idea who I am. I am in utter ignorance of your identity. Our neighbors are in the same condition, no doubt; nevertheless, we are to be merry and enjoy it."

"I thought I was sure of you; but every word you say increases my doubt, and I am naturally chagrined. I do not think now that I am walking with Miss Featherstone."

He caught a little indrawn breath, a low ejaculation beneath the lace mask.

"Well," he said, "what have you to say?"

"If I answer, it will only be another enigma. You are right, and yet you are wrong."

"You have managed wonderfully, Miss Maude. But it was more the manner and words than the voice which shook my faith. Well, I have won my wager with Haverstraw. I said I was sure I could select your costume, and I did, you see. Now, then, let us forget these odious masks. Let me renew what we were talking about last eve——"

"Oh, please," came in a quick, agitated whisper; "you must not talk confidentially. I tell you I am *not* Maude Featherstone. I tell you I am a stranger to you, and you must not say anything you would not tell to a stranger."

Hamlet very nearly forgot his good-breeding, and was on the point of giving vent to a low whistle of new astonishment. But he checked himself in time, and only said:

"You are not an Eastern Princess, but the Sphinx. I understood you to admit that you were Miss Featherstone. Now you deny it."

"I declare that I am not Maude Featherstone—though I admit I am in her costume. Now you see that you are wrong and right both."

"I knew I could tell her selection, only I wondered there were not more diamonds still."

"I left half behind. I could not bear the weight of her proposed diadem."

He laughed gayly, and seemed to be immediately at ease."

"It is an odd happening, but I accept the happy substitution, though it must have been something strange to change her mind. Was there a still more magnificent dress on the *tapis*?"

The Princess shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"Ask me not concerning a fine lady's whims. I know nothing whatever, except that my own costume, which I conjured up out of my own wits and a box of cast-off finery, which I grew to admire and love and delight in, was snatched out of my hands, and I was ordered into this. Said I not that fate ordains all things? It was according to kismet that I became an Eastern Princess, and here I am."

"I wish I could see your face," said Hamlet, eagerly.

"You would be none the wiser."

"Ah, yes; for I could read a great deal there."

"None the wiser, and none the better pleased. Prince Hamlet, the Eastern Princess will always remain a myth to you. I shall vanish like a flash of sunbeam or a bead of dew."

"Did you ever play 'Throw Light'?" he asked. "I wish you would begin now, while we dance."

For the march ended with a grand flourish, and the motley procession dissolved, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope, into the figures of a quadrille.

"I could puzzle you thoroughly if I tried," she retorted, gayly; "but I will be merciful."

"You are *sure* I do not know you?" he inquired.

"Very sure."

"Then I set aside every assurance of its being Miss Featherstone. Why do you not laugh, for I am sure you did?"

"Oh, I am looking at the other set. What lovely dresses? Who are they? With all your boasted penetration you ought to be able to tell me."

"Captain Marmaduke is that Russian General. No one else can give just that toss of the head. The lady must be Emma Thornby. Why, I must look her up. She wears Ophelia's costume. The Spanish Grandee is the Honorable Richard Dacre, or I am much at fault; and the lady—now that is charming. I admired that Aurora from the moment I set eyes upon her. There's an idea, and not a conglomeration of velvet, lace and spangles. Who can she be?"

"You like it, then? Oh, I'm glad!" exclaimed his companion, and paused abruptly.

It was his turn to laugh.

"Now, fair Princess, you have betrayed yourself. That was your costume, and it is Maude Featherstone who wears it."

"Don't be too positive. Remember you have been deceived before."

"Nothing can shake my conviction this time. Allow me, for the quadrille is nearly ended."

And he took the tablet hanging on her bracelet, and wrote down his name for so many of the dances that she exclaimed, at the first glance:

"Oh, I shall really dance only half the evening."

"You will dance the whole of it, and be beset with suitors. I have prudently secured my advantage," he returned. "Moreover, I shall know you when I see the face behind that mask."

"I—think—I shall be able to identify you, but I know I shall not be able to tell your name."

A moment more and he led her to a seat, where, as he had predicted, swarmed in a moment a bevy of cavaliers.

"They are all seeking Maude Featherstone. I will take care not to undeceive any others," thought the governess, as she was led away again on the Spanish Grandee's arms.

Hamlet was soon at Aurora's side. How readily he recognized the coquettish flutter of her silken fan.

"The dark prince comes to Aurora for a little gleam of light," he said, mischievously.

"Could not the diamonds of the Princess lend you a little of their brilliancy?" she returned.

"If I cared for diamond scintillations; but Aurora's light is purer; the original Aurora may well draw us all to her side. Your costume is charming, fair ladye."

"Who is the Princess?" she asked, carelessly.

"We all fancy that no one but Miss Featherstone could devise that gorgeous costume. She is fond of jewels, you know," he answered.

"THE WOOING OF HIAWATHA."—FROM THE STATUE BY MISS EDMONIA LEWIS.

"How should I know? You looked as if you were fond of them, too. You were very eager in your talk. Miss Featherstone has attractions besides the jewels, perhaps."

"The Princess is certainly very charming. See, I am to dance with her three, four, five times."

Did he catch a muttered exclamation beneath her mask? He went on maliciously:

"The beautiful stranger from the East will be the star of the evening, I predict. Nevertheless, fair Aurora, beam kindly upon your suitors, for the morning will dawn."

HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.—BEAVERS PREPARING FOR THEIR HIBERNATION.—SEE PAGE 123.

"And the star be extinguished. Yes, I fancy that is true."

She paused, for a pair of little hands were pulling at her drapery.

The little page and maid-of-honor were there.

"Lillie, come to us; you promised to tell us stories about the ladies and knights."

"Go away, you troublesome children," whispered Aurora, angrily.

Hamlet had not lost the little incident. He swooped down and lifted the dainty maid-of-honor in his arms.

"I recognize my little friend, Grace. Come to me and I will tell you stories."

"You cannot tell them like Lillie. We want our Lillie," complained the child.

"I don't believe it is Lillie!" declared the boy, stoutly. "Lillie is never cross like that. Lillie was more like the princess. Let us go back and hold her train."

"Stop a moment!" cried Hamlet, eagerly; "try and see what fine stories I can tell. Just try me once."

"Don't trouble with them," cried Aurora, pettishly.

But the Prince was away, leading a child by either hand. A wily Hamlet, truly, for he told a wonderful story that pleased the children greatly in the corner where he stowed them so comfortably. And then he asked, innocently:

"Now, while I am thinking of another, tell me who is Lillie?"

"Oh, Lillie—is our Lillie, the prettiest, the sweetest, the bestest!" began little Grace, eagerly.

"To be sure. But her name?"

"Lillie Stone. She is governess, you know," explained the boy. "She was never cross till to-night. She promised us a beautiful time. And we were to carry flowers behind her, 'cause she is 'Rora. 'Rora means the morning, don't you know?"

Hamlet stooped down to kiss the chubby cheek of the little lad.

"But that 'Rora don't act like Lillie," complained Gracie, again. P'r'aps she's changed dresses, just as nurse made us change and carry the Princess's train. Oh, there is nurse! Let us ask her, Dick."

And both children scampered off toward the French *bonne*, who appeared in the distance.

"Eureka! This is indeed a discovery," said Hamlet, thoughtfully. "I shall manage a visit to my little friends to-morrow, if I am not mistaken."

And he returned to fulfill his engagement with Aurora; but the moment the dance released him he was hovering in the train that followed the Eastern Princess. He saw her when she hurried up to the *bonne*, whispering, anxiously:

"Oh, nurse, are you watching the children? Pray, don't let them venture into the refreshment-room without you. I shall escape before unmasking time. But it troubles me that they are losing their promised enjoyment."

"Not quite so fast!" cried Hamlet, however, when the princess was slipping away from his arm as he led her out of the cozy retreat he had secured for their cake and ices, just before the hour for unmasking. "Fair Princess, if it is imperative that you fly, like Cinderella, before the fatal hour, you must at least unmask to *me*."

"If I do, will you allow me to escape peaceably," she asked, breathlessly.

"Most assuredly, and cover your retreat from annoyance."

She hesitated only a moment, then slipped away the mask. The sweet, young face was all he had pictured—the soft blue eyes, the sensitive lips, the flushed cheeks, were all beauteous with the freshness of youthful innocence.

Hamlet doffed his plumed cap as to a queen, and at the same time drew aside his own mask.

"I shall know that face when we meet again, my Princess," he said, confidently.

"But we shall never meet," she said, half defiantly—half, he fancied, with a touch of regret.

"Am I able to accomplish so little? You have confounded the two characters for me. You have made the distasteful Princess-dress adorable, and you have enshrined that of the usurped Aurora. When in one direction Aurora and my Princess beckon, do you think I shall be so dull a knight as to find no clew, be the labyrinth never so intricate? Good-night—some one comes. I will cover your escape."

She glided off toward the family-rooms, and he waited a few moments until the bugle-call summoned to unmasking, when he returned to the hall, and took his place beside Aurora.

"Now I am going to surprise Lord Hamlet," she said, merrily, while she pulled at the silken tassel of the mask.

"Don't be too sure, Miss Maude," he answered, nonchalantly, and secretly smiled to see the start she gave. "I found out your costume with somebody else in it, and I soon discovered you—in somebody else's costume. I must have credit for my shrewdness."

"You naughty man, you have spoiled all the beauty of my freak. I was so sure you would be cheated this time. What keen eyes you have to know me, Colonel Rossitur!"

He laughed lightly, and was glad to be spared further reply by some one hurrying up to them.

"Can you tell me what has become of the Eastern Princess, Hamlet? You were with her last. It will never do to have the unmasking pass with Miss Featherstone absent."

"Pshaw, man! proceed with the *dénouement*. Miss Featherstone will be discovered."

"But I tell you the Eastern Princess is nowhere in the hall. She was seen to vanish into Miss Featherstone's apartments. One of the servants told me that."

"Let the Princess fly back to the East, Hal Haverstraw!" cried out Aurora, gayly. "At least I have cheated you."

And she raised her mask to allow him a peep.

His start of surprise was genuine enough, and raised her spirits, especially when she said, gallantly:

"No one but this Hamlet can have discovered the cheat. He has sharp eyes indeed—for you."

"What do you say to that, colonel?" asked the lady, coquettishly.

"Take the lesson," he returned, "and never try again to deceive me."

Chapter III.

If there was a late appearance at the breakfast-table of the hospitable mansion of the Haverstraws the morning after the masquerade party, it was certainly a merry circle which finally gathered there.

But the well-bred hostess smiled indulgently at the Babel of ejaculations, assertions, and questionings, that seasoned so piquantly the coffee and chocolate.

Above all the rest was heard the query:

"The Eastern Princess—who *was* the Eastern Princess?"

"But, Miss Featherstone, you managed delightfully.

We were all so sure about your diamond spray!" cried out one enthusiastic lady. "How you must have enjoyed it all! Why, the costume came out of your room, and went back to it. Of that we have positive evidence."

"Well, but that doesn't seem to enlighten you much," responded Miss Featherstone, languidly. "The enigma is still unread."

"Surely no one would ever think to look for *you* in that simple Aurora," added another.

"But we are not to be baffled in this way. Ho, then, valiant knights, our quest is before us! Who will be first to find this mysterious princess?" cried one of the gentlemen, effusively.

"I am sure I lend myself to the search. I was never more mystified," declared Hal Haverstraw, the son and heir of the house, and the stepson of the present Mrs. Haverstraw.

"And I!" "And I!" added other merry voices.

"Pshaw! you will search in vain," declared Maude Featherstone, gnawing impatiently at her scarlet lip. "She has vanished into the emptiness from which I invoked her."

"Have you sent her back to the soft vales of Araby the blest? I am afraid, as valiant knights, we are bound to seek her there," declared the gentleman.

"Leave the task to Hamlet. Such quest suits the Dark Prince," suddenly spake Colonel Rossitur. "I will find her, and some time present her to you. In proof thereof, there lies my gage. Now, then, the quest is mine alone. Let no one presume to interfere."

He flung a riding-glove lightly upon the table amidst the merry peals of laughter resounding about him.

Only Maude Featherstone did not smile. She cast a searching, suspicious glance up to his impenetrable features.

As she flung down her napkin and rose from her chair, she laid a light touch on the colonel's arm.

"Come into the conservatory one moment with me, Colonel Rossitur, and help me find my morning spray of heliotrope."

So courtly a gentleman could not well refuse; but she was the first to break the silence when they stood there amidst the perfume and beauty.

"I wanted to say to you what I would not condescend to explain to the others," she began, hurriedly, stripping ruthlessly the delicate petals of a rose beside her while she spoke. "This odious Princess mystery may prove very tiresome, I fear. Please let it drop, as you will know how. The truth is, the freak seized me. The girl looked so wistfully and enviously at my garments, I thought it a fine opportunity to give her a taste of unknown delights. Perhaps it was not a kindness. I did not stop to consider. But I had an humble girl, you understand, dressed up in that costume to give her pleasure, and I rather preferred the simple suit, because—I—knew *you* would be pleased with it."

How charmingly the proud head drooped! What sweet confusion seemed to hover under the vailing eyelashes as she concluded!

Obdurate Colonel Rossitur! He only bowed gravely.

"My dear Miss Featherstone, pray do not consider my enlightenment a matter of such serious importance. I understood the main features of the case last night. Your motives I had no right to question; and if they had only intent to give an humble sister a taste of brighter things, you are surely to be praised and not blamed. Ah, here is your heliotrope. Let me break the spray for you. And I must leave you now, for I have an important word to say to Haverstraw."

Another bow, and the heliotrope was in her hand, and his tall figure was vanishing through the conservatory-door.

What a scandal it would have caused, had any one been there to see! For the beautiful Maude actually tore the fragrant spray into a dozen pieces, and, flinging them upon the floor, stamped them down fiercely with that slender, aristocratic foot of hers.

Meantime the unfeeling colonel was threading his way toward the billiard-hall, where he knew he should find the gathered group of gentlemen with their cigars. He touched Hal Haverstraw's arm significantly.

The latter turned and pushed toward him a box of choice cigars. But the colonel shook his head.

"Not now, Hal. I promised that sweet little sister of yours to come into the nursery this morning and finish the story of a famous Red Knight. You know I pride myself on keeping my word, above all with the children. And I will go innocent of cigar-smoke to the pure little creature."

"And you want me?"

"To introduce me to your mother's sanctuary. Of course, I should not venture otherwise."

Hal shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't remember when I was there last, but as I have passed through some fiery ordeals in those same apartments in my own time, I ought to know the way. You're a man of odd freaks, and so I am surprised at nothing. Excuse me a moment, Forester; I'll be back shortly."

And so an unceremonious entrance into the cozy nursery-parlor revealed to them a pretty scene.

A fair young girl stood arrayed in Aurora's costume, and two devoted young admirers were chorusing:

"Oh, Lillie, I knew it wasn't you. How pretty it is! Yes, we'll learn the story about 'Rora right away."

The startled, blushing, lovely face confronted the two gentlemen in utter consternation.

"I beg your pardon. I brought my friend, Colonel Rossitur, to finish a story for my little sister," young Haverstraw hastened to explain. "Dickon, you rogue, introduce us to your—friend and playmate."

"Why, it's Lillie, Hal," the boy laughingly declared—"it's our Lillie."

"Miss Stone, you mean, Dick—that's the proper way. Mamma says we mustn't call her Lillie to other folks," corrected sweet little Grace.

"I am most happy to make Miss Stone's acquaintance. I wonder——"

And here he paused and looked at the costume in new amazement.

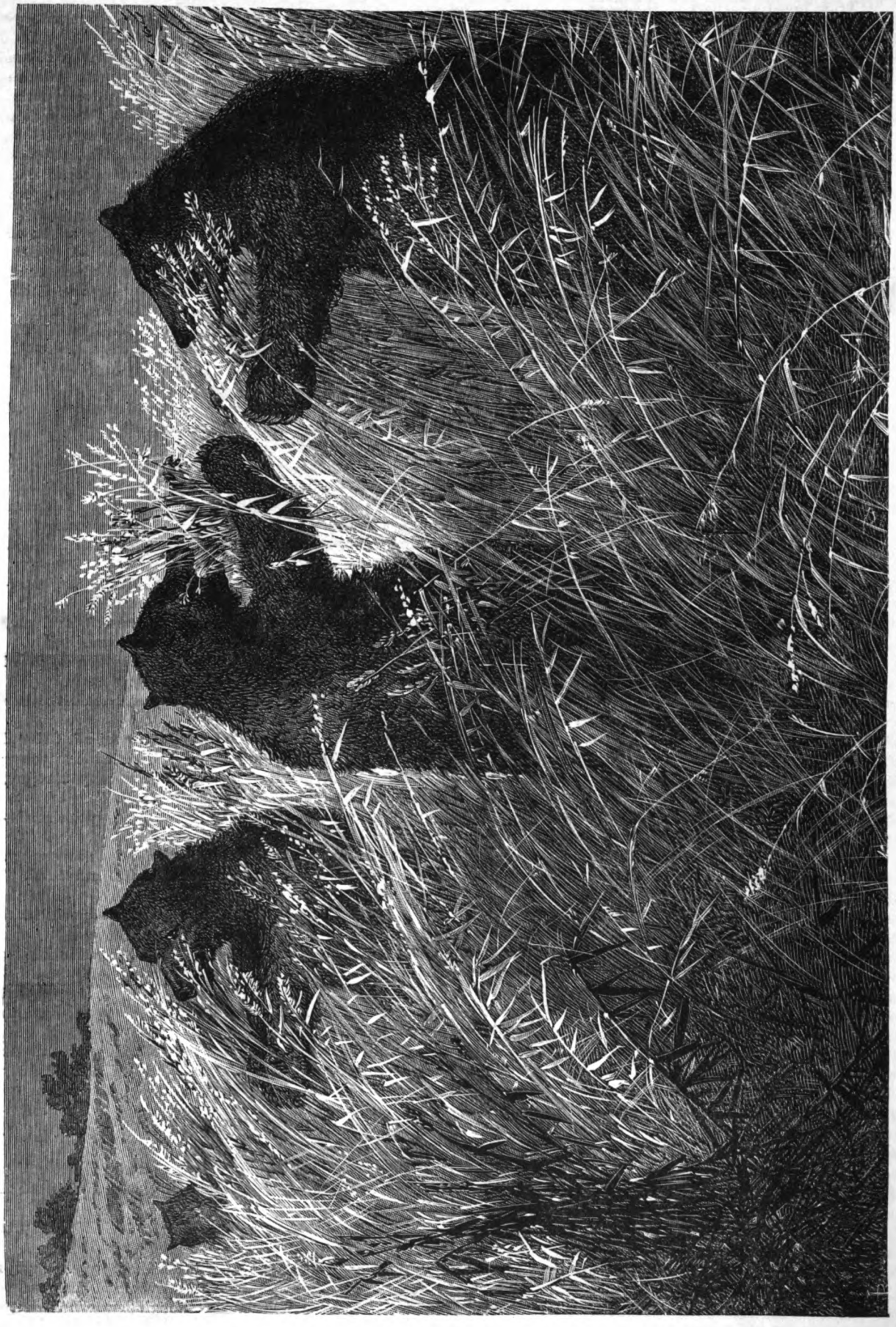
Lilian Stone looked both annoyed and distressed, but she kept an air of well-bred composure, nevertheless, as she spoke:

"I am the children's governess, Mr. Haverstraw. It is not strange you have never seen me. I was foolishly masquerading for these little folks' enjoyment, never dreaming of so unusual a circumstance as this interruption. I will leave them to enjoy their unaccustomed treat of visitors."

"Do not go until Grace has given me an introduction also," spoke Colonel Rossitur, gently, and with an air of utter deference.

"Why, Colonel Rossitur was Hamlet! Lillie and you said you liked him," spoke up honest little Dick.

"Because he was kind to you, darlings—yes. And is the gentleman that same Hamlet?" returned the governess, and her voice was steady, though her cheek deepened to scarlet.



GRIZZLY BEARS IN A WHEAT-FIELD.

"True breeding there!" thought the colonel, and smiled.

Aloud he said, merrily:

"Now, then, little folks, I have come to keep my word, and tell you the story—the rest of it. How the knight succeeded in his quest, and looked again, you know, upon the face he longed to see. There, I have a knee for each of you. Don't wait for me, Haverstraw; I can find my way back to the billiard-room."

"I should think you might, sir," dryly responded Hal. "I give you credit for pursuing your quest boldly." In a lower voice he added: "Make the best of your vantage-ground. I hasten to send my mother to discover a wolf in the fold. Where have my stupid eyes been, I wonder?" And from the door he called again, "Adieu, chicks! I shall look in upon your studies frequently, if you often have such pretty object lessons."

The governess stood a moment uncertain how to act. With trembling hands she began gathering up from the table some books, and one of them fell to the floor.

The colonel hastened to set down the eager children, and to come to her assistance.

"Pardon me"—he spoke earnestly—"for the first time I perceive that my eagerness to see you—to redeem my promise—may be unkind. Believe me, it shall not compromise you again. Give me just a moment, and leave the room before any one comes. I wished so much—ah!"

He stopped abruptly, and stared down at the blank leaf of the Shakespeare he held, which he had been heedlessly turning, leaf by leaf, as he spoke.

"Featherstone—Oscar Featherstone; that is not a common name. Who wrote it in this book?"

"My father; the book is mine. We were looking it over, and I was telling them the story of Hamlet, when they coaxed me into this dress," she answered, slowly,

"Your father—is the name his? They called you Miss Stone."

"But my real name is Lilian Featherstone. I have no reason for hiding it, unless—Miss Maude Featherstone might be ashamed of so humble a relation."

She spoke proudly, with a tear glistening on the long, brown eyelash.

"Does Maude Featherstone know of your existence?"

"Of my existence, yes. Of my identity she has not a suspicion."

HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.—BRUIN COMING FROM HIS WINTER QUARTERS.—SEE PAGE 123.

"I have been hunting the country over for the daughter of Oscar Featherstone for the last six months. Miss Maude knew it, for it was her name that first caused our acquaintance. I went to her with my inquiries. She denied all knowledge of you."

"Within six months you asked this of Maude Featherstone?" questioned the governess, in her turn.

"Not five months ago," he answered.

Her lip curled.

"It is just six months ago, at my mother's dying request, I wrote an urgent appeal for help to Maude Featherstone's mother. The daughter answered the desperate appeal so heartlessly, that I kept the letter as a sample of the hardness of the wealthy belle's aristocratic nature. Let it pass. And what did you want of me, sir—you, out of another sphere, as much so as if I were Aurora indeed—what do you want now of the governess?"

He looked into the kindled face with new admiration. His eyes shone brightly with a glad hope.

"I wanted to bring to Oscar Featherstone's daughter the pretty little fortune my godfather bequeathed to my care for her. My child, you are not a governess—you are my ward. Six months from now, if I can wait so long, I will tell you what other dearer, sweeter trust I hoped to find."

The blue eyes were dilated wildly; the sweet young face paled and flushed, and paled again.

As if the light Aurora headdress pressed upon her brain, she put up her two small hands and thrust it back.

"I don't understand. I am bewildered," she stammered.

Colonel Rossitur caught the shaking hands, and held them fondly.

"Dear little Lilian, you are an heiress yourself, and I am your guardian. You surely will not be afraid of your guardian?"

If it is *you*, no. I shall never be afraid of you," faltered Lilian.

"She likes you, Colonel Rossitur. She said she liked the Hamlet," piped in little Grace.

"And Hamlet fell deep in love with the Princess. Thank Heaven he has found his best quest in this seeming jest!" echoed the colonel, fervently, and bending down, he touched his lips lightly to the white brow.

"Colonel Rossitur!" said a stern, rebuking voice from the doorway.

The governess started guiltily, but the colonel drew her gently back to his embracing arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Haverstraw, come in, I pray you. Do you know what your delightful masquerade has revealed to me? My long-sought ward, Miss Lilian Featherstone. I am sorry the children must lose by my gain; but, of course, she is no longer their governess."

"Miss Featherstone!" stammered the hostess.

"Don't you remember I told you my name was contracted to Stone from Featherstone," spoke up the girl, with dignity, "the day I first engaged to come?"

"I had forgotten it; but I do recall it now."

"She is Maude Featherstone's father's brother's child. It is to her my godfather left the Burton fortune, which I hold in trust. We have searched far and wide for her; and at last I have found her!" joyfully declared the colonel. "I shall take her at once to my sister's care."

"Maude's cousin!" echoed Mrs. Haverstraw, still amazed and confused.

"The less said about Miss Maude's connection in the affair the better!" sternly declared the colonel. "Nevertheless, Lilian, since it was her unconscious interposition that revealed you to me, I can find heart to forgive her. This is the Eastern Princess, Mrs. Haverstraw. See how quickly I can redeem my gage; but she is lovelier in her own character. Aurora, star of the morning, you must let me take you in to my friends."

Despite of the happy Lilian's blushes, he had his way. Under the leadership of the hostess, they entered the morning-parlor, where all of the ladies and most of the gentlemen had by this time gathered.

"My dear friends and fellow-maskers, I come to redeem my gage. I take keen pleasure in presenting to you the Eastern Princess, *alias* Aurora, whose costume Miss Maude feloniously usurped last night; *alias*, still again, my ward Miss Lilian Featherstone, heiress of Burton Wood and Grange."

Had a bomb exploded in the midst of that luxurious apartment scarcely such a start of surprise and excitement had been caused.

Maude Featherstone started to her feet, flushed crimson to the very forehead.

"Are you insane, Colonel Rossitur?" she cried, fiercely.

"Indeed, no—unless joy turns the brain. I owe you an endless series of thanks, Miss Maude. Your generous whim last night revealed my long-searched-for ward. I take her to my sister's care. May and her husband will greatly rejoice at this charming addition to their household. Believe me, your part in the whole of this affair is thoroughly understood and appreciated."

What did that meaning glance—that sharp emphasis—insinuate?

Miss Maude swept back to her seat, biting her lip to hide its sudden tremor.

The sweet face under the Aurora vail won its own way. The company crowded about the newcomer with warm sincerity of congratulation. But the colonel was tender and careful of his new-found treasure.

"You must go and rest before I drive you over to my sister's home. I must be cruel to these good people and take you away before you are tired out," he said.

And with most deferential attentions he led her from the room.

"By Jove! that fellow is always ahead!" exclaimed Hal Haverstraw, lugubriously. "Mother, you are shamefully remiss in your duty to the scion of the house. Think of my never seeing that girl before this morning. And now here is the colonel sailing away with the heiress in this high-handed fashion. His ward, indeed!"

"I'll lay another wager," cried our bluff Major Percival. "The ward will be wife before a twelvemonth."

"Who do you expect will take you up?" laughed another. "Everybody with half an eye can see that."

Maude Featherstone heard, and the iron sank into her soul. But she kept up a brave show till it was time to retire to dress for the afternoon.

Safe in her chamber, she astonished Anice by rushing to the boxes which contained the unfortunate Princess-costume, and beating them furiously with her slim white hands.

The terrified maid caught the words, "Robbed, outwitted, cheated!" and hurriedly interposed:

"Oh, no, miss. They are all safe. Every diamond is here. The young woman didn't care anything for the jewels. She said so."

"Be silent, idiot!" hissed the amiable Maude. "You will pack my trunks this very afternoon. I am going home. I tell you I have lost the most precious jewel of them all."

The bewildered Anice dared not venture on any further expostulation.

Just about six months afterward she had her explanation.

It was when the papers were filled with accounts of the grand doings in high life over the marriage of Colonel Rossitur and Miss Lilian Featherstone.

The maid of Mrs. Haverstraw, who was present with her mistress, related all the particulars of the festivities of the wedding.

"They do say, Anice, as how the colonel is the fondest and proudest bridegroom as was ever seen. He has his queer names for her, and don't you think he gave orders himself that the bride's cake should have two figures made, at no end of cost! And what do you think?—they were both from our masquerade. One was the Eastern Princess, and the other was Aurora. Now, wasn't that a very queer freak?"

"Oh!" said keen-eyed Anice. "Now I understand it all—my lady's rage and the jewel lost. So the fair Aurora won away the jewel from our princess? Bless my stars! Susan, but there be strange doings among our folks above-stairs!"

HIBERNATION OF MAMMALS.

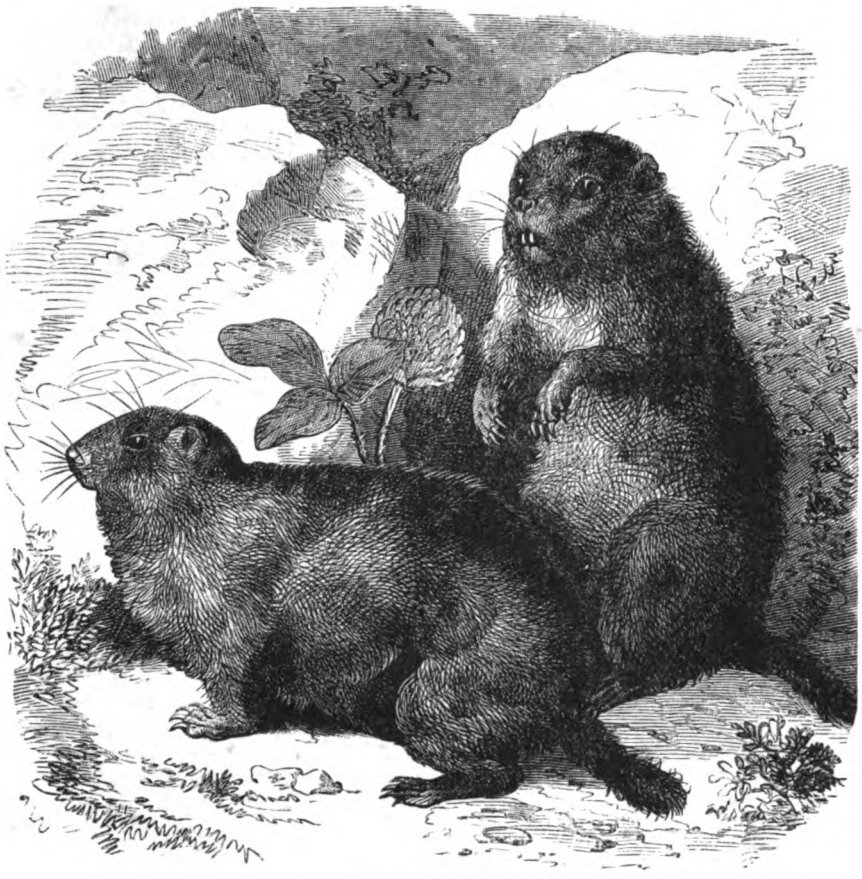
By J. Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E.

The hibernation of animals is a point in natural history which must have forced itself on the least observant of country residents. But what is "hibernation"?

The "theory of surrounding influences" was a favorite subject with the older naturalists. Their successors ascribe to it the weight of established truth as the "doctrine of environments." The former insisted on the adaptation of animals to the climatal and other conditions of their areas of distribution, as the protest of science against the assumption that external influences explain the growth of organs and determine their forms; the latter appeal to the adaptation in order to reaffirm the so-called doctrine. Both sides might find much to interest them in the subject of this paper. We wish to keep clear of speculative views, because it is really of no moment for our present purpose whether habit is the outcome of original impress, or simply the expression of a countless crowd of influences active throughout untold generations, and now the definite representation of natural law.

This reference to surrounding influences leads us to the heart of the topic now before us. As to climate, man meets its ever-varying seasonal conditions by the forth-putting of inventive and adaptive intelligence and skill to provide suitable covering. In the case of the lower animals, the provision is natural and ready. As to food, man is not wholly dependent on the supply within the area of his distribution. Among the lower animals demand and supply are both natural; there is no taking thought, as with man. But the animal may inhabit an area where the supply fails at regular intervals, and if the appetite continues active exceptional instincts and conditions of life must come into play. It must either leave the locality, or instinct must work in a way generally ascribed only to intelligent forethought, or a state must intervene in which conditions favorable to the preservation of the species without feeding must be superinduced. The first gives us the migration of mammals; the second, their habit of storing food for Winter use; and the third, their hibernation, or the habit of Winter sleep.

There is a pretty gradation of habit here which has been hitherto overlooked. We see the storing instincts undergoing modifications, and gradually sloping into the darkness of deep Winter lethargy. Let us trace the steps. There are, first, the animals which store food for the Winter, but do not hibernate. They have no long periods of sleep, and are of interest here only because they link on to forms which have. The long-tailed field-mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*) is one of the best known of this group. Each mouse lays up its own horde of corn, the seeds of flowers, acorns, etc., in some deserted mole-run, or among heaps of stones, at the base of old walls, at the roots of trees, or under the thick moss in unfrequented roads and hedgerows. It makes sure while the sun shines of an ample supply for Winter use. Autumn diligence sets it free from Winter care. But it is in the family *Sciurina*, or squirrels, that we best see the link between non-hibernating and partially hibernating mammals. Some of our well-known American forms belong to the former; the common European squirrel introduces us to the latter. The chickaree, or Hudson's Bay squirrel (*Sciurus Hudsonius*), stores up great quantities of hickory-nuts, butter-nuts, chestnuts and hazel-nuts. Audubon saw a bushel and a half of these taken from a hollow tree occupied by a single pair of these industrious creatures. The four-striped ground-squirrel (*Tamias quadrivittatus*) is noted for similar habits. It is a curious fact that these forms often, if not always, hoard more than is required for the Winter use. Instinct overshoots necessity. The laboriously-gathered supplies of the previous Autumn go to waste when Summer comes with its sufficiency or its superabundance of food. The beaver is another good example of a storing but non-hibernating animal. Bark is their chief article of food, though they also feed freely on the juicy roots of water-plants. Its mode of keeping the barks soft and succulent for Winter use is by cutting off the green branches of the willow, the poplar, the birch, etc., and carrying them to its dam, where they lie under water during the Winter. We come, secondly, to the animals whose hibernation is either partial and interrupted, or complete. Hibernation may be incomplete. (*a*) Mammals which hoard hibernate interruptedly, and come occasionally or frequently abroad during Winter. These, it will be seen, for the most part belong to the order *Rodentia*, or gnawers; as, indeed, do most of the true hibernates. The common English squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*) is an excellent example under this head. This pretty, nimble, gentle, playful little rodent begins in mid-Autumn to gather hazel-nuts, acorns, beach-mast, fir-cones which have come too late in the season, and the like. These it stores away in different places, near to its Winter retreat, a dome-shaped nest of intricately arranged twigs, lined chiefly with leaves and moss, but sometimes having tufts of wool and a stray feather or two, picked up at random. Throughout late Autumn and early Winter it rigidly abstains from breaking in upon its stores. When Winter fairly sets in it betakes itself to its warm nest for considerable periods of deep sleep; but whenever a peculiarly mild day comes it leaves its abode for a lively gambol among the branches, visits one of its many stores, makes a hearty meal, and retires again for days or weeks of unbroken slumber. The habits of our chipping squirrel (*Tamias Lysteri*), a related form, bear some resemblance to those of the English squirrel. It is, however, gregarious, and lives in burrows, from which numerous galleries branch off. In these, great abundance of different kinds of nuts, Indian corn, etc., is hoarded. (*b*) Mammals which do not hoard, whose hibernation is more sustained, but which occasionally come abroad. Some bears and



THE WOODCHUCK.

ing chiefly on seals. It is a noticeable fact that the non-pregnant females wander free throughout the Winter like the males. A good deal of uncertainty prevails as to the habits of the black or sloth bear (*U. labiatus*) of India. Mr. Sanderson says: "It does not hibernate, and though covered with so thick a coat, seems quite at home in the hottest localities." Captain Baldwin remarks: "I need scarcely mention that the different species of *Ursidæ* inhabiting cold climates hibernate. I am unable to state for certain whether *U. labiatus* is given to this practice or not, but I imagine he is an exception to the rule, and *does not* hibernate." It is likely that this difference of opinion has its origin in the partial hibernation of the animal.

I have referred to the bats (*Chiroptera*). Personal observation leads me to give the common bat, or flitter-mouse (*Vespertilio pipistrellus*), a place under the present head. I have often seen it abroad in the Winter months. It retires to its *hibernaculum* when the cold weather has fairly set in, and comes generally out in early Spring. But even when snow is on the ground it may be seen skimming fleetly around its Summer haunts, whenever an exceptionally mild day arrives. While, however, the hibernation of the pipistrelle is thus broken and irregular, there are, no doubt, other species whose lethargy is unbroken from December till the end of February, and whose proper place is with the forms whose hibernation is complete.

(*c*) Mammals which store for Winter, but do not come abroad; such as the dormouse (*Myoxus avellanarius*).

some bats are of this sort, though no sharp and definite line can be drawn between them and true hibernates, because, in the case of the bears, at least, there is a difference in the habit of the sexes as regards this. The grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*), huge, fierce, active, occurs as far north as sixty-one degrees, and is met with also in the south of Mexico. Richardson says: "The young grizzly bears and gravid females hibernate." But even they are known to come abroad before the snow is off the ground. Thus they differ from complete hibernates. The old males come habitually abroad during Winter. The polar bear (*Ursus maritimus*) is essentially an Arctic animal, and there can be no necessity for hibernation on its part, so far as food is concerned, because food abounds through the year in its natural habitats. The pregnant female alone retires to a Winter den or burrow, in deep snow-drifts, where she remains without food from the end of November till the end of March. Meanwhile two tiny cubs are born, and with these now as large as shepherds' dogs, she comes forth in Spring. When the female betakes herself to her *hibernaculum* the males goes out to sea on the ice, feed-

THE PRAIRIE-DOG.

"Toward the Winter it becomes exceedingly fat; and having laid up a store of food, retires to its little nest, and coiling itself up into a ball, with the tail over the head and back, becomes completely torpid. A mild day calls it into transient life: it then takes a fresh supply of food, and relapses into its former slumber; and finally awaking in Spring, at which time it has lost much of its fat, it enters on its usual habits" (Bell). To this group also belong the hamster (*Cricetus vulgaris*), and some American squirrels, as Parry's marmot-squirrel (*Spermophilus Parryi*), and Douglass's squirrel (*Sciurus Douglassii*).

In other cases there is complete hibernation. The American black bear (*U. americanus*) and the common brown bear (*U. arctos*) are both hibernates. The former inhabits the wooded districts of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Carolina to the shores of the Arctic Sea. Its *hibernaculum* is a hollow, scratched out under a fallen tree. To this it retires at the beginning of Winter. When the snow falls around it the warmth of its breath makes a small opening in its den, and by this it keeps a connection with the outer air. "The Indians," Sir John Richardson tells us, "remark that a bear never retires to its den for the Winter until it has acquired a thick coat of fat; and it is remarkable that when it comes abroad in the Spring it is equally fat, though in a few days thereafter it becomes very lean." The habits of the brown bear correspond. The American skunk (*Mephitis chinga*) may also be named as another of the *Carnivora* whose hibernation is complete.

I hesitated before giving the hedgehog (*Erinaceus europæus*) a place under this head, because, though it is generally named as one of the best illustrations of hibernation, I can vouch that it comes abroad at night, even when snow is on the ground. This comparatively rare habit, however, seems confined to individuals, and is not characteristic of all the species. On the approach of Winter, the hedgehog rolls itself up into a ball, and goes to sleep amongst the soft moss and the withered leaves it has gathered into its hole at the roots of trees. A favorite retreat of several confined in a walled garden was a thick bed of ivy at the base of an old yew-tree. We must, however, refer to the rodentia for the best illustrations of the true hibernating habit. Taking the family *Sciurina*, and the genera *Arctomys*, *Myoxus*, and *Spermophilus*, it may be said that all species under the first are hibernates proper, and all under the other two are incomplete hibernates. The non-storing and true hibernating species are known severally as prairie-dogs, whistlers, burrowing-squirrels, mountain-badgers, and woodchucks, or ground-hogs. The term marmot includes all these. The woodchuck, or Maryland marmot (*Arctomys monax*) may be taken as a typical hibernating mammal. It betakes itself to its burrow when the first frosts of Autumn appear, and remains in it until the grass has sprung up, and genially warm weather has set in. "Its burrows," Audubon remarks, "are sometimes extended to the length of twenty or thirty feet from the opening; for the first three or four feet inclining obliquely downward, and the gallery being continued further on, about on a level, or with a slight inclination upward to its termination, where there is a large round chamber, to which the occupants retire for rest and security."

A COLONY OF BURROWING STRIPED SQUIRRELS.

The facts stated above suggests questions peculiarly interesting and curious, yet surrounded with difficulties. Is hibernation a substitute for migration? Is the hibernating habit limited to animals whose area of distribution

is either Arctic, sub-Arctic, or low-temperate? Is there any special significance, and, if so, what is its import, in the facts recorded under sections *a*, *b* and *c*? Do the structural features of hibernating differ anywise from those of non-hibernating but closely-related mammals? Each of these questions admits of very wide and varied discussion and illustration. We may, however, before concluding, indicate briefly the bearing of recent information on them. It has been too hastily assumed that hibernation is nothing more than Nature's substitute for migration. Birds, it is said, migrate; mammals hibernate. But mammals migrate as well as birds, and in as true a sense. It is forgotten that in some mammals the capacity of flight and the power of wing are as much developed as in birds. Yet bats do not migrate. Again, temperature is, no doubt, a more influential factor in hibernation than in migration. Yet even here there are facts which forbid us to push this too far, as if it were the sole and absolute predisposing cause. For example, even among our own bats there is one—the noctule (*Vespertilio noctula*)—which retires to its Winter sleep about the end of July or the beginning of August; that is, before the commencement of the cold weather. And Humboldt has pointed out that the hedgehog-like tanrec (*Centetes*) falls into a three-months' sleep even within the tropics. Thus *C. ecaudatus*, introduced from Madagascar into the Isle of France, fell into the lethargic condition at Port Louis, where the mean temperature is seven degrees Fahrenheit above the hottest month in Paris. Does this point to the absence of food as the predisposing cause? We know it is so in the case of some amphibians, because there are tortoises which can remain without injury for some months inclosed, at the dry season, in parched mud. As regards the gradation in the hibernating habit, fully noticed above, it would lead us outside of the purpose of this paper to do more than say that speculative naturalists might find it to be richly suggestive, both from the standing-point of current views of heredity and of the doctrine of environments.

A good deal of attention has been given by Continental and British observers to the structural and physiological relations of this habit. The alleged analogy between hibernation and common sleep, the bearing of atmospheric temperature on the temperature of the body in its lethargic state, the changes in the action of the respiratory and digestive organs, and the curious association of a quickened circulation with a retarded respiration, have all received much thoughtful consideration. The results of experiment and research may be briefly stated: 1. Though there are many points of resemblance between ordinary and hibernating sleep, yet the latter differs by inducing a more impaired state of respiration, by the augmented power of bearing the withdrawal of atmospheric air, and by the increased giving-off of heat. "The power of supporting the abstraction of oxygen is peculiar to the hibernating state." A bat, the temperature of whose body was thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit, was immersed in water at forty-one degrees, and continued under it for sixteen minutes without injury. A lethargic hedgehog, whose temperature was forty degrees, was immersed in water at forty-two degrees, and continued under it for twenty-two and a half minutes uninjured. If the hedgehog were treated thus when in an active state it would be drowned in about three minutes. 2. The temperature of the hibernating animal follows the changes in the temperature of the atmosphere. 3. The irritability of the heart is augmented. This seems to explain the continued sensibility characteristic of the hibernating state. 4. Hibernation differs from torpidity. The latter is marked by stiffened muscles, greatly retarded circulation, and by insensibility. But even severe cold, and, indeed, any cause of pain, will rouse the hibernating animal. It is not so in torpidity.

Why, then, do some species of mammals hibernate, while some closely related species, within the same geographical area, under identical physical conditions, and substantially living on the same kind of food, do not hibernate? It must be owned, even in view of the facts and inferences which crowd this paper, that a perfectly satisfactory answer to this question cannot yet be given. The subject has long had the attention of naturalists. Many facts have accumulated, but not so many as to warrant a complete integration. Much remains to be done—much land to be possessed; and what is now wanted is a thoroughly scientific examination, by a competent anatomist, of the structural differences during the Winter, if any, among the forms named under *a*, *b* and *c*. Hitherto, observers have dwelt too much on what (*a priori*) they think ought to be. They have not stated clearly and definitely what the facts of the case actually are. Original observers will find the field one of rich promise. The history of few British hibernating animals is exactly known; that of the species living in other countries is still more obscure.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A LETTER addressed by Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, to the keepers of life-saving stations and lighthouses, asking them to announce the occurrence along the shore of any extraordinary specimens of marine animals, naming several in particular, has resulted in the accession by the National Museum during the past year of many valuable specimens of whales, sharks and rare fishes. Hitherto zoologists have had to content themselves with examination of specimens in this class of animals, the stranding of which has been reported by the newspapers or accidentally otherwise. In the majority of such cases the rapid progress of decomposition has made it impossible to preserve more than the skeleton, and so it has come about that the external appearance of many large species is quite unknown. By the present arrangement of telegraphing to Professor Baird early information, an expert can be sent from the museum who will skin, or sketch, or make a plaster-cast of, the castaway, and so preserve its external image as well as its bones. In return for this service the life-saving stations and the lighthouses are furnished with books by the Smithsonian.

AT the last meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Brower, of Yale College, read a paper, in which he stated that in the dry regions of the West, especially when several dry seasons followed a succession of moister ones, during which the lands were overstocked, the nutritious grasses were eaten to death by the cattle, and thereupon supplanted by noxious types. Several were mentioned as producing a rapid obliteration of the native pastures, and their seeds as injurious by piercing the skin and producing sores.

THE elasticity in the carbon filaments of certain forms of incandescent lamps is very remarkable. So sensitive, for instance, is an Edison lamp of a hundred ohms resistance, that it is difficult to hold it in the hand so steadily that the upper part of the loop is not blurred by rapid incessant vibrations; while a moderate blow upon the carbon will cause the whole loop to spring outward to the glass bulb, and continue vibrating for a long time.

A STEADY object of search among paleontologists is the genealogy of existing types, and of highest interest the mammalian type, to which man belongs. Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, whose attainments are of the highest, believes that he finds the ancestors of the mammalian in the pelycosauria—an extinct type of reptiles, which, more than any others known, combine the characters of both batrachia and mammalia.

THE death of the eminent botanist, George Bentham, occurred in London on September 10th, 1884, at the age of 84. Beginning the publication of botanical investigations as long ago as 1826, he ceased only last year, on the completion of the "Genera Plantarum," which was the most notable work of his career. He was a nephew of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham.

IT is noteworthy that a large herd of buffaloes were seen during the past Summer on the head of the Little Missouri, and in neighboring parts of the Northwest Territory, from which they have long been absent.

THE Smithsonian Institution is about to publish, under the title of "Prehistoric Fishing in Europe and North America," a most interesting and valuable work from the pen of Dr. Charles Rau.

An article by the editor of *Science* points out with much sagacity the progress during the past year of several noteworthy scientific undertakings which are strictly co-operative. Instances of prominence are the new standard time, the electrical and meridian conferences, and the combined meetings of the American and British associations for the advancement of science. Experience of the benefits to be had through the efforts of competent men, united in conferences, committees and congresses, to settle some scientific problem, is rapidly changing what was formerly a sporadic effort into a confirmed habit of the civilized world. The same proclivity has another manifestation in the still more novel custom of co-operative observation, where a central bureau, or authority, receives and collates the data obtained by scattered observers. The earliest instance of this was the method of centralized collation of meteorological data, conducted for many years in this country by the Smithsonian Institution. Then came Mr. Francis Dalton's remarkable studies; the methods of the English society for psychical research; the work of the English committee for the collective investigation of disease, and of the British and American ornithological unions in tracing the migrations of birds; and the band of astronomers centring at Harvard. It is thought that this tendency will increase, and that many more systems of co-operative research will be begun during the next few years. There is a large series of inquiries, in fact, which can be sufficiently answered in no other way.

Milk, if left standing a short time, becomes a sort of acidulated jelly called curd, the acidity and peculiar savor of which are caused by a microbe, the lactic bacillus, whose little rods are swimming by millions in the turning liquid. In making cheese only the caseine coagulates; the lactic bacillus avoids this, and changes the sugar of the milk into lactic acid. Without the bacillus the milk would not sour; but enough of curdled milk as can be taken up on the point of a needle is ample to turn sour in a few hours a large quantity of fresh milk. By introducing other microbes milk will undergo several dissimilar transformations, according to the germs sown in it. One rare sort renders the milk blue, when it can be seen under the microscope swarming with vibrios; yet it is neither sour nor unwholesome. A certain infusoria (*Micrococcus*) has been discovered by a German confectioner, which causes the milk to become much like gum-tragacanth, and from which is made a well-flavored and easily digested milk jelly, which will remain in good condition for ten days. Alcoholic fermentation is produced in milk when sown with koumiss, or with the fungus of Kéfir, a favorite Russian drink.

The powerful agency of wind in distributing the seeds not only of many kinds of herbage, but of forest trees, is scarcely appreciated by most of us. The winged seeds of the maple, the tassels of the chestnut, and similarly light and buoyant seeds, are often lifted by high gales and sent the breadth of a county. The writer has seen the snowy down of the cotton-wood blown over the tops of mountains rising four or five thousand feet above the most daring trees which could have produced them. Even heavy seeds are blown to considerable distances sometimes. "In the fall of 1883," says a correspondent in the last issue of the *Forestry Bulletin*, "a strong gale of wind carried quantities of basswood seeds from a grove of that species of trees across a lake a mile and a half wide, and in such profusion that the ground on the opposite shore, where they fell, was quite thickly strewn with them."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Carlyle says: "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on orange peel.

As the milkman handed a quart of milk to a bright little girl he solaced himself with the remark, "To the pure, all things are pure."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "you need not be alarmed; I will be as close as you were!"

"Really," said a lady to a noted humorist, in the west of Scotland, "there's no end to your wit." "Heaven forbid, madam," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wit's end!"

A man took a seat in the barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used two days before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform."

"Would you like this bound in Turkey?" asked the gentlemanly book-agent of his rural customer for "Scratcher's Universal History of the World." "Oh, no," was the reply; "no use sending on it clear out there; bind it in New York."

"You should not have staid away so long," she said, in jey tones, as her theatre escort slid into his seat ten minutes after the ring-up of the second act. "Oh—er—excuse me—I met my old friend Tom outside, and ——" "Was Jerry there, too?" was her artless interruption, as she turned her attention to the stage.

It was at the house of the bride's parents, after the wedding. On the table were exposed the costly presents. Two gentlemen were examining them. Said one of them, suddenly: "These, you say, are the bride's presents, but what does the groom get?" "Oh," replied the other, "he gets the woman." *First Gentleman:* "Is that all? Poor fellow!"

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

An Irish jockey, when selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase had been effected the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me off, and he certainly never deceived me."

"These cakes remind me of mother's," said Mr. Younghusband to his wife. "Well," she responded, "I never expected to hear you say that any of my cooking resembled your mother's. She was a wonderful cook, I have no doubt, for you have said so a million times." "Yes, she certainly was. In fact, there was only one thing that she ever failed in." "What was that?" "Cakes."

"My dear, I wish you would tell the servant to stop moving that furniture round in the parlor. I'm sure she has broken some of the vases and Sèvres ware." "I hear no noise, Christopher." "There! She has dropped the clock. I heard the shade smash." "Why, Christopher, how silly you are; that's not the servant moving the furniture; that's Birdie practicing a Wagnerian sonata."

Particular Directions.—A lady occupying a room, letter B, at an hotel, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But '*it's never too late to mend!*'"

A gentleman went into a fancy-shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go up-stairs to get his cash-box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop, and whispered to the boy: "Watch the gentleman that he don't steal anything," and, bringing him out, sat him on the counter. As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watched him."

Sometimes girls know how to keep themselves from being bored even by a lover. Sis and Tom were sitting in the drawing-room, and she was getting sleepy. "What time is it?" she asked. He looked at his watch, and replied that it lacked five minutes of eleven; and just then being struck with an idea, he asked: "Why is my watch like you, my pet?" "I don't know." "Because it is very pretty," he replied. "And why is my watch like you?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why *is* your watch like me, my dear?" "Because it won't go," she replied, with a yawn. Then the young man went home.

If and Provided. The Lotos Club of New York yearned for many months in vain for "buckwheat cakes." The very skillful French cook of the club failed utterly, after repeated efforts, to secure the desired result. At last one of the members wrote to a sister, in another city, and asked her to send a recipe. Her reply was laid before the board of directors. It consisted of a very minute description of the necessary process, and concluded as follows: "If your cook will comply with these instructions very carefully in every respect, he will make good buckwheat-cakes, provided he has a special genius for making them."

The *Rural New-Yorker*, whose advertisement appears on another page, is fully illustrated, employs the best rural writers, and is everywhere recognized as authority on all subjects appertaining to the farm, garden, and household. It is owned and edited by live, practical, working farmers, who own and use 380 acres experimentally. On this all new seeds, fruits, plants, are carefully tested, and the results truthfully reported in the *Rural*. From these tests really new and valuable things are selected, and from six to eight kinds are sent free to its subscribers annually. In this way it has done much to benefit all lovers of fruits, flowers and the house.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City

AT THE CHURCH-PORCH.

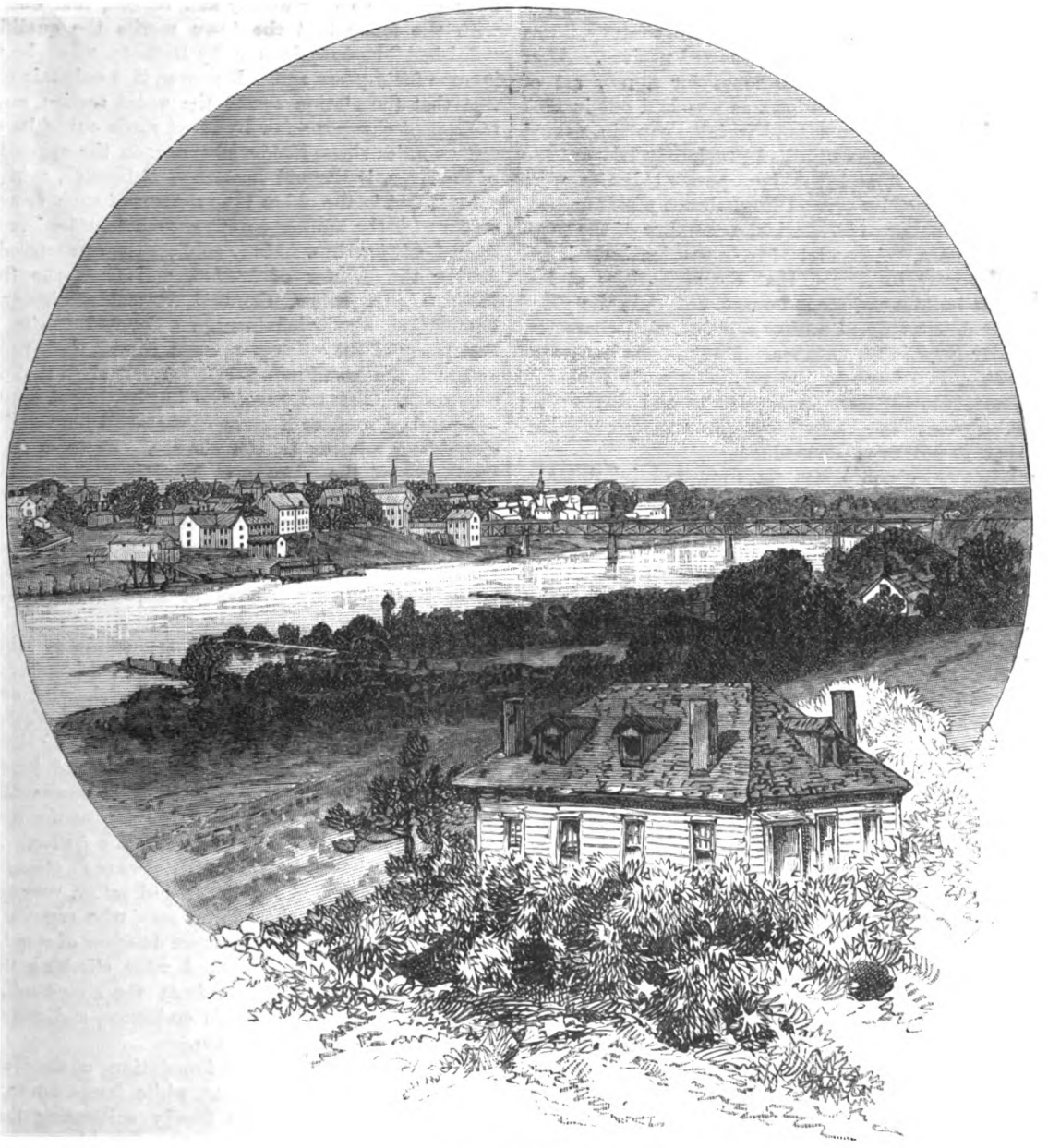
HOUSEHOLD PETS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX.—No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1885. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

FREDERICKSBURG,

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD, AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS MOTHER.



FREDERICKSBURG,

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THE HOME OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD, AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS MOTHER.

THE dedication, at Washington, of the monument which the Republic has for so many years been rearing as a memorial to the "Father of his Country," brings still more prominently the neglected tomb of his mother at Fredericksburg, the city where George Washington passed his boyish years, dreaming his dreams of a future, which in reality was to exceed by far his boldest imagination.

One of the oldest towns in Virginia, Fredericksburg possesses a renown from an historical standpoint, not only from its association with Washington's boyhood, but also in recent times for having been the theatre of one of the fiercest struggles of a terrible civil war. On the other hand, as far as current life is concerned, it is a trifle less frequently heard from than Oshkosh or Duluth.

When the celebrated Captain John Smith and party sailed up the Rappahannock River, and discovered the locality, in the early part of the seventeenth century, it was occupied by a snug settlement of the red natives. After the dusky denizens had made room for a new set of occupants, the site of the wigwams was laid out in 1737 for a town by another venerated Virginian captain, named William Byrd, the same who had previously laid out the plan of Richmond, and the incorporated limits were taken possession of by several Englishmen with families, and named in honor of Frederick, a member of the royal family of Britain. A hamlet of rude wooden huts, it fell so easily a prey to flames, that the authorities at last ordered the building of stone houses, and thus the place at an early date assumed rather a substantial character, and rapidly grew in importance. Many of its houses as now existing date back to the relatively early period of its settlement, in the days just prior to and during the Revolution, when the little burg shone more conspicuously than it has ever done since.

Actually the township has six thousand inhabitants, who regale themselves with life in its streets immediately debouching on the banks of the Rappahannock, across which hang two foot-bridges, and one for the iron tracks of a railway. As a place of residence Fredericksburg is generally declared to be charming, for there is just business enough to make matters easy and comfortable, a species of mediocrity between riches and pauperty; no smoke nor noise of factories, streets clean, air pure, climate mild the year round, severe cold being exceptional in Winter.

With these rather rare advantages, it has a reputation throughout the State of Virginia for health and refinement; for fair women and sterling men. There are half a dozen churches, public and private schools, town-hall, handsome dwellings, old and new, stores better stocked than usual in towns of its size, newspapers, gas, waterworks, a few sample electric lights, etc.; and yet it is far away from being modern; a strong tincture of the past clinging to it even as the scent of roses will cling to a broken rose-vase. In springtime, especially, the spot is lovely—flowers everywhere; great masses of lilac, honeysuckle, jasmine; everybody out of doors, as if picnicking privately, with public and business a thousand leagues off. Also, the country round about is beautiful; the views are picturesque and especially pleasing to the eye when hill and plain are clothed in Summer's verdure. The views are extensive, and are best enjoyed from Marye's Heights, whence the river can be seen as a silvery thread winding down the valley for miles, two ranges of hills, running parallel on either side of the stream, standing out in fine relief.

Characteristically, the thoroughfares bear yet some very royal names, given in the colonial era; such as King George, Princess Anne, Hanover, etc. The railway connecting Washington and Richmond passes through the town, and one of the most striking sights meeting the gaze of the traveler, as he makes his entry in the great southland, is the motley swarm of negro hack-drivers, porters, draymen, and loafers, at the Fredericksburg station. It may not be an attractive spectacle for the wayfarer, but the stoppage of the cars is a perpetual source of banter and fun for the roaring, screaming Africans, who are seen to be playing parts in a very genuine kind of minstrelsy. The hacks look so "dissipated," the dark crowd so very untidy and ragged, that one leaves with the fancy that the town merits the qualification "finished" bestowed on it by Dickens, when he visited it some forty years ago. However, it is only fair to mention that the station forms the worst section, and that the aspect changes a few hundred yards out of its sight.

Two miles above Fredericksburg, on the opposite side of the river, is the old hamlet of Falmouth, now nearly ruined, but in the olden time a point of such flourishing traffic with the mother-country, that it sufficed to evolve several millionaires. Many soldiers were quartered there during the Winter of 1862–3, and from the Stafford Heights, just below, General Burnside's heavy guns bombarded Fredericksburg, so devoted to its cause, that many of the citizens refused to quit their premises, and took the grand racket of shot and shell under their own roofs. Few traces of the bombardment are visible—a patched roof, or a stray cannon-ball here and there, alone bear witness to the shower. There is no other testimony of the charge at Marye's Heights than the National Cemetery, now perched on their top, over which float the Stars and Stripes on festive days. Here, against this formidably batteried hill, Burnside dashed the flower of his army, only to be mowed down at every rush, Meagher's men, most of all, brunting the vain attempt.

As each succeeding generation must delight to learn the minutest details in the career of the founder of the Republic, so the interest that Fredericksburg offers in regard to the early life and homestead of Washington and his parents promises to be of an enduring character. The town is rich in souvenirs, traditions and landmarks pertaining to the national hero. First comes the site, across the river, opposite the lower part of the town, on which stood the mansion owned by his father. At the rickety steamboat-wharf, there is always in attendance a small boat under charge of an old sailor, very grizzly, and with sailor-like rings in his ears, who earns a livelihood by ferrying across strangers desirous of standing on the site, and which is reached after climbing the hill about three hundred yards from the river-bank. The view is very pretty from this eminence, and attests the good taste of Mr. Washington.

Immediately on the stone foundations of the Washington homestead is now a neat, white frame house, occupied by a farmer and his family cultivating the surrounding farm—the same that Mrs. Washington used to put her own hands to. He is quite proud of the memory

of the original tenant, whose pictures adorn the interior of the cottage; but the edifice shows no relics other than the solid stone foundations rising above ground, and which are wonderfully well preserved. When excavations were made over the ruins, in order to trace out the foundations for building the present superstructure, nothing was found save a few old bottles and bits of iron.

"Little George" had scarcely attained his fifth year when his father left Pope's Creek, in Westmoreland County, and brought him and his mother up to this homestead on his Stafford plantation. The original structure here, in which the little boy was reared, lifted its low, modest, and red-painted front, with long slanting roof over a "piazza" or veranda, and tall chimney, several hundred feet above the level of the turbid river. The red coloring of the weather-beaten mansion had much faded at the beginning of this century, when numbers of people, in search of relics of the hero, just then deceased, repaired to the locality. When George was there, the mansion, trees, yard, garden, and orchard, were kept in first-rate order and no little style, considering the newness of the country.

In the neighborhood was a small "old field school," kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby, who acted in the double capacity of sexton and pedagogue, and he it was who taught the boy his A B C's. This literary sexton lived to see his young pupil in all his glory, and in his cups, particularly on the 22d of February, he used to boast that "'Twas me who, between my knees, laid the foundation of George Washington's greatness!"

While living in this Stafford homestead, the future hero was carefully "indoctrinated" by his father in the ways of morality, and history says that as the devoted couple were one day strolling about the orchard, the advantages of truth were solemnly impressed on the little boy's memory. "Oh, George, rather than see you a common liar, my son, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin!" "Pa," said George, very seriously, "do I ever tell lies?" "No, George, I thank God, you do not, my son; but whenever, by accident, you do anything wrong, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it, but come bravely up like a little man and tell me of it."

A year after this conversation, George, being about six years old, was presented with a hatchet, the edge of which he tried, boylike, on everything that came in his way, and among other things, on a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which, by-the-way, he barked so terribly, that the tree never got the better of it—if we may rely on history, which we think we can in this instance. The day after this occurrence, his father asked about the house if anybody knew, etc., but nobody could say. Presently in marched George with his hatchet. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This tough question staggered George for a moment—it was the turning-point of his life—but quickly recovering himself, he bravely cried out: "I can't tell a lie, Pa; I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my dearest boy!" exclaimed his father. "Glad I am that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold!"

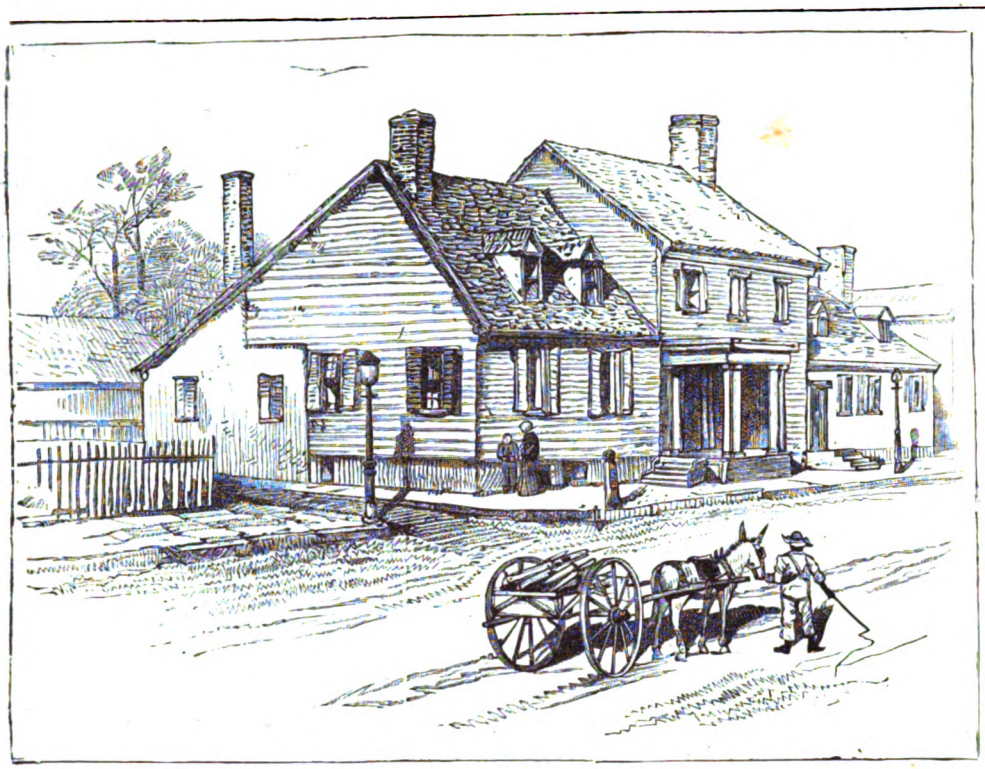
In the garden around this mansion was the cabbage-bed, too, which the thoughtful and ingenious parent sowed with cabbage-seed so as to spell the name of George, who, upon seeing the budding plants and wondering thereat, asked of the mystery an explanation, which was duly given, from a high religious standpoint. Here, in this Stafford homestead, when George was only ten years of age, his beneficent father expired from gout in the stomach.

At old man Hobby's schoolhouse (near by, but the exact site of which has not been marked), occurred the playing-at-soldiers between the boy and his mates, divided into two armies—French and American. As a rule, William Bustle commanded the French, George Washington the Americans, and so mimic battles were fought out, and, of course, George and his army always won the day—for there is a local tradition as well as historical writing on this head. At playtime no kind of weather could keep the two armies indoors, not even thunder and lightning. One of George's favorite pastimes was racing in the yard with the small boys of the day, and he was very active, so he always beat his competitor, just as he got ahead of Lord Cornwallis in after years. Another sport indulged in was throwing stones across the river at the ferry, a distance of 300 yards, and he alone among all the small boys accomplished the feat.

From here, too, he went to Williams's school, in Westmoreland, and returning from this home again, he started out as Lord Fairfax's surveyor in the backwoods of Virginia—though previously he went with his brother Lawrence to Bermuda, where he caught the smallpox, which slightly marked his face through life. As the Stafford farm was not over profitable, the legacy from his brother Lawrence of immense landed estates, including Mount Vernon, on the Potomac—named in honor of Admiral Vernon—gave George a great advance materially, for he had already acquired fame before his brother's death. After his father's death he was sent off, and his mother moved over to Fredericksburg, only a step.

It was from her Fredericksburg house that the boy, now grown to manhood, went to Williamsburg, the colony's capital, to tender his services to Governor Dinwiddie, for the purpose of bearing a letter to the French commandant on the Ohio, forbidding him to erect forts along the King of England's Ohio frontier. "Now Christ save my saoul, but ye're a braw lad," said the old Scotchman; "and gin ye play your cards weel, my boy, ye shall hae nae cause to rue your bargain." He did play them "weel," and right the old governor was as to the subsequent proceedings.

When Mrs. Washington moved out to Fredericksburg it was quite a straggling village, and the frame house which she had put up for her residence was regarded as a stylish edifice. This modest little building stands to-day on one of the principal streets, pretty much as when she dwelt in it, reverently preserved, spared by the ravage of war, and certainly the most attractive object in the burg. Fortunately, it has suffered from no "restoration"; only occasionally has it been invested with a fresh coat of white paint. An addition has been made on one side by connecting it with a dwelling erected in immediate contact with it. In height two stories, the top one really being an attic, it has a low, slanting roof toward the garden in the rear, and a chimney against the wall on the street. The weather-boarding is of narrow strips, fastened with imported nails. Through a porch on the sidewalk entrance is made into a narrow passage running to the rear door, and adjoining on this floor are two rooms; the front one, giving on the street (it is a corner house), was that occupied by Mrs. Washington, in which she did her sewing, spinning and knitting, and kept the accounts of her dairy, for she made a regular business of selling milk, butter, and eggs. A small, winding staircase leads to the upper rooms, which were reserved for guests and friends, who, at bedtime climbed

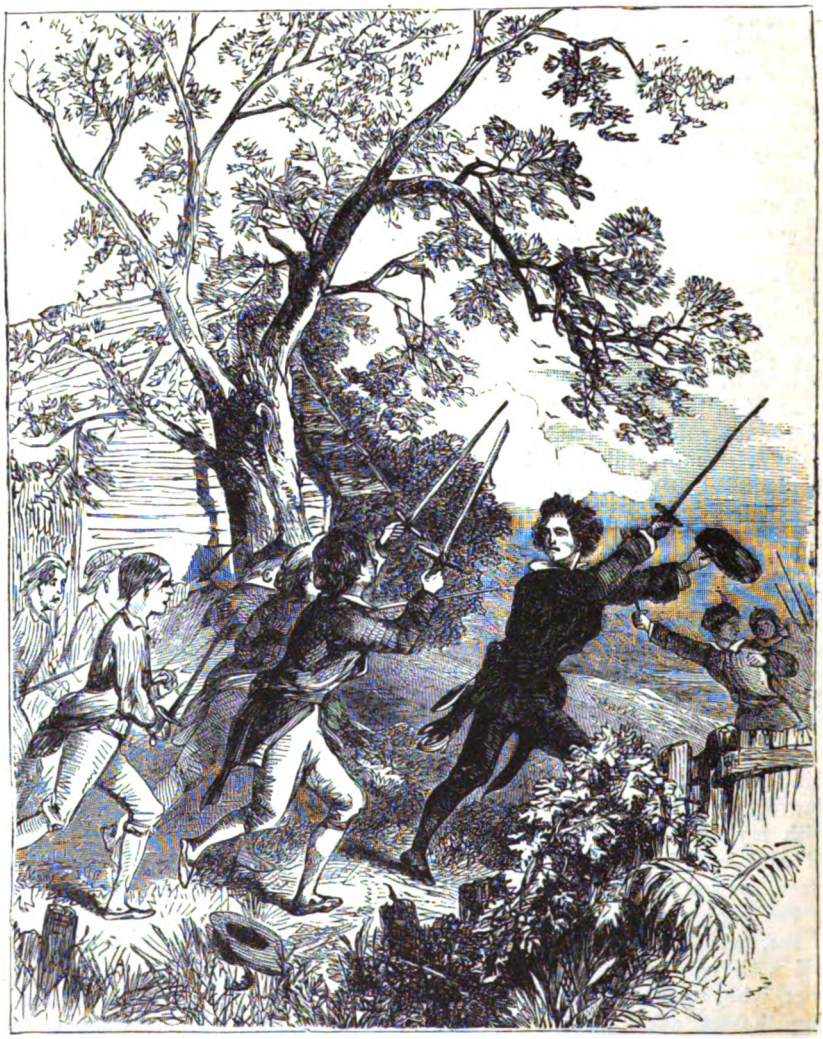


THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON LIVED.

custom to work every day, save Sunday, attending closely to her vegetables, flowers, poultry, etc., etc., and thus engaged she was frequently found by illustrious callers, including "George," dropping in upon her. A few yards off from the dwelling stands the kitchen in the garden —the kitchen in which the lady of the house passed a good many of her moments instructing "Dinah."

Up to the outbreak of the late war, 22d's of February were great days in Fredericksburg, enthusiastically celebrated. The volunteer military companies made up these steps with a tallow-candle in their hands. in the style of the period.

The old lady insisted upon vacating her own room for "George," as she called him, and had the exclusive right to call him, whenever he came to "pay his respects" and stay awhile at his old home. Frequently on such occasions the dwelling was the scene of dancing parties, given in his honor, when the choice belles of the vicinity for miles around hastened to attend, and prized eagerly the honor of dancing with the lady's and Fortune's favorite son. Mrs. Washington was noted for her industry and peaceful disposition, though at times, her temper getting the best of her, she let herself be heard, and gave to those who needed it a piece of her mind. She was methodic, and believed in home discipline, if not in military discipline, which, as required by the Revolutionary War, she looked upon to be wholly a sad kind of business — in fact, she wanted "George" to quit it! In her day there was a very large garden surrounding the house; since, it has been greatly curtailed by the erection of blocks roundabout. In this garden it was her



WASHINGTON'S MILITARY TASTES AS A BOY.

it the leading feature to march up and formally present arms before the little house that had been occupied by the mother of "the father of his country." Since the war such reverential custom has been unobserved—perhaps only suspended, for assuredly her memory is deserving of all honors.

A formidable monument, to mark the spot on which the hero was born, in Westmoreland County, has been ordered by Congress. Such commemoration is all well enough, though it is a pity that the wretched taste of this dwindled era in art will be called upon to say what that token shall be. For, as this is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, an artistic age, it is easily apparent that current art is pretty much a big sham—such an abomination of pretense, such a roguish reprint of the works of bygone eras, mechanically botched, that it were better the entire mass should perish. It is really a pity that Congress is pretty sure to get a poor return for its money, a subject of regret that the hero's birthplace was not marked in an era of purer taste. Certainly the proposed monument will not equal the one that stands over his mother's grave, which, erected nearly a half-century ago, is the most tasteful to be seen anywhere on American soil. This little monument, situated in the plain five hundred yards from the edge of the town, is simplicity itself, and precisely for this reason is it the most appropriate one that could have been erected to "Mary, the Mother of Washington." There are no gewgaws, not a particle of sham, about its solid marble blocks, that were expressly quarried at Carrara and shipped to Fredericksburg for dressing on the spot, where they were afterward cemented together. A plain, modest structure, about twenty feet high, with only a few little carved columns around the top; there is no statue, and no shaft. As luck would have it, the money gave out before they could put the shaft on top. Any kind of shaft would have spoiled the whole effect, and so it lies alongside on the turf, conveying the most felicitous suggestions in regard to the workings of the better fates watching over the memories of the mothers of great men. Mrs. Washington herself chose this spot for her burial; it was then very retired, and there was quite a grove of weeping-willows around, only one of which now remains. The plain is broad and long, and the monument is a pleasing and conspicuous object as seen in the distance. Walking out to it is a favorite pastime among the burgers, especially on Sundays, and during these festive holidays thoughtless *gamins*, with shotguns in their hands, formerly made a target of it, and hence the marble is somewhat marred, though otherwise in a very good condition. Congress has been talking of restoring it; but, as it needs no restoration, or duplication, or disfiguring addition, Congress would do better to leave it untouched, for the monument was put up by direction of Fredericksburgers, although its cost was defrayed by a merchant from the State of New York. It will be time enough for Congress to act when the beauties of the present structure shall have faded entirely through the crumbling work of time.

WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER.

The dwelling on the edge of the town nearest to the monument is known as "Kenmore House," which was the residence of Washington's only sister, Elizabeth, familiarly called "Betty Washington." Kenmore was erected expressly to please her by her husband, a Mr. Robert Lewis, who was the first mayor of Fredericksburg. Betty is reported to have been very gay and lively, and to have been fond of stylish living, and so Mr. Lewis built a fine house to gratify her tastes. It is a large structure, dingy now on the exterior, but its interior was originally very gaudy, embellished with frescoes by artists sent over directly from England; the walls and floors of finely wrought material, and altogether a well fitted-up house.

Here, fashionable company assembled to honor the only sister of such a great man. As usual, an immense garden, filled with trees and flowers, was an appendage, for there was no lack of territory then in the sparsely occupied village. The house fell into decay in the early part of this century, having passed out of the family, and being neglected by each succeeding tenant, its finery soon wore off. At the outbreak of the war it was occupied by a descendant of the original Lewis family, but it was soon wrecked by military treatment. A couple of

years ago, it was purchased by a Baltimorean as a residence for his family, and he conceived the idea of restoring its embellishments just as they were in Mrs. Betty's time. Kenmore, of course, is another attraction in the eye of the visiting stranger.

Indeed, that stranger hears and sees so much throughout the burg, carrying him directly and authentically back to Washington, that he at once seizes on the fact of the place being a mine of Washingtoniana, in some respects richer than that of Mount Vernon, and quite eclipsing the Westmoreland vein, now only a name. For instance, he is rarely allowed to depart without looking on what some think to be the most precious relic of all, namely, the Bible on which the great man was sworn when he became a member of the Masonic Lodge of that district, as also some of the paraphernalia used by him in assisting at Masonic ceremonies. These are borne today in grand processions. Thirty years ago, several coal-black old ladies of the neighborhood used to put in lively claims as having been nurses to the hero; whether they were nurses in ordinary or in honorary was never clearly settled, for their language, though emphatic, was at the same time vague. To all queries their reply was simple: "Yes; I'se nussed Giniral Washin'ton!"—only this and nothing more quoth the ravens.

"Gunnery Green" is a point on the edge of the corporate limits, near the railway, famous as having been the site of a gun-factory, which turned out arms for the patriots during the Revolution. It was of so much importance, that Washington detailed a squad of soldiers to guard it against marauders. Mounds of earth still outline the old establishment; but even the stones have been removed, and the locality is now a favorite resort for picnics and military parades. Further up the river, on the opposite side, are the ruins of the "Furnace," covered with wild vines and shrubbery, but quite distinct and lifted above the soil, and from this spot some valuable Revolutionary cannon were yielded, according to the local traditions. It is certain that, even under the colonial *régime*, the town and its vicinity were noted for their ironworks, planted by Governor Spottiswood, who was a benefactor of the colony, and did his utmost toward its industrial development and independence. He went into the iron business when he retired from the gubernatorial chair, and exerted himself so skillfully, that his iron wares successfully competed with like goods brought across the sea. He built a splendid country-seat within a few miles of the burg, and resided in it until his death, frequenting for service the little church in St. George's Parish, of which the first rector was an uncle of Patrick Henry, and the latter, as a boy, was also a regular attendant to hear the preaching. In after years, the orator was wont to say that these sermons first fired his imagination, and inclined him to embrace the art of eloquence—that art which he was to carry to such a matchless height at Williamsburg and at Richmond.

CHINESE GORMANDS.

THE Chinese love good eating. The number of fat, oily priests one sees in monasteries convinces the visitor that their diet is regulated by anything but Pythagorean principles. Their very deities are sadly inclined to corpulency, while their pet image of the Buddha in a merry mood is one undulating mass of obesity, as he lounges on his pedestal. There is no object upon which a Chinaman's eyes rest with so much pleasure as upon some well-fed, beefy-faced, barrel-bodied Falstaff. When a man who is inclined to *embonpoint* meets an old acquaintance he is greeted with the compliment: "Why, how your blessedness is increasing!" The idea being that fatness is the outward and visible sign of inward happiness and contentment; while leanness is always associated with worry, care and sorrow.

According to the Chinese phrenologists, the intestines are the seat of the mind and affections, and it is a very common joke on meeting a stout Chinamen of Pickwickian proportions for a foreigner to remark to his companion: "What a fine intellect that man has got!" In a land where adipose tissue is a mark of beauty, it is almost superfluous to say that eating is the all-important business. If you want to say "How do you do?" to a Chinaman, the only way is to ask him if he has eaten his rice yet. Follow behind a company of Chinese walking along the street, and listen to their conversation, and you will find that, if it is not about money, it will be about food and drink. I have never been two minutes in conversation with a fellow-traveler in a river-boat without being asked what article of diet constitutes a foreigner's chow-chow.

HOW MR. NICHOLSON MISLAID THE BABY.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. NICHOLSON was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study-door half open, and her eyes turning from the quiet figure in the armchair by the table, to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid she should cry and no one hear her. I wish I had not let nurse go out; but all you have to do," coming into the room, and speaking impressively, "*all* you have to do is to ring the bell violently—*violently*, remember—for cook. For heaven's sake, John," leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her husband's attention, "look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad!"

"What is it all about, Agatha?"

The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently, and the thin finger was slipped on to the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with idle, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "Here have I, for the last ten minutes, been *begging* and *imploring* of you to remember baby; not to *nurse* her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that."

But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me or sneer, if you like. If it were my own baby I would say nothing, I would bear it all; but Emmy's!"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at the writing-table pushed the book away, and lost his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? a baby! Oh, Emmy's baby, of course."

"And not a half, a hundredth part, a thousandth part, as valuable, in your eyes," broke in Agatha with impetuosity, "as the smallest, the most unknown, the most undiscovered star! You need not tell me; I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their *size*, my dear—is of infinitely more value than one hair of a baby's head. I mean," hastily, "speaking from the entirely scientific point of view. But as you were saying—you *were* saying, were you not,' a little doubtfully, "something about that unfortunate babe of Emmy's?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty Summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only once for all, John, if you call it a *babe*, I will leave your house at once, and never, *never* come back; and if you call it *unfortunate*, I shall take that hateful MS. with me and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it were *yours*," with impassioned irony, "it might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him. We can finish him up to-night," cheerfully. "If that is all, you had better go out now, whilst it is fine," turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant, and then back to his blotted page. "You can tell me about Charles, you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about them, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives."

He rose, and laid his hand on the long, slender, soft gray glove that was leaning with determination on his neat MS. The gray glove closed round his hand gently and clung to him, almost as if it were loath to leave the thin worn fingers; but he patted it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke again, she spoke with less decision and more pleading.

"It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I have put her cradle in the morning-room, by the window. John," suddenly, "are you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning-room, Agatha."

"Well," with a sigh of relief, "I see you are taking it in, and forgetting those horrible stars; and how you can compare a star to a baby," parenthetically, "is past me."

"I am sure I never did," he said, gently.

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I shall never get out. What was I saying? Oh, baby is in the morning-room, and if she cries—makes *one* sound—you are to ring your bell—*this* bell, John—for cook; do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring the bell—*this* bell—for cook."

"Oh, I *hope* you will," after a pause. "Fancy," her eyes filling with tears again, "if she cried, and no one heard her! Oh, John, you will not deceive me? You will try—and—ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely I am not utterly destitute of common humanity or common sense. I have work here," pointing to the MS. and the books of reference heaped around him; "but I suppose, after all, I am human."

"Oh, I *hope* so, I *think* so," cried Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you might not hear her, that was all I meant."

"Then I think," he said, with a gentle, sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am satisfied, I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf from Charles's book, the best of husbands."

"Oh"—the gray glove had closed on the handle of the door, but released it again—"the Paynters are coming to-night, so you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," obediently; "good-by."

"Good-by." The bright face, that had almost disappeared round the door, came back again, and leant against the worn velveteen of the astronomer's coat; for a minute the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are a dear old fellow after all, and I am a fiend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the room with the sweet bright presence, and hover over the pretty cradle, amongst the sounds and scents of the midsummer day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high windows, and fell across the velveteen coat, and the tidy manuscripts, and the open books, and left the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow.

Chapter II.

It might have been two hours afterward—painful after events created a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the two hours might have been two days—when he became aware of a laugh in the passage by the door. His hand had grown tired with writing, but the pen traveled steadily on; his eyes had grown a little tired, and it was a relief to raise them for a minute to the locked door, behind which he heard the laugh.

He rose, with a half-smile on his grave face, and paused, struck by a sudden presentiment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room. Was it a dream, or a memory, or was it—*the baby?*

He pushed his papers hurriedly away, and walked over to the door, and unlocked it, throwing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson, standing in her pretty gray dress, with her slim hands stretched out, and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond there was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are earning your title to the best of husbands!" He looked up in quick perplexity.

"What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you."

"Oh, don't, John!" she cried, impatiently; "don't tease! *I want baby.*"

"Well"—the same perplexed look creeping over his face, and softening its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he positively quailed. Then she swept over to the cradle, and tossed out the little pillow, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on to the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking down upon the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen head into their accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tiptoe, and was stirring the softly shining heap on the floor with his patent-leather shoes, as if he half imagined that she had tossed the baby out amongst them.

"Well?" said Agatha, sharply.

"Well?" he echoed, feebly.

"Do you mean to say," she said, putting aside her angry vehemence, and speaking tearfully, with her gray eyes turned up to his—"Oh, John, do you mean to say that you have *lost* her?"

"I never touched her!" he cried, hastily; "I never—' *heard* her, he would have added, but again that faint memory—that dream—stirred him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said, abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor, I can't remember."

"*You can't remember!*" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John! she roared. Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study; she told me so; but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her!"

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her?—a baby roaring, as you say!" He shuddered. "Why, surely no one in his senses would do such a thing!"

"Emmy's baby!" cried Agatha, tearfully; "and that is how you speak of her! Oh, John, dear John, think again. Didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have put her somewhere, and she has gone to sleep. Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you have put her somewhere and forgotten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window-sill, and covered his face with his hands. He tried to think, but whenever he concentrated his mind on the baby he was was dimly conscious of that fading fancy that he could not grasp—that dream of a cry. It had disturbed him, he remembered—that loud, painful, jarring cry—but it had died away. Surely it had died into peace without his interference.

"Agatha," he said, lifting up his face, sharpened with the effect of thought, "I *do* remember *something*—somebody crying; it must have been the babe."

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly; "go on. You heard her! That is right. Cook says you must have heard, she roared so. Well—and then? You——"

"I—I can't remember, Agatha. I may have gone on writing; that seems the most likely, I think; but I may have gone to the door. No," shaking his head; "I can't get beyond the cry. I *do* remember that now distinctly."

"Perhaps," said Agatha, hopefully, through her tears, "you have put her somewhere in the library. What have you been doing or using this afternoon?"

Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as she swept in before him, and flung open the great curtains, so that the light rushed in on to his table strewed with plans and MS.

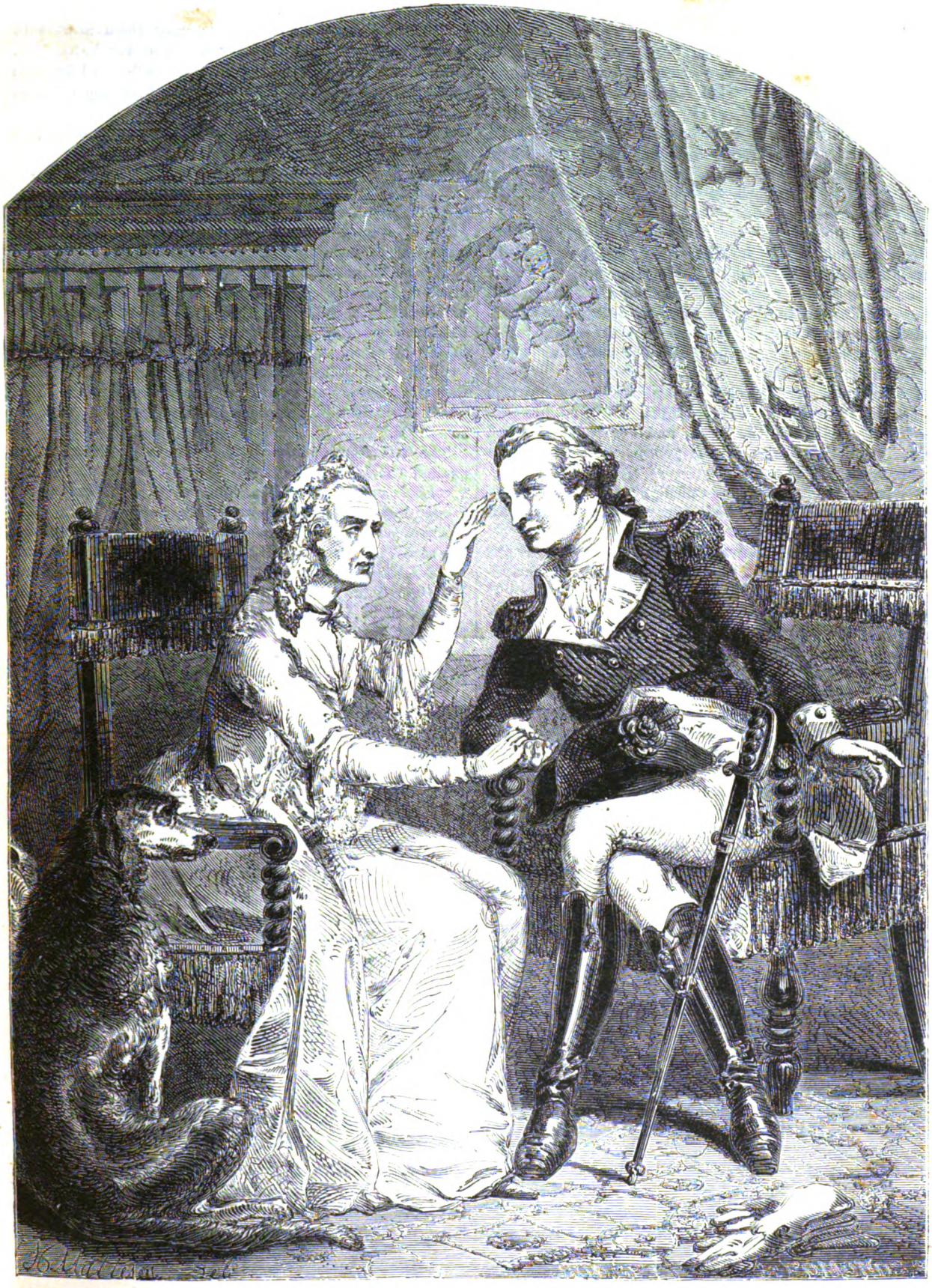
Even then he spread out his hands, almost unconsciously, to defend his precious papers from her light, scornful touch; but she stood in the centre of the room, looking into every corner with her quick, soft eyes.

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No," peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. "What else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a quick smile, "the waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is cook," as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at the sight of the sympathetic face, "your

COURT-HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER IN HER LAST YEARS.— SEE PAGE 130.

master has not seen the baby—at least he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard her cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

"Which you won't never find her, then," said cook, in a broken voice. "In my last place but one, where I was general cleaner in Mrs. 'All's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be this, and it was never found —gypsies or not, it was never come across again."

"Oh, don't, cook!" cried Agatha, plaintively. "And Emmy coming this evening! Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing her."

"Which he might," said cook, "not being deaf. Which I don't mean no disrespect, sir, but she was roaring awful; and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit;' and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and no sound, and the cradle as empty as it is this minute."

Cook turned dramatically, and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eye followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the centre of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," added cook, scornfully, "I think a baby—and such a one, bless her!—is of more vally than all this rubbish."

She waved her hand over the table, on which lay the neat MS. and the rows of mended pens; and Mr. Nicholson moved instinctively a step backward, as if she had an evil eye and his writings would shrivel up at her scornful gesture.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity, marred a little by the quiver in her voice, "you don't understand. Your master is very clever, and his writings are of great value. Of course," with a pleading look upward, "baby is our first thought just now. There are no wild beasts here, so she cannot be eaten. But she has gone, and before Emmy comes this evening she must be found."

"Of course she must," said her husband, plucking up courage from her exceeding gentleness. "We will begin systematically, and go through every room in the house."

So the search began, that ended, an hour later, in the great hall, with three perplexed faces meeting each other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It's no use, John; I cannot bear it any longer. She is lost!"

With a despairing gesture she flung out her empty hands, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by the sound of merry laughter and the trampling of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening intently, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hayfield all day, and I asked them to tea. I can't speak to them; I am too anxious."

"She would have moved away, but the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up toward her in the darkness, over the rugs and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there by a pair of rough sunburnt hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and kissing, to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands.

"Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious shamefaced look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room, and bagged her. She's been playing in the hay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes; I thought she was lost," said Agatha, gently.

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter. "Well, that is good! May we wash our hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I've been holding her; but Jim's simply mud all over. Here, have you got her? it's so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dim distance of stairs and passages, leaving a little group in the twilight of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning, and two arms with a white bundle folded in them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice out of the darkness; "I know you would rather not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped, and laid a dark mustache against the little bundle.

"She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever knew so much about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence, a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself up to his full height, with a view to reasserting his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said, stiffly, "I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha; "I only asked you, and you *couldn't remember*."

"Another time," with an evident effort, "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard."

"Another time!" scornfully. "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emmy is in the least likely to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then how about the baby?" with a laugh.

"That," said Agatha, firmly, "includes the baby."

THE centre of human happiness, says Dr. Ward Richardson, is not in the brain, but in the vital nervous system, in the great ganglia of the sympathetic, lying not in the cerebro-spinal cavities, but in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. The man who is miserable is a hypochondriac; his affection is seated under the lower ribs. No man ever felt miserable in his head. Every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, and speaks of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there; he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed with an added weight or burden, under which he bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down.

A TUNNEL measuring about 5,000 feet long, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era, has just been discovered by the Governor of the Island of Samos. Herodotus mentions this tunnel, which served for providing the old seaport with drinking-water. It is completely preserved, and contains water-tubes of about twenty-five centimetres in diameter, each one provided with a lateral aperture for cleansing purposes. The tunnel is not quite straight.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing, did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee."

"What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered; "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

AN UNLUCKY SHOT;

OR,

AN INCIDENT IN A PLANTER'S LIFE.

THERE are few positions which at times call into play so varied an assortment of the latent powers or qualities of individuals as that of an Indian planter, circumstanced as he frequently is.

Often placed in some solitary, out-of-the-way garden alone, and with no society but that of his "coolies," and perhaps, also, many miles from his next-door neighbor, or civilization, his surroundings and adventures are not always of the most enviable kind.

A life of monotony and incessant attention to his garden duties is frequently his lot, varied only by a periodical visit to the station upon legal matters, or a ride to a neighboring friend's garden, which are perhaps his only looked-for recreations; these being sometimes pleasantly relieved by the visits of an occasional passing traveler, who calls in as he rides past for a feed for himself and his horse, both of which he is certain of in a country where no hotels exist, and "hospitality" means what its name conveys—or, rather, should convey.

Determination, decision, and calm, practical action, are attributes the most frequently called into demand from the planter, situated as he may be, miles away from any law, support, or redress; the whole factory under his sole, unaided control, and his coolies, numbered by hundreds, dependent upon him only for their many and every want, as it is to his omnipotent and benign majesty they learn to look for food, pay, advice, medicine and law.

He is in verity a kind of demigod, universal provider, dispenser of justice, and often even executioner.

His whole strength and position is dependent upon his prestige and moral persuasive force, and once either of these fail to accomplish an end in view, no other power can do so.

One sultry day, such as is frequently experienced in the tea-districts of India, a report was brought to me that a large boa-constrictor—a snake often found in these parts—had taken up his station upon the roof of one of the manufacturing houses, and as his proximity was considered dangerous to the comfort and safety of certain children, and others then engaged working in the same house, I was requested to bring my gun and end his days.

On proceeding over to the factory, I perceived from the upturned eyes and gaping mouths of some three or four hundred men, women and children, that my information was for once correct, particularly as I could plainly discern the huge snake raising and dipping his head as he struck at or receded from the attacks of several birds of the starling (Minas) species peculiar to the country, and whose young he had been about to swallow or destroy.

Calling a little native boy, I ordered him to go to the bungalow (house) and bring my breech-loading fowling-piece and a brace of No. 6 cartridges, which I always kept ready for emergencies such as the present.

On his return with the gun and ammunition, I loaded, and prepared to slay the reptile, now become a general topic of wonder and alarm to the coolies gathered below.

Having directed all people then working upon the various "chungs," or lofts to retire to a safe distance, clear of my intended line of fire, I raised both hammers of the piece and prepared to shoot.

Fortunately, as it afterward proved, on finding that the sun was shining in my upturned eyes, I decided to go down into the drain, which was about two feet in depth, and surrounded the various houses, and this movement upon my part was the means of somewhat ameliorating the effects of the catastrophe which immediately afterward occurred so unexpectedly to every one present.

Observing that the "boa" had retired under the thatch with which the house was covered, I decided to give up my intention of firing, and having given orders for the workers to return to their duties, I prepared to draw both cartridges, first most carefully dropping, or endeavoring to drop, the barrels, in order to prevent risk of accident by the hammer striking their pins while in their "striking" line.

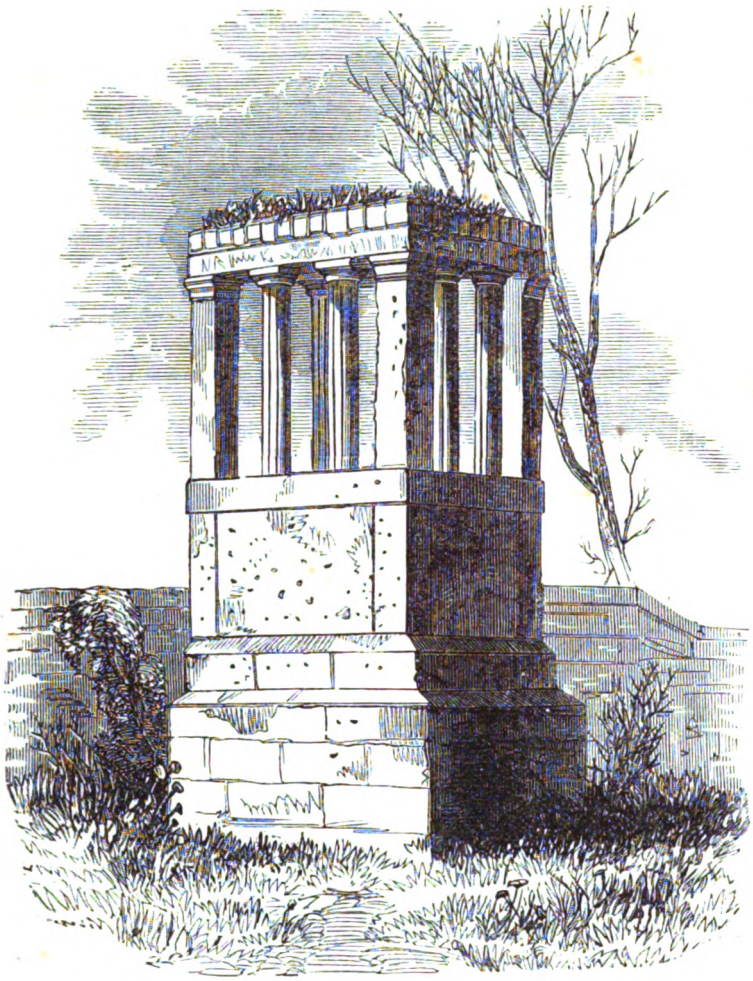
Instantaneously and most unexpectedly, to my intense horror, I heard an explosion, and saw at once, by the large, irregular, powder-stained hole in the flimsy bamboo partition, that my charge must have passed through it "point-blank," like a bullet.

I also realized that immediately inside this lattice wall there were at that very moment from two to three hundred workingwomen with their children and infants, who were waiting for their "leaf" to be weighed, and I was sure that some of them must have been severely hit, if not killed outright. I instantly jumped inside the house and asked if any one was hurt.

Every one was too astonished and dumbfounded to seemingly realize what had happened, but the only answer I could get was "Nai, sahib" ("No, sir").

Feeling convinced that this could not be correct, I proceeded to personally ascertain the extent of damages I had caused, and soon realized, from the number of persons I could at a glance see were covered with blood, that some few had been hard hit.

However, upon going round amongst the women and children, I was relieved by seeing that none of them were



TOMB OF MARY WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 130.

lying down, and so I fondly trusted that none had been killed by the discharge.

I fortunately realized my awful position instanter, and sent off the gun to my "bungalow," where my wife and little child at that time were awaiting my return to lunch.

Calling up some of the leading men ("sirdars"), in whose fidelity I could trust, I ordered them to assist me in collecting the dead or dying—giving also orders to keep all in view, and not to lose sight of any one of them.

This I did for certain cogent reasons, one of which was to prevent any imaginary deaths being afterward laid at my door.

I at once sent away all I found had been wounded, under charge of other trusted men, with directions to take them down to the European surgeon's quarters at the hospital.

My assistant, a young Englishman, had been for some days sick at his own house, but immediately sending for him, I requested that he would mount his horse and gallop to the police post ("Thannah") to report the accident, and direct the native police officer in charge to come up at once.

I then took charge of the wounded, and upon counting them, found I had "spotted" no less than five women, and one of my native clerks, whose duties had, unfortunately, brought him "under fire" for once.

I realized the whole scene at a glance, and saw that my only chance lay in the hope that I could get my wounded women quietly away before the extent of the accident was known by the men—amongst whom were fathers, husbands, brothers, and other relations — who, I knew, only needed a suspicion that I had so cruelly treated their womankind in order to rise *en masse*, and perhaps take my life before explanations could be given.

I never was in such a fix in my life before; but I fortunately foresaw that all now depended upon my own coolness and presence of mind, as the loss of either must assuredly lead to dire consequences for myself and the other Europeans in the factory under my control.

A more melancholy procession I never had joined in before, as every woman had received a full proportion of the shots, and each shot had brought forth its own little stream of blood, which the wounded had, in true native style, made the most of, by diligently smearing over their shiny black skins and such clothes as they had upon them.

It may here be hinted at that these people do not wear more clothes than are needed, and the women are generally bare almost down to their waist, so that the deadly effect of my fusillade, may be imagined.

As they all kept sitting or lying down to die, and I was decided that my hopes lay in keeping them alive—at least till their wounds had been medically examined—I used my utmost persuasions and threats to achieve that end. I promised fabulous things and made fearful threats till, like the famous Artemus Ward, I could well say "there was not a dry eye," and "many could (?) have borrowed money from me upon the spot."

As it was upward of a mile from the scene of action to the hospital, the procession made slow progress, in consequence of the many halts made by the would-be dying ones; and I had ample time for reflection and imaginary pictures of imprisonment, or perhaps the gallows; both being perfectly likely in a country where a native's oath is accepted as equal to a European's, and where a few rupees or threats can always procure reliable witnesses, prepared to swear to anything, more particularly when they think their cause is likely to prosper by so doing.

With magistrates and judges whose sympathies imperceptibly lie with the "poor coolie" when opposed to a "brutal planter," I know that my chances were small, if convicted either of manslaughter or murder—both being possible findings, if only properly sworn to—as circumstances recently occurring had shown the planting community in one or two cases that had been tried, and in which young planters had struck coolies, who had subsequently died from spleen, a complaint peculiar to Indian coolies.

As in both cases the unfortunate accused were convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, my feelings then were not of the most buoyant description.

I, however, at length arrived with my ghastly convoy, which by this time had considerably increased, in conse-

quence of the news having spread that many of the "innocents" had been butchered by the "sahib" in cold blood, and I painfully realized that my only chance lay in the hope of getting the wounded out of sight as quickly as possible, and to this end I worked diligently.

Arrived at the hospital, I at once roused the medical officer, who was enjoying the usual Eastern *siesta* after his midday meal. I hastily explained the circumstances, and officially requested him to make an examination such as he could depose to, if required, before the district magistrate.

This he did by probing all shot-wounds and noting their probable course and effect, and when he at length gave an opinion that, although dangerous, none were, at present, likely to prove fatal, I was very much relieved.

By this time the news had spread far and wide, and I knew the coolies were flocking in from their various duties to hear the fearful details.

My fears at this time were that, with the fanatical pigheadedness peculiar to these races, they would revenge themselves without any further inquiry on those at that moment defenseless ; and it was quite likely they might either fire the factory buildings or my bungalow, in which were my worldly belongings, personal and real.

I hurriedly scribbled a few lines to my wife, telling her not to be nervous, as matters were better than I had conjectured, and that I would soon return to dinner.

Handing the note to my "chowkedar" (watchman), I directed him to go at once and deliver it ; but I little calculated that he would so soon return, as he did in a few moments, and, with his dark visage blanched with fright, informed me that several hundred coolies were collected, armed with hoes, spears, knives, axes, and every conceivable weapon available.

He further told me their intention was to kill me as soon as I appeared ; that they had seized the letter he carried, and had threatened also to kill him for acting as my emissary.

My mind at once grasped the position and course to be adopted, which was to enforce order and maintain my prestige at all hazards. Against many prayers and supplications, supported by threats, I ordered him to follow me and point out the person who had deprived him of the missive.

Seeing my firm determination to advance alone to certain death, as it was presumed, several sycophantic natives volunteered to escort me ; but knowing their character too well, I directed them on no account to stir, but took precautions to tell the surgeon my intention of meeting the mutineers at once, and hinted that, if things came to the worst, he must prepare to stand by me, but otherwise not to show himself.

I fully knew that, once my control of the position was lost, our chances of life would be small, as we were perfectly defenseless against a frantic, fanatical mob of some hundreds of men and women.

Only one path existed, and by that alone could I go, and I started on my errand with very mingled feelings, my sole companion being my trembling *ci-devant* letter-carrier, and my only arms my half-smoked cheroot.

Proceeding some distance and seeing no signs of attack, I felt momentarily relieved, but I soon found the reports of my approaching immolation were likely to prove only too true, if the raging multitude which met my view on turning down my only means of exit could be considered as an earnest of what was to follow.

There was nothing left but for me to meet the position, and this I did by marching direct up to the centre of the motley and variously armed crowd.

My action appeared to appall them for an instant, and I took advantage of this to sternly demand in my loudest Bengalee the name of the man who had dared to seize the letter I had sent, and I at the same time ordered the would-be bearer to point out the delinquent. Native-like, he explained that his gentle life would pay the forfeit if he told.

Having no hopes of help from my valiant escort, I repeated my demand, till to my surprise a rather handsome Santhal woman quietly informed me she had it in her house, but declined to deliver it.

Seeing my determination, and knowing full well from past experiences that I meant it, she, after debate with her friends, went and brought it, and placed it in my hands.

Knowing as I did the value of ostentatious display to these people, I threw the note open, and inquired why they had stopped its travel.

THE LENT JEWELS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 139.

The reply was characteristic of the dilatory and *laissez-faire* style of the race; some one replied:

"We thought you were sending information to the police."

I at once told them to make their minds easy on that point, as I had already duly reported the whole affair.

This news appeared much to surprise them, as I don't think they credited me with being so smart, and I now informed them that the note they had so knowingly intercepted was merely addressed to my wife, telling her that there was nothing at all the matter, and that I should soon return to dinner, etc.

By this time I saw that the crowd had considerably increased, and evidently intended mischief.

I inwardly wished I could become conspicuous by my absence, but I saw that there was nothing left but calmness and determination.

Many were armed with hoes and axes, etc., and a blow from any one of these would assuredly have settled me for ever.

The more the seething, infuriated crowd roared, screamed and threatened, the more I saw my only hope lay in saying nothing.

At times there was a temporary lull, and I at once called out: "Soon," "soon" (hear me), (listen to me), etc., only to be answered by many voices, "We won't," etc.; and then folding my arms and defiantly smoking my almost exhausted cheroot, I replied: "Then I won't hear you," etc.

This went on for some time amid cries of "Jan-maro" (take his life) "Maro" (strike him), etc., and I only in reply asked: "Koon-kuriga?" (who will do it), etc.

I felt my remaining chances now lay in endeavoring to get them to understand the presumed outrage was but a pure accident, and nothing less or more.

Finding they were gradually closing around me, I stood firm, but took care never to take my eyes off them or turn my head; and I held both hands clinched, ready for defense, but determined to knock down the first man who laid a finger upon my sacred person.

My calm defiance appeared to astonish and paralyze them, not apparently understanding why one white man should appear so reckless, in spite of the fearful threats poured at him by the hundreds of angry natives who faced me.

One great, blustering fellow—a Santhal—who appeared the ringleader, advanced close to me, and I pulled him toward me and said, in Bengalese:

"I made a mistake, and did not kill your women intentionally. No one is fonder of them than I am."

He threw up his hands and roared out:

"Soon!" (listen) "Our sahib did not intend it. He is sorry, and he has committed a "koosoor" (fault).

"Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" rang out through the rabble.

I gathered at once that they were satisfied, and I saw the time had now arrived for me to turn the tables and maintain to the last the prestige I had so long held under very trying circumstances.

In loud tones I ordered all to retire at once into their "lines" (huts), and I followed it up by directing the "sirdars" and "chowkedars" (head-men) to at once carry out my directions.

For a moment they hesitated, but seeing my firmness they gradually obeyed, and the mob soon melted away, till not one remained to take my life or molest me.

Waiting a few moments to collect my thoughts and calm down, I mounted my pony and rode slowly right through the various lines of huts, now receiving salaams and salutes on all sides from the very people who, a few moments previously, were about to cut me down and butcher me.

I now returned to my bungalow, and on my way met the "darogah" (head-constable in command of the frontier police post), with his *posse* of four men and a sergeant. He asked officially, in Assamese:

"Is any one dead, sir?"

I replied I could not tell him, but to go and see for himself, and then to return to my house, and I would make my deposition to him.

About an hour afterward the "force" appeared before my veranda, and I directed the "darogah" and his sergeant to hear my explanation.

This was given up to the point when I was called upon to show the action of the gun, etc., and I accordingly dropped the barrels and extracted the remaining cartridge.

Tearing the end open, I ostentatiously emptied its contents of shot No. 6 into my hand, and held it out to let the assembled crowd see what had caused so much bloodshed.

Their astonishment was great indeed, and they could only remark to the effect that if so small a shot had created such great havoc, what would it have been had it been bullets, etc. I subsequently punished the ringleaders of the riot, and thus terminated an unpleasant incident in a planter's life.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.

"MERCY on us!" gasped out an affrighted rustic, as the great boom of the one o'clock time-gun at Edinburgh Castle vibrated through the air—"mercy on us, what's that?"

"It's one o'clock," said an amused onlooker.

"Wan o'clock, did ye say? Eh, man, but it's a blessing I wasna here at twal!"

The explosion which the simple countryman thought would be multiplied to a regular cannonade at midday, has for many years kept the good people of Edinburgh abreast of Greenwich in relation to time. In unimpeachable honesty with regard to seconds, the gun is equaled only by its silent rival, the time-ball, which is placed upon a high and graceful monument, fully a mile and a half distant from the castle. Exactly at one o'clock, the flash of the gun and the fall of the ball are simultaneous. By sight and sound the hour is distinctly indicated.

Time-balls as well as time-guns are now familiar in many places—in fact, wherever they can be employed with advantage. They are all worked by the same contrivances, viz.: electric clocks.

The original inventor of this remarkable clock was Alexander Bain, a native of the hamlet of Watten, in the remote county of Caithness. He was born about the year 1800, and in manhood occupied himself as a working watch and clock maker. Skill in craftsmanship, and a large amount of general intelligence, brought Bain into contact with the celebrated Wheatstone at the period when the earliest experiments in the direction of developing the practical application of electric science to useful purposes were being made. Under the great electrician, Bain acquired a knowledge of the new science, by which he clearly foresaw its utility and greatness. Thus he was soon influenced to think and act for himself.

About the year 1844 he invented the electrical, or,

properly speaking, the electro-magnetic clock. It was exhibited as a curiosity in his watch and clock shop in Edinburgh, but at the time it only attracted the notice of those who were interested in science. The clock had neither weights nor springs, consequently no winding up was necessary.

A few small wheels sufficed to maintain the motion of the hands, directed by the oscillation of a pendulum Alternately, the beats of this pendulum broke and remade an electric current, while the attraction and repulsion of two magnets—one on each side—served to sustain its motion. Electro-magnetism was in this way the sole motive power.

Clocks, however, of this simple construction are now almost unknown. In recent times several improvements, more particularly those effected by Mr. R. L. Jones, of Chester, and Mr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, have given the machine a new and a far more important character. It is unnecessary here to give a minute description of the improved mechanism; but it may briefly be stated that its influence is to control the action of any number of clocks by means of the flow of an electric current. On this principle, the working of the clocks at every railway station on a line from Land's End to John o' Groat's might be made to go in sympathy with the governing clock, wherever it be placed. All the machines would simultaneously show the same hour, the same minute, and the same second. Clocks even of inferior quality may, by connection, be kept equal to the best time-measures.

The connection between the electric clock and the time-ball and time-gun consists of a very simple contrivance. By electric communication, a clock is kept to the exact time, and at the required hour its action is made to release the time-ball, or liberate the trigger of the gun, as the case may be.

When Alexander Bain first brought out this novel invention, his claim to the honor of having conceived it was denied by Wheatstone; but after a protracted dispute the matter was settled in Bain's favor, and he has since been universally acknowledged as the originator of the clock; although, like other machines, it has undergone improvements and modifications in the hands of subsequent workers.

Bain had a right to the gratitude of his countrymen in other ways. He was among the first to make endeavors to gain speed in telegraphic intercourse, and the result was the invention of his electro-chemical printing telegraph, which even now is unsurpassed for the rapidity with which intelligence may be transmitted. By it about three hundred words a minute can be accomplished. He also brought out the automatic method of sending messages by means of perforated paper. But by far the greatest achievement of Bain was his discovery of the earth circuit, through which return wires were proved to be unnecessary. In this, however—the greatest discovery connected with the practical working of the telegraph—he had been anticipated by the famous Steinheil, but only by a very brief time.

Like the lives of many inventors, Bain's career was a checkered one. He reaped few benefits from his inventions, and for a time had to receive assistance from several distinguished men with whom, by his skill and ingenuity, he had become associated. Latterly, shattered in health, the victim of a hopeless malady, he found a refuge at an Hospital for Incurables, near Glasgow, where he died in the year 1877. It is but right to add that some time before his death he was granted a pension of £80 a year by the Government.

Few of the minor inventors in electrical circles come prominently before the public. They are only known and appreciated by those who are closely interested in their labors; but silent though they be, their efforts exert a wonderful influence in enhancing the facilities for the intercourse between individuals and nations. Therefore no excuse can be necessary for reviving the fading name of one whose memory calls for a share of his country's gratitude.

BIRD-CAVES IN BORNEO.

At five o'clock one afternoon in March Mr. Pryer, the naturalist, witnessed one of the most wonderful sights to be seen in all British North Borneo—the egress of the bats and the ingress of the swifts from and into the Gomanton Caves.

He stationed himself on a ledge of coral limestone adjacent to the circular-opening leading into the cavern known as Simud Itam. Soon he heard a rushing sound, and peering into the chasm, saw column after column of bats ascending from the sides of the vast cavern in regular spiral flight. Having reached a certain height, detachments would break off and fly away with inconceivable rapidity.

He counted nineteen of these detachments, each consisting of many thousands; and then the bats commenced to pour away in a continuous stream, and continued to do so until it was too dark to see them any longer.

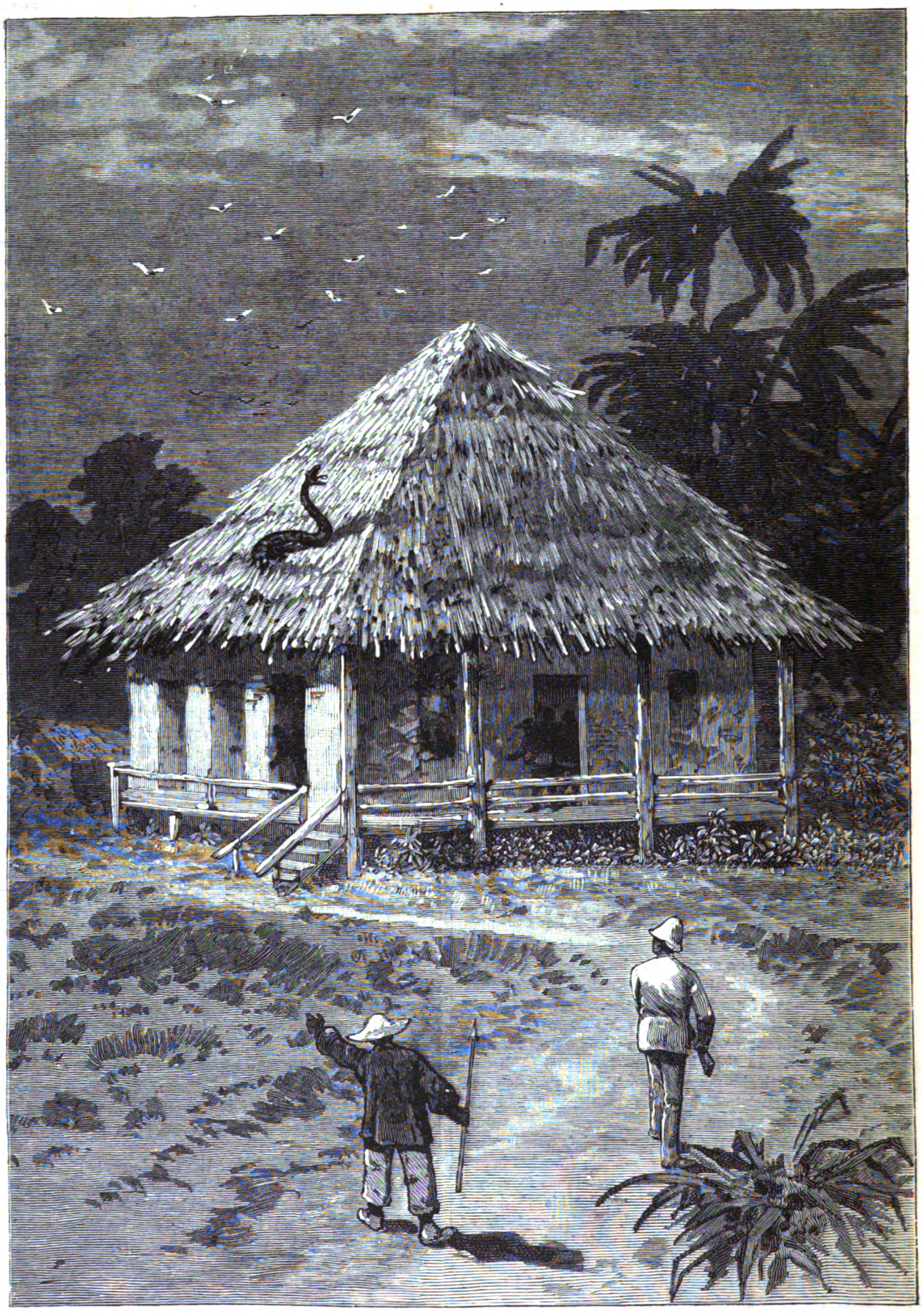
Just before six the swallows began going into the cavern of Simud Putih—at first in tens, then in hundreds, and lastly they, too, streamed in continuously. Long after midnight they were still flying into the cave in undiminished numbers.

After dark the naturalist found it easy to catch any number of specimens with an ordinary net, although, as he observes, the birds must possess extraordinary powers of sight to be enabled to fly about in the deepest recesses of the caverns, and to distinguish their own nests in places where no daylight penetrates.

Just before sundown some kites swooped down into the chasm, in the midst of the bats, and helped themselves liberally to their victims. There were also hawks of a species remarkable for the size of their gape and the shortness of their beaks, which pursued the hapless bats, and voraciously devoured them while on the wing. Among these bats were to be seen three curious-looking albinos, known by the natives as "the rajah, his wife and son."

At daybreak there was a reversal of the proceedings of the previous evening, the swifts going out and the bats returning; these latter literally rained into their chasm for two hours after sunrise. Several hawks again made their appearance in pursuit of the swifts, which they had rarely attempted to take on the previous night, as then the swifts seemed able to evade them. Now they swooped down from the mouth of the cave into the thick of the birds, and were successful at least once in every third attempt.

Mr. Pryer ascertained that the edible nests gathered in these caverns are formed from a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in damp places. This fungoid grows about an inch thick; the outside is dark-brown and the inside white. The birds make the black nests from the outside layer, and the best quality, or white nests, from the inside. The swift takes the substance in its bill, and draws it out in a fine filament, backward and forward, somewhat like a silkworm weaving its cocoon.



AN UNLUCKY SHOT.—"I LOADED AND PREPARED TO SLAY THE REPTILE."—SEE PAGE 139.

THE WITHERED HAND.

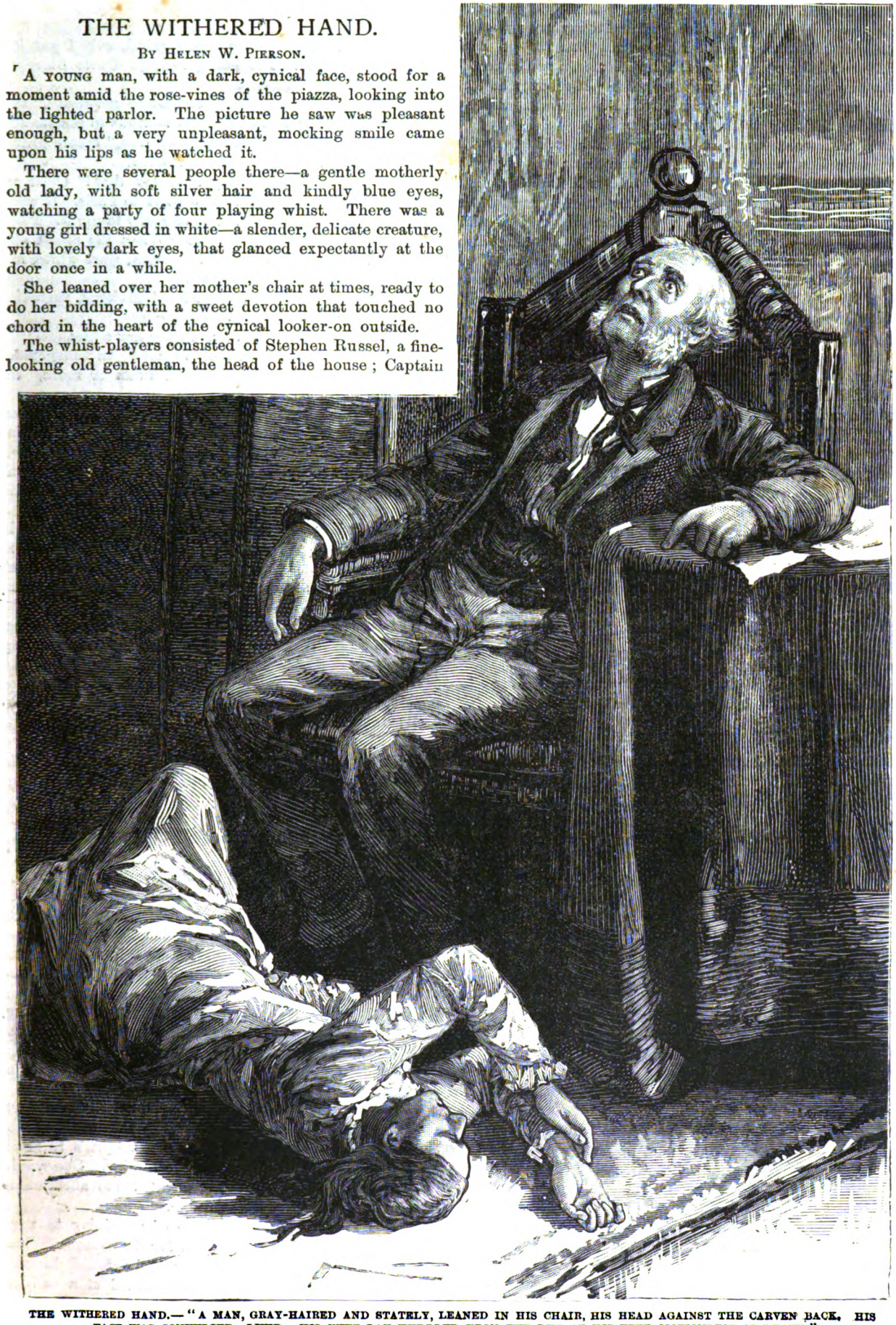
By Helen W. Pierson.

A young man, with a dark, cynical face, stood for a moment amid the rose-vines of the piazza, looking into the lighted parlor. The picture he saw was pleasant enough, but a very unpleasant, mocking smile came upon his lips as he watched it.

There were several people there—a gentle motherly old lady, with soft silver hair and kindly blue eyes, watching a party of four playing whist. There was a young girl dressed in white—a slender, delicate creature, with lovely dark eyes, that glanced expectantly at the door once in a while.

She leaned over her mother's chair at times, ready to do her bidding, with a sweet devotion that touched no chord in the heart of the cynical looker-on outside.

The whist-players consisted of Stephen Russel, a fine-looking old gentleman, the head of the house; Captain



THE WITHERED HAND.—"A MAN, GRAY-HAIRED AND STATELY, LEANED IN HIS CHAIR, HIS HEAD AGAINST THE CARVEN BACK. HIS FACE WAS CONVULSED—LIVID. HIS WIFE LAY HUDDLED UPON THE RUG AT HIS FEET, MOTIONLESS AS DEATH."

Lawrence, a bluff old sea-dog, who had recently married a young-girl friend of Melanie Russel's, and whose attentions could scarcely leave his charmer even for the fascinations of the game; and Dudley Mather, a gentlemanly-looking young man, with keen, steely-blue eyes and an intellectual face—a young advocate, who was rapidly making his way to fortune.

Mrs. Lawrence was a sparkling little brunette, with crimson lips, warm complexion, and dark, velvety eyes.

"She's much more to my taste than Melanie's style," said the looker-on outside. "I never did care for the milk-white ones. There's no glitter about Melanie's hair, either—it's ashen. Now, a blonde, to be fascinating, must be a golden one. Well, she *is* golden in a better way, and I'm booked for her; so my fortune's made. But I vow I've half a mind to go in for a flirtation with Tacy Lawrence as a recompense."

"Hullo!' cried the captain, glancing up and seeing our young friend just as this treasonable thought was floating through his mind. "Ship ahoy!"

Mr. Russel glanced that way also, and gave the young man a rather stately and distant greeting.

"Ho, ho! Uncle's out of sorts. Wonder if anything new has come to his ears?" thought the young fellow, as he prepared to enter the house. "I must look after my p's and q's, I vow!"

Melanie came forward with a shy greeting. The young man went up to his aunt, and seemed very cordial and affectionate.

Mrs. Russel had been stricken with paralysis a year before, leaving one side disabled. She was very cheerful, though, and made every effort to keep the house pleasant for her family.

The old friends came as usual, and the little whist-party for Wednesday evenings went on the same.

Sometimes she played herself; but generally she looked on with a beaming face, and all seemed to feel her genial, kindly influence.

Later in the evening Melanie would sing some simple ballad, or Tacy Lawrence would play some wonderful combination of musical ground and lofty tumbling, there would be some refreshments, and many expressions of friendliness as the party broke up.

"I say, Mel!" exclaimed Cyril Wilmerden, as, under some pretense or another, he had drawn his cousin into the dining-room, "I wonder what uncle means by staving off a fellow in this way?"

"In what way?" asked Melanie, shyly.

"Why, the wedding! What's to hinder it being next month?"

"Oh, it never was fixed!" faltered the girl.

"Well, I want to fix it," Cyril said, with more temper than affection in his voice.

"I mean," exclaimed Melanie, "that I do not think he has quite made up his mind—he don't want to part with me."

"Oh, the deuce! Of course he don't; neither do I. It's remarkable that these old fogies never seem to know when it's time for them to step down and out."

"You shall not speak so of my father!" exclaimed the girl, with sudden indignation. "He is not an old fogy, and he will never step down or out of my affections."

"Oh, see here, Mel, don't fly off at a tangent! You know I think lots of Uncle Steve. It's my love for you that makes me impatient. I'd be a pretty lover if I wasn't in a hurry—now, wouldn't I?"

Melanie blushed and was silent.

"Would you like me to say, 'Oh, any time will do. I'm in no hurry. I can wait'?"

Melanie laughed.

"Well, not exactly."

"All right. Then, we're of one mind, only I put it a little too strongly. I'm going to urge Uncle Steve to-night."

"You must give me plenty of time to get ready," said the young girl, who was evidently anxious to remain still longer "in maiden meditation fancy free," before plunging into the unknown sea of matrimony.

"Oh, you don't need any time for that!" Cyril answered. "You can get all you want in Paris. It won't take me long to get ready. I'd be ready to-night. I say, why not put on your hat and walk down the street with me now? You've got a bridal dress on, pure white, and I know a fellow who'd marry us."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Melanie, shrinking from him. "There! papa's calling me."

Cyril held her a moment, and gave her a kiss.

"You're mine, anyway, are you not?" he whispered.

"I have told you so a hundred times or more," the girl answered, rather impatiently.

"Then don't make eyes at Dudley Mather!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. "When I see that fellow turning over your music I want to knock him down."

"You are insulting. I do not make eyes, as you call it, at any one," Melanie answered, with a serious displeasure in her face.

"Oh, my love! I know you are a little Puritan," he answered; "only there is really something very appealing in those eyes of yours when you look up into a man's face, and I wish sometimes you would never look at any one but me."

"That would be a very limited and monotonous range of vision indeed," answered Melanie, once more smiling, as she hurried away.

"I fancy I did that rather neatly!" exclaimed her cousin, as he followed her. "Once mine and her money secure, she might make eyes at the devil for all I would care. I know, however, she would always be the proper cold little prude she is now. I'd like her better if she had a spice of the devil about her. It would make her more piquant."

Once in the parlor, the young man set himself to work to manufacture good opinion for himself.

He listened to the captain's sea-yarns with commendable patience; he showed just that degree of admiration for Tacy that every pretty woman likes; he discussed queer wills with Dudley Mather; he tried to talk with his uncle, but read something in his face that deterred him; and finally he took up his station by his aunt, and detailed the latest society news, and mentioned the last new novels.

In her affliction Mrs. Russel's comfort was in reading, and her heart was still young enough to enjoy romance.

Her gentle blue eyes beamed very kindly upon the young man, and Melanie felt a new throb of affection as she marked his devotion to her mother.

She had been sometimes doubtful about that heart. She had wondered now and then whether she had not made a mistake, but whenever she saw Cyril's filial attentions to her mother, she felt no doubts. She would be giving that dear mother a devoted and affectionate son, to be the stay of her old age.

Cyril did not fulfill his purpose of remaining to urge his suit with his uncle that night, for this reason: When the other guests had all gone, and he found himself alone with Mr. Russel, he was astounded at a sudden blast of anger.

"I have learned all about your goings on lately," Mr.

Russel exclaimed, in both anger and sorrow; "you have broken every promise to me, and I have no longer faith in you—I will never let my child wreck her life by a marriage with you. Thank Heaven that I know all in time to save her from being a gambler's wife."

"But uncle, I swear——"

"Don't swear; your oaths are worth no more to me than your promises. I shall tell Melanie to-morrow."

"And you don't mind breaking your daughter's heart?"

"Oh, her heart will not break over this. Better now, at all events, than later, when she is your wife."

The young man's face was so convulsed with evil passions that he seemed to have put on some devilish mask.

"Give me time—give me time to prove——" he gasped, in a choked voice; then stopped.

"Your probation is over," answered his uncle, coldly.

"There is no hope?"

"None!"

The young man turned on his heel and went out into the night. Once in the grounds, his rage and despair knew no bounds.

"I am ruined—ruined!" he groaned. "I have been so sure of this marriage—I have borrowed so much on the strength of it. I shall be in prison in a month—no, before it—if this gets out."

He stood staring at the house as one dazed. He saw the lights going out in the parlors, and then one kindled like a sudden star in a room up-stairs—Melanie's room.

"She won't stand out against the father!" he said, grinding his teeth. "She don't know what love is like—she has a pale, moonbeamy sort of sentiment for me, but she'll turn at once."

There was a light in the wing now. Mr. Russel had gone into his library, and he seemed to remain there.

"He's cutting me out of his will, I dare say. Deuce take him!" muttered the young man, stealing softly round to the window.

* * * * * *

Sunlight among the roses on the lawn, stealing away the jewels the night had given them; sunlight sifting through green boughs and setting the birds wild with joy; sunlight glittering on the river, and lighting the mountain-tops; sunlight darting a golden arrow into a darkened room, where were two people who did not see it, who moved not beneath its warm touch, who lifted not an eyelid as its golden beams rested on their heads.

One a man, gray-haired and stately, leaned in his chair, his head against the carven back. His hand still rested on the table; there were papers before him, and a pen that had apparently dropped from his nerveless hand.

His face was convulsed—livid; on his throat were purple marks, as if a strong and terrible hand had clutched him, and below, from somewhere near his heart, a crimson stream had dripped slowly down—down to the very floor—and made a ghastly pool upon the softly-tinted rug that lay there.

Ah! the sunlight had discovered the secret of a ghastly murder; but it could tell no tales. Stephen Russel had met his death swiftly and secretly, and his daughter still slept sweetly in her white nest up-stairs.

But what is this other form huddled upon the floor, motionless as death. The gray hair has fallen about the white face. There is no wound; but it seems as if—

> "Thought and life have fled away,
> Leaving door and window wide."

Yet there is a strange and subtle difference between the appearance of these two silent and motionless bodies—this husband and wife—mute and cold and rigid as both appear. One is really dead; the other has been struck by a second shock of paralysis, that has left her as dumb, as helpless, as unable to put forth a hand, to send out a cry, as if the same swift and secret fate had come upon her. Living yet dead, she lies there: a faint pulse is all the difference.

Servants get up in the house; voices are heard on the stairs; windows are opened to let in more of the glorious sunshine; a laugh rings out and seems to wake up shuddering echoes in that room.

Last of all, that door is opened; some one catches a glimpse of the ghastly spectacle, and a shriek rings out.

Melanie, humming a happy little song before her glass, hears it, flies down the stairs, will not be kept back, sees the sight that can never again be blotted out, and falls as one dead by the side of her mother.

It is found that a robbery has been committed, and that seems to explain it all! There was a low window into the garden. It was surmised that the murderer came in there; that the wife, wondering, perhaps, at her husband's delay, had come down to look after him, and, paralyzed with terror, had fallen down near the door.

All that medical aid could do was to strengthen the feeble pulse with stimulants. Then she opened her eyes. Oh, what terror, what anguish those eyes expressed! Every lost sense seemed to have concentrated into that one.

She looked about anxiously for some one, and when Melanie, shaken as by a storm, white and wan as a white rose drenched by a shower, came to her side, the poor frightened eyes grew soft and sweet, and seemed to express gratitude that even so much was left to her!

Melanie controlled her grief for the sake of this sufferer. She sat by her and held her hands when the bells were tolling for the dear father's burial, and then she saw the dumb anguish in those expressive eyes.

"She bears it all!" Melanie sobbed, as she buried her head on her mother's breast.

The mother could not stroke the fair hair, or whisper one fond word; but she could feel as before. It seemed as if love and hate were stronger than ever. Thought was as clear, reason as strong; yet she lived as one in a trance.

As the days went on appetite returned. She could eat, she could turn her eyes slowly—that was all. She knew everything that went on about her, but she could take no part.

Cyril had come forward at first as a son in the house. He had, indeed, offered to stay there at once, and Melanie had been too glad to have a friend so near. She clung to him more than ever now in her loneliness and sorrow. She talked to her mother as before, and knew she understood and sympathized; but there was no answer, and the human heart craves words of love.

Cyril had really grown very gentle. He was no longer selfish and dominating. He gave up to Melanie in a way that touched her. He did not urge the marriage, but it was understood that it should take place when the year of mourning was over.

It was a sad house, even as time wore on and softened the grief.

No wonder that Cyril fled from it sometimes and returned to his old reckless life for a few days, plunging even deeper into dissipation than ever before, as if to get the bitter taste of this cup of woe out of his mouth.

As the time grew nearer for the wedding he became more and more fitful and moody, but always kind and ready to serve the two bereaved ones.

To Mrs. Russel he was as a son always. He it was who wheeled her chair into the sunniest, brightest places in the room. He read to her at times and brought her flowers, but he did not talk to her.

Spite of Melanie's assurances that dear mamma understood and liked it, he did not seem able to manufacture any conversation for this silent, irresponsive woman.

"It chills me to feel that there will be no answer," he said. "I can't do it."

"Do you know, there is a very strange look in mamma's eyes always when they rest on you," said Melanie, one day. "I could not understand it at first. It was so terrible, so revengeful—not at all like dear mamma."

"I think you see more in mamma's eyes than any one else, dear," answered Cyril; "just as the lovers of Shakespeare read ever so much more than he ever imagined between the lines."

"Oh, no; I am not mistaken. I have watched, and did not speak at first. I have seen her eyes change, when you came into the room, from being calm and placid to such anger that they seemed to flash fire. I think I understand it now."

Cyril turned suddenly to the window, and his voice was a little tremulous as he said:

"And, pray, what do you understand now, dear Melamie, or what do you fancy you understand?"

"I think poor mamma saw the murder and knows the murderer!" exclaimed Melanie, earnestly.

Cyril started as if he had been stung.

"The deuce!" he cried out; then added, "Forgive me, but you make me creep, Mel; you are uncanny."

"I think it was that horrible sight that paralyzed her, and she wants to tell you about it," Melanie went on, in an excited tone. "Oh, Heaven! if she could only speak, my poor darling mamma; the secret is killing her. But I believe God will help her to bring it out. You know they say murder will out, and I am sure this will all be made plain some day. Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't!" answered Cyril, brusquely. "There's been no end of murders that have never come out, so that old saw isn't reliable. Besides, if—if it did happen that—your mother—could speak, you couldn't trust her; the trouble may have crazed her brain."

"Oh, no, no!" answered Melanie, earnestly. "I know. I am sure that dear mamma is just as clear in her mind as ever. I can read it in her eyes. There is no cloud over her reason there, no gleam of insanity. Why, Cyril, a maniac's eyes are unmistakable."

"Well, well, let's change the subject," her lover answered, impatiently, and Melanie never once touched on it again.

MELANIE.

She imagined that Cyril was so deeply pained at the idea of her mother's eyes resting on him with disfavor that he had been led into his angry impatience with her. So she was silent, but still watched her mother's eyes with a sort of fascination when Cyril came near her. He was not so lavish with his attentions, but still did not cease them altogether.

The old lady's gentle blue eyes would indeed flash lightning at his approach. If looks could kill, then certainly Cyril would have been struck dead with one glance. When he touched her in moving, a look of deadly loathing would be added to the angry gleam. Melanie used to wonder how Cyril bore it, or if he saw it at all, and then she would wonder vainly what it meant.

So the months wore slowly away, and the time approached when Cyril pressed his claims more ardently than ever.

Melanie pleaded that with poor mamma she would be a sad and sorry bride. She would not leave her even for the wedding journey.

"I don't ask you to leave her. We don't want a wedding journey," he answered. "See what a complaisant bridegroom I am. I only want you to be mine. We have a long life before us, I hope, and we can go round the world in the future if we like. Now I am contented

to go on just as we are—no fuss. We can quietly go out some morning and come back married."

"Very well. I'll tell mamma all about it. Oh, what a comfort it is that she can understand. I wish I could devise a way for her to answer."

"Why, you know she was all right on that subject when she could talk. I think I was quite a favorite then, whatever may be the way of it now," answered Cyril, uneasily. When Melanie, with a heart somewhat troubled, knelt down by her mother's chair and told her all about it, as was her custom, the silence that followed her confidences seemed most appalling to her.

THE TEMPTING SUGAR-BOWL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY MLLE. ELISHA KOCH.

She longed so for some tender word, to feel the mother's hand laid on her head in benediction—poor motionless hands that had not stirred in so long.

Melanie lifted her head after a few moments of this awful silence to look into the eyes always so eloquent of love for her, and found they were full of tears—tears that silently flowed over the pale cheeks, because she who wept could not wipe them away.

"Oh, dear mamma! I know what you are thinking about!" cried Melanie, as she kissed her. "You are wishing dear papa were here to see the wedding, but we both know that he favored it. He loved Cyril as his son, just as you do. If it were not so I could never marry him. Whenever I feel doubtful of my own heart, I remember that it was dear papa's pet plan."

Then, strangely enough, the tears ceased to flow from the mother's eyes, and a blaze of anger dried them suddenly, and Melanie was more and more puzzled at the spectacle.

"Perhaps she does not want to see me married till the murderer is discovered," thought Melanie. "Maybe she thinks Cyril has made no effort about it, and that accounts for her anger. Oh, Heaven, if she could talk to us, and tell us all at once, only once before she dies!"

It was a rather a mournful preparation for Melanie, for she discovered at once that her mother would look at none of the bridal outfit.

She could not turn her head away, but she closed her eyes, whenever Melanie wished to display her purchases, so that it was borne in upon the young girl's mind in language as eloquent as words that her mother did not approve.

This threw a gloom over everything, and Cyril had hard work to control his impatience when his *fiancée* met him with tears instead of smiles, and listened to his love-making in an absent way, or with a melancholy attempt at being responsive.

But there was no voice to interfere, and the preparations went on till the wedding-day was very near. The old friends who had given up their weekly visits to the house of mourning assembled themselves once more.

It might have been taken as a sort of visit of congratulation, and Melanie exerted herself to cast aside the gloom that had lately settled upon her soul. Even Mrs. Russel's eyes brightened as they rested upon the faces of her old friends, and an eager, appealing expression came into them,

"The dear soul wants to talk to us!" exclaimed Captain Lawrence, a new sort of huskiness in his voice.

"She seems more animated than she has ever been since that terrible night," whispered Melanie to Cyril, who stood casting uneasy glances upon his aunt.

"We'll draw her chair up near the table where she can watch the game. I dare say it will amuse her," said Dudley Mather, looking with the utmost compassion at the poor lady.

"I—I am afraid the excitement will be bad for her," interposed Cyril.

"Not a bit of it!" cried the captain; "it may rouse her up. I've hopes of seeing my old friend able to move hand and foot again. It's quite a usual thing."

Melanie gave the captain a grateful smile.

"This wedding would be joyful indeed if that could happen," the captain said, with emphasis; "but we all know how she favored it, and that the one who is gone would have given his blessing. It must make you two young folks happier to think of that."

Mrs. Russel's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and the strange look of anger and appeal came into them. A curious fiery thrill went through her body like heat-lightning.

Slowly the right hand began to twitch, to move a little in an uncertain way.

Melanie sprang to her side. Cyril stood riveted to the spot, his face ghastly white, his eyes dilated. The captain reverently lifted the hand, and laid in on the table. Mrs. Russel thanked him with her eyes.

"She is going to tell us something," the captain cried, with delight. "Watch her hand."

The hand was moving—slowly tracing letters upon the cloth.

All stood transfixed as though a miracle were being performed.

Cyril crept near, catching his breath strangely.

"See, see! she has spelled your name!" cried the captain to him as he approached.

"Nonsense!" gasped the young man. "You will kill her between you. Melanie, why don't you stop this—this infernal nonsense!"

But no one noticed the words or manner of the speaker; all stood watching the hand, as with trembling movements it went on.

"Cyril is the——"

Then there was a hesitation, a terrible agitation, and a pause.

"She wants to tell us all that Cyril is her choice for Melanie—that she approves—yes, dear madam, we understand!" cried the captain.

A strange fire leaped into the eyes of the palsied woman at these words, and a new strength seemed to possess her, the wavering hand moved again, and the sentence was finished. This was the whole of it:

"Cyril is the murderer of my husband. I saw him do it!"

Then the hand fell at her side, and she dropped suddenly to the floor amid the cries of those who beheld the phenomenon.

Melanie fainted, and Cyril exclaimed, angrily:

"There! I hope you're satisfied with your foolery. The poor woman will die now."

The captain gave him a keen glance, as he helped to raise his old friend.

"She has lived long enough to give her evidence," said the young lawyer. There's an old hymn that I learned when a boy, beginning:

> "'God moves in a mysterious way.
> His wonders to perform.'

Surely nothing could be stranger than this, and that we should all be here to see it."

"So strange, that it would be very odd to find any court that will notice it," said Cyril, with an effort.

"That remains to be seen," said gruff Captain Lawrence, while his wife busied herself over her friend.

And from that moment a new investigation began with this new clew. Melanie accepted her mother's last declaration with shuddering belief, and refused to see Cyril again. He was arrested in time, and the whole affair brought home to him. What horror—what daily martyrdom had been hers who could not express by the least movement the torture of his presence, the loathing, crawling horror which the touch of his murderous hand gave to her, who could only look the agony that was killing her! And when the supreme moment came, surely she welcomed that death gladly which gave for one brief moment the power to tell her awful secret with that withered hand.

A VASE.

Airy and bright the chamber
Round whose casement roses clamber;
Calm and warm the Summer day
Whose sultry distance reaches
South to the sunny beaches
Of the blue level bay;
As here I rest enfolden
In reverie, while the blind
Swaying against the roses,
Listlessly discloses
A Greek vase, graceful, olden—
Plaything of the fancies
And solemn necromancies
Of the Hellenic mind.

Yes, from the book-strewn table
Now breathes a living fable
Around the sculptured stone,
Of gods in forests lone
Beside the wave-ridged ocean,
Of youths in swiftest motion
Through trees, with back-turned faces;
Or in a dell of quiet,
Far from the breathless riot
Of maidens couched around
A sycamore-shadowed spring
With sweetest fancies' graces
Listening
To what the bubbles say,
Or whispered from a bay
To the herbs along the ground.

While o'er a plain of flowers
White shapes of beauty pillowed
'Mid shining vapor billowed,
Rest o'er the morning seas
Supremest deities.
So here I rest beholden
To the artist all unknown,
For the joy he still is giving
In those figures fixed, but living,
By the pictures circumshrined—
While the Summer breathes its golden
Sun words on the wind.

FOLK-LORE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The fairies in the Highlands of Scotland generally have their habitations in rugged precipices and rocky caverns, found in districts especially remarkable for wildness of scenery. Their favorite amusements are music and dancing, and their reels are said to last sometimes for a whole year and even longer, without intermission.

A peasant from the neighborhood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, who with his wife and children had settled in the forest of Glenavon, happened to send his two sons late one evening into the wood to look after some sheep which had strayed. The lads, traversing the wood in all directions, came upon a habitation of fairies from which emanated the sweetest music that one can possibly imagine—or, rather, much sweeter music than any one can possibly imagine. The younger brother, completely fascinated by its charms, at one leap entered the abode of the fairies, from which, alas! he could not return. The elder brother, compelled to give him up as lost, ran home to his parents to tell them what had occurred.

Now, there lived in the neighborhood a "wise man," whom they thought best to consult in the matter. This man taught the elder brother some mysterious words of disenchantment, and told him to repair to the same place where the lad had been drawn into the cliff, and to pronounce solemnly the words; but this must be done exactly a year after the occurrence of the event. The elder brother most earnestly attended to the injunction. When the year had elapsed, he stood before the cave of the fairies on the same day and precisely at the same hour at which his brother had left him. The music was still going on, and by means of the mysterious words he actually succeeded in liberating his brother, who was still dancing. The daring little boy fully believed that he had been dancing with the fairies for only half an hour; for, he said, he had been dancing all the while, and the first reel was not yet over. But, when he arrived at home again, his parents observed at once how much his arms, legs, and his whole body, had grown during the year.

Not less remarkable is the following adventure of a village clergyman, told in the Highlands of Scotland.

A parson who enjoyed the reputation of being a very pious man, was returning home to his village one night, after having administered spiritual consolation to a dying member of his flock. The night was far advanced, and he had to pass through a good deal of "uncanny" land; however, he, knowing himself to be a conscientious minister of the gospel, did not fear any spirit. On his reaching the end of the lake which stretches for some distance along the side of the road to the village, he was greatly surprised by suddenly hearing strains of music more melodious than he ever before had heard in his life. Overcome with delight, the pious minister could not refrain from sitting down to listen to the melodious sounds; besides, he was very anxious to find out, if possible, the nature and source of the charming music. He had not sat listening many minutes when he could clearly perceive the gradual approach of the music; he also observed a light in the direction from whence the music proceeded, gliding across the lake toward him. Instead of taking to his heels, as any faithless wight would have done, the pious pastor, quite fearless, determined to await the issue of the singular phenomenon. As the light and music drew near he could at length distinguish an object resembling a human being walking on the surface of the water, attended by a group of diminutive musicians, some of them bearing lights, and others instruments of music, on which they continued to perform those melodious strains which first attracted his attention. The leader of the band dismissed his attendants, landed on the beach, and afforded the minister the amplest opportunity of examining his appearance.

He was a little primitive-looking, gray-headed man, clad in the most grotesque habit ever seen; indeed, his whole appearance was such as to lead the venerable pastor all at once to suspect his real character. He walked up to the parson, saluted him very gracefully, apologizing for the intrusion. The parson politely returned his compliment, and without further explanation invited him to sit down beside him. The invitation was complied with; upon which the minister proposed the following question:

"Who art thou, stranger, and from whence?"

To this question the fairy, with downcast eye, replied that he was one of those beings sometimes called "Doane Shee," or "Men of Peace," or "Good Men," though the reverse of this title was perhaps a more befitting appellation for them. Originally angelic in his nature and attributes, and once a sharer in the indescribable joys of the regions of light, he was seduced by Satan to join him in mad conspiracy; and as a punishment for his transgression he was cast down from those regions of bliss, and was now doomed, along with millions of fellow-sufferers, to wander through seas and mountains until the coming of the great day. What their fate would be thereafter, they could not divine.

"'AND WHAT AM I TO HAVE?' INTERRUPTED THE ASTONISHED CLIENT. 'WHY,' SAID LEVY, 'YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF THE VICTORY, WHICH IS BEYOND ALL PRICE.'"

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN LAWYERS.

If some painstaking person would gather what can be recalled of the early traits of the men who in mature life became distinguished at the Bar, he might throw much light on the question of making choice of that profession. Each generation of young men canvass the advantages of becoming lawyers, and question their older friends as to the best course of study and the quickest way of "getting admitted," with serene unconsciousness that any peculiar personal qualifications are needful to success. A good collection of stories of early traits would, perhaps, reveal that it is not mere ambition to become a lawyer, nor a fortunate choice of an instructor and a set of books; nor yet readiness of speech in the elocutionary exercises of the schools—but a certain ingrain decision; an intelligent, vigorous will; a nervous, prompt, judicious power of choice, which in most cases underlie success. When Henry K. Smith was a young lad, his father lost much of his property, and said to his son: "Henry, young as you are, you must know that you have now mainly to take care of yourself. According to your conduct, you

will either sink or swim." "I'll swim, father," was the laconic and characteristic reply.

Some years later he became a clerk in a drygoods-store. One morning, as he was boxing some goods, he was sharply reprimanded by his employer for something in his manner of work. Nettled by what was said, Smith, who was at that moment driving a nail into the box, struck his thumb. Instantly throwing down the hammer, he turned sharply to the merchant, and said: "Box the goods yourself; pound your own thumb. God has got something else for me to do." Putting on his hat, he left the store, and from that day he determined to follow the bent of his inclination and become a lawyer.

Readiness to resist persuasion toward what is irregular or unjust is notably important. Daniel Cruger was apprenticed when a lad to Mr. Webster, one of the early printers of Albany. It was his business to carry the papers of his employer to the subscribers. One morning, as he was toiling up State Street with a large bundle of papers under his arm, a gentleman who seemed in great haste asked for three or four of them. "I can't spare them," said the boy; "I have only enough for subscribers." "But, my boy," said the gentleman, "I must have them, and I am in a great hurry"—reaching for them somewhat peremptorily. "You can't have them," said young Cruger, grasping his papers in his arms; "Mr. Webster would be displeased." The gentleman looked puzzled, took a notebook from his pocket, hastily wrote a few lines, and giving it to the boy, with a half-dollar, said: "Give me four of your papers, and take that note to the printing-office. If Mr. Webster does not say you have done right in letting me have the papers, call at 86 State Street, and I will satisfy you."

Cruger returned to the office to get more papers, and stopped the rising anger of his employer by presenting the note, which read as follows:

"DEAR SIR—I met your boy this morning with the papers. I was in haste for four of them. He refused to let me have them, and I took them, much against his will. He is a bright, faithful boy, and did his duty manfully. Excuse him, and charge the wrong to me. A. HAMILTON."

"Why, good gracious, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Webster, "did you know you had been talking with Alexander

"JUST AS THE MAGISTRATE WAS ABOUT TO SIGN THE DOCUMENT, BALDWIN SEIZED AN INKSTAND, AND POURED THE CONTENTS OVER THE DREADED PAPER."

"INSTANTLY THROWING DOWN THE HAMMER, YOUNG SMITH SAID, 'BOX THE GOODS YOURSELF; GOD HAS GOT SOMETHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO.'"

Hamilton this morning, one of the greatest men of the times? You did just right, Daniel, just right."

Suavity in the manner of resisting persuasions is no less valuable than the mental ability to resist. De Witt Clinton was noted for his reserved and distant manners. It is related that an active supporter of Governor Tompkins applied to him while Governor for a pardon for his son, who had been convicted of forgery, and was refused. When De Witt Clinton succeeded Tompkins in the Governorship the applicant renewed his petition, this time under the apparent disadvantage that he had been a sturdy political opponent of the new Governor. But he was able to produce some new evidence in his son's behalf, and in view of this, Governor Clinton granted the pardon. Friends of the petitioner afterward asked him if he had not come to like Clinton better than Tompkins. He answered: "Both Governors acted under honest convictions. You want to know which I like best? Daniel D. Tompkins by all odds, for he can decisively say 'No!' in a pleasanter way than Clinton can say 'Yes!' to save his soul."

Mental inclination to "stick to the point" is a most important gift. The winner in a lawsuit is generally he who holds steadily to the point at issue. A lawyer who wanted a young office-clerk, tested the boys who applied by telling them a story as follows: A farmer was troubled by a red squirrel that got through a hole into his barn and stole his seed-corn, and he resolved to kill it. One day seeing it go into the hole, he took his gun and fired at it. The first shot set the barn on fire. "Did the barn burn up?" said one of the boys. The lawyer, without answering, continued: "And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran in to put it out." "Did he put it out?" asked another. "As he went in, and the door swung to, he found the barn in full flames, when the hired girl rushed out with more water." "Did the hired girl burn up?" interrupted another boy. "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, everybody trying to put out the fire." "Did they all burn up?" asked another. "That will do," said the lawyer, laughing. "You have *all* shown great interest in my story; but, my little man," addressing one bright-eyed, silent little fellow, "what

have you to say?" The boy, blushing, stammered out: "I *want to know what became of that squirrel, that's what I want to know.*" "You will do!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You have not been switched off by a burning barn, confusion, hired girls and water-pails. You've kept your eye on the squirrel."

There is one squirrel to kill in every suit. He who keeps his eye and aim on the squirrel is likeliest to prevail. Thus truthful anecdotes of the boyhood of great lawyers, if only there were more of them extant, might be very instructive.

Why is it that the handwriting of eminent lawyers is proverbially bad? One would suppose that the practice of the profession would require and teach a careful chirography, for the sake of accuracy and clearness in records, opinions, reports, etc., if for no other reason. But every one knows the story of the barrister who wrote three hands—one that no one but he and his clerk could read, one that only his clerk could read, and one that nobody could read. It is characteristic. Apparently the necessity of writing constantly, at all times and places, rapidly, and under the incumbrance of holding books, examining papers, keeping the eye on witnesses, and the like, at the same time, joined to a certain dependence on the aid of scriveners for fair copies when needed, breeds careless habits.

In Choate's fruitless attempt to keep up with his own rapid thoughts, his pen would fly over the paper in a long, wavy, unintelligible line, which a week afterward he could scarcely decipher himself. What he termed his "brief" has been described as scribbled and scrawled, crossed and criscrossed, looking like a stray ream of paper, over which a nest of spiders just escaped from an inkstand had rambled. No one was ever let into the full mystery of what was written in his inscrutable hand. Riddled with lines of obliteration and marks of emphasis, his manuscript was all one tangled maze. A wag once said: "The autograph of Choate looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three-pronged fork. His handwriting cannot be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant."

On one occasion, on account of the necessity of adjourning court, Justice Clifford, who was at that time ignorant of the extraordinary characters Choate made to represent the letters of the English language, suggested to both counsel to submit their arguments *in writing.* This proposal created much amusement among the members of the Bar, who pictured to themselves the amazement of the judge in attempting to decipher Choate's manuscript. The hilarity was increased when Choate gravely said, as if by way of explanation: "Your Honor observes the smile with which this proposal is received by my brethren; it is all on my account. I write *well,* but *slowly.*" But obscure as Choate's writing is, each letter seems to be governed by a sort of law, and the lines have certain easy, graceful curves, which give artistic beauty.

There have been honorable exceptions to the general condemnation we must bestow upon lawyers' handwriting; Henry Clay wrote plainly and boldly; Buchanan prided himself upon his cautious style, his careful spelling, his exact punctuation, and the absence of interlineation; Martin Van Buren wrote a large flowing hand; Webster's handwriting might be termed "strong"; "graceful" is the appropriate word to describe the style and matter of the letters of Dallas; Charles Sumner's writing was large and distinct, sentences short, ink good, paper the best; Caleb Cushing's manuscript needed to be interpreted by one familiar with it; William H. Seward was very particular about his handwriting, and composed deliberately; Stephen A. Douglas dashed off letters with little regard to their appearance. Lincoln's handwriting was small and careful.

Abundant are the stories narrated at the expense of lawyers on the subject of their professional fees. One told of Choate is that he was once consulted as to the lawfulness of a tax of ten dollars. Being at the moment occupied in an important case, he committed the question to one of his office students, indicating to him the principle involved and the authorities to be examined. The student laboriously prepared "The Opinion of Rufus Choate," to which the lawyer gave his scrutiny and signature. When the student asked what charge he should make, Choate said, in an off-hand manner: "Well, I I think we ought to have twenty-five dollars for that, don't you?"

So when the opinion was given to the client that fee was mentioned. "That's too much!" he exclaimed. "Why, I haven't got but fifteen dollars of ready money in the world!" He was let off on paying the fifteen dollars, though the student had misgivings whether the lawyer would be satisfied. But Choate made no inquiries about the matter, and finally the student ventured to tell him that he could not collect the whole bill. "Ah!" was the indifferent response. "No," said the student; "he said he hadn't but fifteen dollars in the world, and he paid that." "Oh!" responded the lawyer, a curious smile spreading over his face, "you took all he had, did you? Well, I've nothing to say to that—*that* is strictly professional." But he himself took none of the money; it was divided among the office students.

So careless and indifferent was Choate about money, unless when in absolute need of it, that he doubtless lost thousands every year without knowing it, making no charge for services, or quite forgetting them. One day he rushed into his office, sportively shouting: "My kingdom for $500! Have I got it?" He took his bankbook, looked at it a moment, and muttering, "Not a dollar—not a dollar!" was going out, when a student stopped him, and told him that was a new bankbook, the old one being filled, and that the amount to his credit had not been entered in it, as the accounts were not balanced till the end of the month. The student showed him $1,200 to his credit in the old book. Choate said, "Thank God!" but looked much surprised at his wealth.

A stately gentleman once called upon Sampson Levy with a copy of a complicated will, asking him for a distinct written opinion upon its true legal interpretation, and saying he would call for it in a week and pay liberally for the service. Mr. Levy gave the will to his students, requesting them to carefully examine the authorities in question, and upon the strength of a large expected fee, invited them all to a liberal supper.

The opinion was prepared, the supper enjoyed, the client called, and the opinion read to him. The client expressed himself wholly satisfied, and as he was leaving the office, laid on the table a note with the figure "1" exposed. Levy unfolded it, expecting to find *one hundred* dollars; but it was a *one*-dollar bill. Not doubting it was a mistake, he sent the students after the gentleman to have the error rectified; but he could not be found. Afterward it leaked out that the whole affair was a hoax contrived by the students, who thus got a good supper.

In a warmly contested case for a seaman's wages, William Delany and Sampson Levy succeeded in obtaining a decree for the claimant of $300. After court adjourned,

Levy took his colleague and client to his office, in order that the money might be distributed. Placing his colleague on one side of the table and himself on the other —the client looking on anxiously meanwhile—Levy took from his pocket six fifty-dollar bills, and said to Delany, suiting the action to the word: "There, sir, are fifty dollars for you, here are fifty dollars for me, there fifty more for you, and here another fifty for me——" "And what am *I* to have?" interrupted the astonished client. "Why," said Levy, "you have the honor of the victory, which is beyond all price."

A gentleman once called upon Sampson Levy, and occupied the time of the counsel for an hour in regard to some complicated matter, and then asked him: "Now, what would you advise in such circumstances?" "Why, in such circumstances," said Levy, gravely, "I would advise you when you go home to put twenty dollars in your pocket, and then call upon some legal friend, and *give him a fee*, and no doubt he will give you an opinion." The gentleman took the hint.

Once while engaged in defending a client who was unenviably notorious Levy disclaimed having received any fee, and thus challenged greater attention, and a more favorable consideration from the jury, on the ground of disinterestedness. But soon the client began to be suspicious that Mr. Levy was about abandoning the case, and he adroitly slipped into the advocate's hand a ten-dollar note, when, with scarcely a break in his speech, he exclaimed: "And suppose, gentlemen of the jury, I have received a fee, is the fact of a fair and honorable compensation for my services to deprive my client of his rights, or of the benefit of my argument?"

"I'd be after asking you, Mr. B——" said a simple-hearted client to his counsel, "what for these seventy-three dollars and forty-two cints?" Mr. B—— told him "they were costs of the court." "And now wud ye be after telling me what you mane by costs of the court?" "Come to me on Friday morning precisely at eleven, and I will show you," replied the lawyer. And at the appointed time he took his client to the General Term of the Superior Court, where the six judges sat, all in a row, grave and dignified.

"Do you see those six solemn men, all in chairs, looking down upon us?" said Mr. B——. "Indade I do." "Those are the court. How long do you suppose seventy-three dollars and forty-two cents, costs of the court, would last those seven buffers?" "Mr. B——," said the client, "you shall have the seventy-three dollars forty-two cents, costs of the court, immajetly."

Two Dutchmen got into a dispute about the repairing of a bridge over a little stream that ran through their farms. One refused to help purchase the few planks needed. The other went to an attorney, and handing him two five-dollar bills, said: "I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge." "How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the lawyer. "Well, den, not more ash five tollars." "Very well," replied the lawyer, pocketing one of the bills and giving the Dutchman the other, "take this and get the bridge repaired; it is your best course." "Ya-as," replied the client, somewhat puzzled; "ya-as, dat ish more petter as to quarrel mit Hans."

But hear the other side. John Sergeant, born in 1779, was for more than fifty years a noted advocate and counselor in Philadelphia. Quite unlike many lawyers of the present day, he was specially scrupulous to avoid excessive charges for his professional services—his fee often being very small for the amount of time and labor expended. A distinguished merchant once employed Mr. Sergeant to give his opinion in an important case, which was duly and carefully prepared, and sent to him by a student in the lawyer's office. The merchant opened the document, glanced over it, and then asked the student if he had brought a bill for the legal services of Mr. Sergeant, or if he knew what the charge would be. The student replying that he knew nothing about it, the merchant signed a blank check and sent it to the lawyer, with the message that he should fill it up with the amount of the fee. Mr. Sergeant abruptly turned to the student, on hearing this request, saying: "Mr. —— misunderstands me and my methods. Go back to him and say I am the last man in the world to fill up another man's checks. If he will examine the papers I sent, he will find my fee written in one corner." A further inspection of the papers revealed, written in small characters in an angle of one page, the moderate fee of thirty dollars.

The amount of the fee never affected Choate's willingness to undertake a case, or his earnestness in arguing. He kept no book of accounts when he first opened an office; but after a while, in a sudden fit of economy, he got a proper book, and entered, with great exactness the item, "Office, debtor to one gal. oil, 37½ cts." Some weeks thereafter a client called and asked for his bill. Choate told him he was very busy, but would have it made out for him if he would call in about a week. But when he called the lawyer said, "Really, you must pardon me; I have not had time to draw it off. Pay whatever you think is right." That did not suit the client, who said he would call again in a couple of weeks. When Choate saw him coming the third time he was in despair. "There," he exclaimed, "take the book and draw off a minute of the account yourself." The worthy man took the book, opened it, and there at the top of the page stood the entry, "Office, debtor to one gal. oil, 37½ cts." Only that and nothing more. He never asked for his bill again, but after paying what he thought was right, he did ask for a receipt in full, which Choate promised to give him the next time he called.

William Lewis had been engaged by an influential man to defend him in an important case; but it becoming apparent in the course of the trial that his client had grossly misrepresented the facts, and had, in fact, been guilty of a fraud, Lewis threw up his brief, and promptly declined to speak for the defendant. "But why will you not speak?" asked the client; "what have I paid you for, then?" "You have paid me," replied the indignant advocate, "that you might have justice done; and justice will now be done without my further interference."

James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury under Pierce, was a slender-looking young man, but not lacking in courage. He once ably advocated the conviction of a noted bully for some gross offense. After the court adjourned, as Guthrie was going through a narrow pathway in the courtyard, he encountered the bully, armed with a bludgeon, which he lifted, saying, "You have taken unwarrantable liberties with my character, and now, sir, you've got to answer for it." "Look here, my friend," responded Guthrie, coolly, "I got twenty dollars for convicting you, and I don't think I should get a cent for killing you. Get out of my way." And the fellow slunk away."

Of Guthrie's willingness to work gratuitously under some circumstances, the following anecdote is preserved. At a time when he was Democratic candidate for the Kentucky Legislature, in a district usually giving a large Whig majority, he and Johnson, the rival candidate, had an appointment to attend a certain political meeting.

One of the settlers living near the place had collected his neighbors to aid him in raising a barn. The day was hot, and there was a heavy log which could not be got into place. Some one of the workers proposed that they should ask help of the two candidates, who would soon pass that way, and that they should vote for the one that gave it, be he Whig or Democrat. Agreed. Johnson first came, stopped his horse, spoke kindly to the men, inquired into the difficulty, and advised them to wait till morning. Presently Guthrie appeared. He also inquired into the trouble, and was asked his opinion about waiting until next day. "My friends," said he, "my rule is never to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. If one good strong back can do any good, here it is." Whereupon Mr. Guthrie tied his horse, and the obstinate log was soon conquered. Of course the whole crowd voted for him, and he was elected.

In no part of the lawyer's work is there more need of cool judgment, firmness coupled with amenity, thorough knowledge of his case combined with acute perception of varied human nature, and ready tact in speech, than in the encounter with an unwilling witness. In a certain trial, William H. Seward, in order to prove the manner in which the "cat" was used in Auburn Prison, caused the keeper of the prison to appear in court with the records. John Van Buren, the opposing counsel, strenuously opposed this. But Seward gained the point, and the warden sullenly took the witness-stand, with a large book lying on the table before him. "Are you the warden of the Auburn Prison?" asked Seward. "I am sir." "Is there a record kept of the convicts who undergo the punishment of flogging?" "There is, sir." "Where is that record?" "There is the book, sir." Mr. Seward stepped forward to take up the book, but the warden snatched it away, saying, "That book is not designed for your inspection; it is private. You shall not examine it." Van Buren arose and attempted to sustain the warden, but Seward, drawing himself up to his full height, and calmly waving his hand, said: "One moment, Mr. Van Buren; I have the right to speak now." Then turning to the judge: "Your honor, in the name of justice and humanity, in conformity with the rules of our laws, I ask that this man be compelled now to give into my hands that record, for the keeping of which he is guilty of contempt of court. Shall I have it, sir?" The lawyer stood with his piercing eye fixed on the presiding judge; a profound silence fell upon the court. "Witness," said the judge, "you will immediately deliver to Mr. Seward the book you hold in your hands. Your refusal will subject you to imprisonment."

DE WITT CLINTON.

Naturally the closest and most trying of these word-of-mouth duels occur on the cross-examination. The art of cross-examining is one of the chief attainments of counsel. It is by surpassing skill in this that Mr. Fullerton has won prestige and success in the courtroom. His fame does not rest on his orations and addresses to either courts or juries, but on his shrewdness, patience, good judgment and success in eliciting the answers he wishes from the witnesses of the other side. Whether suavity or gentleness, or wit and repartee, or stern authority, are needed, either is at his command; and he often succeeds by their use where an eloquent advocate would fail from sheer want of materials for a speech.

David Paul Brown also had this peculiar talent. He once suddenly objected to a certain witness, on the ground that he was a convict. The accusation produced great consternation in court. The witness indignantly defied his accuser. Mr. Brown fixed his searching eyes upon him and said: "My objection is founded upon knowledge of your character. Answer me, were you not convicted and punished in the State of Delaware for a heinous crime?" "No, sir," replied the witness, with assumed boldness. "If," continued the lawyer, deliberately, "I were to strip up the sleeve of your coat, and point to the letter R on your right arm near the shoulder, and tell you it was done at New Castle, Delaware, what would you say?" The poor wretch was crushed, and Mr. Brown won his case.

A certain witness had a habit, on answering questions, of throwing an appealing look at the jury, and adding: "But I did it, gentlemen, under the advice of my counsel." After stating some circumstance, he turned to the jury confidingly and said: "And I assure you, gentlemen, that I positively cried—cried like a child." "And pray, sir," demanded Charles O'Conor, who was cross-examining him, "did you do that under the advice of your counsel?"

The victory in the contest of repartee is not always with the professional advocate, however skillful and experienced. A lawyer, by no means handsome, was worrying a witness on the stand on a question of personal identity. "What sort of a person was he? Long or short? heavy or light? old or young? Was he good-looking or ill-looking? Did he look like me, sir, or did he look like somebody else? Now, sir, see if you can

answer these questions without equivocation." With an unmoved countenance the witness stared at the lawyer, and responded: "He did *not* look like you at all, sir. *He was a good-looking man.*"

"What do you know about a horse?" said a lawyer, contemptuously, as he was cross-examining a witness. "Are you a horse-doctor?" "No, I am not a horse-doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast." "That means," retorted the lawyer, in the same style, glancing knowingly at the court, "that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them together." "Ye-as," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor; "just so. For instance, *I should never take you for a horse!*"

A certain lawyer, more noted for sharp practice than for truthfulness or legal knowledge, prided himself on his skill in the examination of witnesses. In one of his cases a boy was called as a witness, to whom he objected, on the ground that he was simple; and to test him the lawyer put on a stern face and eyed him fiercely. "Boy," said he, "who made you?" "The Lord, I thpothe," lisped the lad. "Who made *you?*" "Never mind who made *me*," retorted the lawyer. "Folks say you are a fool; how is it?" "Do they?" responded the witness, coolly. "Thath no thign. Thome folkth thay't you won't cheat. Folkth *will* lie, you thee." "No impertinence, boy!" said the lawyer, glowering fiercely, as he heard the subdued giggle that ran around the room. "Suppose you were to commit perjury—do you know what that means?" "Yeth, sir; thwearing to a lie. Juth what *you* did lath Winter, ain't it?" "The witness is clearly incompetent—a rank fool," said the discomfited questioner, appealing to the court. But the court "could not see it," and the boy was admitted as a witness.

JUDGE FULLERTON.

"Sir," said a witness to a wordy lawyer, who was trying to confuse him, "I'm afraid I don't understand you. What was you a-sayin' of?" The counsel turned to the court with a grimace and said: "The witness does not understand." "The counsel should use less circumlocution," said the judge. "What does your honor mean?" "I mean," said the judge, "that you cover a large piece of bread with a small bit of butter. Ask the witness if he saw the blow given." Counsel turned to the witness. "Did you see him strike the man?" "I did; and he knocked him down." "Why didn't you say so before?" "Cause you didn't ask me."

"How old are you?" asked a noted member of the New York Bar, of a witness. "Seventy-two years." "Your memory, of course, is not so good as it was twenty years ago, is it?" "I do not know but it is." "Ah! well, state some circumstance which happened, say, twelve years ago, and we shall see how well you can remember." "I appeal to your honor," said the witness, "if I am to be questioned in this way." "You had better answer," said the judge. "Yes, sir," said the counsel, "state some circumstance." "Very well, I will. About twelve years ago did you not study in Judge B——'s office?" "Yes." "Well, I remember your father coming into the office one day and saying to me, 'Mr. D——, my son is to be examined to-morrow—will you lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes?' and I remember also, sir, that from that day to this *he has never paid me that fifteen dollars.*"

"Will your honor, and my learned friend opposed to me," asked Mr. Grinnell, in an action to recover damages, "allow me, as a matter of personal vindication, to ask this witness one or two questions?" Leave being granted, "Now," said the counsel, addressing the witness, "did you not tell me the very opposite of what you have stated here, not an hour ago, in my own office?" "Certainly I did," coolly replied the witness; "but I was not sworn, and you had no right to *examine* me in your office."

In a case brought by an elderly Irishman for the recovery of a trunk, Judge Gray was impatient to dispatch the business. "Now, sir," said he, abruptly, to the old man, who took the stand as a witness, "what was in the trunk?" "Well, there were some clothes and some holy pictures." "Holy pictures! holy pictures!" exclaimed the judge. "What do you mean by holy pictures?" "Well, there was a picture of Father Mathew, who introduced temperance into Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?" "Yes, yes; go on!" "And then there was a picture of the blessed St. Patrick, who banished snakes from Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?" "Yes, yes; what else?" "Well, then," continued the old man, fixing his eyes on the judge, "there was a picture of our blessed Lord, who came on earth to save men; *perhaps your Honor's heerd o' Him?*"

The mental calibre and power of the counselor are tested quite as severely, though less often, in the occasional collisions with the judge. "Suppose, Mr. Webster," broke in Chancellor Walworth, who had a disagreeable habit of interrupting counsel in the midst of an argument—"suppose that the trustees had applied the funds to the purchase of the stocks of which you speak?" Webster contracted his heavy eyebrows, and turning his head aggressively, said; "I am not considering that now; I will ask your Honor to wait until I take up that question." Again and again Walworth interrupted with trivial questions. Finally Webster, looking like an embodied thunderstorm, turned his large eyes fully upon his Honor. "Will the learned Chancellor allow me to be edified after the adjournment of court?" said he, sternly; and the Chancellor was silenced. "Suppose, Mr. Van Vechten," said Chancellor Walworth to that eminent lawyer, who was conducting an argument before him—"suppose that A—— should——" "I am coming to that, your Honor," said the lawyer. Presently the judge again interrupted with: "Supposing that the receiver has applied the fund to——" "I am coming to that, your Honor," said Van Vechten. "Why don't you come to it, then?" "Because your Honor will not permit me to do so," was the reply. "Go on, sir; go on," said the baffled Chancellor. But sometimes the Chancellor got the better of the lawyer. On one occasion, in the midst of the brilliant exordium of an eloquent counselor, like a jarring note in a beautiful anthem, the voice of Walworth suddenly broke in with: "When was this bill filed?" The counsel gave a respectful answer, and continued his speech. Presently an abrupt question startled the auditory in the court-room, which had fallen under the spell of the speaker: "Why was Rawson not made a party here?" The answer was given, and the fascinating flow of eloquence continued a while, until in the midst of a beautiful climax there came crashing from the bench the interrogatory: "Why was Lambert made respondent here?" This was too much, and the eloquence of the speaker withered away.

Theophilus Parsons had a habit of frequently interrupting an advocate to make suggestions, often such as were neither agreeable or needful to experienced members of the Bar. This was specially irritating to Samuel Dexter, into whose argument the justice would often break with: "Brother Dexter, suppose you take *this* view of it"—advancing some opinion. Generally Mr. Dexter had the self-control to reply calmly: "That has not escaped me, please your Honor, and I shall reach it in the course of my argument. But on one occasion, after several interruptions, the lawyer showed decided signs of displeasure, and finally he took a little volume from his pocket, and said, with great solemnity: "May it please your Honor, I will now read a few passages from a book which I hold in my hand." "What book?" asked the chief-justice, taking a pen to make a note of it. "My Lord Bacon's 'Civil and Moral Essays.' I read from the 56th Essay on Judicature." And Dexter continued: "'Judges ought to remember that their office is to *jus dicere*, not to *jus dare;* to interpret law, not to make law or to give law. Patience and gravity of hearing is an essential part of justice, and an overspeaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the Bar, or to show quickness of conceit in cutting off evidence or counsel too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent.'" He then quietly replaced the book in his pocket, and proceeded with his argument without further interruption.

A successful criminal lawyer of Philadelphia was brought to a sudden stop in the midst of an eloquent appeal by a thin, sallow, irritable judge, who, pulling his watch from his pocket, said: "Are you aware, sir, of the time of day? It is past one o'clock." "Well, what of that?" quietly returned the orator. "You know very well," replied the judge, "that the court is in the habit of adjourning every day at one o'clock for dinner." The lawyer, turning full upon the bench, with his long finger extended, exclaimed: "I know your Honor is a great lover of Shakespeare; but the immortal bard has expressed one great truth that must have escaped your

Honor's attention. I allude to that scene in 'King Lear,' where the poet says: 'The lean, lank and hungry judge would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold.' With your Honor's permission I here close my speech."

A certain judge, who never injured himself by legal study, refused to allow an adjournment in a case in which Henry M. Western was engaged. Western was not ready to try the case, and finding himself unable to obtain the adjournment, threw himself seemingly into a rage of words. He struck the table furiously, looked daggers at the judge, and said, "That as he was driven to the serious alternative, he must and should demur." "Demur!" said the judge, raising his spectacles in a dazed way. "What do you mean by demur?" "I mean what I say!" exclaimed Western. "What is *demur*, Mr. Western?" "*Demur!*" roared the counselor, bringing his fist down on the table with a startling thump—"demur means *stop!* Now, sir, go on at your peril." "Oh, well, if demur means stop, we will adjourn the case, of course."

On one occasion William Symmes had made a motion to the court which he zealously argued, in spite of many interruptions from Judge Thacher. At last, Thacher, becoming impatient, said: "Mr. Symmes, you need not persist in arguing that point, for I am not a court of errors, and cannot give a final judgment." "I know that you cannot give a final judgment," replied Symmes; "but as to your not being a court of errors, I will not say."

"Mr. Levy," said Judge Barnes, on one occasion, "you need not read the book you have cited. "I know all about it." "If you know all about it," said Levy, closing the book, "tell me, if you please, what it is, and what use I am about to make of it?"

The witty John Baldwin, for indulging in contemptuous language in an Alleghany County justice's court, was sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment. While the justice, who was a slow penman, was drawing up the warrant which empowered the constable to take the disrespectful lawyer into custody, Baldwin watched the proceedings with great interest; but just as the magistrate was about to sign the document, he suddenly seized a large inkstand, and poured its contents over the dreaded paper, and, mounting his horse, he escaped into another county. But he was pursued by the officers, as soon as a new warrant could be issued. It was a moonlight night, and Baldwin's horse was jaded and lame. He was, however, within two miles of safety, when he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him, and he became conscious that escape was impossible. Turning suddenly, he faced his pursuers. They informed him that he must go with them to jail. "Stand off, you scoundrels!" roared Baldwin, "or I will blow you through!" And drawing from his pocket an inkstand, inclosed in a long brass case, he presented it at the breast of one of the officers. Its polished surface flashing in the moonlight, gave it the appearance of a murderous pistol. Baldwin gave the inkstand a shake, which made it click ominously. "Leave me, you villains!" he shouted, "or I'll send a bullet through your hearts." The next moment the officers were galloping homeward, and the impertinent lawyer continued his way safely, thanking his protecting genius—an inkstand.

Yea! the inkstand and the dictionary—these are the lawyer's potent weapons.

THE clever thing to do is to find out people's merits.

COCHINEAL AND CARMINE.

THE London *Ironmonger* explains why the beautiful cochineal and carmine colors are so expensive. It says: "One of the best and most powerful animal dyes used in the arts and manufactures is the body of the female cochineal insect dried. This insect exists on a species of cactus, and when alive is about the size of a ladybug, or perhaps a trifle smaller. It is wingless, rather long, equally broad all over, and is marked behind with deep incisions and wrinkles. It has six feet, which, curiously enough, are only of use directly after birth, and secures itself to the plant by means of a trunk, which is found between the fore feet, and derives its nourishment from the sap. The male cochineal is like the female only during the larvæ period. It changes into chrysalis, and eventually appears as a red fly. The female deposits some thousands of eggs, which she protects under her body until they are hatched, and on the appearance of the young ones the parent dies. When the young are in the larvæ state their sex cannot be determined. They lose their skin several times, and while the female fixes herself on the plant, the male, after getting over the pupa state, is winged. Two or three months is the extent of the life of these little insects. They are gathered before they lay eggs, and are then rich in coloring matter. Carmine is prepared from the cochineal insect—the *Coccus cacti*—which is collected by brushing the branches of the cactus with the tail of a squirrel or other animal. This is very tedious work. They are killed by being immersed in boiling water, and this has to be done at once, or they would lay their eggs, and thereby lose much of their value. There are many processes for preparing the carmine. The French process may be taken as an example: One pound of the powdered cochineal insects is boiled for fifteen minutes in three gallons of water; one ounce of cream of tartar is then added, and the boiling continued ten minutes longer; then one ounce and a half of powdered alum is thrown in, and the boiling continued for two minutes longer. The liquid is then poured off and set aside for the carmine to settle down. In other processes carbonate of soda or potash is used."

A WHITEWASHED ISLAND.

WHITEWASH is a wonderful institution, and a missionary who has witnessed its beneficial results in the South Sea Islands thus describes the way in which it "took" among the natives:

"After having laughed at the process of burning, what was their astonishment when in the morning they found my cottage glittering as white as snow in the rising sun. They danced, they sang, they shouted and screamed with joy. The whole island was in a commotion.

"Indeed, the laughable scenes which ensued after the natives got possession of the brush and tub baffle description. The high-bred ones immediately declared it to be a cosmetic and kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself when she had enhanced her charms by a daub of the white brush.

"At last party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilized countries, as to who was most entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank; a second had the brush, and considered possession to be the proverbial "nine points of the law"; while a third tried to overturn the whole stock-in-trade, that they might at least obtain some of the sweepings."

THE KNITTING LESSON.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ACCARD.

"SHE DREW FROM HER PURSE A HANDFUL OF SILVER, AND DROPPED IT SHUDDERINGLY UPON THE TABLE."

OUR GOVERNESS.

It was just after we had taken possession of our new home, "The Laurels," in Surrey, that the governess for whom we had advertised came to us. She was still very young, not more than twenty apparently, and remarkably pretty and ladylike. Her manner was dignified and quiet, even to reserve; and I noticed at times a certain air of sadness which impressed me with the idea that her life had been an unhappy one.

We knew little of her—only that she was from a part of the country with which we were unacquainted—that she was an orphan, and had been given a good education by an aunt, recently dead, who had had little else to bestow upon her, and that in answering our advertisement she had referred us only to the lady at whose establishment she had been educated.

For the rest, Miss Palmer was clever, obliging, very fond of our two little ones, her pupils, and assiduous in her attention to them, so that we were well enough satisfied.

Our new governess had been with us about three months when we received a visit from my Aunt Pettigrue and her niece, Lady Harriet Gage. A few years previous, the great wish of Aunt Pettigrue and her husband had been that their youngest son George should marry Harriet, who possessed an independent fortune of her own.

But George had turned out rather wild, and after long delaying the marriage, had finally broken it off altogether, as was said, from an attachment he had formed for some penniless girl whom he was only prevented marrying by his father's threat of disinheritance. Then he had taken to gaming and drinking, and had been dismissed from his regiment; and his stern father refusing to pay his debts, or even to receive him at his home, he had drifted away into foreign parts, and so for three years been lost sight of by his relatives.

Harriet, who, though rather light and vain, had been really attached to the gay, handsome, dashing young man, got over it in time, and married a rheumatic old nobleman, as people said, for the sake of a title,

She was now, after two years of uncongenial married life, a widow—young, rich and handsome; and, being in mourning, had accepted our invitation to accompany Aunt Pettigrue on a visit to our quiet country retreat.

Ours was not a family in which the governess is treated as an inferior, and Miss Palmer being to all appearance as much a lady as Lady Harriet herself, was welcomed into our domestic circle whenever she chose to join it.

Lady Harriet, who, I must confess, had since her marriage been inclined to give herself airs, rather shrugged her shoulders at this, and persisted in overlooking the governess, who, on her part, seemed to withdraw herself as much as possible out of the way of herself and Aunt Pettigrue.

"I do not know how it is," Lady Harriet said to me, in her straightforward manner, which some persons called frank and others brusque, "but I cannot like this demure governess of yours. She looks as though she knew more than she is willing to have suspected, and reminds me of—well, if I must say it, of a snake in the grass."

Both Herbert and I thought her unjustly prejudiced; but, unfortunately, it was not long ere an incident occurred which strongly recalled her words.

We were all one evening in the drawing-room, having had our clergyman and his wife and daughter dining with us. Miss Palmer was playing, and Lady Harriet talking in a low voice to Miss Deane and myself about having an old-fashioned diamond ring reset—a present from Aunt Pettigrue."

"I have the ring with me," she said, "and will show it to you."

Then calling my little girl, she bade her ask her maid for a little box in a particular drawer of her cabinet. The child soon returned with the box, when Lady Hartiet, unlocking it, produced a portemonnaie, out of which she took the ring, and in so doing unavoidably displayed a large roll of bank-bills.

The ring was passed around, examined, and commented upon, being one of very curious pattern. Miss Palmer alone took no interest in it, barely glancing at us as she continued mechanically playing.

Coffee being brought in, Lady Harriet placed the ring and the portemonnaie carelessly in a little filigree ornament on a table by her side, where she presumed they would remain undisturbed until she should carry them up-stairs on retiring.

Next morning, while I was dressing for breakfast, there came a tap at my door, and Lady Harriet entered, looking flushed and excited.

"Emma," she said, in a low voice, "I am sorry to have anything unpleasant to say—but you remember the diamond ring and the portemonnaie which I had last evening? Well, they have disappeared. I was careless enough to leave them in the drawing-room, and never thought of them till this morning, when I went myself to get them, but they were not to be found."

"They must, of course, be somewhere about the room," I said, "unless Martha has already been there cleaning, and taken them away for safety."

"No; I met Martha on her way to arrange the room. She assured me that no one had been there."

I went at once to the drawing-room, and found it exactly as it had been left on the previous night, Martha, on hearing of the loss, having purposely refrained from disturbing anything. No burglar could have entered; for, though the French windows opened to the ground, they were found fastened within. Not an inch of the room was left unsearched, but the ring and the portemonnaie, the latter of which Lady Harriet informed us contained over a hundred pounds in the Bank of England notes, were nowhere to be found.

We were all exceedingly puzzled. We would as soon have suspected each other's honesty as that of the servants, who had been with us and with my mother for many years, and Lady Harriet had equal confidence in her own maid.

Before sitting down to breakfast, Herbert rode into the village and telegraphed for a detective, who arrived in the course of a few hours; but all that he could do failed to clear up the mystery of the lost valuables.

"Is it not a little singular," said Aunt Pettigrue, as we lingered over an unusually late breakfast, "that Miss Palmer takes so little interest in this matter? She has scarcely spoken a word this morning, and I fancied she looked paler than usual and rather nervous."

It was my own unspoken thought—a suggestion which I had put from me with secret shame.

"She may be unwell," I said, "or may be occupied with some trouble of her own. I observed that she was unusually absent last evening."

"Mamma," said our little Harry, whose presence we had overlooked—"mamma, Miss Palmer *tried* last evenin'. We was drivin' out, and she 'topped at the post-office, and dot a letter dat made her *try*."

"Yes; I was certain she had been crying," Lady Harriet said. "And I observed that when I just now caught her eye, and looked at her steadily, she colored and looked confused, if not guilty."

"Guilty!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Pray, pray, Harriet, dismiss any such idea from your mind. Perhaps she saw that you suspected her; but I am sure that Miss Palmer could never stoop to an act such as this."

Lady Harriet shrugged her shoulders, and Aunt Pettigrue, who was rather hard and worldly-minded, said:

"You cannot be sure, Emma. What do you know about the character or antecedents of this governess of yours? Better people than herself have doubtless been tempted; and I own that there is no vice, in my opinion, so utterly mean and degrading as this particular one—especially in a woman."

"Yes," added Lady Harriet; "and I confess that I shall never feel sure of Miss Palmer's innocence in this matter until it has been proven."

The detective's efforts having proven unavailing, my husband proceeded to advertise the loss of the bills and the diamond ring, with a handsome reward offered for their return.

He also wrote to the Bank of England, informing them of the loss, though unable to give the number of the missing bills, with the exception of one. This Lady Harriet had chanced particularly to notice from the

peculiar combination of the figures—8888. It was a five-pound note, and the smallest of those contained in the lost portemonnaie.

Some days passed, and though both Herbert and I continued to treat Miss Palmer with our usual politeness, she evidently perceived some change, for she intruded as little as possible on our company, and began to take solitary walks about the park.

I thought this last a singular fancy, as until now she had liked to have the children with her. But still I could scarcely credit it when I was informed by my maid, as she was assisting me at my toilet one day, that Miss Palmer had been seen by the keeper, in the most secluded part of the grounds, talking with a man—a stranger.

I told Herbert of this, and it at once became a serious question as to what course we should pursue. Were this man a proper acquaintance, he would have called on Miss Palmer in a proper and conventional manner. Should we speak to her on the subject, since, in our present state of uncertainty in regard to her real character and conduct, we could not be supposed willing to allow her to have charge of our children?

The question was decided for us in a manner we had not anticipated.

Herbert was in his library one day when a servant brought a message saying that Mr. Mason, a respectable tradesman of the village, with whom we occasionally dealt, desired very particularly to see himself and Lady Harriet Gage.

They were some time in the library with the man, and when the latter left, my husband sent for Aunt Pettigrue and myself.

I found him looking stern, and Lady Harriet excited.

"Emma," he said, gravely, "Mr. Mason has just communicated to Lady Harriet and myself a very extraordinary circumstance. He has brought the note numbered 8888, which was stolen from Lady Harriet. It was given him yesterday, he says, by *Miss Palmer*, in payment for some purchases which she made at his shop."

I was too much shocked and surprised to utter a word.

"Of course," he resumed, with an air of decision, "we must at once require of her an explanation, or else desire her to leave our roof."

Before I had sufficiently recovered to advise a more deliberate proceeding, the governess entered. She had come for a book, but on seeing us thus assembled, would have retired, had not Herbert requested her to stay, saying that he wished to speak to her.

He commenced in his usually abrupt manner.

"Miss Palmer, you were in the village yesterday afternoon, and made some purchases at Mr. Mason's shop."

"Yes," she replied, with a look of surprise.

"May I inquire what money you gave him?"

"I gave him a five-pound note to be changed."

"Is this the note?" he inquired, holding it up.

"I really do not know, sir. I never particularly noticed it."

"It is the note lost by Lady Harriet and advertised by me—number 8888. Mr. Mason has just brought it to Lady Harriet, saying that he received it from you."

"From me? Mr. Mason is mistaken. It is impossible that I should have Lady Harriet Gage's missing money in my possession," said Miss Palmer, with dignity.

There was a silence. I felt a glad thrill in the conviction of her innocence; but Lady Harriet and Aunt Pettigrue looked incredulous.

"This note may have been given you by some person who knows more about it than you do," my husband suggested. "May I inquire from whom you obtained it, Miss Palmer?"

"Yes," interposed Lady Harriet, hastily; "it is the only way of clearing yourself. Who gave you the note, Miss Palmer?"

It is impossible to describe the look of ghastly pallor, fear, and horror, which at these words came over the governess's face.

Without a word she sank into a chair, as if suddenly deprived of all strength.

"I—I never saw the note," she murmured, with dry lips.

"There must surely be some mistake," I said, pitying her distress, but with all my doubts of her returning. "Do tell us who gave you the note, and we can then discover the guilty party."

She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she moaned, with white lips. "Do not question me. I cannot!"

I handed her a glass of wine, but she refused it with a motion of her hand, still shivering as one with an ague.

"Come away, Harriet," said Aunt Pettigrue, rising and taking her niece's arm. "She is not a proper person for us to have anything to do with. We will leave her to the law."

At this cruel speech Miss Palmer lifted her white face, and fixed her eyes on those of the speaker with a look which I shall never forget—so full was it of strange agony, appeal and reproach. Even Aunt Pettigrue was touched.

"You can save yourself," she said, less harshly, "by explaining this affair to us."

"I can explain nothing! Do with me as you will!" she answered, in a voice of utter despair.

She staggered from the room like one in a dream.

Her guilt was, of course, evident to us all, and it took a good deal of pleading on my part, and even Herbert's, to dissuade Lady Harriet from following her aunt's advice and prosecuting the wretched girl.

But finally we prevailed, and late that night I went upstairs and told her, as kindly as possible, that she was at liberty to go where she would; but that my husband did not desire her to remain another day beneath our roof.

"I will go," she said, with a white, set countenance.

"Where will you go to?"

"I do not know."

"Have you money enough?"

"I have no money—except——"

She drew from her purse a handful of silver, and dropped it shudderingly upon the table.

"It is the change for that note. It is Lady Harriet's—not mine. I—I would return to her all that I—that she lost, but I have no more—not a penny."

"No more? Why, Miss Palmer, you told me only a few days ago that you wished to put one hundred pounds in bank. We have paid you half that sum since you have been with us, and you told us that you had not spent it."

"I have not a penny," she repeated, with the same stony calmness.

When I informed Herbert of this he refused to believe in her truthfulness, but paid her all that would have been due had she remained to the end of the quarter. I would have added more, but this she resolutely refused to receive.

Next day the governess went away quietly. Our carriage conveyed her to the station, where, we were informed, she took the train for London.

We had been careful to keep the whole distressing

AMY PALMER.

affair from the knowledge of the servants by pretending that her distress and sudden departure were the result of her having received some ill news; but, nevertheless, they guessed at the truth, as we afterward discovered.

Lady Harriet and Aunt Pettigrue remained with us some two weeks longer. On the day preceding their intended departure, my maid came to me in some excitement.

"Oh, mem!" she exclaimed, "there is a man a-lurking around in the scrubbery by the park-pales, and Jeemes says he looks for all the world like the gentlemen that he saw a-talking to Miss Palmer, mem, down in the dingle."

"Tell James to go and find out who the man is, and what he wants," I directed.

"Please, mem, that's what he tried to do, but the man walked away, and now he's back again. Jeemes is sure it's burglars, mem," she added, hysterically; "but cook's of opinion he's a'ter us—leastways after her and Martha, mem," she modestly concluded.

I simply repeated my order to James, and, as I went down to dinner, had the satisfaction of seeing that functionary crossing the lawn in the direction of the haunted "scrubbery."

Dessert was just being placed on the table when a sudden, sharp ring at the hall-bell startled us.

There were a few hasty words and a quick step in the hall, and the next instant the door was thrown open and a man stood before us, looking excitedly from one to the other without a word.

Aunt Pettigrue rose from her chair with an eager exclamation:

"George, my son—my dear boy!"

He did not advance a step to meet her. He was shabbily dressed and haggard-looking, and his eyes blazed with a sort of wild excitement.

Turning to my husband he demanded, sharply:

"Herbert, where's Amy?"

"Amy?" Herbert repeated, bewildered.

"Yes, Amy, my wife—the pure, innocent, noble-minded woman whom you branded with infamy, and turned an outcast from your door! By heaven, Herbert! I could kill you where you stand!"

"George, I beseech you to calm yourself, so that I can understand you. Is it of Miss Palmer that you speak?"

"Yes! How dared you treat her thus—you and the rest of you?"—glaring around on our wonder-stricken circle—"she, whose shoes you are not worthy to tie, whose company you are not worthy to keep"—this with a glance of bitter scorn at Lady Harriet, who actually quailed before him. As for Aunt Pettigrue, she sat speechless, staring at him. "Your menial has told me all," resumed George, with yet more violence—"yes, *your menial!* And she, my poor, injured darling, my self-sacrificing wife"—here his voice faltered, and tears rose to his eyes. "Where is she?" he added, fiercely. "What have you done with her?"

We tried, as well as our bewilderment would allow, to pacify him.

"George," his mother faltered, "do you mean to say that this girl—Miss Palmer—is your wife?"

"Yes, mother, the girl whom you tried to prevent my marrying, and my unworthiness of whom may God forgive. And you, mother, you have ruined her."

"I, George?"

"Yes, you—all of you! And now," he continued, with a sort of bitter vindictiveness, "that you may reap the bitterness of what you have sown, you shall know what both she and I had wished to spare you. It was I, mother, who was guilty of the crime for which *she* was made to suffer—of which she is innocent—and which, it seems, she took upon herself rather than betray me. It is *your son* who is the thief! yea, doubly a thief, and but for her would be *now* a fugitive from justice."

Aunt Pettigrue fell back in a swoon. I had her carried to her room, and we accompanied her thither, leaving Herbert alone with George.

In less than fifteen minutes my husband came to me.

STATUE OF "RUTH," BY G. B. LOMBARD.

He was excited, but all that he said was :

"We have sorely wronged her, God forgive us! We are going at once to London to find her, if possible, and will bring her here. And," he added, "criminal as this weak boy has been, I find that things are not so bad with him as would appear from his own reckless words. Tell this to his mother, and that I hope to get him out of his difficulties."

Then followed the roll of the carriage as they were driven away. Three days after my husband wrote for

THE LOVE-TOKEN.

me to join him in London. They had found Amy, George's wife, in an humble lodging, where she had been very ill with brain-fever.

She refused to return home with us, and we took her to a pleasant little country nook near London, where I nursed her assiduously, and where Aunt Pettigrue came from time to time, bringing luxuries and presents, and making a great show of tears and repentance and affection to the woman who had proven herself a devoted wife to her favorite, though good-for-nothing, son.

Perhaps this term is too harsh to be applied to poor George, even at that time. Gay, generous and extravagant, he had been led astray by evil influence. Marrying Amy Palmer secretly, he had left her with her aunt, in order to seek employment which would afford them a means of living.

In his absence the aunt had died, and Amy had become our governess, never suspecting our relationship with her husband until his own mother came on a visit to the house.

Then, while hesitating what steps to take, she received a letter from George, explaining how he had found employment, but had been tempted, in the service of a friend, to appropriate money intrusted to him, never doubting but that his friend would fulfill his promise of paying it back before it could be missed. Finding himself deceived, he had fled in order to avoid arrest, and he now begged to see his wife and make some arrangement before leaving for America.

She had met him in the park one evening, and in that interview desired him to come on the following night, when she would meet him in the shrubbery and give him all the money she possessed.

To avoid being seen, she had slipped through the French window of the drawing-room. During this interview she discovered that she had left a part of the money in her room, and she went back for it, her husband accompanying her to the window to receive it from her.

While waiting here, the glitter of a stray moonbeam on the diamond ring on a table close to the window had caught his eye.

He recognized it as his mother's, and concluding that the portemonnaie was also hers, he had taken them, in the sudden thought that by means of these he might be enabled to return the whole of the money he had appropriated, and by the kindness of his former employers escape a criminal prosecution.

When this was accomplished, he would write to his mother and tell her what he had done. But on finding that his wife had given him every penny she possessed, he insisted upon her retaining a five-pound note which he hastily drew forth, little imagining what evil he was thereby bringing upon the young wife whom he most tenderly loved.

And she—had she not proven her devotion by taking upon herself the sin and shame of the crime which she had never suspected until the fatal words of his own mother and of Lady Harriet had brought the revelation like a death-blow to her spirit?

Anything to save and shield him; and yet she had sunk under the burden, and I do believe would have died had we not come in time to support and cheer her.

Many years have passed since the occurrence of what I have related. Away over in the New World there is a certain happy family—prosperous, loved and honored—of which my cousin George is the head. We hear from them frequently, and in one of his letters he asserts that the unfortunate affair of those missing notes was what cured him of his wildness, and sobered him into becoming a "new man."

WIGS AND THEIR WEARERS.

"MAKE wigs, make wigs, make wigs!" was the pointed injunction written by Voltaire upon the MS. of a peruke-maker who sent some verses for the opinion of the great philosopher and poet. The advice has since been employed as a sort of *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—"Let the cobbler stick to his last"—proverb; it counsels men to adhere to their legitimate business, instead of entering upon strange and vain pursuits.

The business of wig-making is well worthy of attention. In these days, when nearly every industry and every institution is historiographed, it might even be made the subject of an interesting and curious volume.

Like many of our arts and handicrafts, its origin is of unknown antiquity. In both the British Museum and the Berlin Museum there are Egyptian hair wigs which are said to be four thousand years old. There can be little doubt, in short, that the use of false hair for the purpose of covering baldness has been familiar in every age and country.

The word "wig" itself has a well-defined and respectable pedigree. It is a contraction of periwig, the offspring of the French *perruque*, which came from the Italian *perruca*, and which again was derived from the Latin *pilucca*, a head of hair; *pilare*, to pluck off the hair; and *pilus*, the hair.

A general use of wigs began about the middle of the sixteenth century. Henry III. of France wore one to conceal the baldness occasioned by sickness; and his courtiers followed his example, like other imitators of big-wigs even in our own times.

Gradually the artificial covering came into use as an ornament. Instead of remaining a dexterously arranged imitation of locks that were no more, it became a structure at once marvelous, gigantic, ugly and uncomfortable. It was in the reign of Louis XIII. (1610-1643) that this fashion began to be rapidly and widely extended, first in France, and then throughout all Europe.

Wigs appear to have been known in England as early as the reign of Edward VI.; they are referred to in the wardrobe account of that monarch. Stow, however, affirms that the first periwig brought to that country appeared about the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—that was in 1572.

For over a hundred years the dress of every gentleman of fashion was incomplete without a wig. The headgear, in course of time, became larger and larger, until it culminated in the enormous and ludicrous encumbrance—"large enough to have loaded a camel"—worn by gentlemen who flourished in the reign of the good Queen Anne, in which age the fashion may be said to have been at its height.

At that time a wig for a beau of the first water might cost about $700. An advertisement of the year 1724 preserves the various names of the article then in use.

The advertiser says that at his establishment "all gentlemen may be furnish'd with all sorts of Perukes, as Full-Bottoms, Tyes, Full-Bobs, Ministers'-Bobs, Naturalls, Half-Naturalls, Grecian-Fltyes, Curley-Roys, Airy Lavants, Qu-Perukes and Bagg Wiggs."

The first indications of the decline and fall of the wig were given in the reign of George III. It would appear that at that time the absurdity and unnaturalness of the headdress became evident to the public.

One of the chief signs of the dissolution of the custom is supplied by a petition of the peruke-makers of London to George III. in 1765. In it the petitioners pathetically set forth the distresses not only of themselves, but also of a large number of others who were dependent on them, arising from the almost universal decline of their trade in consequence of gentlemen wearing their own hair.

The subject of the petition led to the publication of a rather smart *jeu d'esprit*, which professed to be a petition of the *Body Carpenters* of London imploring His Majesty to wear a wooden leg.

Both wigs and powder disappeared from France during the great Revolution. After the Revolution in America, too, it is said that no fancy wigs were to be found among the free and enlightened citizens of the States.

However that may be, it is certain that toward the close of the last century the use of wigs had gradually become obsolete in England, being for a time superseded by the queue with hair-powder, which came down almost to our own time.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that nowadays wigs are only professionally worn by judges and barristers. Clergymen and other dignitaries of the Church ceased to wear them many years ago. The large wig of a judge is what in bygone days was known as a full-bottom wig.

But although wigs, as appendages of fashion, have gone from our midst, the trade in the real article, which is intended to hide imperfections, flourishes to a degree that must surprise those who pay little heed to minor industries.

Who could tell that the troubles between China and France were likely to raise wigs?—the price, not the hair. That such is in reality the case is clearly shown by a communication from a correspondent of the London *Times*, who says that wig-making in Marseilles has been seriously affected by the war. It appears that this trade forms one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles. By the hair-artists of that town female heads all over Europe are wigged. It is the chief hair market in Europe, and imports about eighty tons of hair every year.

THE CANOPY OF THE CAABA.

The Sultan of Turkey provides the Caaba of Mecca every year with a new canopy, and a new vail, or *portière*, for the entrance-door. The internal hangings of the Caaba are provided once only by each Sultan at his accession. This canopy, says Dr. George Bridwood, when completed, is shaped exactly like that profoundly interesting "canopy of an Egyptian Queen" which Mr. Villiers Stuart has recently described and illustrated—*i. e.*, like a cross. It consists of a central square about ten strides each way, and four lappets, one hanging from each side of the central square, also ten strides long and about three deep. The Caaba is almost a perfect cube of thirty feet every way, and the canopy covers the whole top of it, and each of its four sides to the depth of ten feet, without forming festoons at the corners, as it would if it were a square carpet. It is partly made up in the citadel of Cairo, but immediately after the close of the Ramazan, a great Mohammedan fast, and the Lesser Bairam, *Eed-ul-Fatr*, the "Festival of Breaking the Fast," it is carried in procession through the streets from the citadel to one of the mosques to be completed. It is carried through the streets in its five separate pieces—the central, square, and four lateral lappets, together with the *portière*. This is "The Procession of the Carpet." In this stage it is in no sense a holy carpet; indeed, it is quite the reverse, for it is made of silk, and silk, as an animal excrement, is unclean among Mohammedans until mixed with cotton. This is what is done at the mosque, its five parts being there sewn together and backed with cotton, while its surface is broidered all over with texts from the Koran affirmative of the unity of God.

When the carpet has been completed it is placed in charge of the leader of the Mecca pilgrims. They parade the streets of Cairo at starting in what is called the "Procession of the Litter." Some former ruler of Egypt—a usurping slave girl, I believe—made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and subsequent rulers, not wishing to be behindhand with her in this respect, and yet finding it impossible to attend in person, instituted the custom of sending their litter to represent them, just as in Europe we send our empty carriages to funerals. This litter is exactly like an enormous Indian bandy-box, covered with beautifully embroidered hangings, and is carried on the back of a tall camel, and is the symbol of the reigning Sultan of Turkey. The carpet is there, but still as an unconsecrated piece of furniture, carefully stowed away with the baggage of the leader of the caravan.

It is only after it has covered the Caaba for a year that anything like sanctity attaches to it. It lies on the Caaba for a year; then, about the end of the Ramazan, it is cut up in pieces, to be sold to the incoming pilgrims as charms. During this time the Caaba remains uncovered, and it is not until the arrival of the pilgrims from Cairo that it is re-covered with the new carpet sent by the Sultan. This takes place at the Greater Bairam, or *Bakari Eed*, the greatest festival of the whole Mohammedan year, held in remembrance of the miraculous substitution of a goat in the place of Ishmael, of whom (and not Isaac), according to the Mahommedan tradition, Abraham was about to make a sacrifice.

GUERNSEY, ALDERNEY AND SARK.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

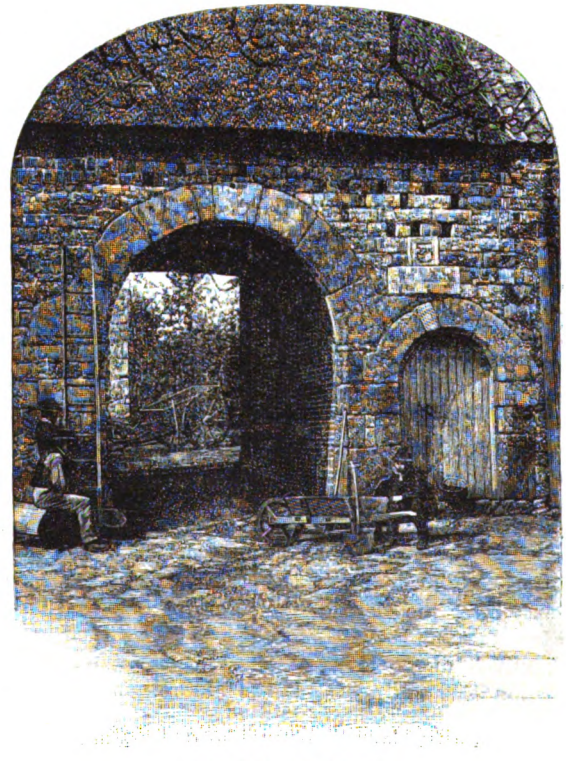
It would have been pleasant to remain longer in Jersey, but "fresh fields and pastures new" were luring us away, and we thought it well to go on to the adjacent islands before quitting this part of Europe. The steamer which plies between St. Helier's and Southampton stops at Guernsey, and we availed ourselves of this opportunity to move our quarters to St. Peter Port, on that island. It is only thirty miles from Jersey to Guernsey, so that the transit was soon accomplished. As the weather was favorable, we found the sail extremely pleasant. The harbor of St. Helier's, with its fortress on one side and Elizabeth Castle on the other, is unusually picturesque, and as we proceeded further out to sea there were fine views of the Corbière Rocks, and as these were fading away, the cliffs of Sark, Herm, and Guernsey, began to appear on the horizon, so that we were scarcely out of sight of land at any time.

As we had made an early start, we reached St. Peter Port at half-past nine in the morning, and were soon comfortably quartered at Gardner's Royal Hotel, on the Esplanade. When we arrived, the hotel was full, and for a short time we obtained rooms in a cottage on the hillside, belonging to the "boots" of the inn. I mention it from this fact, as it is not often that the porter of a hotel resides in such elegant quarters that he can afford to

A WATER LANE, GUERNSEY.

furnish rooms to strangers. After breakfast we began to look about us, and were soon on the top of an excursion-car bound for a tour around the island. As Guernsey is very near Jersey, it might be thought that it would be so similar as to render a visit to it or a description of it superfluous, but this hasty and natural conclusion would be erroneous.

Guernsey has a character peculiarly its own—its geology, fauna, flora, inhabitants, products, manners, and customs, are quite different from those of Jersey, and render a visit necessary to any one who would understand the Channel Islands in all their diversity. Thanks to the zeal of Dr. Hoskins, F.R.S., of St. Peter Port, accurate meteorological observations have been kept in Guernsey for many years, and from these very accurate conclusions in reference to the climate can be drawn. The character of the vegetation, even out of doors, in the Winter months, would confirm the accuracy of Dr. Hoskins's observations, and indicate that the mean annual temperature must be high. January and February are the coldest months in the year, and July is the hottest, but August is almost as warm, the observed difference being very slight. The Summer months are cool and bracing, while those of Winter, Spring, and Autumn, are mild and uniform. They have here in the Autumn our Indian Summer, which they call "Le petit été de St. Michel," or the short Michaelmas Summer.

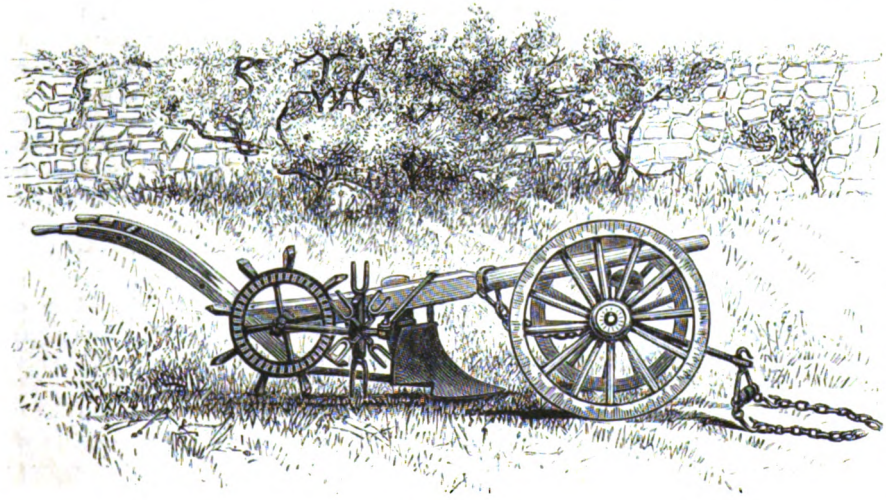


A GUERNSEY FARMYARD.

The equability of the Autumn and its duration constitute peculiar features in the climate of Guernsey; this season is often remarkably fine and genial, extending even to the middle of December, and abridging most agreeably the duration of Winter. Frosts are of rare occurrence and of short duration, and Summer and Winter are not separated by the chasm which divides them in this climate of great contrasts, and the excessive degrees of temperature are almost unknown on either side of the thermometric scale.

ST. SAMPSON'S CHURCH AND HARBOR.

We were not long in observing the influence of such a climate upon the vegetation of the island. As we were driving about, we saw many flowers growing in the open air, where they are left at all times, which in most countries have to be kept under glass the greater part of the year. We are indebted to Dr. Hoskins for more extended observations on this point than we could have made during our short stay. He calls attention to the frequency with which the aloe flowers; to the vast size of the hydrangea and profusion of its blossoms; the spread and vigor of the myrtle and Banksia rose; the hardihood of scarlet geraniums; the luxuriance of the camellia-japonica. The camellia flourishes in every garden and shrubbery, either as a standard or trained against the walls, and it is worthy of remark as showing the effects of acclimatization that these trees, which on their first introduction commenced flowering in October, remaining covered with blossoms throughout the Winter, have become more tardy in their period of inflorescence with each succeeding year, assimilating more and more to the habits of ordinary shrubs, which bloom in early Spring. We were given the dimensions of these camellias trained against a south wall, from which some idea can be obtained of the great size to which these trees attain. The lateral extent of the double white camellia is twenty-five feet six inches, the girth of its stem being two feet eight inches. The spread of the double red is twenty-five feet ten inches; the circumference of the trunk, two feet one inch. These trees are in full blossom from January to April, and flourish in spite of occasional frosts, snow, wind, hail and rain. Orange-trees also grow to considerable size, and ripen their fruit to perfection. We never before saw such aloes. Two of them were from twenty-five to twenty-eight feet high, and the leaves were already over eight feet high. Among the evergreen-trees we noticed the



A POTATO-PLOW.

Norfolk Island pine (the *Araucaria excelsa*) and the *Yucca aloifolia* of South America, and one which closely resembled the *Sequoia* of California, and very probably had been brought from the Pacific coast. The New Zealand flax grows vigorously in some spots, producing flowers and ripening seeds. Several varieties of the eucalytus or gum tree had been planted about the island, and had attained considerable size. Veronicas, Pampas-grass, all manner of bulb plants, and gladiolas, flourish luxuriantly. In fact, it is useless to attempt to mention all of the plants, shrubs, and trees, to be met with in Guernsey, for the place is simply one large horticultural establishment, and the late Douglas Jerrold is reported to have said, when visiting it, "One day or other this island must be put into a pot and sent over to Covent Garden to be sold."

We drove through Fort George to Fermain Bay. From the fort is a superb view over the harbor of Peter Port, and far out to sea. Fermain Bay is one of the gems of the island, and affords a retired beach for bathing, which is much frequented. In returning from it we visited the grounds of Rev. Mr. Watson, to whom we had cards, and who politely showed us through his extensive greenhouses, in which he raises large quantities of grapes, figs and peaches for the London market. We can testify to the delicious flavor of the figs and peaches. The latter were some of them very large and luscious, but it seemed strange that they could not be raised to better advantage out of doors. As the Rev. Mr. Watson is an extensive farmer and grower of cattle, we were glad to embrace the opportunity of visiting his herd. The Guernsey cattle are of a much larger size than the Jersey breed, so that after they have ceased bearing they can be advantageously fattened for the butcher. The oxen are also large and strong. They have none of the delicate organization and deer-like appearance of the Jerseys, but are said to yield large quantities of rich milk, from which butter of the best quality can be made. There is now a Guernsey Herd Book, and prizes are annually offered for the best animals. By keeping the breed pure and establishing a pedigree, it is believed that the standard can be raised in Guernsey as much as it has been in Jersey. The Guernsey cattle may not be so handsome and ornamental as those coming from Jersey, but if their milking qualities are equally good, their greater size ought to add to their value as beasts of burden, and as supplying much more meat for the market. It was evident, outside of Mr. Watson's herd, that no system had been observed in breeding, and that the island was overrun by a mongrel race of cattle, greatly to the detriment of the former and to the injury of the reputation of the place. By judicious selection and survival of the fittest, the Agricultural Society ought to be able to remedy this evil before the lapse of many years.

Near Mr. Watson's residence is a high column erected to the memory of Sir John Doyle, formerly Governor of the island, in testimony of the gratitude of the inhabitants for his valuable services in erecting defensive works, but chiefly in causing the construction of fine roads. The latter service can be appreciated when it is considered that, previous to his time (1810), nothing had been done toward the improvement of the island. According to a contemporary account: "There was not a road, nor even an approach to the town, where two carts could pass abreast. The deep roads, only four feet six inches wide, with a footway of two or three feet, from which nothing but the steep banks on either side could be seen, appeared solely calculated for drains of water, which, running over them, rendered them every year deeper and narrower. There was not a vehicle, scarcely a horse, kept for hire; no four-wheeled carriages existed; and all travelers who came to the island were glad to leave it in haste and disgust." The column is ninety-six feet high, and four hundred feet above the level of the sea. When we first saw it from the deck of the steamer we took it for a lighthouse, and it certainly does "serve the purpose in the daytime of a beacon for mariners."

After leaving this town, we drove to a water lane near Moulin Huet Bay. These water lanes, as they are called, are a peculiar feature of Guernsey, and they are certainly very beautiful, on account of the luxuriance of the foliage about them and the character of the streams of water running through them. They are not accessible to carriages, but a rivulet contends for the rustic pathway, and trees, laden with ivy, contrast their deep shade with the golden gleams of sunlight which glitter amid a thousand shadows on innumerable ferns, luxuriating on the banks of the brook." It is often difficult to descend these slippery lanes, but it is very rewarding to do so, especially when they lead to such fine scenery as is afforded at Moulin Huet Bay.

The cliffs forming the sides of this bay are, in many places, perpendicular, and smooth as a wall. Ledges of uneven rocks project into the water at intervals of a few yards, leaving little creeks and narrow passages of great intricacy; but it is not prudent to penetrate among them when the tide is rising, as any one might then be intercepted and surrounded by the flood.

"At Spring tides, however, the sea retires to a considerable distance, and here, at low water, abound beautiful rock pools, scattered about in every indentation of the generally submerged rock, some half-hidden amid deep recesses and opening to the sea through a vista of dark, rocky masses, still wet with the waters which for ages have been polishing down their once rugged surface. In these pools beautiful zoophytes display their flower-like arms, with pink, brown and blood-red hues, making beautiful the gray rocks on which they rest. The seaweeds there also have their variously-colored foliage, some green, some red, but mostly of an olive tint. Limpets abound on the rocks at their edges, and in the fissures are to be found microscopic shells for a whole day's study and delight."

It was a place for Agassiz to revel in and for Morse to gather forms of life showing the similarity between the fauna of the present age and that of the ancient, seas which were destroyed when these masses of granite rose to the surface. Here would be the spot to organize a Summer School of Science, for nothing would have to be collected, as everything has already been lavishly stored up by Nature's hand. The Island of Guernsey has long been celebrated for its stone quarries, and immense quanties of rock have been sent to the Continent and to England, sometimes reaching 150,000 tons in a year. The whole island belongs to what are called the primitive rocks, but these present themselves in a number of varieties. The upper portion contains gneiss, while the lower part is syenite. Other sections have pure granite much resembling the Aberdeen. The red or feldspathic granite is used in combination with the hornblendic syenite for building purposes with very good effect, and the mullions of windows are occasionally made of the green-stone trap.

The principal quarries are at St. Sampson's Port, where a great trap dike, exactly similar to that of the Palisades on the Hudson River, has penetrated the original formation. In this trap, or diorite, open quarries have been excavated to a great extent, and at the present

time the sound of the drill in this neighborhood fills the whole air and gives token to the large number of men who are here constantly employed in getting out stone for exportation to England. From an eminence near St. Sampson Port I counted three hundred men who were breaking up stones to a size suitable for use on the macadamized roads, and there were twenty-five large vessels in the harbor loading with stone.

In order to keep the water out of the quarries great numbers of windmills are constantly pumping, so that the landscape hereabouts recalls certain portions of Holland.

It was at St. Sampson's Port that Victor Hugo laid the plot of his celebrated novel, "The Toilers of the Sea." It was from here that the little steamer *Durande*, then a great novelty, made its voyages to the town of St. Malo in France, and on the rocks near the coast she was purposely wrecked by the wretched Clubin. We procured a copy of the book while here, and greatly enjoyed tracing out the places which are so accurately described in the text. We saw at Peter Port the square called the Carrefour du Bordage, where Victor Hugo says sorcerers were at one time put to death. "Between 1565 and 1700 eleven sorcerers thus suffered at this spot—as a rule, the criminals made confession of their guilt—and it was here that heretics under Queen Mary were brought to the stake." We hoped to be able to visit Hauteville House in Peter Port, Guernsey, where Victor Hugo resided during the many years that he was an exile from France, but, on application at the door, were informed that it was not now shown to strangers, as the family had arrived from Paris.

Victor Hugo had arrived a few days previously with a retinue of eighteen persons, including servants. Since the death of his two sons some of the grandchildren reside with him, and his late wife's sister takes charge of the household. This lady came to the door when we rang the bell, and was "desolated" not to be able to show us through the house; but "monsieur" could very well understand that as M. Hugo was "ici," it was quite out of the question to admit visitors, as had been done last year.

We caught a glimpse of a wide hall hung with tapestry and furs while this parley was going on, and the granddaughters peered at us out of the windows. An ugly dog took advantage of the open door to make a rush for some of that liberty for which his master is such an advocate, and we had to open the gate to let him return.

The house is a very large and ugly one as seen from the outside. There are two windows each side of the entrance, and the front must be at least fifty feet, and there are three stories and a low basement. The top is surrounded by a plain iron railing, and as the roof is flat, it is possible from here to obtain a magnificent view. The great charm of the place is its garden and this view, which takes in nearly every place mentioned in the "Toilers of the Sea." One can imagine that the author drew a plan of the scene of the novel from his study window before sitting down to write it. We found that the inhabitants of Guernsey did not fancy the gruff resident of Hauteville House, and that there was very little social intercourse extended to him—quite as much, no doubt, as he desires at his time of life, when rest and quiet are what he seeks in Guernsey. This is the first visit that Victor Hugo has paid to his former asylum since the days of the Commune, and he comes now rather feeble from age and care. The death of his wife and the loss of his sons has affected him painfully.

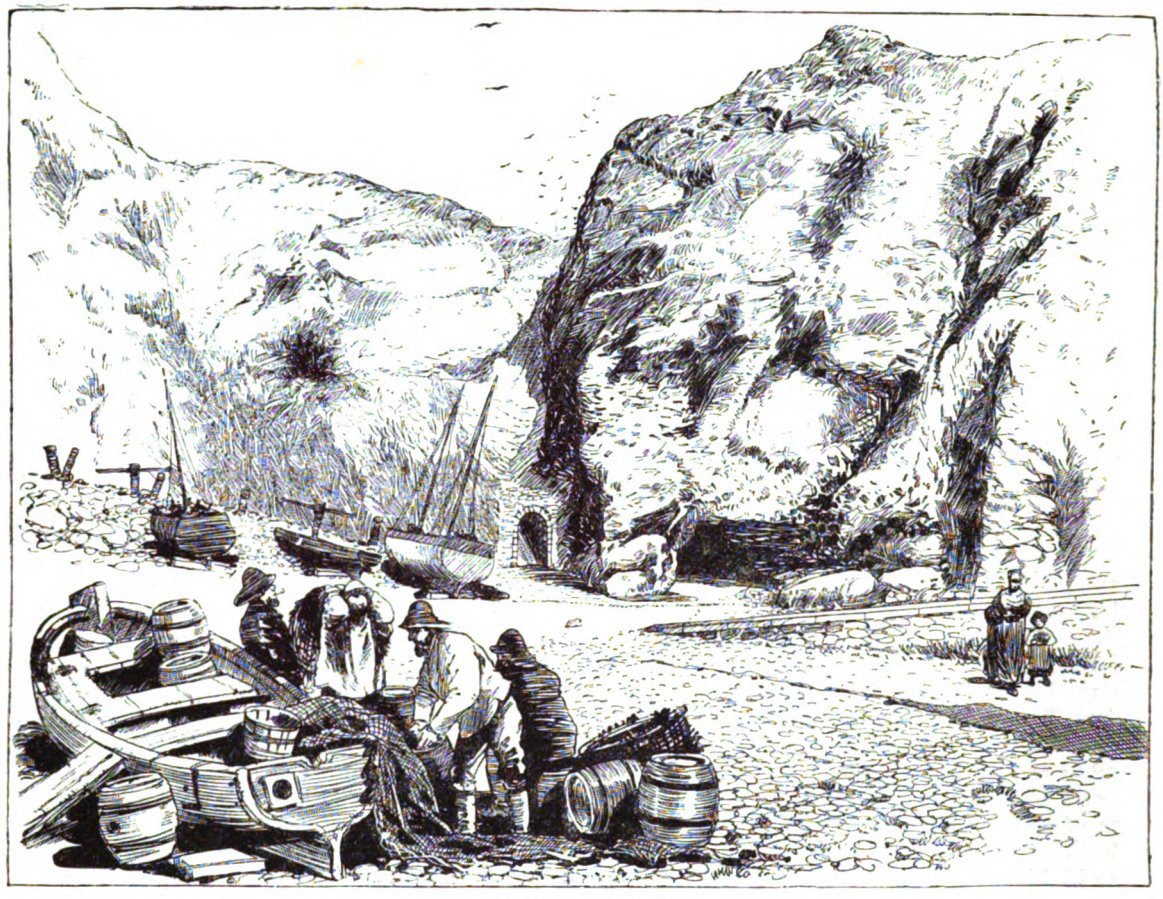
We were sorry to hear that one daughter, who married an English officer against his wishes, and who is now a widow with children, and very poor, is not recognized by him, or assisted in any way. It would be pleasant to be able to record that the old man's heart had mellowed with years, and that the daughter and her brood had found shelter in the great mansion, where there is manifestly plenty of room

While at Guernsey we took advantage of an excursion steamer, and went to spend the day on the Island of Sark. The Guide Book says: "For a person who comes to the Channel Islands for purposes of pleasure, to omit paying a visit to Sark would be like a foreigner going to England without seeing London, for it is unquestionably the gem of this insular group." It would be difficult to find anywhere in so contracted a place such a mixture of the sublime and beautiful; such rugged majesty of rocks and grandeur of mysterious caves; such smiling valleys and frowning precipices; such drives, studded with loveliest wild-flowers, and rendered vocal by the song of birds; such a variety of landscape and sea-view; such a combination of the grandest forces of Nature with her gentlest moods, as are to be found on the Island of Sark. It is a very little island, only about three miles and a half long and one and a half in breadth, and even these small limits are reduced by the wasp-like narrowing of one portion about a mile in length, which is separated by a causeway so narrow, that formerly only persons of the most steady nerve could venture to cross the giddy height. This natural bridge, called the Coupée, is 450 feet in length, 384 feet above high-water mark, and from five to eight feet wide. One side is nearly perpendicular, while the other, although practicable to hardy and experienced climbers, is extremely difficult of access.

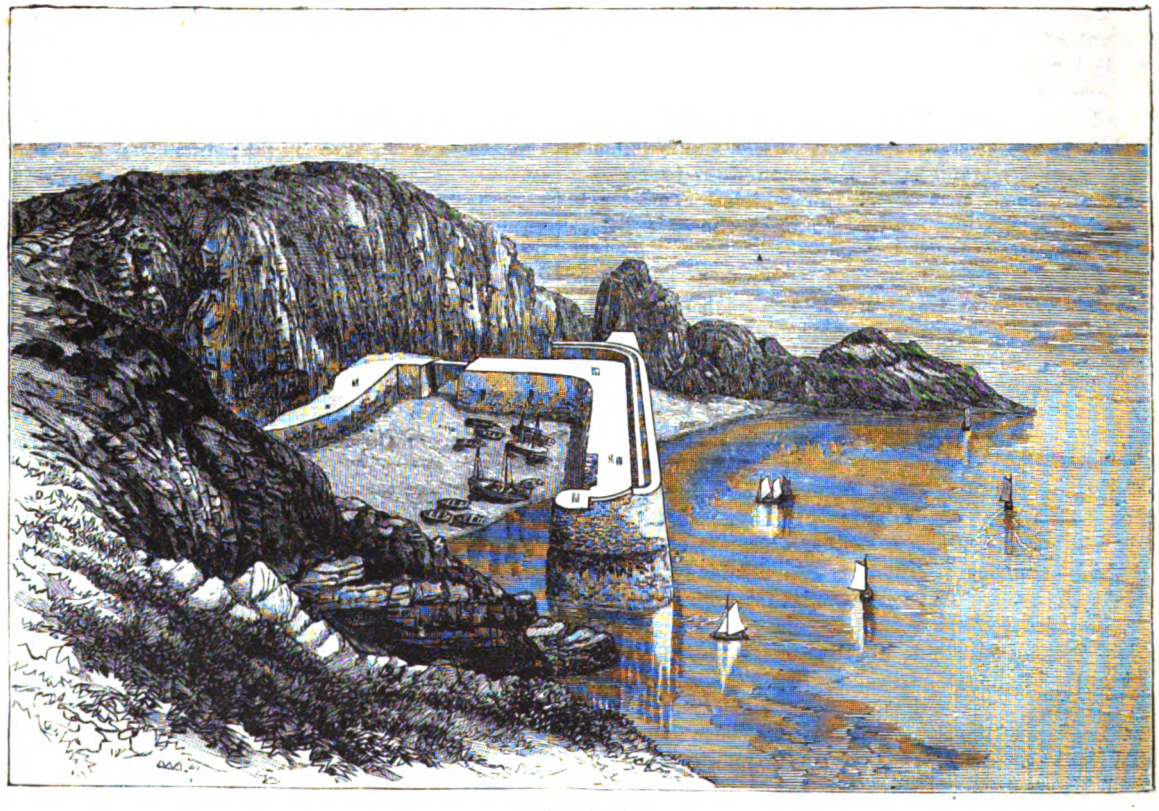
Alderney is only about ten miles from Cape La Hogue, twenty to the northeast of Guernsey, and fifty-seven miles to the nearest English coast. Until it became an important naval and military station very little was known about it, and even at the present time it is rarely visited, and is not supposed to possess many points of interest. The inhabitants formerly carried on extensive smuggling of English manufactures and tobacco into France by means of open boats, making the passage in the night; but the expenditure of $5,000,000 in the construction of public works, and the presence of great numbers of workmen and soldiers, have wrought a change in the character and habits of the people, and they now find enough to do in honest avocations.

In crossing over from Plymouth to Cherbourg in the Hamburg steamer we distinctly saw the Casket Rocks, with its solitary lighthouse, which has been constructed there to replace the three lights by which the place was formerly marked. It was not until 1723 that any light was shown on these rocks, and previous to that time they were the terror of all navigators, and many a vessel has been wrecked upon them, leaving no survivor to tell the tale. At one time the population consisted of the keeper, his wife, and six children, each one of whom resided here eighteen years without once quitting the rock. A lady visitor gives this touching picture of this group:

"Other companions had they none, save the seabirds waiting on the sea; and other occupations and amusements had they not, save their household cares, and fishing, and the cultivation of the little sandy plot which grew a few cabbages and potatoes. It was very strange to witness the ignorant wonder of the little children, who had never left the rock up to the period when the writer's sister visited the Caskets, in the year 1846. They



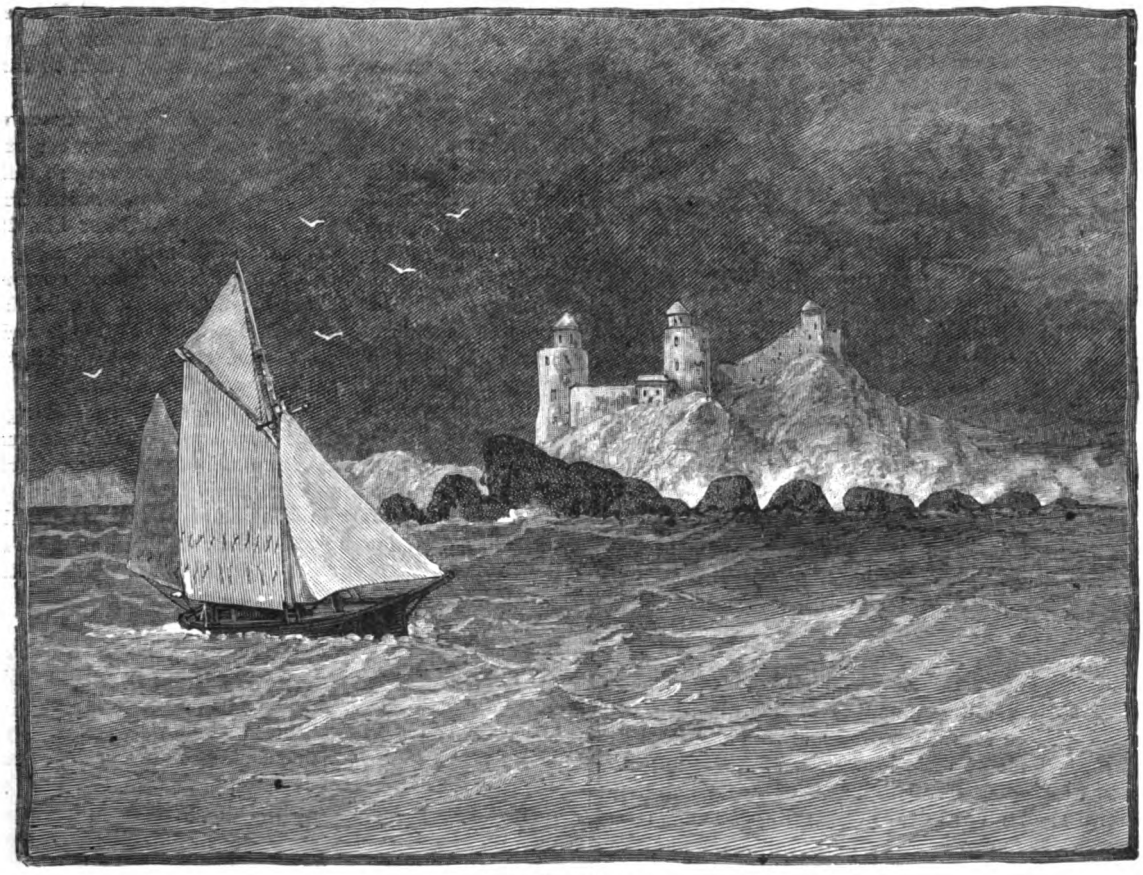
LANDING-PLACE AT SARK.



SARK HARBOR.

gathered around her, examining her dress, gazing at the picture-books which she brought them, and a doll, such as they had never seen before. The sight of a pictured cow and a donkey much delighted them; for milk they tasted once a month, when the provision-boat came with supplies, and this luxury made the cow a very interesting beast. Upon one occasion, when the eldest daughter was induced to pay a visit to her relations in Alderney, then a very secluded place, she soon grew weary of its life. 'The world,' as she called it, 'was too full of trouble and noise,' and at the end of a few days she joyfully returned to the rock, whence, however, she was allured to Alderney by a young carpenter, who had gone to the Caskets to work on the lighthouse, and whom she married."

The Caskets are seven miles to the eastward of Alderney, and eight or ten miles from Cape La Hogue, France.



THE CASKETS.

We have thus completed our "Rambles through the Channel Islands," and if we have conveyed to our readers a small part of the pleasure we enjoyed in visiting these marvelous places, we shall feel that our task has not been in vain.

THE LYRE-TAILED GOATSUCKER.

THIS beautiful bird is a native of Colombia, and is notable for the extraordinary development of the outer tail-feathers. Although the bird itself is by no means large, very little exceeding the common English night-jar in dimensions, the total length of an adult male lyre-tailed goatsucker is nearly three feet. Indeed, the general contour of the body and plumage remind the observer strongly of the resplendent trogon—the royal bird of Central America.

The general color of this species is the mottled dark and light brown which is universal among the goatsuckers, but is diversified by a band round the neck of rich chestnut. The primaries are nearly black, with the exception of a few chestnut spots scattered irregularly upon their necks. The extremely elongated tail-feathers are deep brown-black, edged with a warm band of pale-brown upon the inner web. The outer web is scarcely a quarter of an inch wide, while the inner is almost an inch and a half in width. Several feathers of the tail project for some distance, and lie upon the base of the elongated feathers.

THE INK PLANT.—It is stated that there is in Colombia a plant (*Coryaria thymifolia*) which might be dangerous to our ink-manufacturers if it could be acclimatized in this country. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, called *chanchi*, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish color at first, but turn a deep black in a few hours. This juice also spoils steel-pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings intended for the mother-country were wet through with sea-water on the voyage; while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of the plant were quite unscathed. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents. It may yet become an article of general use.

AN UNHEARD SERENADE.

By W. Waterfield.

The soft petunia's dim-seen snow
With hymns of fragrance hails the night;
The bats like shadows come and go,
The owlets wing their noiseless flight;
Hushed is our garden, herb and tree;
Rest peaceful, love, and think of me.

Beneath the lamps of heaven I lie,
(And heaven for us is still the same;)
Deep in the silver-clouded sky
One great star burns with steadfast flame;
Shut close, sweet eyes, from trouble free;
Sleep soft, my love, though far from me.

The sweetest star above the rest
Watch o'er thy sleep with influence mild;
The breezes hastening from the west
Bring thee glad dreams of home and child;
May all unrest thy pillow flee;
Dream on, my heart, and beat for me.

The dawn is come, the channels flow,
The bindweed shows her purple sheen;
The flame-acacia* takes the glow
With all her arms of waving green:
Light of my life, where'er thou be,
Wake happy, love, and pray for me.

WHY I.?

By Jane G. Austin.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve, and the rooms of the Smallhours Club were filled with the usual crowd of exquisites on their passage from one reception to another, of ennuyés who preferred this lounge to any reception at all, of whist or euchre-players, of smokers and dreamers and gossips and idlers.

Joining first one and then another of these groups, and turning from each with an intensely bored expression, wandered a good-looking young man whom the others addressed as Old Guard, Young Guard, Gardiner and Mr. Gardiner, as their acquaintance ranged from that familiarity bordering on contempt to ceremonious politeness.

Good-looking and well-dressed, in style betokening a sacrifice to society either made or contemplated, with the air of education, inherited good manners and wealth, this man carried about with him such an appalling expression of weariness, of apathy and of cynicism, that he seemed to shed a chill over every group in which he mingled, every person whom he addressed, without the faculty of receiving in return the slighest relief to his apathetic gloom.

As the clock began to strike, he stood idly pulling on the white gloves he had carried crushed in his right hand, and staring down at a chess-board where two of his acquaintances were just finishing an exciting game, lost as he looked, through the nervous consciousness of the elder player that those dreamy eyes were fixed upon his play.

"Checkmate!" quietly remarked the younger, placing his queen in position as the last stroke of the bell vibrated through the room and seemed to continue itself, and to mingle, with the silvery strains of a fresh young voice singing the opening words of the ballad of the hour.

"Confound that girl!" angrily exclaimed the losing player. "What business has she here? Where's the janitor? She shall be put out."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and Gardiner turned, not so much to see the cause of disturbance as because his way to the door led in that direction; but having turned, he allowed his eyes to rest upon the intruder with a shade more of interest than he had hitherto bestowed upon anything. And certainly it was a peculiar appearance enough upon which he looked to have demanded a second glance from the most *blasé* eyes.

A childish, supple figure, full of untaught grace and energy, and promising rich development, a well-shaped head covered with a tumbled mass of burnt-gold curls, neither short enough for a boy's or long enough for a girl's wear; a clear, pale skin, slightly shaded with the violet tints of late hours and untimely exertions; a merry mouth for ever expanding into the smile that brought out the loveliest dimples imaginable; a saucy nose, and great eyes shaded with thick dark lashes and eyebrows, the iris of a pale, transparent gray, but with pupils so expansive as often to give the effect of black eyes.

The dress of this poor little wandering princess was tawdry and soiled, and yet it was put on with a certain amount of originality and taste, and the string of cheap blue beads twisted among her yellow curls suited them far better than some of the headgear Gardiner had that night seen worn by some very aristocratic ladies.

In her hand she carried a guitar, or, more correctly speaking, a banjo, which she touched with a wild freedom evidently of only nature's teaching, while her voice, young and untrained as it was, suggested promise of wonderful power and sweetness in the future.

As Gardiner stood silently watching and listening to this strange child—for she could not have been more than twelve or fourteen years old—the janitor, having received his instructions from the defeated chess-player, approached and rudely laid his hand upon her shoulder, giving it an impulse toward the door. The song ceased instantly, and the great eyes, black as midnight in their anger, flashed up into the man's face.

"What you touching me for? what you want?"

"Want you to get out of this, you young street-walker! Who gave you leave to come in here disturbing respectable gentlemen this way? Come, walk!"

"If they can stand you, I reckon they can me, you Paddy-from-Cork!" screamed the child, as the man rudely pushed her from the room, and in the hall was proceeding to yet rougher measures, when his arm was lightly tapped with a head of a cane and a languid voice remarked:

"That will do, Burke; let the child alone, and tell me if Mr. Marsh was inquiring for me to-day."

The obsequious porter at once obeyed, for Mr. Gardiner's dollars slipped through his fingers with wonderful ease, and his voice, although so languid, was always attended to in the house-committee. So Burke released his prisoner, answered the question, and she slunk out of the door, and five minutes later was followed down the steps by Peyton Gardiner, who could not but feel a little startled when his hand was seized in the darkness and a kiss and a tear simultaneously deposited upon it.

"Who is it?" murmured he, his eyes still blinded with the glare of the hall-lamp.

"Only me! It was real good of you to make that fellow leave go of me; and if you hadn't, I should have gone for him, and then I'd've been sent to the lockup—and I do hate the lockup so!"

"Do you, indeed, my dear? Do you often go there?"

* The Flamboyant, or Gold Mohur-tree (*Poinciana regia*), the glory of Indian gardens.

"Oh, no—only twice; but, you see, I'm getting bigger now, and so it's worse.'

"Why worse?"

"I know more of what they're talking about, and I'd get bad acquaintance."

"You are very select in your acquaintance, then? quite exclusive, I suppose?"

"I hate to have people talk that way, as if they were so pleased that they knew a lot more than I do, and had to show off, even to a little tramp like me. You were the right sort to stand up for me just now—and now I'm going."

"Stop a minute—here's a little present for you, because you didn't get anything in the club-house. Do you sing round town every night?"

"No; sometimes I get a chance at one of the theatres to go on as supe in a pantomime or such, because I'm so pretty, you know; and sometimes I sell flowers; and when I get enough money at once, I buy some fruit and a basket and peddle it round; and sometimes I get a chance to pick up a stray dog, or maybe a child, and then take it home and get rewarded. Oh, there's lots of ways to make a living when a feller's young and lively!"

"Indeed! Have you parents?"

"Not that ever I heard of."

"Where do you live? who takes care of you?"

"I take care of myself and live where I can. I used to be with old Mother Wilson till she scratched under one day, and since that I've been on my own hook. I most generally hang out at a house down Canal Street way, though; anyway, I have half a room there, but there's lots of other places where I go when I feel like doing so."

"What an odd little Bohemian! What's your name?"

"Well, I think they call me Singing Sue oftener than anything else. Mother Wilson sometimes called me Fan, but oftener it was Young Limb. I reckon on the whole that's the name I'm most used to; anyway, it suits me first-rate."

"And didn't Mother Wilson tell you anything about your mother, or where you came from, or give you any clew to your history? Don't you really know what name you have a right to?"

"Divil a bit of it, mister; but I don't much believe I've any right to any name, and haven't got any history. Anyhow, there ain't any strawberry mark on my left arm so I ain't your long-lost sister."

"You go to the theatre sometimes, I infer?"

"You what? Never mind, though. Yes, I do go to the theatre just as often as I can get the stamps to get a gallery ticket. It's bully to go to the theatre, ain't it?"

"Well, now, look here, Fanny; I'm going to give you some advice, and as I haven't troubled myself to do such a thing in a good many years, I hope you will appreciate the effort, and profit by it accordingly."

"There you go again with your big words! Well, I reckon I know what you mean. Go ahead!"

"The advice is simply to change your mode of life before it is too late, for you are too pretty and too bright to go to the bad, as you're in the sure way to do. Now, I have a whim to try the benevolent dodge, as you would say, as a relief to the general stupidity of life, and, if you say so, I'll try it on you. I'll give you clothes, put you to school, and, as soon as you are old enough, have you taught music, if you turn out to have a voice, as I think you will; and, if not that, I will set you up as a milliner, or something of that sort. What do you think about it?"

"Um! Go to school? Sort of slow, isn't it?"

"You can't learn music or be a first-class milliner, or indeed much of anything, without education."

"Milliner be blowed! I sha'n't never be a milliner."

"Indeed! Feel above it, perhaps?"

"No; but it's so darned slow to sit still and sew. I'd rather do something larkier."

"See here, my dear child, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Go ahead!"

"It is that you will never use the word 'darned' again; likewise the word 'blowed'; likewise—— But these two will do to begin with. Do you promise?"

"Are you one of them City Mission folks? Because, if you are, here's your stamps back again. I ain't the sort to be converted, and go to night-school, and that."

"I suppose, Fanny, that in all this large city there is no man of respectable standing less like a city missionary, or a converter, or a preacher, or a light to anybody else, man, woman or child, than I. I simply object to hearing such coarse and low expressions from a very pretty feminine mouth—a matter purely of taste, not in the least of morality. Do you understand?"

"Well—yes, I reckon I do. Some folks give money when they see old Tom's sore arm, and some are mad as fire 'cause they happened to see it."

"Precisely. You are quick as well as original. Now come with me, and I shall tell my man, who is married, to take you home and give you a bed for the night, and to-morrow I will ask you not to go out until I have seen you."

"A sort of a rum start, but I reckon I'll see it through," replied the child after a moment's hesitation, and as Gardiner walked down the street she tripped thoughtfully beside him, until, of a sudden, she said:

"I see now. You're like the *Marchioness* in 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' and you wouldn't like I should go with the trainers and rattle the drum and sing with a flag. You want I should be pretty behaved like she was when the old woman was about, and talk right smart, like a book, you know."

"For instance," replied Gardiner, much amused, "your last sentence was, this was a rum start, but you reckoned you'd see it through; now, in talking like a book, you would put it——"

"High hevings, what is this wonder that I hear? Let me consider it," broke out Fanny, striking an attitude, and glaring up with her great eyes at the gaslight they were just passing.

"An actress, a singer, a prima donna!" muttered Gardiner, contemplating her. "She cannot fail to amuse me enough to pay for the trouble."

And, without comment, he led the way to his lodgings, where, in the dressing-room, sat Hugaly, prince of valets, hypocrite, pilferer, panderer, sleekest and most respectful of servants, never absent, never weary, never cross, indispensable to the master, who thoroughly knew his faults, and tolerated them for his own convenience.

"Hugaly, you see this child," began Gardiner, with a yawn; "she is the future Lind, Grisi, Lucca—what you will. Take her home to your wife, see that she is well treated, and to-morrow let her have a bath, and get her hair untangled without cutting. Get her a dark-blue blouse and petticoats, with new underclothes, and have her here at my breakfast-time."

"Very well, sir," replied Hugaly, as quietly as if all this were the ordinary routine of life. "Will you undress now, sir?"

"Yes, the evening is spoiled, and I may as well go to bed with a book."

"Will the young lady remain here, sir, while you undress?"

"No, Joseph, she will not. Put her in the drawing-room. Fanny, you won't run away?"

"You bet—No, my lord, I will not."

"Overdone, my pet. No is enough."

"This way, if you please, Miss Fanny," said Hugaly, obsequiously, while his sharp black eyes inventoried the child's face, and made an indelible record in his methodical memory of every feature.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, as Gardiner lounged in his little sitting-room, his eyes fell upon a pretty sight. A small, round table, glittering in the morning sunlight with crystal, silver and transparent china. A delicate little breakfast, just sent up from the *café*, a comfortable chair, with a stand beside it, holding a glass of bitters, a case of cigars and the morning paper, a cage in the window, wherein a canary trilled until he shook every golden feather with his ecstasy, and, standing looking and listening to him, a slender, graceful figure, jauntily dressed in the blue sailor-shirt, with linen collars and cuffs, the bright, yellow hair thoroughly neat and yet waving loosely over the shoulders, and a face whose beauty shone out from its new surroundings like the sun emerging from a cloud.

"Good-morning, Fanny," said Gardiner, quietly.

Fanny looked astonished, this being the first time she had been thus addressed in all her life; but, with quick powers of imitation and intuition, she bowed, smiled, said good-morning, and advancing, laid her small, hard, and still grimy hand in the soft white hand of her patron. He looked down at it critically, then glanced over the whole costume.

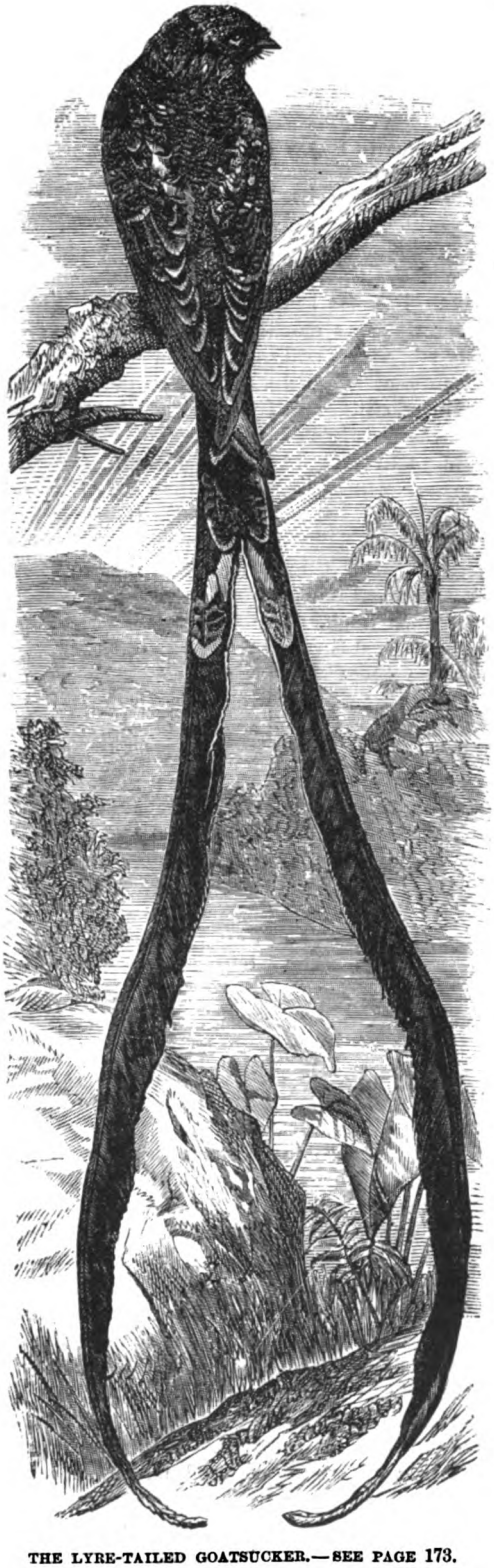
"Hugaly's wife is a good and well-meaning woman, but she is not a lady," said he, with a gentle sigh, and he then turned to the table.

"Will you take some breakfast, Fanny?" he inquired.

"Cracky! There now, that slipped out, but I'm getting the hang of it; I'll be all right in a few days. I was going to say we had grub—we had breakfus at six."

"Breakfast, my dear, not breakfus."

"All right, I'll remember. Do you think I'll ever sing like that dicky-bird of yours?"



THE LYRE-TAILED GOATSUCKER.—SEE PAGE 173.

"That canary, do you mean? I hope you will be more wonderful in your degree than he is in his."

"When will I begin to learn?"

"To-day. I have thought the matter all out while I was dressing, and my plan is laid. First of all, how much do you care for a promise?"

"I never make 'em."

"Very good. That is better than I hoped, for that shows that you feel them binding. Now, I wish you to make me a very solemn, a very binding, promise, before I begin upon my plan with regard to you. It is that you will not run away from me."

"When?"

"Ever. You will find a school stupid and slow after the wild freedom of your life thus far; you will miss the flavor of wickedness and peril; nothing is so monotonous as virtue, especially among unformed minds; but it is necessary that you should be trained in manners, style, and the usual branches of education for young women. This will take some years, and must be a stupid and laborious process, but you shall pass the vacations with me in as much amusement as we can contrive for each other, and so soon as you are old enough we will go abroad, and you shall study for the opera. After that you will not complain of lack of excitement, or admiration, or power; that is, if you turn out what I expect."

And once more the eyes of the *blasé* man of the world critically traversed and judged of every detail of the face and figure before him.

Fanny listened breathlessly.

"I twig. Oh, I'll bite my tongue out, but I'll cure it," and she stamped passionately, while a tinge of loveliest pink rushed over her pale cheeks. "I underatand what you mean, and I'll do it. Lord alive, I can work, and I can pretend, and I can wait, with the next one, and if you'll pass your word that there's a good time coming, I'll pass mine that I'll play on the square, and wait for it."

WHY I.?—"A CANARY TRILLED UNTIL HE SHOOK EVERY GOLDEN FEATHER WITH HIS ECSTASY, AND, LISTENING TO HIM, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL FIGURE, JAUNTILY DRESSED IN THE BLUE SAILOR-SHIRT."—SEE PAGE 174.

"Very good. I promise as good a time at the end as money and education can give, and as many lesser frolics all along as you have vacations; here's my hand on it."

"And here's mine that I'll hold on and wait for it, and never cheat you any way nor how."

"That's understood; and now, Fanny—No, I don't like the name of Fanny, it is too dubious. I will name you as the naturalists do their discoveries. Let me see, Avis, that means a bird; since you wish to emulate my canary there, yes, Avis I. Gardiner; there's a name for you. How do you like it?"

"I don't know. Avis I. Why I.?"

"Why I.? Well, a fancy of mine I will explain when the time comes. It may never come, but I have a presentiment that it will, and if it does, I will certainly tell you why I.; but if it should not, you will never know."

That afternoon Miss Avis I. Gardiner was enrolled among the pupils of a certain convent-school celebrated for its firm yet gentle discipline, and the certainty with which all eccentricities, rudeness and insolence of manner disappear in the course of a year or two under the silent and subtle manipulation of the Sisters.

In five months came a vacation, which Avis spent in traveling through Canada with her guardian, as Mr. Gardiner was understood to be, and this programme, varying, of course, the scene of amusement, was carried out for four quiet years, at the end of which period Mr. Gardiner, presenting himself at the convent upon the first day of the Summer vacation, was joined "at parlor" by a tall, fully formed, elegant girl, the startling beauty of whose face still bore an oddly close resemblance to the pretty, dissipated little visage of the child so ignominiously ejected from the Smallhours Clubhouse four years before.

"My dear girl, you are wonderful!" exclaimed the guardian, folding the rounded figure in his arms, and kissing the lips eagerly upraised to his. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Oh, so glad, guardy!" was the heartfelt response. "I am so utterly weary of the *rôle* of Goody Twoshoes! Do take me out and give me some champagne, and carry me to the theatre."

"Upon my word, mademoiselle! And that is convent training, is it?" exclaimed Gardiner, half shocked, half cynically amused.

"The trouble is, you see, that there was a good deal of training before I saw the convent," replied the girl, recklessly. "I was twelve or thirteen years old when I first saw you, and a child brought up to that age on strong drink can't go back to bread and milk with a relish."

"Twelve or thirteen," repeated Gardiner, musingly. "Then you are about seventeen now, Avis, and a mighty handsome girl. Let me hear you sing and play."

Avis rose, and with a skillful backward sweep of her draperies walked across the room, displaying her elegant and fully developed figure, and her graceful gait, to great advantage. Seating herself at the piano, she played the brilliant prelude of one of Rossini's most intricate cavatinas, and sang it through in a hard, clear voice, brilliant to a degree, but perfectly unsympathetic.

Gardiner, a musical critic, listened eagerly, and was about to speak his applause, with the suggested criticism, when his ward, with a mischievous smile, interrupted him with:

"Wait a minute, guardy; here's something more in your style"; and rattling her fingers over the keys like lightning, she burst into the sauciest, sprightliest, most audacious air of a certain opera-bouffe, and gave its rollicking strains and dubious phrases with such a mixture of skill and fun, that Gardiner sprang to his feet and ran to close the door before he laughingly clapped his hands, crying:

"Splendid! capital! But in the name of all the holy nuns in Christendom, where did you learn that?"

"Read about it in a smuggled newspaper, and sent for the music through one of the New York girls. Oh, we have a good many little amusements here of which the dear little Sisters know nothing!"

"I should think so! Well, I remember the old story of the princess shut up in a tower from her birth to keep her away from men and the wickedness of their ways, and how the birds of the air carried the prince's letter to her, and all that; and I suppose there is no such thing as keeping the rosebud closed until one can watch it open beneath his own eyes, and solely for his own benefit. Avis, tell me the truth; or, don't you do that?"

"What, tell the truth?"

"Exactly. Do you do it!"

"Oh, yes, to you."

"Thanks. Well, have you a lover?"

"Guardy, I have never seen a man to be compared with you in any respect, consequently I have loved no man but you so far."

"Again, thanks. And now, my dear, we will bid good-by to the Mother, and start for our usual holiday. I do not believe you will come back to school."

"Why, what are you going to do next?"

"I think, Avis—yes, I actually think—I shall marry you. I feel like it now, at least."

"Then marriage is a bargain needing only one bargainer, is it?"

"What! won't you marry me?"

"*Cela dépend!* I have not been asked yet."

"Nor won't be to-day, my dear. I want to see a little more of you. We are going yachting, and I shall study you diligently."

So Mr. Gardiner took his ward away, fetching a perfectly proper middle-aged help-lady to the convent to receive her, and to accompany her on her voyaging.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Dustan was a little deaf, a little purblind, and not a little harassed and tormented by poverty and the fear of an almshouse in her old age, so that nothing was easier than for Avis to persuade her that night-air was bad for her, that she actually was pining to go to bed, or to remain in the cabin alone, while guardian and ward spent the long moonlight hours upon deck, or rowing in a little skiff, or wandering on shore.

The two months of the vacation flew like a dream, and at its close Mr. Gardiner received a letter from the Superior of the convent. One of the Associate Sisters, a woman of experience and judgment in worldly matters, was to take six of the elder pupils abroad to perfect their French and German accent, and to study the antiquities of the elder world in their own sphere, and the object of this letter was to inquire whether Mr. Gardiner would like Avis to join this company as a finishing touch to her education, already, as the stately Superior hoped, of a degree and nature satisfactory to Avis's guardian.

Gardiner read this letter, mused a while, frowned, bit his lips, and finally tossed it over the table to Avis, as she lay luxuriously upon some cushions, skimming the pages of a French novel.

"You shall tell me how to answer it, my darling," said he. "Will you go to Paris, or—will you stay with me and be my little love, my wife, by-and-by?"

Avis read the letter, and sprang up with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

"Oh, guardy! of course I will go to Paris!"

"But, Avis—you know that you are and must be mine alone. We are lovers, and no man can step between us now."

The girl regarded him impatiently, and with an angry black heightening her wonderful beauty.

"Well, what of it?" demanded she, harshly. "Who speaks of any other man or any other destiny? You bought me body and soul when you picked me out of the gutter five years ago; but the contract of sale is not signed and sealed before the world yet, and I don't want always to feel the shackles!"

"Avis! Avis! what words are these? Do not I love you? Have not I promised to make you my wife as soon as you are a little older? What shackles but those of love have I ever put upon you?"

"Upon my word, guardy, you are quite a tragedian! you should go upon the stage and outshine Booth!" laughed Avis, in her hard, bright fashion; and Gardiner relapsed into his ordinary cynical *bonhomie*.

"So you had rather have a demure outing with this party of wise virgins than to wait until I take you to Paris on our wedding-tour?" asked he.

"Yes; I go with them to improve my mind and learn the accent of the Faubourg St. Germain; with you I shall strengthen my morals and study the dialect of the Mabille and the Quartier Latin."

"Indeed, no, mademoiselle; I assure you that, as my wife, you will lead a very different life from that you do as my——"

"Ward? I dare say, and for that reason I intend to see as much of the world on my own account beforehand as possible, even in such a poky way as the proposed one."

"Very well, Avis I., you shall have a year abroad, and when you come back we will be married, and settle down into respectable people."

"But, once more, what does this I. mean in my name? I should like to know exactly under what flag I am to sail in this my first independent voyage."

"Why I.? No, my dear child, I will not tell you yet. This journey will decide the question of your right to the initial. If you come home safely, and we are married, you shall drop the initial for ever, since it shall no longer be possible of application. If worse happens, and the bad jest becomes a terrible reality, I will explain it to you as my parting gift and endowment. But, pshaw, Avis, what a gloomy and ridiculous strain we are falling into! Of course you will return all right! Of course we shall be married and be happy as two lovers in a comedy! What else is possible?"

"Ah, what else is possible!" echoed Avis, with a gloomy glance at her guardian, and then, snatching her guitar, she struck its strings in a wild, irregular accompaniment of her own improvising, and recklessly trilled a drinking-song from one of the French operas, while Gardiner, leaning upon the table, watched her critically through half-closed eyes.

"Avis I., you are really a magnificent creature," said he, at length. "Let us have some of the generous *vins d'or* that you celebrate."

And ringing the bell, he ordered wine, cake, and Mrs. Dustan, who thought she best obeyed the summons by pleading a headache and remaining in her stateroom.

The next morning the bows of the *Siren*, named for Avis, as her guardian informed her, were turned homeward, and a few weeks later, Miss Avis I. Gardiner's name appeared upon the passenger-list of one of the Cunard steamships in company with that of five other young ladies, and the devout and astute Associate Sister having them in charge.

For eight months, letters dated at nearly every usual station of travel in Europe reached the guardian, who replied, with brevity, as he had relapsed into his usual course of busy idleness, and who, moreover, found himself in an attitude of sullen expectancy toward his ward, whom he did not doubt deceived him more or less with regard to her occupations and sentiments. Still, her material beauty dwelt in his memory so glaringly, and the drama of love and life, in which they, too, had briefly acted their parts, was so fascinating, and as yet so incomplete, that he always resolved to forgive very much, to shut his eyes as closely as possible, and to receive back his wandering bird, if she would come, without too keen inquiry into whither her wayward wings had carried her during her absence, so that they were not too singed to permit of her return at all.

Ten months had passed in this fashion, when Gardiner received at his club, among other letters, the following from his ward:

"My Dear Guardy: I propose in this letter to tell you the truth—rather an unusual luxury for me, and an unusual treat for you, as I have not dealt largely in that commodity in our recent correspondence. For instance, I omitted to mention in my descriptions of Alpine scenery that two gentlemen friends of mine helped me to admire it, generally by moon or starlight, or at odd times when dear Sister was otherwise engaged, and supposed me to be.

"These gentlemen followed us into Italy, and very agreeably diversified the monotony of picture-galleries, ruins, and temples, by dodging our party at every corner, and mingling with it occasionally under various disguises. Now we are all in Paris, and as I promised both gentlemen a reply to their petitions on arriving at this point, whence we are to return home, I have seriously devoted myself to the task of making up my mind, and naturally turn to you for advice.

"These two friends of mine differ as widely as possible in every respect, except in both being enormously wealthy and excessively in love with me. The first is a French peer, a vicomte of aristocratic family and position, not very young—but I am accustomed to a very mature lover, you know—and unfortunately married, and the father of grown-up children. He cannot, of course, offer me his title or hand, but he offers a magnificent establishment, horses, diamonds, clothes, everything in the world that need make a woman happy, and my only trouble in the matter is that these arrangements are so temporary, and that one scarcely knows how to dispose of the tiresome remainder of one's life. To be sure, I could employ the time in studying for the stage; I know that I could shine in French opera, and possibly in the classic, although that would be a bore, but in the *bouffe* I should be inimitable, and create a perfect *furore*.

"Here is one prospect; now for the other: Mr.—Ahem—is an American, son of one of our 'best families,' richer than the vicomte, young, handsome, and devoted. To be sure, he is rather a goody-goody sort of boy, and amuses me immensely by giving me credit for all sorts of virtues and scruples scarcely known to me by name; but, do you know, guardy, there is really a sort of piquancy in this contact with virtue which attracts me. It is so new to me, you know; for, except the nuns, who are beyond my comprehension and sympathy altogether, and the girls, who are mostly idiots, and Mrs. Dustan, who is a sycophant and hypocrite, Mr. Ahem is the first virtuous person I was ever acquainted with, and I think that, as his wife, I should feel a certain professional pride in keeping up the *rôle* which he assigns me, and playing it to the end.

"Of course this dear child never thought of offering me less than his hand, and as I have confided to him that I shall probably be forced by a 'cruel parent' (do excuse me, guardy, for thus depicting you) to be married immediately on my return home, and as I am far too obedient, docile, meek, and timid, to resist this authority, he has persuaded a married sister residing at present in Paris to offer me an asylum with her, and to matronize our wedding at the American Embassy.

"This sounds rather tame when compared with the vicomte's 'glittering generalties,' but somehow it seems to more attractive. You will certainly laugh at me, but it is nevertheless true that I quite fancy the idea of respectability, virtue, and, by-and-by, a

leadership in society; and, believe me, I shall be a terribly strict censor of female virtue and masculine morality.

"And now, guardy, I do not deny that, after all, my chance of trying this experiment lies very much in your hands. If you choose to telegraph to the American Minister to forbid the marriage of your ward, no doubt suspicion would be roused, and although I think I have influence enough with my dear innocent love of my heart, the possibility of a life different from its beginning, and some faith in God and man.

"Our five years' connection has consumed all these as if with fire, and I count them, after all, as a longer contribution to our common stock than your careless kindness, thousands of dollars, and lessons in love-making. Will you cry quits and let me alone if I marry this boy, or will you drive me to accepting the offers of

DANTE ALIGHIERI.—SEE PAGE 183.

to carry out a private marriage elsewhere, his family, and the proposed *éclat* of my bridehood in New York, are lost. But I do not think you will serve me so mean a trick, nor do I think you ought, in justice. I acknowledge all that you have done for me from the night we first encountered in the hall of the Smallhours Club until this brilliant morning in Paris, and against the kindness and the money lavished upon me, I put all that I have given you—the first the vicomte, with whom my antecedents will do no particular harm?

"Awaiting your answer, I remain affectionately yours, AVIS I.—and once more tell me why the I.?"

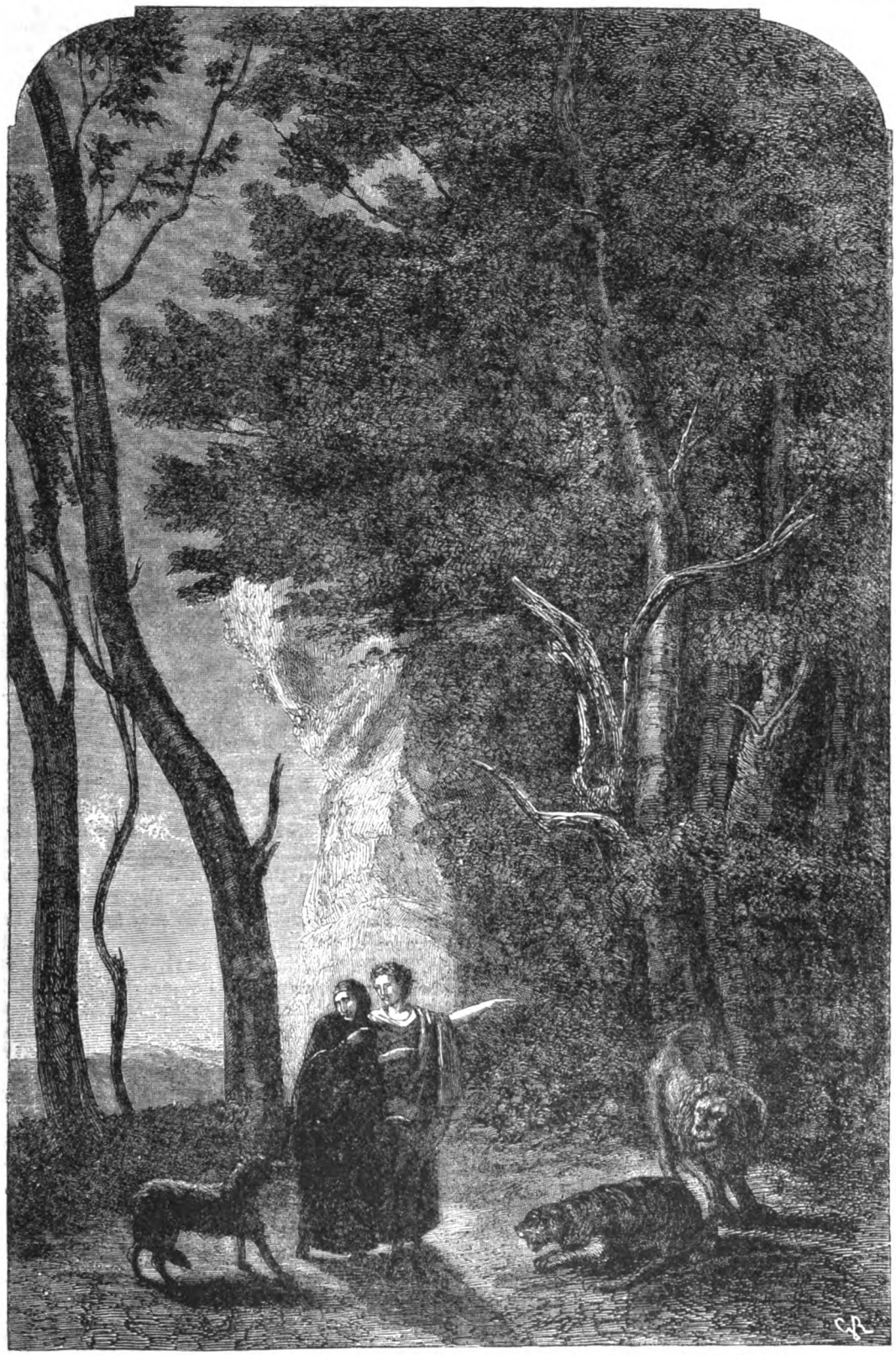
Gardiner's astonishment and rage on reading this letter were those of a virtuous parent whose carefully trained

child suddenly breaks away from all law and rule to pursue a course of independent wickedness.

He should have been prepared for just this result, say you? Of course he should, and of course he was not, for when were any of us prepared for the logical result of our own follies and weaknesses?

In his first indignation he rushed to the telegraph office, fully resolved to pursue the course Avis had foreseen, and forward a dispatch to the American Embassy; but, with the pencil in his hand, he reconsidered the impulse.

Avis, as mistress of a French vicomte, was even more



DANTE RESCUED BY VIRGIL FROM THE WILD BEASTS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY COROT.

wholly lost to him than as the wife of an American, moving in the same circle with himself in his native city; and as the thought of the constant meetings probable between Avis and himself rose in his mind, an evil scheme of revenge sketched itself with it before his mental vision, and it was with a smile upon his lips and a light in his eyes, such as only devils ought to wear, that he threw down his pencil, and went home to write :

"I ought to have expected precisely what I have received as the reward of my quixotic attempt to change the leopard's spots or wash the blackamoor white. But I cannot trouble my digestion with anger, and revenge is gone out of fashion. Marry your dear innocent, as you call him, and as, lamblike, he is probably well provided with wool, pull it well over his eyes.

"Yes, I will tell you now, why I. It is the initial of *infernis*, a word whose meaning you will not be at a loss to understand when joined to Avis; and do but see how much more brutal our English tongue is than any other. Avis *infernis* is quite a pretty phrase, while Bird of ——— is not at all so.

"I believe there is nothing more to say except good-morning, and that I am always obediently yours, GARDINER."

In due course Avis received this letter, read it twice through, and turned pale as death while she slowly tore it to atoms.

"He means mischief — terrible mischief," murmured she. "I will go on, but I will be on my guard."

A month later, Gardiner read the announcement of a marriage in the Chapel of the American Embassy at Paris between Avis Gardiner and Malcolm Fortescue Blake, Esq., both of New York, and smiled unpleasantly as he laid down the paper, muttering to himself:

"Oh, it's that fellow, is it? And she wants to drop the I., eh? Well, it will be my work to remind her of it. Wonder when they'll be home?"

Not for many months, as it proved, and when they did come, Mrs. Blake received no company on account of her health.

Gardiner waited two months more, and called again. The servant took his card, and returned to usher him up-stairs to a charming boudoir dimly lighted, where in an invalid-chair sat, or rather reclined, Avis, her beauty intensified, yet purified, by illness, and holding a little baby upon her lap.

She held out a thin, white hand, and raised her eyes, with such a piteous appeal speaking from their soft depths, that Gardiner turned away, and sat down without speaking, and in a sort of angry bewilderment.

This was not the scene, not the woman, not the circumstances, he had pictured through a year of patient waiting and he knew not how to take up the new *rôle* so suddenly thrust upon him.

Avis saw her advantage, and seized it desperately.

"You are the first gentleman I have seen, Mr. Gardiner, but I could not refuse one who has stood to me in place of a father for so many years. Besides, I wanted to show you my son, and to ask a favor of you with regard to him. Will you be his godfather? I am sure you will be a faithful and honest one."

Her voice trembled upon the last words, and Gardiner looked her steadily in the face.

Never had she looked so beautiful, but the intense suspense, the agony of doubt thrilling her every nerve, was printed in each line so painfully, that once more Gardiner averted his eyes, and for a long minute communed with his heart in silence.

Then he slowly said :

"You have conquered, Avis. It was an audacious experiment, and by its very audacity has succeeded. Yes, I will spare you; I will only remember that I was in place of a father to you rhelpless childhood, and I will give bonds for my future by accepting the position of godfather to your boy, and I will try to be a faithful and honest one—at least, no blight shall come upon his life through word or deed of mine. You are a brave woman, Avis, and I hope you are and will be a happy one. Good-by."

He was gone, and when next she saw him, and whenever she saw him afterward, he was the genial, courteous, mildly cynical man of the world, whose generosity had protected the childhood of his orphaned "relative," and who now had transferred his interest and affections mainly to the boy, of whose education and prospects he began to talk before the aforesaid boy was out of long clothes.

That is the story so far. The sequel remains in the future; but we may have faith that it will be a fortunate and happy one; for, with an adoring husband, lovely children, health, wealth and position, Avis finds her path so well hedged in, that she could scarcely wander from it if she would, and is wise woman enough—at least we will hope so—to would not if she could.

FRENCH DUELING.

MR. H. R. HAWEIS, in a contribution to an English journal, on the subject of French dueling, writes: One of the liveliest little duels we have lately heard of is that which took place in October last between the journalist, M. Rochefort, and Captain Fournier. It appears that the gallant captain felt himself aggrieved by some free expressions in the *Intransigeant*, challenged the editor, and both belligerents went out with swords, whereupon Rochefort pinked Fournier, Fournier slashed Rochefort, both lost a teaspoonful or so of blood, and honor appears to have been satisfied.

In the eyes of the average Briton there is always something absurd about a duel. He either thinks of the duel in "The Rivals," or as it is occasionally witnessed at Toole's Theatre, or of Mark Twain's incomparable "affair" with M. Gambetta; but it seldom occurs to any one in this country to think of a duel as being honorable to either party, or capable of really meeting the requirements of two gentlemen who may happen to have a difference of opinion.

The Englishman kicks his rival in Pall Mall, canes him in Piccadilly, or pulls his nose and calls him a liar at his club. He is then had up for assault and battery, his grievance is well aired in public, he is consoled by the sympathy of an enlarged circle of his friends, pays a small fine, and leaves the court "without a stain upon his character." If, on the other hand, his rival is in the right, the damages are heavy, and his friends say, "Pity he lost his temper and made a fool of himself," and there the matter ends. In either case outraged justice or wounded honor is attended to at the moderate cost of a few sovereigns, a bloody nose, or a smashed hat.

We think, on the whole, it is highly creditable to England that this should be so. The abolition of dueling by public opinion is a distinct move up in the scale of civilization.

Perhaps we forget how very recent that "move up" is. When it ceased to be the fashion to wear swords in the last century, pistols were substituted for these personal encounters. This made dueling far less amusing, more dangerous, and proportionately less popular. The duel in England received practically its *coup de grâce* with the new Articles of War of 1844, which discredited the prac-

tice in the army by offering gentlemen facilities for public explanation, apology, or arbitration in the presence of their commanding officer. But previous to this "the duel of satisfaction" had assumed the most preposterous forms. Parties agreed to draw lots for pistols and to fight, the one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded, weapon.

This affair of honor (?) was always at short distances and "point-blank," and the loser was usually killed. Another plan was to go into a dark room together and commence firing. There is a beautiful and pathetic story told of two men, the one a "kind" man and the other a "timid" man, who found themselves unhappily bound to fight, and chose the dark-room duel. The kind man had to fire first, and not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney-piece, and placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney, pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary, the "timid" man, who had selected that fatal hiding-place.

Another grotesque form was the "medical duel," one swallowing a pill made of bread, the other swallowing one made of poison. When matters had reached this point, public opinion not unnaturally took a turn for the better, and resolved to stand by the old obsolete law against dueling, whilst enacting new by-laws for the army, which, of course, reacted powerfully, with a sort of professional authority, upon the practice of bellicose civilians.

The duel was originally a mere trial of *might*, like our prize-fight; it was so used by armies and nations, as in the case of David and Goliath, or as when Charles V. challenged King Francis I. to single combat. But in mediæval times it got to be also used as a test of *right*, the feeling of a judicial trial by ordeal entering into the struggle between two persons, each claiming right on his side.

The judicial trial by ordeal was abandoned in the reign of Elizabeth, but the practice of private dueling has survived in spite of adverse legislation, and is exceedingly popular in France down to the present day. The law of civilized nations has, however, always been dead against it. In 1599, the Parliament of Paris went so far as to declare every duelist a rebel to His Majesty; nevertheless, in the first eighteen years of Henri Quatre's reign no fewer than 4,000 gentlemen are said to have perished in duels, and Henri himself remarked, when Creyin challenged Don Philip of Savoy, "If I had not been the King I would have been your second." Lord Herbert, Ambassador at the court of Louis XIII., wrote home that he scarcely ever met a French gentleman of repute who had not either killed his man or meant to do so, and this in spite of laws so severe that the two greatest duelists of the age, the Count de Boutteville and the Marquis de Beuron, were both beheaded, being taken *in flagrante delicto*.

Louis XIV. published another severe edict in 1679, and had the courage to enforce it. The practice was checked for a time, but it received a new impulse after the close of the Napoleonic wars. The dullness of Louis Philippe's reign and the dissoluteness of Louis Napoleon's both fostered dueling. The present "opportunist" Republic bids fair to outbid both. You can scarcely take up a French newspaper without reading an account of various duels. Like the suicides in Paris, and the atrocious railway assaults in England, duels form a regular and much appreciated item of French daily news.

It is difficult to think of M. de Girardin's shooting dead poor Armand Carell—the most brilliant young journalist in France—without disgust, or to read of M. Rochefort's exploit the other day without a smile.

The shaking hands in the most cordial way with M. Rochefort, the compliments on his swordsmanship, what time the blood flowed from an ugly wound, inflicted by him as he was mopping his own neck, are all so many little French points (of honor ?) which we are sure his challenger, Captain Fournier, was delighted to see noticed in the papers. No doubt every billiard-room and *café* in Paris gloated over the details, and the heroes, Rochefort and Fournier, were duly *fêted*, and dined together as soon as their respective wounds were sufficiently healed.

Now, admitting that there are some affronts which the law cannot and does not take cognizance of, in these days such affronts are very few. That terrible avenger, public opinion, is in this nineteenth century a hundred-handed and a hundredfold more free, powerful and active than it used to be, before the printing-press, and, I may add, railways, telegraphs, and daily newspapers. But of all cases to which dueling, by the utmost stretch of honorable license, could be applied—a mere press attack is perhaps the least excusable.

Here are the French extolling the freedom of the English press by imitating—or trying to imitate—English independence, and the right to speak and act and scribble *sans gêne*—and it turns out that an honorable member in the Senate cannot lose his temper, or a journalist write a smart article, without being immediately requested to fight. "Risum teneatis, amici!" And this is the people who think themselves fit for liberty, let alone equality and fraternity (save the mark !).

The old town-clerk at Ephesus in attempting to compose a dispute of a rather more serious character some eighteen hundred years ago, between a certain Jew and a Greek tradesman, spoke some very good sense when he appealed to both disputants thus: "If Demetrius have a matter against any man the law is open, and there are deputies; let them implead one another."

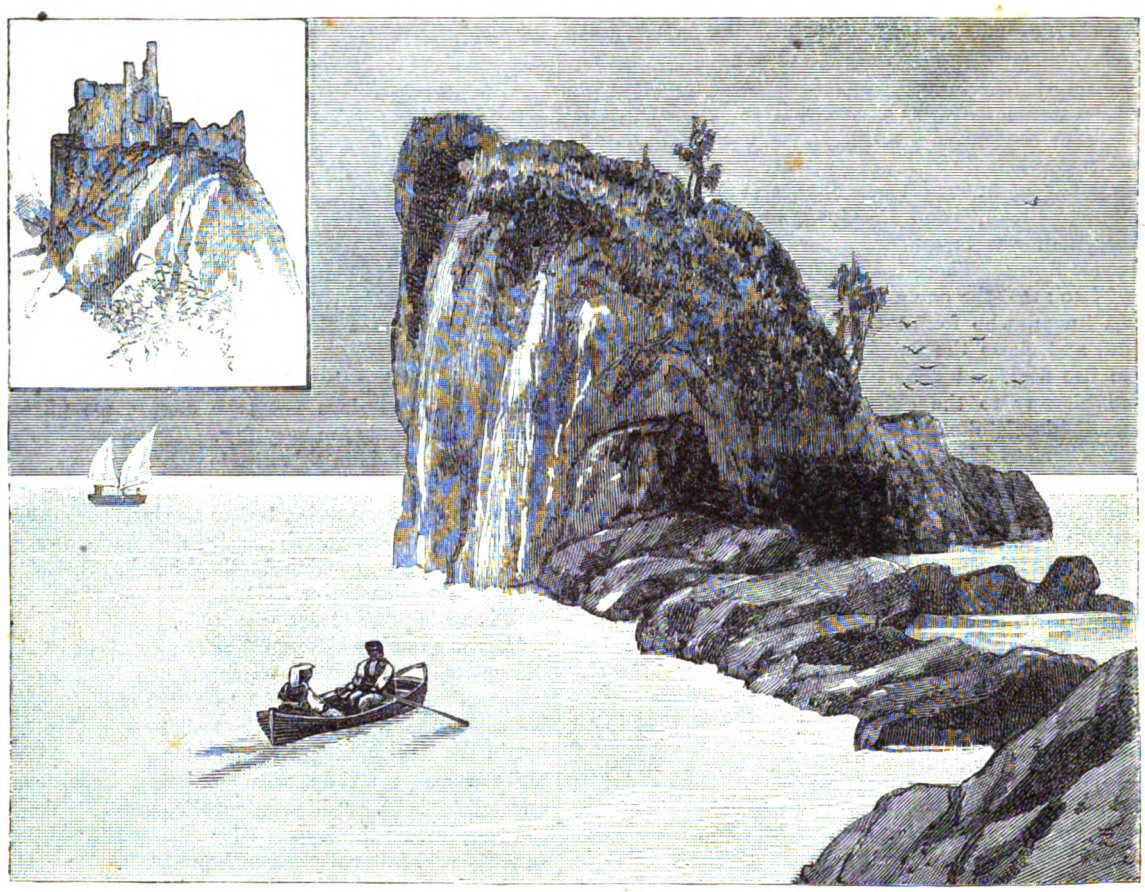
Next time M. Rochefort pokes fun at Captain Fournier in the *Intransigeant*, we advise the captain, instead of pinking that witty but scurrilous person, to try the law of libel. If he wins, he will get money in his purse, which is better than an ugly gash in his side; if he loses, he will go home to consider his ways, and perchance amend them, under the stimulus of a just public rebuke—a sadder and perhaps a *wiser* man; that, indeed, both he and Rochefort might easily be.

DANTE.

By John B. Tagliaferri.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence, the principal city of Tuscany, in Italy, on the 27th of May, 1265. His family was ancient and illustrious. In manuscripts of the fourteenth century, even in the same manuscript, the orthography of the family name varies, but the form we follow has been exclusively used from time immemorial.

Upon the occasion of a family festival and entertainment, in 1294, when he was nine years old, Dante beheld for the first time Beatrice Portinaci, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Florence, a girl but one year younger than himself. The impression made upon him by that sight was not only indelible, but of such a character as to work a change in his being. From that instant he conceived a pure, ardent, inextinguishable love for



DANTE'S ROCK AT DUINO, ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC, WITH THE RUINED CASTLE.

Beatrice, and this love was the source from which emanated the poetical inspiration of his life.

The effect wrought upon Dante by the first sight of Beatrice, he himself, in later years, characterized by saying that it awakened in him a *new life*. And "Vita Nuova" is the title of his first work, which became generally known by the multiplication of manuscript copies about the year 1300. It is a collection of "Canzoni," or *songs*, breathing forth his love for Beatrice. Of each song he gives a minute analysis, besides the history of its origin—when and under what circumstances he had written it. But he has immortalized her name in a monument beyond comparison more magnificent than the "Vita Nuova." Yet the love was purely platonic. Beatrice was married to Simeone de' Bardi, a nobleman of Florence, and died very early in her life, about 1290.

Dante was quite young when his father died, and the care of the boy's education thus devolved entirely upon his mother, whose personal name was exceedingly uncommon—Bella. She discharged that delicate and responsible duty of parents with strict fidelity and sound judgment, availing herself of the counsel of Ser Brunetto Latini, who then enjoyed in Florence the deserved reputation of a great statesman, scholar and poet. As such is he known to posterity also. The members of the Crusca Academy, deputed to compile the most correct vocabulary of the Italian language, quote frequently from Ser Brunetto's Italian works, as examples of standard correctness. We make these remarks incidentally to show that at the time of Dante's birth the Italian language had already been brought almost to its perfection. To its further progress, however, chiefly in abundance and variety of expression, Dante himself, as well as the writers of his age, and of the two next succeeding generations, contributed largely.

The literary education of Dante in Florence was probably confined to the rudiments of knowledge. The higher branches and philosophy he studied in riper years at the flourishing Universities of Bologna and Padua.

His literary and scientific studies, however, did not prevent Dante from fulfilling the duties of a citizen in peace or war. He personally fought in the Florentine ranks against the citizens of Arzzeo, at the successful battle of Campaldino, in 1289, and the next year he was at the taking of the fortress of Caprona.

In the various departments of the public administration at home or abroad, in times of peace, Dante was intrusted even more frequently than other citizens, as his personal high qualifications could not fail to be seen, and raise him in the estimation of the people *generally*. He was esteemed to possess a special fitness for the diplomatic service, and was often called upon to negotiate with foreign sovereignties on behalf of the Republic of Florence.

Politics may be said to have formed the chief ingredient of Dante's individual character. He devoted heart and soul to politics, which absorbed the whole man; it was the subject of his meditations; the principal motor of his outward actions. He warmly desired by honorable actions to distinguish himself in the proper discharge of the duties of a citizen, so as to gain the goodwill and respect of all; the ultimate object which he aimed at being to forward the interests and power of his country, or of the party to which he belonged, not forgetting his personal exaltation and aggrandizement. Neither can we

marvel at this when we consider that Dante lived in an age when all Italy was convulsed, and when Florence was, perhaps, the most turbulent spot on the peninsula.

During the thirteenth century, shortly after the middle of which Dante was born, as also during the twelfth and the fourteenth centuries, a large portion of the Italian territory was parceled into separate little sovereignties, dukedoms, principalities, republics, or otherwise. In every one the educated class was divided into two antagonistic parties or factions, named *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*—the Guelphs professing to support the interests of the Pope against the German Emperor in state matters, the Ghibillines favoring the German Emperor against the Pope. When fortune gave either of these parties the upper hand, the victors laid Italy waste, and spread confusion, disorder and misery through the land.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.—FROM A MINIATURE BY GIULIO CLOVIO.

The City of Florence was the focus of the general strife, the evils arising from political antagonism being there more frequent, more lasting, and more calamitous; as if the two contending parties within her bosom had been actuated against each other by fiercer animosity and more insatiable thirst of revenge than elsewhere. Open tumults and conflicts were frequent, leading even to bloodshed: although the ordinary end of such disturbances was ostracism inflicted on the leaders of the defeated party. They were banished from the city, and thus forced to live abroad, wherever they could find a refuge.

The City of Florence may be said, on the whole, to have been Guelph rather than Ghibelline; but the dominant party itself was there subdivided into two branches—the Neri and the Bianchi (*Blacks* and *Whites*); the Neri being the unconditional supporters of the Pope's interests; the Bianchi supporting him under certain conditions—which, in the eyes of the Neri, gave them a more decided Ghibelline leaning. Hence these two branches, although both of them Guelph, opposed and persecuted each other with more unrelenting hatred and deadlier enmity than mere Guelph and mere Ghibelline, as originally formed, might have done. Dante belonged to the Bianchi; and most zealous was he in promoting the interests and power of his faction.

The names of Guelph and Ghibelline appear to have been derived from the names of two powerful German families—*Welf* and *Waiblinger*—the representatives of which, in the twelfth century, were the chiefs of two rival parties in the German Empire, and whose feuds became afterward embodied in the principles for which they respectively contended. The first actual assumption of these names in Germany is commonly fixed on the day of the great battle of Weinsberg, in Suabia, fought in 1140, between the two claimants for the German Empire—Henry, of the house of Welf, Duke of Saxony, and surnamed the Lion, and Conrad of Hohenstaufen, Duke of Franconia. In this battle the followers of the rival princes were led to action with the respective war-cries, "*Here Welf!*" "*Here Waiblinger!*" As the German Emperor had then large possessions in Italy, and the competitors for the Empire usually fought their battles on Italian soil, it was perfectly natural that the Italians who sided with either one of the rival princes should assume his name; hence those German names were Italianized, and softened into *Guelfi* and *Ghibellini*. But how the word Guelph came to signify a party devoted to the interests of the Pope, is not easy, perhaps not possible, to discover.

The names Guelph and Ghibelline, though employed by the two parties as rallying war-cries in their fierce conflicts, which cost Italy so much blood and suffering, had in reality no solid foundation. The Popes, with few exceptions, publicly condemned the use of the names, and finally ended in abolishing them altogether.

As early as 1272, when Dante was seven years of age, Pope Gregory X. reproved the Italians for their dissensions and sanguinary strifes for the sake of names, the import of which few, if any, among them could understand or explain. And Benedict XII., who sat on the Pontifical chair in the next century (1334-1342), in the very first year of his reign practically disavowed the reality of any grounds of division between Guelph and Ghibelline, and under the measures of the Church forbade any further use of those two names. The object aimed at by Benedict XII. in this edict was in time realized, as with the closing years of the fourteenth century the famous names vanish as titles of political parties actually existing in Italy.

Dante belonged to the *White* branch of the Guelphs, and whether actually in or out of office, at home or abroad, most zealously promoted the interests and power of the Bianchi. Without inquiring into the civil offices held by him at Florence, or the foreign missions in which he was employed as ambassador in his early life, it is quite sufficient to point here at the fact that in 1300, when yet a comparatively young man of thirty-five years, Dante was made one of the Priori of Florence; that is to say, raised to the highest dignity in the line of civil offices which the Florentine Government ever had in its power to bestow on a citizen, either as a reward for services in the past, or in the hope and expectation of benefiting by his services in the future, or both. To provide for the internal government of the city, Florence was distributed into Sections, numbering at first four, called *Quarters*, to which, on the city limits being enlarged, two more Sections were added, and all named "Sesti," *Sixths*, one of these being formed of the part situated beyond the River Arno. Each of the Sections was governed with almost absolute power by one of the Priori, all of whom might thus be regarded as so many little sovereigns within their respective jurisdictions.

But if the office of Priore exalted Dante so high, it was also the beginning, if not the direct cause, of the misfortunes which pursued him during the rest of his life.

It happened that the leaders of the Neri raised a tumult in the city, were defeated, and banished. They hastened to Rome, to lay their grievances before the Pope—Boniface VIII.—but the Bianchi sent Dante as their representative to counteract the schemes of the Neri, charge them with the responsibility of the late tumult, and assure his Holiness that as foes of the peace the Neri had been justly expelled. Boniface VIII. is accused, and on good grounds, of having acted in concert with the Neri from the outset. He sent Charles de Valois, brother of Philip IV., King of France, to Florence, ostensibly as a peacemaker, to restore tranquillity and public order; but the peace effected by the prince consisted in recalling the exiled Neri and in giving up the houses and property of the Bianchi to be plundered by their adversaries. Then he banished many of the Bianchi, Dante being one of the exiles.

"He had left Florence for Rome on a political pilgrimage, never more to enter the gates of his native city. They were closed against him for ever. But in the words of Michael Angelo—

> 'Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates
> To whom his country refused to ope.'

Being at Rome, he heard the sentence pronounced against him; perpetual exile, confiscation of his property, and death by fire, should he ever again set foot in Florence."

An exile, restlessly tossed hither and thither, he was forced to pass his days at Arezzo, at Padua, at one place after another, under the protection of some powerful individual. As he was generally known and highly esteemed everywhere, we may indeed believe that he was in all places heartily welcomed and honorably treated, publicly and privately; but to a man of such sensibility, self-respect, lofty mind, and we may say, pride, we may also imagine how deeply painful must have proved this life, passed far from his home and depending entirely upon the goodwill of strangers — as it were, at their mercy.

After their banishment in 1300, the exiled Bianchi attempted more than once to return to Florence, even by force of arms, but always unsuccessfully. Their last struggle was made in 1304, and that, too, proved a failure.

It was in consequence of this miscarriage that Dante, having before him no prospect of his returning home, left Italy and went to Paris, where he spent several years. There he also studied theology at the University, which was then at the pinnacle of its fame, especially in the sacred sciences. Shortly before Dante's birth St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure, called respectively the Angelic and the Seraphic Doctors, had been conspicuous figures as students and as lecturers at Paris.

In 1308, the son of Henry, Count of Luxemburg, was raised to the Imperial dignity by the suffrages of all the six Electors—his selection being the first example of unanimity in such elections. On ascending the throne he assumed the name of Henry VII. In 1310 this Emperor passed into Italy at the head of a formidable army, his object being to put an end to the public disorder, devastations and other misfortunes caused in that country by the fierce animosities and persecutions which the Guelphs and Ghibellines inflicted on each other in turn. He marched to Rome, and was forced to enter the gates of the Eternal City as an enemy, sword in hand. He was crowned by the Pope at the Lateran Church in 1312. This Emperor's visit to Italy, and his march into Rome, were too favorable opportunities for Dante to let them pass unheeded. He set out from Paris and returned to his native land, where he exerted all his energies in forwarding the Emperor's cause, which he identified with his own. With this purpose in view, he was indefatigable in addressing ardent letters to the princes of Italy, urging them to join in aid of the Emperor. To this end, and at this time, he is also said to have written his work "De Monarchia." But all his endeavors proved fruitless. The siege of Florence was unsuccessful, and the death of Henry VII., in August, 1313, scattered the last hopes of Dante to the winds.

Under these circumstances he took refuge at Ravenna, where he passed all the remaining years of his life, under the protection and at the court of Guido Novello da Polenta.

This prince had a high personal regard for Dante, admitted him into his confidence, and took counsel with him about the affairs of his principality, thus showing that he considered the refugee not as a stranger but as a friend—nay, as one of his household. Of this he gave an unmistakable proof in 1321, when, knowing, or having reason to apprehend, that the Venetians intended to make war against him, Guido Novello clothed Dante with the dignity of his ambassador, and sent him to Venice to

negotiate with the rulers of that republic a treaty of alliance or of amity. From this mission Dante returned in shattered health to Ravenna, and died in that city on September 27th, 1321. Some ascribe this mission of Dante to Venice as the immediate cause of his death, asserting that he sank under the indignity with which the Venetians treated him.

"Striking is the closing scene of that eventful life; when, his work on earth accomplished, the great poet lay down to die in the palace of Ravenna, wrapped in the cowl and mantle of a Franciscan friar. By his side was his friend Guido Novello, the nephew of that lovely Francesca, whose passionate desires and cruel death have become immortal in the poet's song. It was the day of the Holy Cross, and perhaps a solemn anthem was the last sound that reached the ears of the dying man, when, between life and death, 'he beheld eyes of light that wandered like stars.'"

After his death the cowl and robe was removed, and he was clothed in the garments of a poet, and his friend pronounced his eulogy in the palace.

"Thus died the great Italian poet, and it may be truly said that the gloomy forests of Ravenna seem still to breathe forth the sighs of the dying man, so intimately associated with his spirit are all the places that knew him upon earth."

Politics, to which Dante devoted all the faculties of mind and body, entailed on him all his misfortunes—in fact, the utter ruin of social position, and the enjoyment of a tranquil life in the city he loved so well; but yet, to his political career and to the treatment he experienced at the hands of political opponents, and to his consequent sufferings, the world is indebted for the incomparable poem of "Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso," which Dante never would otherwise have been inspired to write; certainly not in the form in which it has come to us.

During the whole course of his political career, Dante condemned the distorted views of the opposite party, as well as the unfair means employed to carry them into effect and to thwart the measures of his own party; and he suffered keenly from the injuries personally done him by his antagonists, but more especially at the catastrophe in 1300, when the Neri gained possession of the Florentine Government, and openly abused their ill-gotten power. The feelings of hatred and resentment awakened in his soul by personal wrongs account for the extreme severity of Dante's lines where his political adversaries are judged. As he was unable to revenge himself by force, he distilled into his immortal poem the quintessence of his high-wrought feelings. He hurls the keenest shafts of satire on his political foes, designating the most exalted by name, and thus covering them with eternal infamy.

He gave his poem the title of "Commedia," not so much because it begins with the torments of Hell and ends with the joys of Paradise, as because he wrote it, not in the Latin language still generally used by persons of literary culture, but in the Italian spoken by the common people, the vulgar: although the vernacular, especially in Tuscany, had already attained almost to perfection.

To the name "Commedia," by which Dante designated his poem, the admiration of posterity has added the epithet of "Divina," the two words being now inseparable.

The infinite variety of the matters that enter into the "Divina Commedia," the apparent obscurity of many of them, render it impossible to give the contents of the poem, even in a short and summary way; but a general idea will best serve and interest the reader.

Under figurative language, Dante represents himself in the thirty-fifth year of his age, or in the middle of the longest course commonly run by men on earth. He finds himself in a dark wood where the right path is lost; signifying the vices and errors of man's life, and his own. He resolves, however, to save himself from so perilous a situation, and sees no other way of escape except by ascending a little mountain which rises before him from the end of the dark wood, its summit already illumined by the first rays of the sun; but the ascent of the mountain is barred by three wild beasts—a panther, a lion, and a most meagre she-wolf—which guard the foot and slopes of the hill, watching his every movement, evincing a great eagerness to attack and devour him if he dares to climb it. The little mountain symbolizes the ordinary course of human life, the three wild beasts which beset it signifying the three vices whereby almost every man while passing through life allows himself to be insnared, thoroughly possessed, and finally lost for ever—namely, the panther, sensual appetites, or lusts; the lion, pride or vanity; the lean she-wolf, avarice, the cravings of which are never satiated. These force Dante to remain below in the dark wood, and he begins to despair of safety. In this strait he descries at some distance the figure of a man, whether real or spectral, he knows not. To this figure he appeals for aid to save him from the fangs of the three beasts. The figure thus appealed to proves to be Virgil, the great Latin bard, who declares that he is there to extricate Dante out of difficulty; that he has come at the request of Beatrice, who, warned of Dante's perilous situation by two other heavenly spirits, had left her blessed abode and come to bid Virgil go and liberate her friend. Thus Virgil takes Dante under his guidance, tells him that it would have been certain destruction to attempt to climb the hill, and not a way of escape, as he had supposed; but that he will lead Dante by another path, enabling him on the way to behold the eternal torments of Hell and the temperorary sufferings of Purgatory. Then Virgil, not being permitted himself to ascend higher, because while on earth he had not known the one true God, but worshiped false gods, will place Dante in the hands of a more worthy guide to lead him up to the heavenly mansion.

In the "Divina Commedia," Hell is represented as a funnel-shaped hollow, in whose gradually contracting circles are punished men who on earth were addicted to special vices; the circle, and the torments endured in it, corresponding to their respective vices. The lowest and narrowest circle is at the centre of the earth; and Satan himself occupies it. Purgatory is a mountain rising solitary from the ocean on that side of the earth which stands opposite to ours. It consists of a succession of terraces, in which are detained the souls of men who sinned and *duly* repented, but had not entirely removed during life the stain of past transgression which has to be cleansed away by the fire of Purgatory: for only in the condition of perfect purity can the soul of man be admitted into the immediate presence of God. At the summit of the mountain of Purgatory is the Terrestrial Paradise, which was the first abode of man while innocent, and from which he was expelled by his disobedience. From the Terrestrial Paradise begins the ascent toward the Celestial; the gradual steps being formed by the Seven Planetary Heavens, the Heaven of the Fixed Stars, the *Primum Mobile*, and the Empyrean, which is the fixed seat of God.

Dante makes his poetical voyage through Hell and Purgatory under the conduct of Virgil, as the representative of Sensual, or Human, Reason; Virgil then resigns him to Beatrice, as the representative of Revelation; and Beatrice commits him to the care of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, by whom he is led up through the several Heavens, until he beholds the Triune God.

Before actually entering on his journey, Dante passes some places, among them the "Limbo," where he shows, assembled in distinct groups, the most famous personages of the ancient world, who rose above their fellow men in letters, sciences, arts, useful knowledge, or whatever is generally admired by mankind—poets, philosophers, mathematicians, orators, warriors, and others. Their condition is free from pain, but devoid of pleasure, with a constant yearning for a better state, for which they can entertain no hope.

While passing the three regions into which the "Commedia" is divided, Dante introduces short conversations with distinguished personages, who had passed from earth shortly before his time. And while safely passing over Hell he does not forget to place in its different prisons some of the most renowned of his political enemies. These he designates by name, giving the special torments which they endure, and their feelings under their chastisement, thus making the reader listen to their words and witness their despair.

AN EPISODE OF THE WARS IN THE TIME OF DANTE.

It is not easy to present the beauties which adorn, or, rather, constitute, the "Divina Commedia"— the sublimity of ideas, the inexhaustible fund of imagination, the wide extent of general knowledge, unequaled wit, ardor of sentiment, keen satire, fire of expression, purity of language. As one reads the poem, beauties are met not singly, but in clusters.

"We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which the poet lived. He was wandering about homeless as he composed, almost borrowing the ink he wrote with! As we read, we follow him in all his steps and feelings. When he approached a city's gate he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice told him by its strange accent that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, 'Thou art homeless!'"

"All these things found expression in his poem, and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of the foot-traveler who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing."

Goethe read the "Divina Commedia," and did not like it. A recent writer says of Goethe's judgment on the three principal parts of the "Divina Commedia": "One

would have scarcely thought that Dante could be reproached for such a failing" as dullness, "by a great brother-poet; but Goethe is said to have told a young Italian that he thought the Inferno *abominable;* the Purgatorio, *doubtful;* and the Paradiso, *tiresome.*"

Nor can we wonder at such a judgment if we reflect on that all-pervading and all-absorbing quality of Goethe's personal character. "The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, in his books—in everything he said and did," says a critic, "is the absence of anything like devotion to any being, *human* or *divine*, morally above himself."

One may very properly ask whether Goethe understood Dante.

DANTE'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORENCE.

The Italians of the cultivated classes, and those among them who are most famous in literature and science, understand the "Divina Commedia" with difficulty, and many parts of it not at all, even when they have read and reread it. And this is the case with the learned Italians of the present day as much as it has ever been with those who have lived during the centuries since Dante's death.

The "Commedia" became generally known while the poet was living. The precise time when it first appeared cannot be absolutely determined. Franco Sacchetti, who was forty years old when Giovanni Boccaccio died, and who, next to Boccaccio, is the greatest Italian novelist, assures us that Dante was personally present, and living peaceably with his fellow-citizens in Florence, at the time when his poem was commonly known, not only to the learned in the city, but also to the vulgar; so much so that artisans and all sorts of workmen knew portions of it by heart, and sang its verses while attending to their avocations. In two of Sacchetti's novels Dante is introduced sharply rebuking a cartman in the street, and a smith at the anvil, because the poet heard them sing his verses incorrectly. Some infer from this that Dante published the "Commedia" before his banishmrnt. But if this was really the case, the poet during his exile must have added powerful passages to his poem, especially those where he consigns to the Inferno his chief political enemies, for many of them were alive when he was banished, in 1300; as, for instance, Pope Boniface VIII., who died in 1303.

MONUMENT TO DANTE AT SANTA CROCE, IN FLORENCE.

But whether the "Divina Commedia" appeared early or late in the poet's life, or even after it, the fact is that, as soon as it appeared, learned men, finding many passages and whole parts of it unintelligible and obscure, began to write commentaries, to interpret and explain it. The multitude of these glosses and comments prove that the perusal of the "Divina Commedia" was a repast of no easy digestion, even for readers belonging to the most cultivated classes in literature and science. Some of these commentators were contemporaries with Dante. Such was the anonymous author of the "Comento" which the compilers of the Crusca Dictionary distinguish with the honorable epithets of the "Antico," the "Buono," and the "Ottimo." Men who lived in 1333—as Giotto, the celebrated Italian painter, who died in 1336, and historical events which occurred in 1323, as the fall of the Pontevecchio, or Old Bridge, into the River Arno—are mentioned by this anonymous commentator as living and occurring at the time when he wrote.

A splendid and correct edition of the "Divina Commedia," with the "Ottimo Comento" on each page, appeared at Pisa, in 1827, in three volumes. The necessity, or ability, of explaining Dante's poem, on account of its apparent obscurity, was acknowledged not only by the learned, but also by the Italian communities at large, which established professorships for elucidating, the poem in public lectures. Fifty-two years after Dante's death Florence appropriated an annual sum for that purpose, and

WHERE DANTE LIES IN RAVENNA.

appointed as the first lecturer the celebrated Boccaccio. These lectures were delivered in a church, and on Sundays. We are informed by Boccaccio himself that the first of his lectures was delivered on Sunday, October 23d, 1323. He addresses his audience by saying that these his lessons are intended for the service and instruction "chiefly of men of high understanding and of admirable perspicacity—such as you gentlemen of Florence generally are."

Boccaccio devoted himself with great zeal to the task imposed on him as Dantean lecturer, and pursued it up to the sixteenth chapter of the Inferno, inclusive. Failing health obliged him to resign his office. His "Comento on the first sixteen chapters of the Inferno of Dante" was preserved in a public library, and finally published in 1724. Boccaccio also wrote the "Life and Manners of Dante Alighieri."

In other communities of Italy, and about the same time, chairs were erected for explanatory lectures on the "Divina Commedia," to be delivered to public audiences. More than one translation of the "Divina Commedia" has appeared in almost every language of Europe. There are two Latin translations of the whole poem—that of Carlo d'Aquino (1728), and that of Piazza (1848).

The German translations are numerous, and such as no other modern language can equal in faithfulness. Kannegiesser translated the whole poem in the measure and rhyme of the original; but the translation by Prince John of Saxony is said by some to be the best. The chief English translations are Boyd's, Carey's, and Carlisle's, all in blank verse; Wright's, in triple rhymes; and Cayley's, in the original ternary rhymes. The most recent is that of Longfellow.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

A PLEASANT story is told of King Humbert of Italy, who is a skillful and enthusiastic sportsman, and who often goes out alone, gun in hand, in search of game, with two setters for attendants.

During one of these solitary excursions he was met by a peasant, who was amazed and delighted at the skill with which the King winged a covey of partridges. He complimented the sportsman on his shooting, and told him if he would come to his farm the next morning at daybreak, and kill a fox that had been stealing his chickens, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs.

King Humbert kept the appointment, killed the fox, ate breakfast with the family, and received his two francs, delighting the humble family with his good-nature and affability.

Two days afterward the peasant was amazed by the visit of an officer in a gorgeous carriage bringing presents to the family from the King, and was greatly confused on learning that he had employed the King of Italy to rid his hen-roost of a thief.

IT is not known where he that invented the plow was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

EMBOWERED in all its native green,
Half hidden 'mid the trees,
A sweetly rural sylvan scene
Of quietude and ease,
The village stands, where once my feet
Oft roamed in careless play,
And just as innocent and sweet
It seems to me to-day.

Old Time hath gently laid his hand
And poured his balmy hours,
Soft as the hour-glass' trickling sand,
Upon its pleasant bowers.
They still remain as fresh and bright,
From care as far and free,
As they in youth's glad morning light
First seemed unto me.

The glistening lime-trees shed perfume
As sweet to passers-by;
The chestnuts are as full of bloom,
The oaks as broad and high;
The cawing rooks as thickly crowd
Above the elm-girt pool;
The joyous urchins shout as loud
When they come forth from school.

I hear the drowsy hum of bees
Just as I heard it then;
The twittering birds upon the trees,
The busy sounds of men;
And fancy links them to the past
With Memory's subtle chain,
And makes me, while they briefly last,
Feel like a child again!

The shadows glancing 'neath the trees
Seem playmates blithe and gay,
That still my dreaming spirit sees
Around me at their play;
I hear their voices in the breeze,
So soft and sweet and low—
Glad echoes whispered through the trees
From the time of long ago.

'Twas here we played in childhood's home.
'Tis here our hearts come back,
Though widely now apart we roam
On life's divergent track;
'Tis here the Present and the Past
Are joyfully entwined,
And later days of sadness cast
Their darkness all behind.

Sweet village! Sweet sequestered bower!
Peaceful and bright and free!
Our weary hearts in weary hour
Shall turn full oft to thee;
And kindling memories shall flow,
When youth and strength decay,
To where thy blossomed branches throw
Their shadows o'er the way!

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

LITTLE as it may be regarded as such by the casual observer, the trunk of an elephant is one of the wonders of Nature. It is estimated to contain something like forty thousand muscles, strangely interlaced and curiously arranged so as to give it the fullest diversity of movement. It communicates with the head by a system of nerves which give it almost the precision and delicacy of the human finger.

The elephant breathes through his trunk, and when wild it is not an unfrequent thing for it to take to the water and swim for some distance completely submerged, with nothing but the tip of its trunk visible

In those great forest fights that one reads about, this lord of the woods, even when most severely pressed, takes care to fight with its trunk aloft.

The elephant's tusks, however, are almost as remarkable in construction as the trunk. Apart from their great value, they have a most curious interest. Hard as we all know ivory to be, the roots of the tusks are a sort of ever-growing pulp, which, as the tusks wear out from year to year, gradually pushes forward and hardens. It is no uncommon thing to find bullets thus embedded in the solid ends of these tusks—bullets which originally lodged, during some hunt, in the pulp at the roots, but which have, in the course of years, been steadily pushed forward and forward ,until, in the end, they would have been thrown off altogether.

The great Darwin was for some time considerably exercised in his mind as to the real use of these tusks. Finding, however, that they were only present in the male species, he decided that they were intended as weapons.

It may be stated that, if the elephant's tusks happen to turn downward, the animal will take wild beasts, such as tigers, and endeavor to pin them to the ground; whereas, if the tusks grow outward, it will use them as a cow does its horns.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A MONSTER PINTADO-MURRAY.

Around Palmerston Island and neighboring groups a long reef has been built up by the little coral zoophite. Indeed, the islands themselves are coral. The reef, made of many kinds, is nowhere more than fifteen or twenty feet under water, and at low tide not more than three or four feet from the top of the coral to the surface. It presents the appearance of an immense garden; the trees, flowers, and shrubs, are all found, and even the birds are represented by fishes of gorgeous hue. Near the edges of the channels that cut into the reef grow the delicate branch corals, rising up in innumerable points like an army of bayonets.

In between these jagged points craws, starfishes, sea-porcupines, and other curious creatures, find homes, safe from the large fishes that prey upon them. Darting in and out are the beautiful fishes called angels, from the wonderful tints of yellow, pink, blue, and red, that streak them. From their back protrudes a long spine, waving to and fro, and even their eyes flash blue and gold in rich imitation of the body shades. Others are entirely blue, while the red-snapper and the green-parrot fish form strange contrasts. The latter has a bill of bone, almost exactly like its large-billed aerial namesake.

In the large crevices we might find a fish with an enormous mouth and short, heavy body, weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds—the jew-fish. A pair of green eyes, nestled in the midst of a mass of snakelike arms, that move about in nervous waves, tell of the hideous octopus, or devil-fish, whose arms, lined with suckers, possess terrible power.

These and many more infest the tree-like branches of this submarine forest. Near by beautiful fans, called gorgonia, spring from the sand, shaped like a fan, and composed of a network of minute coral animals. Some are rich pink, others brown, and again they appear in rare yellow, purple and black, waving to and fro in the restless tide; tipped with bright-colored shells, crabs and crimson sponges, they are, indeed, the ornaments of these gardens of the sea.

The most striking corals of these reefs are called head or brain corals, or, scientifically, *Meandrina;* they grow in great ovals, ten or twelve feet high, and often fifteen in circumference. They extend along the reef in a chain not unlike submarine islands, and growing near together, often form innumerable caverns, in which is found one of the most dreaded fish of the southern seas—the murray. They are in reality eel-like fishes, of the family *Muræniædæ*, but more properly sea-snakes, having all the qualities that characterize the serpents of land, only more aggressive.

In Captain Cook's third voyage, made to these islands, he says: "One called the Pipiro by the natives, instead of shunning its pursuers, came fiercely toward them, raising its head out of water and attempting to bite them."

They are not confined to the Pacific Islands, but are found in our southern waters, and the writer was once severely bitten by a green murray while wading over a reef in Florida.

The pintodo is the most vindictive. Its color is black, covered with white spots; the mouth is armed with savage teeth, and its whole aspect is like the typical sea-serpent of which we hear so much and see so little. They rarely exceed four or five feet in length, and only within a few months has one been found that reached over fifteen feet, almost equaling the monster boas that infest the southern jungles.

In Palmerston Island the reefs are belted with ridges of huge heads, and at low tide the tops of them are quite shallow. The natives are in the habit of wading over them spear in hand, and harpooning the fish and crawfish that live in the crevices formed by them. In the afternoon crowds of natives start out in their canoes, cross the narrow channel, and make for the great heads, one generally remaining in the boat, while the others wade on the rocks from one to another, jumping where they can, or swimming when the space is too great. The dark holes are inhabited by crawfish, much like our lobsters, only having no claws. It was during a search for them that the monster murray was seen.

The men had left the canoe some distance behind, and were wading along, occasionally singling out a crawfish, and dragging him from his resting-place. They had just reached some very large heads skirted by a branch of coral, when one of the men, giving a cry of terror, sprang off into the water. The cause of this sudden action was immediately apparent, as right under the second man's feet arose the head of a gigantic murray, its eyes glistening with rage and its head moving to and fro in a savage manner; the first man had stepped right upon the terrible creature. The poor native was paralyzed with horror, and for a moment was unable to move, but luckily the pintado was lying twisted across the head, so that it could not strike at the moment. Recovering himself with a cry for help, he buried the small spear in the enormous neck of the monster, who, seizing it in his mouth, crushed it like a cornstalk, and wild with pain and rage, threw itself at the poor native. Diving into the foam caused by the terrible writhing of the animal, the man succeeded in reaching the canoe, and was dragged into it more dead than alive.

The spear-point, or grains, was still sticking in the animal, who was lashing the water with his immense tail, the white spots glistening in the sun, giving him a ghastly appearance, and the snake-teeth coming together in its agony in a manner that forbade approach.

For over an hour the canoes hovered around, not daring to draw near, but finally the convulsions of the

animal ceased, and some of the more daring approached. It was seen lying in the large inclosure between the weeds, the water all around it dyed with blood.

One of the best shots took the grains, and venturing within twenty feet of it, hurled the weapon with unerring skill. It struck home, as a great coil of the monster shot out of the water, carrying a cloud of foam; the savage head would appear at one moment, then darting at the wounded part, it would fairly rend itself in its wild rage. As soon as it ceased another spear was hurled, striking it in the head, and another its back. The water was dyed with the blood, and although the animal was evidently disabled, not one of the natives would venture near. Spear after spear was lodged in the black mass long after it had ceased to move, and even then it was left until the next day.

When the news of the monster was spread, crowds of canoes drew around the spot, and spears were hurled, but no movement being seen, all drew near, and it was found the great snake was indeed dead. It was hauled up, a rope passed around it, and, amid the yells of the crowd, towed ashore and pulled up on the sands. It was found to measure nearly sixteen feet; its body was larger than that of a man's, and the fangs were three inches long. A terrible creature, and in reality, a serpent of the sea.

Who can tell but that larger murrays yet exist in the deep waters of the great oceans, appearing at odd times to frighten the men who go down to the sea in ships!

"WITH A CRY FOR HELP, HE BURIED THE SMALL SPEAR IN THE ENORMOUS NECK OF THE MONSTER."

MAIL-COACHES were first set up in England in 1784.

TROPHIES FROM THE FIELDS OF SPRING.

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XVIII.

A heavy knock upon the outer door, in the over-excited state of every one's nerves, reverberated through the room with the intensity of a peal of thunder. At a glance from the chief, one of the men hastened to answer the summons, and after a short parley opened the door, and admitted the Juge d'Instruction and Leon Dantan. In the meantime the body of the murdered woman had been lifted from the floor and placed upon the counter, and the second gendarme had just lighted a large brass lamp, which hung by chains from the ceiling, as the

newcomers, conquering the feeling of repugnance which was aroused within them at the sight of the blood-stained floor, approached the group gathered around the counter.

The light of the lamp fell full upon the face of the corpse, and all the horror of that ghastly sight broke upon them at the first glance. The pale face and clinched teeth of Claude Duquesnay revealed the agitation which he struggled to master; but the emotion exhibited by the mayor astonished every one. His face rivaled that of the dead woman in its pallid and ashen hue; large drops of perspiration stood upon his clammy forehead; he reeled, staggered backward, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Duquesnay and Henri caught him in their arms.

"*Mon Dieu*, Leon!" said the judge. "Bear up, man, bear up. *This* is a terrible sight, but our duty is not to weep and lament the dead, but rather to strive, if possible, to avenge them."

Dantan, who had concealed his face upon his nephew's shoulder, looked up at these words from his friend, revealing as he did so a countenance in which was stamped the look of such agony, in the wild staring eyes and quivering features, as sent a chill to the heart of every one.

Gazing on the agitated visage of the mayor, Aristide suddenly remembered the strange conversation between Leon and himself upon the occasion of his first visit to that gentleman's house.

Could the old idea, the old suspicion which had evidently caused such uneasiness to Monsieur Dantan, and which seemed to have been partially allayed when the Argus-eye of justice fixed upon Stephanie Marrois as the agent of her husband's death? Could this old suspicion now have returned in the presence of another corpse, which bore upon it the fatal sign-manual of Marrois's assassin?

Studying the faces of his companions to see if he could read in any of them thoughts similar to his own, his eyes suddenly fell upon Charles Guimand, the agent of police from Paris.

The man was watching the mayor with the utmost closeness and attention, with a keen, inquiring expression in his gray eyes that to Vis seemed very like the glance of suspicion.

Aristide had but a moment for his observation; for, as if by some mesmeric influence, the eyes of the detective were suddenly attracted to him. It was like the removal of a mask; the keen, suspicious look disappeared as if by enchantment, and the man's face resumed its habitual expression.

While this was passing, Leon Dantan had managed by a vigorous effort to regain his calmness, though his countenance still bore traces of the violence of the struggle that had been required to accomplish this conquest of his emotion. His voice was low and tremulous when he spoke.

"*Mon Dieu*, Claude!" he said. "What does this mean? Is our unfortunate town accursed? I say again, what does this mean? You spoke of revenge, of jealousy, when I asked you this question before; but who could entertain feelings of revenge or jealousy against this unfortunate? Poor Pauline Robert! Poor woman!"

The tears gathered in his eyes as he said these words, and grief rendered him silent for the moment.

"It does indeed seem inexplicable," replied the judge. "Everything about this place appears undisturbed. This could never have been the work of a robber."

He looked inquiringly toward the chief of police, who hastened to answer the implied question.

"Certainly not, Monsieur le Juge. As you say, everything is undisturbed. Nothing has been carried away; and indeed these people were too poor to attract the attention of even the most sordid thief. But, *ciel!*" he exclaimed, suddenly, striking his forehead with his clinched fist—"but, *ciel*, we are forgetting that two women lived in this house! Poor Madame Robert! Can she, too, have fallen a victim to this brutal assassin?"

"The mother and daughter lived behind the shop, did they not?" asked Duquesnay.

"Yes; in there."

The chief pointed to a small arched doorway behind the counter.

A curtain of dark calico hung before the entrance, revealing the room beyond.

For a moment a universal feeling of hesitation, a dread of what *might* be concealed behind that dark curtain, kept every one motionless, until the judge said, firmly:

"Come, let us see the end of this, be it what it may."

These determined words inspired renewed activity in the search.

As the chief of police pushed aside the curtain, and the light from the lamp penetrated into the chamber beyond, a groan broke from the lips of every one, as a single glance satisfied them that the dismal forebodings of the chief were about to be realized.

The little room bore unmistakable traces that the murderer had been there, too. The uncarpeted floor was tracked with blood, and the sheets hanging from a bed at the furthest side were streaked with the same fatal stain, though what might be within the bed was hidden by the tight-drawn curtains. With the exception of these blood-stains there was no evidence of any unusual disarrangement of the apartment. Several pieces of common furniture stood against the walls, and in the centre was a large round table, which supported a shaded lamp and a basket of needlework. Two or three rush-bottomed chairs, one of which was drawn close up to the side of the table, completed the furniture of the room, which bore in every part the unmistakable imprint of poverty. The condition of the bed seemed to indicate that his worst fears were about to be realized; the chief hesitated no longer, but firmly crossing the room, pulled apart the curtains of the bed.

"Come, messieurs," he said, in a hollow voice, beckoning to the others to advance; "come, here is another."

It was a piteous sight, indeed, and one that might have softened the hardest heart.

This second victim was an old and decrepit woman. The few strands of hair that straggled out from under her tight-fitting cap were white as the driven snow, and her thin, attenuated features, bore token not only of advanced age, but also of the wasting hand of want and suffering. The eyes were closed, and the general expression of the face was one of calm repose; but upon the wrinkled forehead was that same terrible cross; and a deep cut across the shrunken neck had severed the life-giving arteries. The lower part of the body was shrouded in the bedclothes, and these as well as the pillows were soaked and saturated with the blood of the unfortunate victim.

"*Sacre bleu!* that accursed woman again!" the growling voice of the gendarme, breaking the deep silence, made every one start nervously and instinctively. All glanced in the direction of the speaker.

The man had pushed away the trailing bedclothes, and there, distinctly stamped upon the bare planks of the floor, was the impression of that same beautiful foot. Nor was this the only revelation made by the disarrangement

of the sheets. Close beside the delicate footprint lay a hideous and frightful object—an object from which the gendarme recoiled with an exclamation of disgust. It was a large knife, such as the butchers use in the abattoirs, the broad blade and coarse wooden handle smeared and clotted with gore.

"Woman! woman!" excitedly cried the mayor. "No, no! No one shall ever make me believe that a woman could have committed such a deed as this! Is that a woman's weapon?" he continued, pointing with a shudder to the blood-stained knife. "Claude Duquesnay, I yielded to your arguments before, even against the conviction of my own mind. I tell you again, *this* was not the act of a woman. No, it is the work of an exterminating fiend, called from the very depths of hell, for our destruction."

"Compose yourself, compose yourself, my friend," said the judge, observing the expression of astonishment depicted on the features of all the hearers at these wild words. "You can have no idea what strange things you are saying. I agree with you, it does seem almost impossible that this could have been the work of a woman."

"There can be no question, Monsieur le Juge." The usually quiet voice of the police-agent, Guimand, was unchanged, and the numbed expression of his face did credit to the firmness of his nerves. "There can be no question," he went on; "this murder was committed by a man."

"But what do you make of that footprint? What do you make of this hand upon Captain Dantan's sleeve?" said the chief of police, speaking rather sharply, and fixing his eye upon the agent with an expression in which a slight admixture of jealousy was plainly discernible.

"Oh, I do not say that a woman was not present when the affair was done. There can be no doubt of that; but in my mind there can be still less doubt that the killing was done by a more powerful arm than that of a woman. See, Monsieur le Chef, look at the gash in this throat"—he pointed to the throat, and went on collectedly: "Observe the depth of the cut. It would require more strength than any woman is possessed of to inflict such a wound as this; and *that* upon the throat of the other victim is even deeper."

"But how is it," broke in Duquesnay, "that the man has left no trace of his presence behind him? You have found the footprints of the woman—where are those of the man?"

The sharp eyes of the chief seemed mutely to ask the same question. The agent was busy with reflection for a few moments, and then said, abstractedly:

"It was undoubtedly a man. Yes, there can be no reason to disbelieve that. Look, monsieur," he continued, more decidedly, as if he had suddenly discovered the link necessary to complete his chain of thought, "this is how it all happened: The old woman had retired to bed, and had probably fallen to sleep; her daughter was here seated by the table, employed with her needlework, when she was suddenly disturbed in her occupation by the sound of some one entering the shop; she had her work upon the table here, and hastened to attend the customer. See, here is the garment upon which she was employed, with the needle still sticking in it. Come now to the other room, and you shall see what happened there."

In silence they all followed the speaker, who led the way into the little shop. Passing around to the front of the counter, the agent went on with his narrative.

"As I said, the poor young woman, hearing the noise, came out to attend her customer—and, messieurs, that noise must have been very slight, for it was evidently insufficient to awaken the mother. When she entered the shop two persons were standing here, just in front of the counter. One was a woman, the other a man; a tall man, about the size—well, about the size of Monsieur le Maire."

Leon Dantan gave a start at the man's words, which was unobserved by all except Aristide, for the eyes of every one were fixed in breathless interest on the face of the speaker.

"The remainder of the affair is very simple. The woman customer asked to look at some linen. It was on one of the shelves, and in order to reach it Mademoiselle Robert was forced to turn her back to her customers. While she stood in this position, with her hand raised for the desired article, the man suddenly dealt her a terrible blow on the back of her head which instantly brought her senseless to the ground. Do you need confirmation of my word, messieurs? If so, you have but to examine the back of this poor woman's head, and you will see that the scalp is broken and the skull fractured, and there upon the floor lies the roll of linen which the unfortunate dragged down with her in her fall. The blow was an awful one, and must have been inflicted with some wooden instrument—a large mallet, for instance—and that the man was tall, is proved by the fact that it was struck from above downward. Such a blow could only have been dealt by a very strong man, and one much taller than his victim."

They all crowded around the agent, as he verified his words by exhibiting the wound which he had just described on the head of the dead woman.

"You paint your picture vividly, Monsieur Guimand," exclaimed Claude de Duquesnay, gazing with evident admiration upon the detective.

"I paint it truthfully," Monsieur le Juge," the man replied, with unmoved calmness. "Here is the wound as I said. And look at this face! Every feature indicates that this woman was struck down as it by lightning. Observe the open mouth, and the wild, staring look in the eye. The blow came so suddenly as to paralyze the cry for help, whose traces you can read but too plainly in this distorted countenance."

He paused.

"Go on, monsieur, go on!" cried the judge, unable to control his interest.

"Well," continued Guimand, with a slight smile, "that is the end of it. The first victim lay insensible upon the floor, while the man hastened to penetrate the inner room. The sleep of the old woman was still undisturbed. It was but a step to the bedside, a single effort of the vigorous arm, and the other unfortunate was dead in a moment—dead! without even realizing a sensation of pain. You all saw how placid was her face and how natural the attitude in which she lay?"

"But can you tell us, Monsieur l'Agent, how it is we see no marks of this man's feet, although it would seem impossible for any one with all this blood not to have left behind him some tracks, as did the woman?"

"It is plain, Monsieur le Chef. There was no blood here when the murderer passed through this room. You look surprised; but it is the simplest of things. As I told you, having rendered the first victim insensible, he immediately entered the inner room, severed the throat of the old woman, and returning, did the like for her daughter."

"But the knife—the knife?" interrupted Duquesnay. "The knife was in the inner room."

"Exactly, monsieur. The woman remained here after

her accomplice had left, and that is why you find the marks of her foot. It was she who left the knife in the inner room. It was she who locked the front door, and finally it was she who dropped the bloodstained key at the corner of the Rue Magenta."

"But, *grand Dieu!* for what purpose could she have remained?"

"Perhaps, Monsieur le Juge, to make those curious marks upon the foreheads of the dead. A woman did as much for Monsieur Marrois."

"No, no! a thousand times no!" burst in the mayor. "I tell you it was not a woman; it was a fiend, a devil, a legion of fiends, for aught I know! Oh, Claude, my friend! I know I am speaking wildly, but have compassion upon me. I can endure this sight no longer. Henri, for God's sake give me your arm, and let us leave this awful place!"

The depth of emotion which was rending the breast of the strong man was indelibly imprinted on his convulsed and quivering features. He tottered, and leaned for support upon his nephew's shoulder as he moved toward the door.

Aristide followed his friend He was obliged to pass close to Charles Guimand.

The detective leaned forward, and glaring in the direction of the retreating form of the mayor, said, in a low whisper:

"That man holds the clew to this crime."

Chapter XIX.

The little town of Abois awoke the next morning a prey to the wildest excitement.

The news of the crime had spread from one end of the place to the other, and this second mysterious murder, coming as it did before the memory of Marrois's death had passed from the minds of the populace, stirred into renewed flame the smoldering embers kindled in the breasts of every one by that horrible deed.

There could not be the slightest doubt that the three victims had perished by the same hand. Indeed it did not appear that there was any desire to conceal this fact. The assassin rather seemed to glory in his work, and had as it were in those bloody crosses placed his signature with a feeling of pride to his handiwork, as if to say, "I did this deed."

No other topic of conversation could be heard throughout the entire town. The affair was discussed in the *cabarets*, on the public streets, over the family board, and in the silence of the bedchamber.

Abois seemed smothered beneath a pall, which cast a gloom over every thing and every one. At first the citizens spoke in low and bated whispers, like those who wait around the door of a silent house from which they know a funeral is soon to issue.

Even the heavens seemed hung with crape, the bright sunlight giving place to a dark, lowering cloud which overhung the firmament.

As the hours went by the murmurs, at first barely audible, gradually sweiled louder and louder, until they grew into a roar.

What was the meaning of all this? Where was the mayor and the city officials?—the chief of police and the judges? Had these officers been chosen for no other purpose than to sit idly by and allow the honest citizens of Abois to be slaughtered in their homes? What had the mayor been doing in all the time that had elapsed since the murder of Pierre Marrois? Had Abois a police? Where was Monsieur Duquesnay, the Juge d'Instruction? If these gentlemen had done their duty this second crime would never have taken place. Did they, perchance, intend to sit back enjoying themselves, until the mysterious murderer was satiated with the blood of his victim? The chief magistrate was a fool! the police—idiots, donkeys, blockheads, with eyes like a bat in the full glare of the midday sun, and no eyes at all at night. This would not have happened at Marseilles, at Paris, at Lyons—in short, anywhere save at Abois; and not even here had the authorities possessed the faintest glimmer of intelligence.

A crowd gathered around in front of the Hotel de Ville, an excited crowd, a wild crowd, which was constantly dispersed by the gendarmes, and as constantly returned, talking at the top of their voices with that volubility and gesticulation which the French alone possess. They hung around the entrance, and gazed and gazed at the wide doorway as if they expected to see issue from its portals the assassin of Abois himself.

Yes, it was no longer the murderer of Pierre Marrois, the slayer of Mère Robert; this criminal had lost his individuality, had become public property, and, as it were, a local celebrity. He was now, indeed, the "assassin of Abois," and strange as it may seem, there really was an expression of pride in the way that this name was pronounced by the citizens!

United in their denunciation of the authorities, the populace was broadly divided on one point. This was the sex of the mysterious murderer. And bitter were the arguments and contentions which this difference of opinions gave rise to. Friends, the dearest and truest, became the deadliest of enemies, and the domestic peace of many a happy family was shipwrecked in this contention.

The men declared in the most positive manner that the assassin was a woman, that no man could have done so cruel and cowardly a deed; and the women were equally as positive that the very brutality of the murder proved it to be the handiwork of a man.

"Woman! woman indeed! Well, then, yes, a woman—a woman, of course—go along, then! I say a man, a man, a man—a mean, low, brutal assassin of a man!" cried Jean Aglae Marie Seraphine Pichaud, leaning on the broom with which she had been busily employed in washing off the banquet, and hurling these words at Père Rideau, as he tramped along on his way to his morning's work.

Aglae was but the reflex of public sentiment, not only amongst her own class, but even in the highest ranks. Society was split from top to bottom, and as is usual in such cases, sought relief in a flow of words.

In the meanwhile the mayor and authorities of the town were doing everything in their power to solve the insoluble mystery, and taking preparations to prevent a repetition of such horrible deeds. A large addition was made to the police force, and all night long the streets were patrolled by parties of gendarmes and soldiers, for the colonel of the hussars having proffered the assistance of his men, his offer had been eagerly accepted.

Among those in the higher rank of society no one was more voluble in expressing an opinion than Madame la Baronnne d'Aubrac.

The effect of the second murder was for the time, at least, to put an end to all amusement. No one had the heart to indulge in gayety in the face of this mysterious and awful visitation. Who could think of balls, receptions, when each one felt that he himself might be the next victim? The result was that Angelique's *salon* was almost deserted. Moreover, Henriette had been detained

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at home by the indisposition of her uncle; and Captain Dantan also, for some reason, had failed to make his appearance. The baroness was angry—angry with herself, angry with everybody. Angry with herself that she should have come to that miserable little Abois, angry with her friends that they should hide themselves away like so many rats at the first sound of alarm. Oh! it was a horrible place! She was disgusted, unnerved; she would go back to Paris the next day. Why, already she had the *migraine!* If this went on she would be as pale as a ghost; as pale as Mademoiselle Zortichoff; and there was Henriette—Henriette had deserted her.

It was no use for Aristide to say anything about the indisposition of the uncle; Madame d'Aubrac absolutely refused to accept this as an excuse for the absence of the niece. She succeeded, with very little difficulty, in working herself up to a high pitch of anger, and as she was not accustomed to control her feelings, the vials of her wrath were freely poured down upon Vis's devoted head. He meekly faced the storm, and sought to allay the tempest by suggesting "that there was really nothing to keep madame at Abois, and if she wished he could arrange for her return to Paris as soon as she desired." But instead of quelling the storm, he only succeeded in turning it in another direction.

"What did he think? Could he suppose that she, Angelique, would be so heartless as to leave her friend when she was surrounded by so much danger and trouble? Was that like her? Was that the opinion he had formed of her character after all the years of their acquaintance? Desert her friend thus basely? No, never! Henriette might forget, but she, Angelique d'Aubrac, *she* would never desert a friend in affliction! No; she would remain in Abois; she would console Henriette."

Aristide muttered an expression of admiration at this heroism, of which the lady took but little notice, continuing even in a more grandiloquent tone:

"It was her duty, only her duty; and when had a D'Aubrac ever failed in his duty? It was fixed. She would remain at Abois; she would force that idiotic Monsieur Duquesnay to discover this annoying murderer. It was necessary to Henriette's peace of mind, to the comfort and happiness of her friend, that this wretch, this dreadful wretch, should be discovered; and discovered he should be"

Aristide's smile at this extravagance only transferred the storm again to himself.

"Did he mean to sit idly by and do nothing? She had always considered him a man of some intelligence. Had he suddenly lost what little intellect he once possessed? Why did he not put an end to all his trouble—this trouble which was torturing her friend and emptying her *salon* of all its *habitués?* Oh, he need not lift his eyebrows or shrug his shoulders in that stupid manner! If he was half as wise as he looked, he would find that *misérable*, and have him guillotined, then all would be at peace again, and she and Henriette enjoy themselves as they had before the town had become insane, and no longer be obliged to go to bed every night, tormented by the thought that when they awoke in the morning they would find themselves with their throats cut from ear to ear. And now, my dear fellow," continued the lady, as with a gesture of royal dismissal she extended her little white hand to be kissed, "go and find me this wretched assassin as soon as possible."

Aristide could not help smiling to himself, as he made his adieux, at the nonchalance with which his sovereign spoke of the capture of this unknown criminal, who had so far successfully baffled the efforts of the police, and whose capture Madame d'Aubrac seemed to regard as the simplest of things.

"Alas!" thought the young man, "how little had this intellect for which she gave him credit been able to accomplish toward the solution of the mystery? He had thought himself very wise indeed, and had aired his opinions in a most lofty manner. He could remember how much he had felt his imaginary superiority when Leon Dantan and Jean, the brigadier of gendarmes, had hung in mute admiration on his words as he sketched the manner of Marrois's death. How much had he imagined himself to have seen where others all appeared blind, and what had his foresightedness and wisdom led him to? Again, what had his intellect done to solve this puzzle, whose solution he had voluntarily taken upon himself? His first act had been to grievously wound the tender feeling of an innocent young girl, whose very appearance should have preserved her from the suspicion of any but a diseased mind. And on what grounds had he inflicted this cruel stab?—a stab made doubly painful by the tie of friendship and gratitude which bound Valiska to the dead man."

He felt an absolute contempt for himself as he thought how easily he had allowed the fancied resemblance between Mademoiselle Zortichoff's glove and that of the murderess to awaken within him the foul idea of guilt! And such guilt! He could almost laugh at his baseless suspicions were it not for the bitter self-contempt with which he now regarded himself. It must be, as Henri had often told him, that his brain was growing weak; perhaps he had overtaxed it with his philosophical and metaphysical studies. Surely the exquisite perfection of those beautiful and pale features, the placid calmness of the lovely eyes, should have been enough to silence the evil whispers in any but a crazed and morbid mind.

"Poor girl, poor girl! with all her family trouble, striving to bear up so nobly against affliction, and he—fool, idiot, dunce!—to wantonly strike a blow at so weak and helpless a creature!"

He thought of that conversation with Valiska wherein he had sought to entrap the frail girl into some confession of guilt—some chance word or expression which he might seize upon as proof conclusive—and he smiled to himself, but certainly not with self-appreciation, thinking how he had rejected the alibi which she had laughingly offered to prove. And now, as if to mock at his pretended wisdom, chance had made him a witness to Mademoiselle Zortichoff's innocence.

Was it chance, or fate, or Heaven, or what, that had led him and Captain Dantan to the cottage at the very time that the murder of Mère Robert and her daughter was being accomplished? It was certainly strange, but who, then, was this mysterious woman who had left that bloody imprint on his friend's sleeve? Who, then, was this woman, that he had dared to think was Valiska, on no better evidence than the marvelous beauty of her hand? It was not poor Stephanie Marrois. He had proved a weak champion in her cause; but Providence had been kinder, and on this occasion at least had preserved the innocent. The police surveillance over Madame Marrois had been of the strictest, and the agent, charged with the duty of watching her, declared positively that she had never left her abode upon the night of the second murder. Thus Stephanie was free from all taint of guilt, but through no act of his, through no exercise of that skill and astuteness in the detection of crime of which he had imagined himself the possessor.

Where was this new Vidocq, whose ability he had so

landed? Bah! and now, after all his failures, now when he at length fully realized what a stupid ignoramus he was, here comes Angelique and asks him in the coolest manner possible to find this infernal assassin, very much as if the affair was as easy of accomplishment as to pick up a stray dog!

His reveries came to an end with a start as he chanced to look up and found himself near Mademoiselle Zortichoff's cottage.

Old Orloff was taking advantage of the warm, balmy evening, to roll the wheeled chair of the invalid up and down the shady sidewalk, protected from the full glare of the sun by a row of tall trees, whose leaves already began to show symptoms of the coming Autumn. In the doorway a lady and gentleman were standing, so absorbed in conversation as to be entirely unaware of his approach.

Valiska was the first to recognize his presence. With a pleasant little smile and a graceful inclination of her charming head, she acknowledged his salute, murmured a last word to her companion and entered the garden; the gentleman turned and advanced to meet Aristide—it was Leon Dantan.

CHAPTER XX.

Vis felt a thrill of the deepest commiseration and pity as he beheld the fearful change which a few short days had made in the appearance of the mayor of Abois. He had known that Leon Dantan, since the night of Mère Robert's murder, had been prostrated on a bed of sickness. This he had learned, not only through Angelique's melancholy lamentations over Henriette's desertion, but also from Henri and his friends; words had led him to expect some traces of the fearful mental strain through which Monsieur Dantan had just passed, but nothing at all like the reality.

The man who came to meet him was a person apparently much older than the Leon Dantan of a few short weeks ago—the Leon Dantan whom he remembered chatting so gayly with Mademoiselle Zortichoff in the little music-room of her charming home. His gray hair was now almost white, and deep lines furrowed his features. Care and sorrow had usurped the place of that quiet merriment which formerly lurked in his handsome brown eyes. His lips quivered nervously, and the mouth, drawn down at the corners, bore witness that the hand of suffering had laid its weight upon his countenance. In addition, Aristide noticed a singularity in the glance of his friend's eye, a strange and curious expression, unmistakably of fear. The look of one haunted by some imminent danger, which he expects, yet dreads to meet.

Vis could not tell how it was, but as he gazed on his friend's face the remembrance of those whispered words of the police agent suddenly returned with full force to his recollection. Did Leon Dantan really possess the clew?

The mayor's greeting was cordial and friendly. Assuming that the young man was returning to the Hermitage, he linked his arm in his and proposed to accompany him homeward, saying that he had many things of which he would like Monsieur Vis's opinion. "For you know," he said, with a sad smile, "I have learned to place a high value on your judgment."

"You do me much more than justice," replied Aristide. "I assure you that when I met you I had just come to the conclusion that I was the grandest dunce in Abois, if not in France. Good-evening, Monsieur Sergius; you have a pleasant afternoon for your exercise."

The soft evening air had brought a faint tinge of color to the sick man's cheek, but the large dark eyes were as mournful as ever; mournful with that sad expression which seems stamped upon those whom fate has doomed to an untimely death.

The invalid replied to Vis's salutation with a few feeble words of thanks, of whose import he seemed scarcely conscious.

In marked contrast to the soft low voice was the deep, growling response of old Orloff, as he pushed the chair away in the direction of the garden gate.

The two gentlemen walked on for some time without speaking a word. Observing that the mayor seemed indisposed to break the silence, Aristide assumed the initiative himself, saying "that he was sorry to see Monsieur Dantan had not recovered from the shock of Madame Robert's murder."

The expression of pain deepened on Leon's face, and the furtive look returned once more to his eye.

"Alas! monsieur," he replied, in a grave, sad voice, "what you say is but too true. I have received a blow from which I will never recover. Day and night I am haunted by the ghastly forms of those unfortunates, their pallid foreheads hideous with that frightful cross of blood; they crowd around me in my dreams, in my waking thoughts, pointing their fingers at me, and staring with their wide-open glassy eyes, mute and reproachful."

He paused, overcome with emotion, and wiped his damp, clammy brow.

"My dear friend," cried Aristide, deeply moved by this overpowering grief, "you should not give way to such wild and fantastic ideas."

"I know it, I know it. But what am I to do? I tell you but the simple truth. There is not one moment in which I am free from these ghostly visitors."

"Pshaw! this is nothing but the result of a morbid and over-excited condition of the nerves. The cure is to be found in active employment for the mind; occupation and amusement is what you need. Keep your mind busy, and I will bet my life that your tormenting phantoms will disappear as the mist before the rising sun."

"Ah, monsieur, you can treat this with levity."

"But, surely, you would not have me believe," interrupted Vis, "that a man with your intelligence can believe in spiritual visitations? Now, in my experience, all the spirits and apparitions with which I have been tormented have been simply the result of an ill-cooked meal, or some indiscretion in the way of champagne or other exciting stimulants. I assure you there are more ghosts in a glass of punch taken just before going to bed than in all the immensity of space."

"Monsieur," exclaimed Dantan, drawing himself up with an air of offended dignity, and speaking with constrained stiffness, "I expected from you, if not sympathy, at least assistance and advice. I certainly never looked for ridicule."

"Pardon me if I have offended you," answered Aristide; "but the strange way in which you treat this affair is to me inexplicable."

"Inexplicable! Not at all!" cried the other, clutching the arm of his companion with a grasp which was almost painful in its force. "Not at all!" he continued, his eyes fixed intently upon his friend's face, as if trying to read his innermost thoughts. "There are things happening around us every day to which we are strangers—things which we call supernatural, simply from our inability to fathom the causes which have given birth to these mysteries."

"I wonder," said Aristide to himself, as he listened to these wild words—"I wonder if Monsieur le Maire is really taking leave of his senses?"

Leon did not appear to notice the effect which his wild words produced upon Vis, but went on speaking in a gloomy, abstracted manner:

"Men accept without hesitation, on the testimony of fellow-creatures as frail as themselves, the doctrine of the transmission of hereditary diseases, sometimes passing over three or four generations to fall upon some helpless victim chosen as a sacrifice for the weakness of his ancestors. I say to you, monsieur, this is a belief which we do not doubt. Why, then, should we dispute the Divine warning that 'the sins of the father are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation'? Is not the testimony of the Almighty stronger than the evidence of mere mortal beings?"

"I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you are alluding to those unfortunate murders. Surely, Monsieur Dantan, you would not have me understand that you thought there was anything supernatural about them?"

"My God, my God!" cried the mayor, with a wild ring of agony in his voice, "if I could but answer that question to my own satisfaction, perhaps I should once more enjoy a moment of peace and rest—rest from this hideous uncertainty, this mental torture which is driving me crazy!"

The piteous tone awoke in Vis a feeling of the deepest commiseration.

"Believe me," he said, "I would do all in my power to assist you, but I am in the dark, and know not in what manner I can be of service. You once hinted to me, monsieur—nay, I may say you did more than hint—that you were the possessor of a secret that might explain these crimes; perhaps the revelation of that secret might aid me to clear away the dark cloud of obscurity which conceals the assassin of your friends."

"No, no!" replied the mayor, in a hollow voice; "it is impossible. I am bound by the most solemn of oaths to preserve that secret inviolate, and were I to reveal it to you it would be of no avail—of no assistance. Man, man, I have spent night after night, thinking and thinking, until my brain grew dazed and my forehead ached, always with the same result—nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Monsieur, I say to you again you are not doing right to give way to these fits of depression; the strongest mind could not bear up against it. If you are unwilling to make me your confidant, why not seek the assistance of your nephew? Henri is not a man to be alarmed by 'phantoms.'"

"Again impossible. Shall I crowd that poor boy's life with the awful shadow which now enshrouds me in its black and gloomy folds?"

"Are you aware, Monsieur le Maire, that your manner has already betrayed your secret to others?"

"Ah, what do you say?" cried Dantan, with a violent start.

"I say that, as you left the shop of Madame Robert, the police-agent, Guimand, whispered in my ear: 'That man holds a clew to the murder.'"

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"It is a fact; and, to be frank with you, I will say that I watched the agent closely, and I am satisfied that the man believes you to be in some way connected with these crimes."

"Oh, this is horrible, horrible! But surely, monsieur, you never could believe me guilty, even as an accomplice, in the murder of my friends? Say to me that you did not suspect me of such complicity!"

The agitation of Dantan would have awakened pity in a harder man than the tenderhearted Vis, and he hastened to assure his friend of his utter disbelief in the implied insinuation of the police-agent.

The expression of gratitude with which his words were received showed how sweet was even this poor consolation to the broken spirit of the unfortunate man.

"I thank you, my friend, I thank you. You do me but justice. If, by giving my last drop of blood, I could have warded off this awful doom from my friends, I would willingly—oh, so willingly!—have paid the price. But you remember, perhaps, what I said to Claude Duquesnay when the disfigured body of poor Pauline Robert lay there before me. You might have thought then that I was overcome by grief, but I tell you now—now when I am cool and calm, and I speak sincerely, and from the bottom of my soul—I do believe that these murders were the work of no earthly being. No, I understand that look, and I acknowledge the wildness—nay, almost the insanity—of my words; but, nevertheless, I still think that an avenging Nemesis has spread her wings over our unfortunate town."

"Come, come; I must listen to no more of this. It seems to me that your Nemesis has left behind her, upon both occasions, proofs which should banish from your mind all doubt as to the materiality of this mysterious assassin. Surely you have forgotten that glove which we found; and as for the reality of the being who left the imprint of that bloody hand on Henri's sleeve, I am sure my friend can bear conclusive evidence, as the woman almost ran into his arms."

"You are a much younger man than I, Monsieur Vis, but I confess to you that I cannot understand how you can accept the awful idea that a woman could have committed such atrocious deeds."

"*Ma foi!*" cried Aristide, shrugging his shoulders. "Experience has taught me the foolishness of any person trying to place a limit to what women will do. No, monsieur, you need not look offended; I am not speaking lightly. To be frank with you, I can see nothing in either murder at all unnatural. I believe that my theory of the manner in which Marrois was assassinated, and the picture which Agent Guimand drew of the murder of Madame Robert and her daughter, were both strictly correct. I can see nothing mysterious, unless it be the cause which led to those crimes—undoubtedly both committed by the same individual. When you find that cause you should not have much difficulty in placing your hand on the murderer. At first it seemed clear that motives of revenge might have instigated some injured woman to take this awful method of wreaking her vengeance upon the man who had foully betrayed her. You may remember that this idea was accepted by Monsieur Duquesnay as a solution to the affair. But while such a motive as revenge would explain Monsieur Marrois's murder, it is scarcely possible that a similar cause could have induced the killing of that poor woman and her daughter. But there! I can see from the expression of your face that all my arguments are unavailing."

"I acknowledge it. We view this through different lights. To you, all is open and clear; to me, all dark, strange and inexplicable. I can no more make you credit the supernatural character of those crimes than you can make me believe them to be of mere earthly origin. But see, we are at your door. Time alone can solve this problem." He grasped Aristide's hand and shook it. "If I am right," he said, in a deep, impressive voice, "we are not done with this avenging visitation. Another victim will fall; another victim will bear upon his forehead that fatal sign. And that victim will be—myself!"

A NEW ENGLAND BARNYARD.

He dropped his hand, turned, and was gone before the astonished young man could recover from the stunning effect produced by these last words.

Chapter XXI.

Days passed, and no progress appeared to be made in the search for the "assassin of Abois." He or she seemed to have disappeared as completely as if, indeed, as the mayor said, "The criminal had been a visitor from another world."

As often as Aristide thought over that last conversation with Leon, the more mysterious appeared the conduct and words of that gentleman. That Dantan really believed in the truth of what he said, he would not for a moment doubt; but this only made it the more strange.

Here in the nineteenth century to find a man, as intelligent as his friend on all other subjects, capable of believing in supernatural agents, sent on earth as the executioners of Divine wrath, seemed almost incredible.

Busy with such thoughts as these, Vis endured with stoical meekness the indignant denunciations poured out upon him by Angelique for his laziness and stupidity. Time and again was he abused for not obeying his sovereign's reiterated command to find the unfindable.

It was true that some balm had come to assuage the wounded feelings of the baroness. Henriette, released from attendance upon her uncle, had hastened to reunite the bonds of friendship as tightly as before, and many of the young frequenters of her *salon*, recovering from their fright, again filled her rooms with jest and laughter.

This renewal of festivity and gayety, of pleasant adulation, and still more pleasant flirtation, did not serve, however, to banish from Angelique's charming little head the idea of unearthing this miserable wretch who went about cutting poor women's throats. There was a strong spice of obstinacy in that same little head, notwithstanding the meek and innocent expression which the soft brown eyes could at will assume; and this obstinacy was freely visited upon the unresisting philosopher.

His skin seemed as impervious to the sharp darts launched at him by his liege lady as the hide of the rhinoceros; but he was not above descending to the base subterfuge of keeping away from the *salon* of the baroness until he felt assured that he would not have to face alone the anticipated denunciation which he knew but too well awaited him.

It resulted from this that Aristide gradually fell into the habit of going every evening to smoke his cigar, and as he said, "to think," in the Cemetery of St. Jean, staying there until darkness assured him that he would find Madame d'Aubrac absorbed in some delicious flirtation, which would prove for that night, at least, his deliverance.

The place was a pleasant one to lounge in, and it was still more pleasant to watch the bright faces of the young people as they sauntered along the walks and alleys of this favorite promenade of Abois, chatting and laughing as if, at least for them, death and its surroundings had no horror.

Entering the cemetery one evening at an earlier hour than usual, he found it almost entirely deserted, except where, here and there, some dark-robed figure was praying by the grave of its dead.

Wandering aimlessly about, he came suddenly upon a woman kneeling by the side of a marble shaft; she was busily employed in arranging around the green mound some poor flowers, and was so absorbed in her occupation as to be unaware of Vis's approach. He, however, immediately recognized the attenuated figure and the sad, careworn face of Stephanie Marrois.

She was dressed in the same plain gray frock which she had worn when he saw her for the first time in Duquesnay's office. Her cheeks seemed thinner and more sunken, and the sallow hue of her complexion had deepened, making the dark eyes seem larger and more melancholy in their expression.

The magnificent marble shaft bore upon its entablature the name of Pierre François Marrois.

Vis stood for some moments in silence, watching the poor woman, thinking to himself how strange it was that she should have been accused of the murder of the very man whose grave she was decorating.

Stephanie looked up as he spoke her name, and a slight flush stole into the wan cheeks, as if she felt embarrassed in being thus detected in her work of charity.

"Excuse me, monsieur," she said, in a half-apologetic tone. "I know he was not a good man, and used me very cruelly, but after all, monsieur, he was my husband. I cannot forget that. And you see he is now dead, and it is wrong to nourish bitter remembrances of the dead. No one seems to remember him here, although they tell me he was a rich man, with many friends. I come here every evening, but no one seems to think of placing a flower upon his grave. Well, monsieur, something whispered to me that this was my duty. I know these are poor flowers to be here alongside of this fine marble tomb, but they were the best I was able to purchase."

Aristide was so much impressed with the simple earnestness of the speaker, that he found it almost impossible to express his admiration for the generosity and forgiveness displayed by this poor soul.

There was, however, a ring of true sincerity in what he did say that brought a look of pleasure to Stephanie's face.

Her task had been almost completed when Aristide had first discovered her, and she now arose and prepared to take her departure, evidently hastened by the throng of young people who came crowding in through the gates of the cemetery.

"If you will allow me, Madame Marrois," said Vis, lifting his hat as politely as if Stephanie had been the loftiest lady in the land, "I will walk a little distance with you. I should like to tell you how sorry I was that I was only able to render you such slight assistance when I would willingly have done so much, had it been in my power."

The polite and sympathetic manner of the young man was evidently very sweet to the lonesome and friendless woman.

She willingly accepted his offered escort, and together they passed out of the graveyard, walking leisurely along the shady streets in the direction of Stephanie's abode.

To Aristide's inquiry as to her future plans, she answered openly, and without hesitation. She would leave Abois, she said, as soon as possible—that is, as soon as her lawyer permitted her.

"Thank God, monsieur," she continued, "no one now believes that I had any share in my poor husband's death. But they tell me I will be obliged to remain until the court has decided on the claim which I have made to my husband's estate."

"You will be a rich woman, I believe, Madame Marrois, and I am glad that such good fortune has come to so worthy a person."

"Ah, monsieur," answered Stephanie, sadly, "of what value will all this money be to me? I am broken in

spirit and health. What could I do with wealth, I who have but a few years left to me? No, no, monsieur! I have made up my mind. This money will never leave Abois. It was earned here, and here it will remain. I have determined to devote the whole of it to building an asylum for the poor children of the town, and I trust that the prayers of the little ones will induce the *bon Dieu* to deal gently with the sins of my poor husband."

"You are a good woman, Madame Marrois!" cried Vis, energetically, "and I feel sure you will be well rewarded for your noble generosity; but, pardon me, you should take some thought for yourself; a portion at least of this money might be of use to you in the future. Alas! you know we all grow old."

"Ah, monsieur, that will never happen to me. But as to my future, I have my little shop in Lyons, and all I now desire is the privilege of retiring to its obscurity. I could never live in Abois, and still less could I ever consent to use this money for myself. No, no! I am still able, thank God, to support myself in a very humble way, monsieur, it is true; but then, you see, I desire no other."

The distance from the Cemetery St. Jean to the house in which Stephanie Marrois had taken up her residence was but short. Vis and his companion had almost reached the Rue d'Orville, when a man turned the corner of the street, and came running toward them at great speed.

The runner was evidently laboring under great excitement. Deadly fear was written all over his countenance—in his pallid cheeks, his staring eyes, and damp and clammy forehead.

"Oh, monsieur, for God's sake haste, haste!" he cried, as he drew near Aristide, his words made almost unintelligible by his panting and oppressed breathing. "Oh, for God's sake haste! Something awful has happened at No. 25."

"Which No. 25?" cried Vis, catching the speaker by the arm, as he was about to dash away.

"Oh, No. 25 Rue—Rue d'Orville!"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Stephanie, "that is the house in which I live. Oh, come, monsieur; let us hurry."

Impressed with a fear almost equal to that of his companion, Aristide gave his arm to Madame Marrois, and thus assisting and supporting her, they rapidly ran toward the Rue d'Orville.

As they turned into that street, at every step the signs of alarm increased. Men, women, and children, like themselves, were running at the top of their speed in the same direction. No one seemed to know exactly what was the matter, but every one appeared to be impressed with the most gloomy forebodings.

It was but a square to No. 25, yet before they reached the house quite a considerable crowd had collected in front of the entrance. By a vigorous use of his elbows, the young man succeeded in making a pathway for himself and Stephanie through the densely-packed throng. Inch by inch he advanced toward the doorway, under a fire of abuse from those angry and indignant men and women whose feet had felt the full weight of his body, or whose sides the sharpness of his elbows. The vestibule was reached at last.

It was tightly packed with spectators, whose eyes were all centred upon the lodge of the portress, which opened by a small door upon this vestibule. A few more energetic efforts obtained for Aristide admission to the room.

It presented a strange sight. One would have said that a whirlwind had swept through the place, judging from the wild disorder which prevailed in the apartment.

The bed had been shoved into one corner, and upon this was heaped up in heterogeneous confusion tables and chairs, boxes, bags and bundles—nay, even the pitcher and basin, coal-scuttle and tongs; in fact, all the furniture, with the exception of one large armchair, in which reclined the limp form of Aglae Pichaud, jumbled up in such a heap as to resemble more nearly a bundle of dirty brown calico than any human being.

The portress was surrounded by a dozen good samaritans, each of whom was ministering to her after their own peculiar plan.

These plans were mostly taking the form of internal doses of cognac and vigorous slapping administered to the hands of the sufferer.

The women were all chattering at once, and at the very top of their shrill, dissonant voices; and, to add to the uproar, a large green parrot, whose cage was suspended from the low ceiling, was shrieking out what sounded like a volley of execrations.

Vis could obtain no reply to his reiterated questions except the assurance that Madame Pichaud was alive. No one seemed to know what had caused the alarm, and all waited with the utmost impatience until returning consciousness would enable Aglae to unvail the mystery. This impatience was not soon to be gratified. Cognac was a stimulant which constant use had almost robbed of its power. Glass after glass was poured down the capacious throat of the portress without any apparent effect, and the samaritans were almost reduced to despair, when returning life began to make itself visible.

Taking at first the form of a gentle shiver, the bunchy mass of clothes was soon wriggling about in a manner that showed there was no lack of vitality in the sufferer.

"Ah, the poor dear!" said one of the women, who might have sat as a duplicate for Aglae herself, and whom Aristide mentally set down to be Celeste, the gossip. "Ah, the poor dear, now she is coming round. There, *ma chère*, take a little more of the cognac. Ah, that makes the color come to her cheek; she will be on her feet in a minute."

The words of the speaker were quickly realized. The limp form straightened up, the round eyes opened, and the portress of No. 25 gazed around the room with a wild and terrified stare.

"There you are, my Aglae!" cried Celeste, patting her friend on the shoulder. "And now, *nom de nom*, tell us what is the meaning of all this? We hear cries—*Mon Dieu!* I should say shrieks—we come in here and—we find you, my poor dear, on the floor, stiff as a poker. Tell us, my Aglae; tell us what it is."

The object of all this solicitation again glanced wildly around the room, closed her eyelids, breathed heavily, and then reopening them, exclaimed, in a low, quavering voice, "Where is he?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, who?" ejaculated Celeste, overawed by the solemn tone of the questioner.

"He! I say he!" cried Aglae, her voice growing louder and shriller as by degrees her usual animation returned. "He—the villain, the bloodthirsty murderer, the assassin! Ah, the wretch! Do you hear me then—the assassin! I say, the assassin—the assassin—the assassin!"

"*Grace à Dieu*, Aglae, what are you saying?" a dozen women exclaimed at once.

"The truth; oh, yes, nothing but the truth. I saw him—the monster, the murderer of that poor Madame Robert—the assassin of Monsieur Marrois!"

A groan broke from the crowd as Madame Pichaud paused to take in the full effect of her words.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* Did he attack thee, Aglae?" inquired the sympathetic Celeste. "Where didst thou see him, and what was he like?"

"Oh, the most horrible—tall, so tall—with a face like a devil; a frightful face. A face, *mon Dieu*, to make one shiver in one's *sabots*."

With the expression of curiosity sharpened upon their faces by these wild ravings of the portress, the throng pressed closer around, overwhelming her with reiterated entreaties to speak. This Madame Pichaud was only too willing to do, and accordingly had just opened her mouth to gratify her hearers, when her story was abruptly cut short by the entrance of Jean, the brigadier of gendarmes, accompanied by one of his men.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance, Mère Pichaud?" demanded the official, in a deep, stern voice. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"But no, Monsieur le Brigadier! It is all true—true as *le bon Dieu!* I have seen the murderer of Monsieur Marrois. I have seen the assassin of——"

"Nonsense!" replied the brigadier. "You have been taking too much cognac, and waked up with your brain fuddled."

"Me! indeed, monsieur. When do I take cognac, unless it be for a pain in my side? Ask Celeste, ask every one. I thank God my reputation is known here in Abois."

"Yes, for a devil of a chatterbox. But now tell me, in as few words as possible, what you mean by all this noise, which has nearly alarmed the whole town?"

"Ah, God forgive you, Monsieur Brigadier, for calling an honest, industrious woman a chatterbox."

"Well there, then, speak."

The accusation of the gendarme seemed to put a damper upon the usually so voluble Aglae, and there was absolutely almost a hesitation in her manner, as she began the eagerly looked for explanation.

"Well, Monsieur Jean, I had gone around the corner to Mère Tripot's, the grocer. What had I gone for? Why, for two sous of cabbage. I am gone but a few seconds, when, on my return, I stop at the door to tell Celeste the news about Monsieur le Maire's sickness. My gossip and I had been speaking but a moment, when that *gamin* of a nephew calls Celeste away. Eh, is it not true, *m'aime?* I cannot tell you, monsieur, how it was, but something within me made me pause in the vestibule. The door of my lodge was half open; when I left it only a few seconds before it had been empty, empty as that, monsieur," said the speaker, extending both hands with the palms up. "*Grace à Dieu!* as I peeped through the crack, what do I see—a man prowling around my room! A tall man, monsieur; as tall as a church steeple; with a white face and great flashing eyes. I will not say, monsieur, I did not tremble. Fear is unknown to the soul of Aglae Pichaud—but I will not say I did not tremble. Was it a knife I saw in his hand? I tell you no. I know not if it was a knife, but I swear to you it shone and glittered like steel. I stood there, I could not move, but the villain had heard my steps. I saw him creep along, creep along till, like a snake, he glided into my closet and closed the door behind him. In that moment courage returned to my breast; I felt strong, Monsieur le Brigadier, strong. I sprang forward, one, two; I am at the door of the closet, the key is in the lock, I turn it. Ha, ha! the assassin hears me, and thunders out his curses at me. I heed him not. I drag my bed before the door, I pile my chairs, my tables—what do I know?—everything I can lay my hands on. I heap them up in front of the door; and then, monsieur, and then my strength deserts me; my courage goes. I remember that I am a woman, and I shriek, and then I remember no more."

Having reached this dramatic conclusion, Aglae, with both hands placed upon her hips, stood, modestly silent, to receive the well-merited words of approbation poured upon her by her friends and neighbors.

"I don't believe a word of the whole story!" cried the brigadier, breakingly ruthlessly in upon the shower of congratulations.

"Ah, monsieur, how can you say that! Is he not there!" exclaimed Madame Pichaud, pointing with a tragic gesture to the small door, in front of which was the heaped-up pile of furniture.

"Then, if he is there," replied the official, "we will have him out at once. Here, Antoine, give me your assistance."

These prompt words produced an instant effect. A number of men eagerly proffered their services, and piece by piece the removal of the furniture was effected.

"Stand back!" cried Jean, as he turned the key in the lock, and then opened the door.

His command was obeyed with the utmost promptness, and all eyes were strained for a glimpse of the dreaded assassin.

At first nothing was visible within the closet but various articles of female wearing apparel. Old shawls, dilapidated boxes, and worn-out *sabots*—in short, a veritable curiosity-shop of worthless odds and ends.

But suddenly a thrill of horror runs through the breasts of the spectators, the sound of a slight scuffle is audible, and the next moment the powerful arm of the brigadier drags from his place of concealment the crouching figure of a man.

All stare in mute silence, and then the loud shout of laughter with which the gendarmes call out the name of Baptiste Ducorneau is re-echoed in the peals of laughter that bursts from the cry. It was in very truth Baptiste Ducorneau—Baptiste, cowering and helpless, trembling in the strong grasp of Monsieur Jean, his broad, lumpish features twisted into a grotesque expression, in which sheepish bashfulness, astonishment and terror were ludicrously blended.

The merriment was loud and prolonged. That the awful murderer, as tall as a church steeple, with his flashing eyes and pallid face, should have shrunken into so tamed and insignificant a creature as Baptiste, was too amusing.

Men and women laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, their amusement further stimulated by the behavior of Madame Pichaud, who, throwing herself upon her miserable lover, in the excess of her indignation at the public ridicule thus cast upon her, fairly belabored him with all the strength of her sturdy arm and her no less powerful tongue."

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Aristide could not repress the quotation, nor the smile of amusement which accompanied it.

Bidding Stephanie Marrois adieu, he slipped out of the joyous crowd, the noise of whose merriment pursued him for squares.

"Ah, *bon soir*, Monsieur Vis," said the gay voice of the baroness, as Aristide made his way through the brilliantly-lighted rooms to pay his devoirs to his liege lady. "You are just in time. We have decided on a plan to rid ourselves of this mysterious assassin. We are determined to bury him under a heap of roses. Here is

OLD-TIME GALLANTRY.

Colonel Courcelles, who has promised us a review of his Hussars, and Henriette has pledged her uncle to a ball. What do you say to that?"

"If you will permit me, madame," replied Aristide, with the utmost gravity, "I will throw the first rosebud at the ogre."

And without further prelude the young man proceeded to relate the amusing episode in the loves of Aglae and Baptiste, to which he had just been a witness. His narrative was received with the utmost applause by the gay and lighthearted company, and the merriment which rang through the *salon* was as loud as that which had greeted the unfortunate Ducorneau as he emerged from the closet. *(To be continued.)*

REVEILLE.

By William Waterfield.

The golden gates of morn are wide;
On every blade the dews are bright;
The azure vail is drawn to hide
The awful glories of the night;
The roses each to each have told,
Another sun will soon be seen;
And shall not I my light behold?
Make day for me—come forth, my queen.

The tale the river told all night
Has taken now a gladder strain;
The flowers, as eager for thy sight,
With odors seek thy window-pane;
The jasmine tells thee, Light is come,
And waves across the lattice-screen;
And shall thy voice be longer dumb?
Make music for my heart, my queen.

In shade as yet, the eastern hill
Stands sharp against the yellow sky,
The purple woods are sleeping still,
And white mists in the valley lie;
But westward slopes are all awake
With change and play of softer green;
Oh, love, my Summer morning make,
'Tis time for day—shine forth, my queen.

A STORY OF MAÑANA.

By C. D. Beebe.

It was a cold night in early Winter upon the Newfoundland coast, and everything appeared drear and unsatisfied. The sun dropped down behind a fringe of fir-trees, leaving no crimson hues in his wake; only a bright gold that softened into primrose, and then faded to a dull, ashen gray.

To the east the sea rocked to and fro, as restless as the heart of Celeste Raymond, who walked so close beside the beach, the flood-waves touched her feet. All nature seemed tossed and struggling "in a fierce battle of contending waves" to the girl whose every heart-beat was a bitter, rebellious throb.

"Dear waves!" she cried, impetuously, "do rest a while! You tire me, like the voices of noisy children in their play. Often I like to hear you, but to-night you quarrel so!"

The light in the sky was fast dying out; only one little cloud clung to a gleam of gold.

"How dull this coast always looks at twilight time!" Celeste exclaimed, impatiently, pausing a moment in her walk. "There's just one thing bright to-night—that little cloud. And the only thing warm and bright in my heart is a shadow too; a cloud that no one but I can see, and that soon, I hope, will fade away."

She gazed upward to the sky wistfully a moment, as though in her heart she longed to cling to the brightness too, and then she turned resolutely from it, setting her face, with a defiant gesture, against the western wind.

Further down the beach the faint lights began to glimmer in the cottage of the fishermen, but Celeste's own home was still wrapped in the twilight gloom. Dimly outlined against the sky it stood, angular and unattractive, a square main-building, with wings at the sides whose low roofs slanted nearly to the ground.

She was wonderfully beautiful, this girl, even in the cold gray light. Tall and graceful in movement, inheriting from a Swedish mother pale flaxen hair, but which had caught the glint of dull, reddish gold that lights the hair of all Newfoundland women, even to the darkest brown. She had her mother's eyes, too; deep yellow-hazel, which glowed with the slightest excitement like a gleam of sunset-fire. A face soft and tender, or strong and fierce, according to her mood—a magnetic face, that took all hearts by storm. A form supple and erect, a proud bearing, a thoroughbred, patrician air; yet she was the daughter of a simple trader with the fishermen, and born in this cold, bleak country by the sea.

Eighteen years before, in the Summer of her birth, a lady from Havana came to Newfoundland, seeking health and rest for her shattered system in the bracing northern air.

While in St. John's she listened to stories of the coast, the fisheries, the fishermen's vessels and their huts, and became so much interested, she went out to see them for herself. Chancing to visit the house of Mr. Raymond, she liked it, and made arrangements to pass the summer there.

Mr. Raymond was an Englishman, who, years before, had settled among the fishermen, and, taking advantage of their improvident ways, built himself a comfortable competency from their negligence and lack of foresight.

Mrs. Raymond was a woman superior to her station in life, with cool northern blood and quiet manners; and she formed a wonderful attachment to the beautiful Señora Valentin, with her tropical nature and indolent yet passionate ways, her soft Spanish accent and her bright, dark eyes, that shot out sudden rays of sparkling light one moment and the next were vailed in their long lashes dreamily.

Señora Valentin was accompanied by her little son, Leandro, a child of eight years, and one servant, Juana. She found Celeste, still unnamed, a babe two months old. Being allowed to rule the household according to her own sweet, imperious will, she seized upon the babe as her especial property, gave her a nurse, and showered numberless little gifts upon her, and blessings in her native tongue.

Indolent, and wholly unattracted by all else, her favorite reply to all proposals for pleasure-excursions (or, indeed, to all things wherein an exertion of any sort upon her side was required) was, "*Mañana.*"

Once settled in the house, with the babe for a plaything, her interest in the fisheries apparently ceased, further than that she loved to gaze from her window upon the vessels passing, and watch the sea-waves in their ebb and flow.

Her little son was very fond of rambling upon the beach, but could never prevail upon his mother to join him; his entreaties always elicited the reply: "*Si niño, mañana,*" and when to-morrow came, it was still "*Mañana.*"

When the Summer was over, and, reinvigorated by her sojourn on the coast, she made preparations to return

to her Cuban home, she called upon all her saints to bless little Celeste, and promised, if the child was sent to a convent to school, she would defray the expenses of her education.

Once home, her predisposition to settle all matters which came before her *mañana*, as of old, returned; and it was not until the child was nearly fourteen that the wherewithal to educate her was forthcoming.

She was then hurried away to a Canadian convent, where she remained for four years, spending only the vacations in Newfoundland. When she returned at last, it was to find her home made vacant and desolate by the sudden death of her mother.

The girl had always been restless in disposition and heart, and she did not take kindly to the rude but friendly manners of the wives and daughters of the fishermen.

Against her father's will, she persisted in wandering along the beach, let the weather be wintry or pleasant, to the neglect of her household duties, which were her mother's pride.

She could chatter French or Spanish with the greatest ease, but she could not put a single garment together properly, or prepare the plainest meal.

So, when Señora Valentin, who kept up a half-correspondence with her charge, awoke one day and suggested (notwithstanding her evident disappointment because Celeste refused to embrace the Catholic religion), that she would be happy to receive her as a daughter-in-law, should Leandro and she fancy each other, Mr. Raymond seemed to favor the proposal, though she was his only child.

Accordingly, Leandro visited Newfoundland, and Celeste, eager, restless, and desiring to know all she could learn of the fair garden-island of the Caribbean Sea where her adopted mother dwelt, received him joyfully, seeming never to tire of his sparkling conversation. He had a way of throwing an occasional Spanish word in his English sentences, though his pronunciation was nearly perfect. His wardrobe was unexceptionable, his diamonds magnificent, his whole manner charming in the extreme.

Still, Celeste, while she seemed to drink in his words by day, would often steal out of the house at night, when all the other inmates slumbered, to pace the beach with restless steps, and murmur to herself and the sea:

"Dear waves, I'd love to sail above you to the bright, fair lands beyond your borders—but not with him—not with him!"

Leandro was thoroughly captivated by her blonde beauty and wild, imperious ways, and he soon made her a formal offer of his hand and name.

Celeste had been looking forward to this, and yet, when the important question came, she was utterly unprepared to answer it. She knew he fully expected her to say Yes; knew that her father and his mother were both looking forward to her accepting him, and her impulse was very strong to say No at once, and surprise them all.

"It is so very sudden, Leandro," she said, looking into his face with her cool, careless eyes.

"Sudden, *querida!*" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," she answered, most decidedly, and seeming utterly oblivious to the fact that his feelings were entitled to even slight consideration.

"Me habia congratulado——"

"Never congratulate yourself upon anything, Leandro, until you are quite sure of it. I think you were saying, only yesterday, that you must run down to St. John's for a day to attend to some matter of finance. Go to-day, please, and do not return until to-morrow morning. Then I will give you an answer."

"*Mañana!*" he exclaimed, passionately. "I hate the word. Everything with *madre* and with you is *mañana!* I can never get an answer when I seek it, and I will not be put off so like a child."

"Leandro," she answered, with provoking coolness, "you speak so fast I can scarcely understand you, while your tones are loud enough to be heard as far as the beach."

"Celeste!" he cried, beseechingly, "do you possess a heart?"

In a moment she changed to earnestness.

"Leandro," soberly, "I don't know. But if you will only leave me for one day, I will try and find out for myself, and then I will tell you."

He went away, perplexed, unsatisfied, and Celeste, tying on her fur cap, and throwing her fur cloak around her, went down by the seaside, and paced to and fro the whole day long. Sometimes she paused and looked earnestly over the sea, as if watching, watching, and then she turned her face away, as if in self-reproach.

The next morning she resumed her untiring walk, and at noontime her eye caught the gleam of approaching sails far out at sea. It was a vessel much larger than that of any fisherman upon the coast; and Celeste recognized first the sails, the masts, the flags, and when the ship was clearly outlined above the waste of waters, she flew rather than walked to the house, threw herself upon her bed, and turned her face toward the wall.

Out by the sea, with the keen, searching wind blowing full upon her, she had not felt the cold, but now she trembled and shivered as with an ague-chill.

Rachel, the only domestic the house afforded, came up at last, ostensibly to see if her mistress wished for anything. In reality she came to spy out what Celeste was doing, for she had seen the *Fearless*, Carl Hansen's vessel, nearing the coast, and Celeste's sudden retreat to the house.

"Bring me a cup of hot tea, Rachel," she said. "I believe I have caught cold."

The tea was soon brought, and the girl stood a moment, watching her mistress curiously. Celeste sent her away with a sharp reprimand.

"I know how to drink it"—as pettishly as if she were a child—"and you know how to get papa's dinner. Don't annoy me."

That evening—the night our story opens—when Celeste was pacing the sands again, a tall form emerged from the cluster of cottages down the beach, and came quickly toward her. She did not pause in her walk, or look toward him after the first glance—she had no need to do this—for when she turned her back to the figure, which advanced with rapid strides, she saw, as plainly as though he stood before her in the clearest noonday, an earnest but not handsome Danish face, with lips firmly set, honest blue eyes and close-cut, flaxen hair; a form of easy, careless grace, broad-shouldered and erect; a gentleman, too, despite his sun-browned face and sinewy hands, for no prince could have lifted his hat with more quiet, deferential ease than he, when they stood face to face at last.

"So you are to become the promised bride of Señor Valentin to-night?" he said, anxiously, and without further salutation.

"That telling Rachel!" Celeste exclaimed, in a vexed tone.

"It is true then, Celeste?" sorrowfully.

She looked earnestly in his face a moment, and then sighed. "Yes, Carl, it is true," she said.

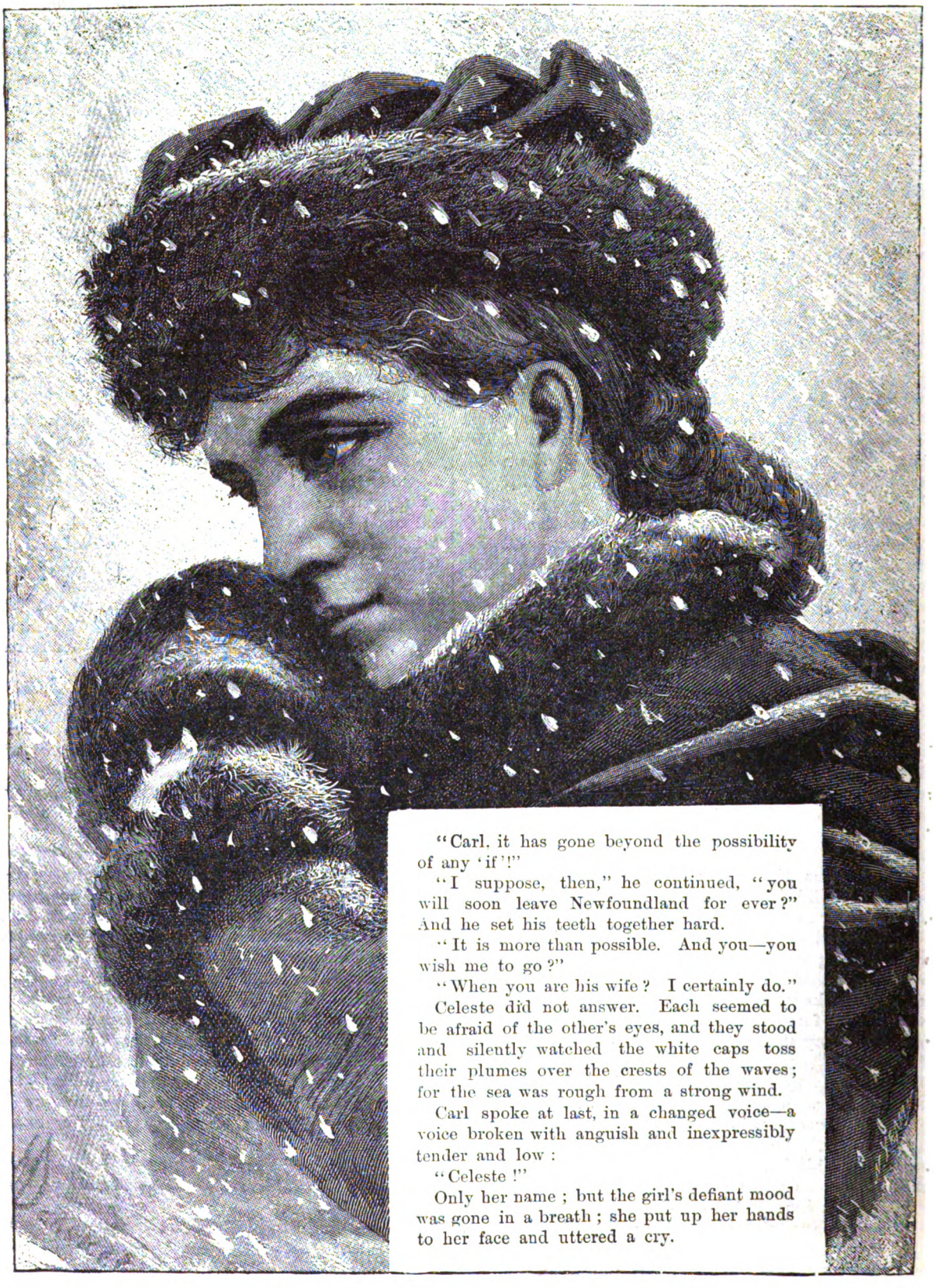
His face grew very white for the space of a breath; he brushed his hand across his eyes, and looked away over the sea; then he turned toward her, but did not speak, seeming to have lost his voice.

"You, of your own free wish, will it so?" he said, at last.

Her face was as white as his had been; her look, fierce, defiant; her voice, hard and clear.

"Yes, Carl, I will it so."

"And I suppose, if you marry him——"



"Carl, it has gone beyond the possibility of any 'if'!"

"I suppose, then," he continued, "you will soon leave Newfoundland for ever?" And he set his teeth together hard.

"It is more than possible. And you—you wish me to go?"

"When you are his wife? I certainly do."

Celeste did not answer. Each seemed to be afraid of the other's eyes, and they stood and silently watched the white caps toss their plumes over the crests of the waves; for the sea was rough from a strong wind.

Carl spoke at last, in a changed voice—a voice broken with anguish and inexpressibly tender and low:

"Celeste!"

Only her name; but the girl's defiant mood was gone in a breath; she put up her hands to her face and uttered a cry.

A STORY OF MAÑANA.—"CELESTE TORE OFF THE BRILLIANT DIAMOND WHICH HAD SPARKLED ON HER ENGAGEMENT FINGER, AND PLACED IT IN THE HAND OF THE SEAMAN."—SEE PAGE 206.

"Don't speak to me so—oh, Carl!"

He drew nearer; from the intensity of his passion he was very calm.

"You know I love you, Celeste?"

"Yes, Carl, I know it," in weary quietness.

"Celeste!" and he drew nearer still, fixing his passionate eyes full upon her face. "Of all inexplicable things a woman is the hardest to understand; and you, of all women I know, are the greatest mystery. But I would rather be the abject slave of your caprices than lord of any other woman's heart, however prudent, staid or dignified she might be. You are restless in disposition—so am I. For more than two years, ever since that bright Summer when I saw you first, I have lived upon the hope that you would one day be my wife; only, as you know, I would not speak to bind a schoolgirl. I waited, that you might try your heart. I never meant for you to give that to me and your hand to another."

"Carl!"

"Tell me, Celeste—I promise even then I will not urge you against your wish—if my words are not true. I believe you loved me then; if so, you love me still. And Señor Valentin cannot have for you that all-absorbing passion which rules my breast so absolutely; which will let me think of naught but you, by day or night."

"You think, then, Carl, that no one but you can love me?" and a shade of the old rebellious spirit passed over her face.

"I know full well"—and he sighed—"there is something about you, Celeste, which attracts every one toward you. I don't know what this something is; it may be the look in your eye—the gleam of your hair—I don't know what it is. I only know I love you, and must love on for ever. Celeste, your eyes are always eager for strange sights; you love the sea because it changes so. You wish to behold foreign lands; I have sailed round the world, and know them nearly all. My vessel is my own; I have a knowledge of the sea above what men of my age usually possess. I left my home and kindred when young; I have no tie on earth that is not severed except my love for you. I have an income, not princely, but ample for our needs; not inherited, but gathered together by my own strong hands, which would never let want come to you until the brain whose nerves command them is dead and past all human thought. Be my wife, Celeste, and we will roam the world together until we are satisfied."

"Carl!" and a frightened look came into her face, as though she feared his power; "it cannot be. I have weighed the matter well; you love me, and so does Señor Valentin. In refusing you and accepting him I wrong you both—yes, and myself, too—since, though I give him my hand, you have my heart, my undivided heart! He expects me to marry him; so do papa and *madre* Valentin; and I have decided to do it. You must leave me now, for Leandro will meet me soon, and here."

"Celeste, be merciful to me, for I love you!"

"Carl, if you love me, be merciful, and go!"

The lights flashed out suddenly from the windows of her home, a signal of the arrival of her lover.

"He has come!" she said. "Will you never go?"

For a moment he did not answer; a desperate look came into his eyes. He came closer still, and taking her face in his hands, he turned it toward his own, scanning every feature with a look that awed her into perfect silence. It was a rarely beautiful face, with rose-tinted, oval cheeks, eyes of strange brightness, the fur-cap crushing above her white forehead a mass of yellow, rippling hair.

"You will not be mine?" he questioned, in a tone which a man uses only for the last time.

She knew it, but did not wait to give her answer.

"I will not!" she answered, defiantly.

His face was very white. He bent his head to hers; his anger, his impetuousness, were all gone.

"Dear, cruel eyes," he said, and he kissed them gently; so gently, they had not the hardihood to open again. "Good-by, sweet, defiant lips"—he touched them with his own once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

She reeled a trifle in her walk as she resumed it, then came a great blur before her eyes, which the fierce wind could not dispel. She paused a moment, turning away from the footsteps she heard approaching, until they drew very near, then she faced the newcomer suddenly.

He caught his breath a moment; whether from what he saw or because he was unaccustomed to the breeze, she did not know. The moon had risen, and it shone upon her face, lighting her eyes, which glowed like stars. And there was a strange brightness on her face; her cheeks, her scarlet lips, her shining golden hair, even her teeth, flashed out through the words she spoke, though it was scarcely one of welcome:

"Well, señor?" questioning and cool.

He advanced to meet her, holding out both hands.

"Have you found your heart?" he asked, smilingly. "Have you decided to give yourself to me? Is it love for me which makes your eyes so bright?"

She looked into his face without an answering smile.

"I don't think I have a heart," she answered, soberly. "But if you take me as I am, I will be your wife, Leandro, upon conditions."

She was a constant puzzle to him, and most of all to-night; but she was dangerously beautiful; he loved her, and his smile never faded for an instant as he looked upon her grave face.

"And the conditions?" he asked.

"First of all, you must not kiss me to-night."

"Celeste!"

"If you take me, Leandro," she went on, as though he had not interrupted her, "you take me, freaks, faults and all!"

His laugh rang out loud and clear.

"I agree to the condition," he said. "I take you, heart or no heart, freaks, faults and all. And, since you will not allow me a kiss, let us go home; I do not like this cold Winter wind."

Señora Valentin's health was failing fast. She wished Celeste to accompany Leandro home and have the marriage ceremony performed there. Celeste delayed the journey as long as possible, but at length sailed for Havana with her lover.

She was very much disturbed in mind upon the voyage, and Leandro patiently bore with her apparent melancholy.

"Never call me Celeste," she said to him one day. "It is a misnomer; there is nothing heavenly about me, and I have only been a trouble to all those who love me. I think I was never a real comfort yet to any one but mamma; and since she died all things have gone wrong with me. Have patience with me, Leandro; bear with me if you are happy, for I am racked with doubt, and very miserable indeed."

When they reached Havana, Celeste's eager eyes hastily took in the city and its surroundings. Her first emotions were of pleasure, and then they gradually faded out into disappointment.

The view at first of the city, with its many-colored houses, with green trees scattered through it, looked very

fair; but when she entered a volante with Leandro and rode through its narrow, dingy streets, the hot air stifled her; the low, tiled roofs gave such a suffocating appearance to the houses, even though the windows were devoid of glass; and, altogether, it was very different from the Elysium she had pictured.

They soon reached the residence of Señor Valentin, a white marble building, two stories in height, and presenting a cool and comfortable appearance.

They rode into the house, ascended the marble staircase, passed through what seemed a long *salon*, with high ceilings, marble floor, cool lounges, with mats and cushions in front and on either side; while elegant pictures adorned the walls.

Through this apartment Leandro hurried Celeste, without heeding the exclamations of the servants, and throwing open the light doors of green baize, ushered her into a small room, where, on a bamboo couch, reclined Señora Valentin.

While Leandro was clasped in a warm maternal embrace, Celeste regarded the señora curiously. Was this faded, slatternly-appearing woman the godmother she had reverenced so long?

She shivered a trifle, certainly not with cold, when the embrace was transferred to her, and when shown to her own room soon after, she told herself Havana might be a nice place in which to spend a few days or weeks, but to live there always— She left the sentence unfinished, and began to sob quietly to herself, fearing any one might hear, the room was so open, and the servants moved about noiselessly with slippered feet.

A week passed slowly by; there was no talk of marriage, for the señora grew very ill, and at length, almost before they fully realized her danger, she died.

Leandro was almost wild with grief, and Celeste, filled with sorrow, remorse and despair, resolved to return to her home. The house, the very city, seemed to her like a great tomb.

"Forgive me, Leandro," she said, in answer to his entreaty to remain; "but indeed I cannot stay. I should die, too, if I did. I am no tropical flower"—sighing—"only a rude Northern plant, fit only for rough winds and bleak, Northern skies. A stormy petrel, rather, that cannot live away from the sea and its rough waves. Believe me, I never meant to wound you, but I could not make you happy were I your wife."

"I will not release you now," he said, sorrowfully. "Go home, and then write me; you may yet send for me to come to you once more."

She sailed for New York; thence to St. John's. It was early in March, and they had a stormy passage.

Celeste, never seasick, cared little for the storm, but as they neared the coast of Newfoundland they were enveloped in a dense fog which greatly obstructed their way.

No danger was apprehended, but there was necessarily delay, and a constant grumbling among the passengers in consequence.

Night closed in early, and Celeste had retired to her stateroom, when she was startled by a jarring motion, a crash, and cries and bustle on deck. She hastily threw on a wrapper, and with other frightened passengers rushed above.

They had collided with a smaller vessel, and though the steamer was unharmed, the lighter craft seemed filling, and about to sink.

Celeste peered out into the darkness, and caught the glimpse of a floating flag, a fluttering sail, and a sudden shriek rent the air.

"Save him!" she cried, as though there had been a single man on board the fated vessel. "Save him! Oh, Carl, Carl!"

The boats were lowered, every effort was made to pick up the unfortunate crew, and in an incredibly short space of time they were all on board the steamer—though none too soon, for the vessel speedily sank beneath the waves.

The passengers crowded about the rescued men, and under cover of the crowd Celeste tore off the brilliant diamond which had sparkled on her engagement-finger, and placed it in the hand of the seaman who had seemed most active in lowering the boats. Then turning, she stood face to face with Carl, who was dripping with water, but quite unharmed and smiling.

"Celeste," he said, "I heard your dear voice calling, and it thrilled my heart with joy, since I knew, whatever had befallen you, you cared for me still. And you are——"

"Not married, Carl."

She took out her dainty handkerchief, and wiped the sea-water from his face. A shower of crystals, quite as briny, was falling over her own.

"Dear, tender eyes," he said, softly; and he stooped and kissed them both, as he had done before. "My darling, you must go below at once, and in the morning we will have a long talk together."

"Oh, Carl," she sobbed, "I have been so unhappy, so homesick, so very miserable!"

He smoothed the bright hair back from her flushed and tear-stained face.

"You must never do so again," he said, soothingly. "Try and get some sleep now, dear. I will take you to your stateroom immediately. Sleep to-night; we will make everything right to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated. "Leandro hates that word; but you do not, nor I."

"No, darling, since it is to give you back to me, I trust. And now, good-night."

He left her, but she scarcely slept. In the morning she rose early, and dressing, went up on deck. Carl was there before her, and he came eagerly to meet her, holding her hand fast in his own while they mutually explained the events which had transpired since they parted on that Winter night upon the coast.

"I am so sorry the *Fearless* is gone," Celeste said. "Was she insured, Carl?"

"Yes; and though I lost something, of course I cannot regret it, since only for the accident I might never have looked upon your face again."

"How so?" And she clung to him in sudden fear.

His arm stole round her waist, drawing her closer to his side.

"There, you are safer so;" and he smiled. "I had resolved never to pass in sight of your old home. I was only going to St. John's, and thence a long voyage. And I might have missed your dear face always; then Celeste," suddenly, "where is your engagement-ring? You had one, surely."

"Oh, Carl!" and her face crimsoned painfully.

"Tell me. There can be nothing so dreadful about it; you surely have not pawned it for any purpose?"

"Don't laugh at me—don't scold me——"

And here she paused.

"How could I laugh at you or scold you, Celeste? Well, I'm waiting, dear."

"It is probably locked up in a seaman's chest, or possibly hidden away in a tobacco-pouch, since——"

"Well?"

FROM BENTON TO BISMARCK.—A MANDAN VILLAGE, AND WOMEN WITH BULL-BOATS.—SEE PAGE 214.

"Why, since I saw the *Fearless* sinking last night, and I cried out——"

"Yes; I heard you, dear."

"One sailor, you know, Carl, sprang quickly to your rescue—he was far ahead of the rest. And when I saw you safe, I—I never thought, but gave him my ring."

"The impulse was like you, dear heart," he said; "but still the act was not quite just. When you break the engagement with Señor Valentin, you should return the ring. But, no matter, darling," as she drooped her head, "I will purchase the ring from the sailor at his own price."

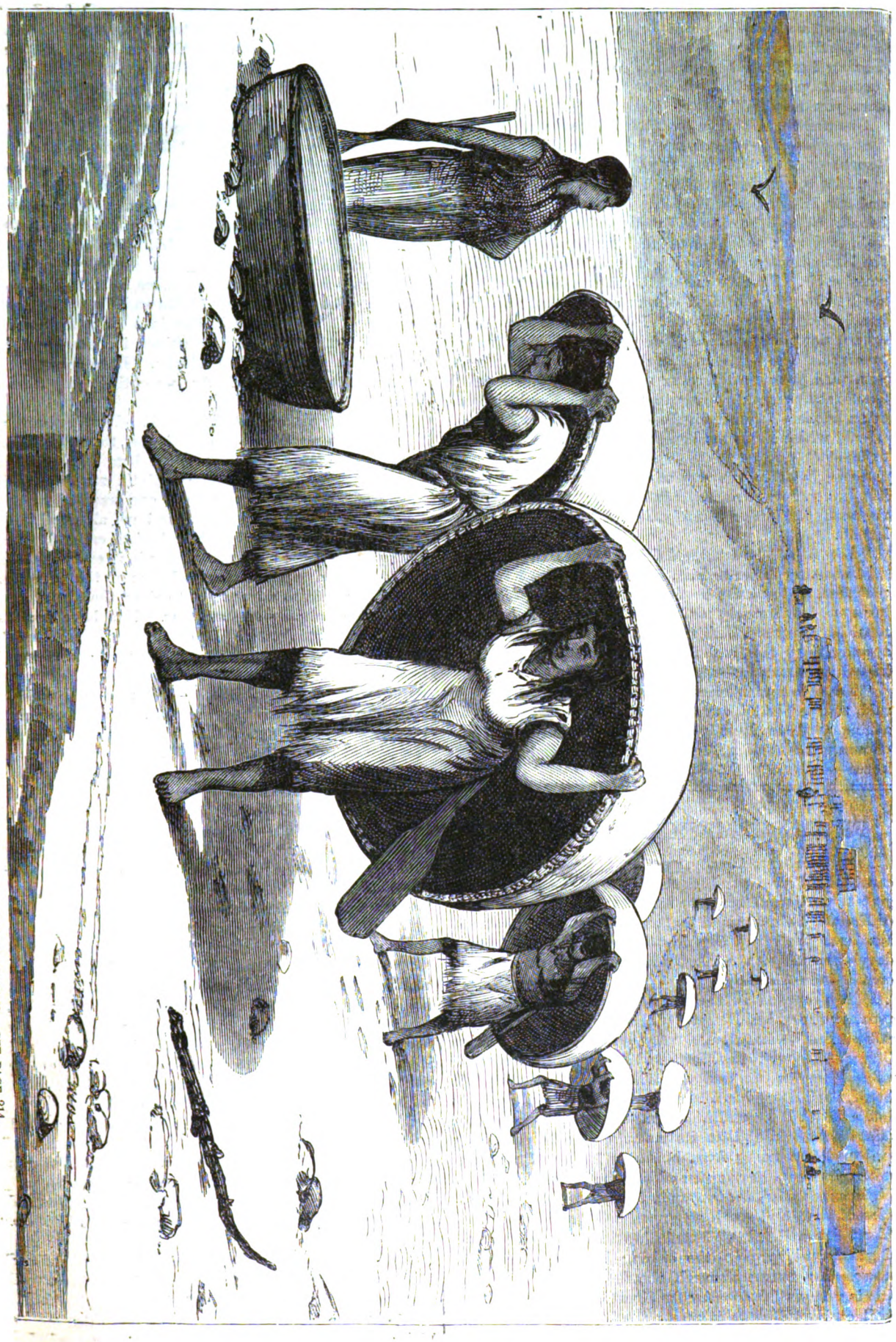
Her face brightened, and all was satisfactorily settled.

SURPRISE AND DESTRUCTION OF A SIOUX CAMP.

She returned with Carl to her home, and her father, missing her bright face more than he had thought possible, gave consent to receive Carl as his future son, instead of Leandro; and Celeste, now that all was arranged, was seized with a sudden chill.

She sat down to write her Cuban lover, and ask her release; but the letter was never finished. She sought her bed, and for weeks tossed in feverish delirium.

But her constitution was strong, and when the skies began to soften, and April tears give place to more genial May, she was just recovered enough to lean upon Carl's arm and walk out to the beach. And while he smiled to see the soft breeze of Spring bring



FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.—MANDAN WOMEN, WITH THEIR BOATS OF BUFFALO-HIDE, GOING ON A BERRYING EXCURSION.—SEE PAGE 214.

back a promise of Summer roses in her cheeks, Rachel appeared with the news of Señor Valentin's arrival.

"Send him here to meet me," she said, in answer, leaning her head back wearily in her chair. "Stay a moment, please, Carl—I want to introduce you, and then you may go."

She presented Carl, who lifted his hat gravely, while, just as grave, the señor bowed low; and touching his hat once more, Carl left them together.

"I have not the greeting I could wish to give you," and she lifted her sad eyes to his face, "my dear, true friend. What I have to tell you may be unpleasant to us both perhaps; but believe me I am kinder to you with the bitter truth upon my lips than I was in speaking a sweeter lie. Forgive me both. It was here beside the sea I took up the burden of our engagement; and here beside the sea I lay it down. I did not love you then; I do not now; I shall never love you in the days that are to come. The world will say that I am mad to reject you, with your wealth, your noble heart, your home in the Southern sea, to cling to this bleak Northern coast or an humble home upon the ocean waves; but there is a bond which holds me here, too strong for my wild will to break."

Señor Valentin was very white when she ceased speaking, but there was no anger in his face. She had spoken the truth gently and humbly, and in his heart he forgave her all.

"*Dios mio!*" he muttered, looking away over the sea.

It was very bitter to him, but when he gazed into her pale face, and saw the restless fire had almost died from her eyes, leaving only patience in its stead, he knew she must have suffered both mental and bodily agony to have accomplished this, and for his farewell he stooped and kissed her tenderly—his sweet, dead love.

"There is no bitterness in my heart against you," he said, sadly, "but I cannot remain here. I go my way, asking God to bless you and the husband you have chosen. To-day I return to St. John's, and I sail for home—*mañana*."

FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.

THIRTY, or even twenty, years ago, the "Great American Desert" was marked on maps as designating the greater portion of the now fertile and flourishing States of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. So great and so rapid has been the revolution in the social and agricultural developments of the West and Northwest, as to verge on the incredible.

It is proposed in the following pages to locate the genuine American Desert by a steamboat ride of 1,300 miles from Bismarck, Dakota, to Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, in Montana Territory. Over 3,000 miles from its junction with the Mississippi above St. Louis, the Missouri is formed by the commingling of the Jefferson, Gallatin and Madison. Long will you seek in vain a fairer valley than its mountain-cradle, circled by snowy ranges, rising from bristling forests of pine and cedar; its deep, gray-green eddies the home of the trout (*Salmo pleuriticus*), the beaver and otter; its billow-boundaries of wide and swelling green, not squared and ruled "for thine and mine," but fading in limitless distances of green and gray to the ebbing horizon of serrated snows. Its course through the fertile valleys of Montana is uneventful, save for the Great Falls below Helena, until at Fort Benton it meets the Mauvaises Terres, or Bad Lands, through which, carving its way, it debouches on the Yellowstone Valley, and bearing the mud-colored ensign of the latter stream, it winds through Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, carrying the tributes of the James, Niobrara, Platte and Kaw Rivers.

What a curious and wonderful page of romance lies hidden in its more recent past, from the days of Regis Loisel and the hardy "coureurs de bois," of Lewis and Clark, the discoverers of the Yellowstone, to the fall of Custer. Think of those *voyageurs* fifty years ago, making in their three years' trip over 6,000 miles, rarely meeting a compatriot till their return. And what of the red men who roved and ruled the prairies through which they passed? All gone, like a cloud-shadow. With due acquiescence in Sheridan's dictum that a "good Indian is a dead Indian," some credence is surely due the records of Lewis and Clark, Catlin and Father de Smet—records which show the Indian in a far more favorable light than the one he now shines in, borrowed from semi-civilization, including whisky. Have we no broken covenants to answer for? Are we entirely free from his shame?

But here we are at Bismarck, elbowing our way through the promiscuous crowd that throngs a frontier town, making our way down to the boat leaving for the up-river this afternoon. The bulletin marks the river four feet, and rising; so we get our traps aboard, and take in the human elements around us, all of which are rapidly developing what meteorologists call "dangerous energy"; everybody and everything is in every one's way, and the probable satisfactory solution of the general antagonism points to a free fight to clear the air of superabundant electricity and sulphur. You have doubtless read Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi" (if you have not, you should do so at once); and here is his most carefully drawn character (the pilot) before you—a mild-mannered and civil one—just now in a quiescent state, chewing a toothpick, and taking notes for future reference, if necessary, of things in general. But again it is almost certain that you will see him in an active (he is now passive, so to speak) condition, and you will wonder at the transformation.

There are all sorts of erroneous impressions abroad—mostly to the bad—concerning Missouri River pilots and mothers-in-law. Our pilot was courtesy personified to all; his name was Braithwaite. Next to him in importance comes the clerk—in our case this honor devolved on the captain's son—a courteous, chipper, five and one-half foot walking encyclopedia of the Upper Missouri and all pertaining to it. I never could quite see where the captain comes in, for certainly the pilot and clerk could call the turn on him at any time. Suppose he did own the boat? The pilot could "kill it," couldn't he? One more official needs a passing notice—the cook—whose knowledge of his duties, or lack of it, is quite an item when one has to submit thereto for a couple of weeks. In our case we had no fault to find; the meals were plain, but clean and good.

The passengers were few, and all disposed to make the best of everything—the great secret of pleasant travel. My *compagnon de voyage* was a retired New York merchant, who had the good taste to see his own country and its wonders before going abroad. He had seen California, and now proposed this route to Yellowstone Park.

But finally the last barrel of freight is rolled aboard, the engineer has given the stern-wheel a half turn to dispossess it of the *gamins* perched thereon fishing for Missouri cats—hideous monsters of the mud, that range as high as one hundred and fifty pounds—the gangplank is

hauled aboard, and we are off, amid a chorus of "So longs" from shore. Introduced to the pilot, we are soon at home in the pilot-house, and after supper spread blankets on the upper deck, and note the novelty of the scene. One is reminded of Mark Twain by the names given by the pilot to the various wooded points and channels. The river is literally an open book to him. All its changing channels—and they are simply legion—must be deduced from positive knowledge, not inference, or the boat would be "killed" in no time.

We are passing a series of castellated columns, roughly pyramidal in form, the side facing the river being vertical, of a warm gray color splashed with streaks of vermilion. Other similar forms vanish in the far distance, whence a boat is hastening down, leaving a furrowed wake on the wide and shiny flood.

A host of wild fowl rise clamoring, and wing their way toward the setting sun, now lighting up the distant prairie, across which a group of Indians are filing on their ponies. The scene and its accessories seem like a fragment of the past, and most incongruous to the associations of Bismarck, barely out of sight. O prairie sea! swelling in ridged billows to the gray spaces of the cloud-peopled sky!—eloquent embodiment of infinity!—who shall picture your grand and simple dignity, in calm or storm, before your restless tenants and your mighty wastes are blotted out by the imperious hand of labor?

At nightfall the boat is tied up at a convenient wood-yard, or to stout cottonwood-trunks, and chatting over events past and present (here known as "feeding wind-puddings"), the evening wears away. The woodcutter, or "wood-hawk," has a hard time of it. He is liable to lose his scalp at the hands of the reds, to whom he dares show nothing but civility, or he may have all his long winter's work undone by their firing his cords of wood stacked along the river, in revenge for some affront, fancied or otherwise, offered by a third party.

The morning after leaving Bismarck, we halt at Fort Stevenson for a moment, to land some goods for the post, situated two miles distant, and forge ahead to Berthold Agency. In the old days, all the freight for the various posts and agencies was brought from St. Louis, and those were stirring times. Competition was rife, and large fortunes were lost and made. The completion of the Northern Pacific to Bismarck has, of course, curtailed the time and expense, and the boats running thence to Fort Benton are the only ones nowadays that make anything to speak of. Berthold Agency is the principal rendezvous of the Ree and Mandan Indians, and is situated on a high bluff overlooking the river.

The Rees (abbreviation of Arickarees) have long been the sincere and mortal enemy of the Sioux, and the equally sincere ally of the whites. The Mandans are a very peculiar race. Almost annihilated by smallpox some years since, they moved from their camp below and amalgamated with the Rees. With light eyes, they lend credence to the belief that they are of Welsh origin—at least in part; many of their words, I am credibly informed, being synonymous with those extant in the Welsh dialect. Their lodge also differs in form and material from the ordinary tepé of deerskins stretched over poles, being constructed of wood covered with plaster, and a semi-circular roof, surmounted by a buffalo-skull for "good medicine."

Strange how this superstition of *medicine* is allied to the old auguries of ancient Rome, and enters equally into the daily life of these people; and stranger still that one tribe, the Navajoes, have our astronomical signs of Mars and Venus, which they paint on their babies' moccasins.

An Indian prowling round the willow-thickets comes to the bank, and shading his eyes, gazes stolidly at the boat, now rapidly nearing the Agency. The whistle has brought out the population *en masse*. What a stunning picture for Gérome; the semi-naked barbaric forms, in every pose, the bright bits of color, the ponies and dogs, relieved against the dull-gray adobe background, with a sunny sky over all.

This puts fashionable slumming entirely in the shade. Here you have the run of the tepés and lodges, and a stolid, staring savage at every step. In one lodge we found a semi-nude buck enjoying a smoke, a pot of excellent coffee on the hearth, and a goodly supply of grub, the latter augmented anon by the entrance of the squaw, wrapped in a blanket belted at the waist, carrying in her corsage a supply of beans, sugar, pork, etc. Some deer-meat hung outside, and a Henry rifle and cartridges testified to the wealth of the owner, who sported this Bostonian *menu* on the ground of particular "good medicine."

Frequent are the raids made on the Sioux hunting-grounds. For this purpose a bull-boat is used to cross the river; this is simply a circle of osiers covered with a buffalo-hide. The squaw paddles, the brave calmly holding the reins of the pony swimming behind, sometimes with the additional burden of a youngster hanging to its tail.

From this point to Fort Buford the prairie folds back its green curtains on either bank, fretted with winding creeks, shadowed by groves of cottonwood and box-alder, among which one gets a glimpse of an Indian grave, uplifting its decaying burden against the shifting spaces of the sky. O solitary dead in rifled coffin! O Viking of these stretching seas of grass! your restless conqueror seeks to glean even from your musty cerements that evidence of your storied past he should have gathered from you living.

To a certain extent the boats depend on game for fresh meat: antelope and deer—both white and black tail—with buffalo, mountain-sheep and bear in the upper river. The fusillade from the deck when game was sighted was simply terrific. My friend B—— had the reputation of bringing down the first antelope at 700 yards with his Winchester; his modest declaration that he was not aiming at it only procured him additional honors.

On the fourth morning we strike the Yellowstone, and halt at Fort Buford, opposite the mouth of that famous river. We tramp to old Fort Union, two miles distant, and await the boat, which is making a detour of twelve miles. This point was one of the American Fur Company's trading-posts, founded, I think, by Lewis and Clarke, long since deserted. The log buildings are monopolized by a few Mandans, one of which they refused to allow us to remain in or sketch. It was a council-lodge, about twenty feet in diameter, ornamented with beds with calico curtains. A pot of dog-meat was on the fire, and war-lances, etc., adorned the walls.

Now the river narrows considerably, the channel is more changeable and shallow, and swirls around islands of cottonwood and willow. Here begins the wall of the desert. Although the same formation has been visible since we left Bismarck, it has been of an isolated character, and more prone to the action of frost and water. Now it takes on a more massive front and rises to a height of 400 and 600 feet.

Geology shows that this was the shoreline of the prehistoric inland seas or lakes, a theory further verified by the abundant and unique fossil types found within its borders. The marvelous and incongruous collection of

forms that will now attract and enchant you are the result of erosion on the alkaline clays of the genuine American Desert.

This section of the Northwest has not yet received the attention it so richly merits and will amply repay, on account of Indian disturbances, but with the surrender of Sitting-Bull that question is happily and definitely settled, and science may look forward to a rich harvest hidden in the hollows of these Bad Lands.

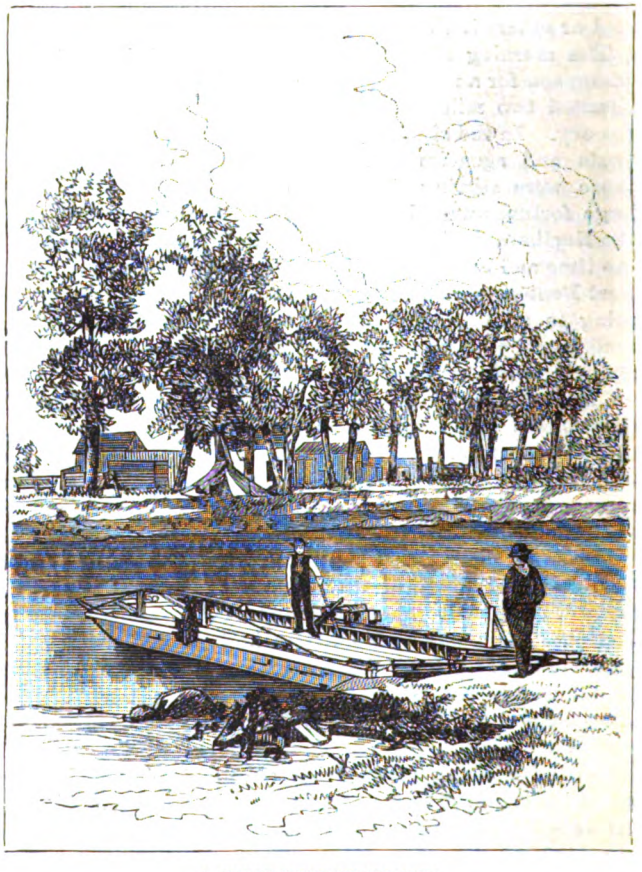
THE VALLEY OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

As Coleridge declared "a thing cannot be described in words," we must now call on art for assistance in describing the indescribable.

The desert-wall dips into prairie of an undulating character, with high clay banks fringed with willow and cottonwood. Now we are in the heart of the hostile Indian country, and promiscuous firing has been discontinued, lest a stray bullet might spend itself in a skulking red, and thereby form the "nucleus," as Mark Twain says, of trouble.

The pilot points out Harney's Bluff, where the *Fontenelle's* pilot, in 1875, while taking soundings, was fired at, some of the crew of the yawl killed, and the former escaped by swimming ashore with a gold watch in his mouth; and sweeping round the bend, we sight Deer-Tail's camp, picturesquely located on a high bluff overlooking the river. You cannot get an Indian to camp on a level

HELENA FROM THE SOUTH.



A FERRY NEAR MILES CITY.

TRAPPERS AND HALF-BREEDS TOWING A BOAT ON THE MISSOURI.

with water, possibly from past experiences with cloud-bursts. Yonder is a Fromentin ready to hand, only lacking the hawk—a group of Sioux with their gaudy trappings standing out on their ponies against the sky. How one feels now the highly rarefied air stirring the blood to joyance and vitality! how sharp and keenly defined are far-distant objects in the opaline air! And so we cautiously sweep around bends of the narrow river, and finally get stuck on a sandbank. Now is seen the philosophy of "the nigger"—the stout masts, swung from either bow, are lowered in the sand, and steam being applied, we are pushed over. When the river is low this operation is never-ending in some cases—even the freight has to be put ashore; and thus lightened, the bar is jumped and freight reshipped, an operation allowing a passenger all day for prospecting and hunting.

Our second clerk, desiring to make himself useful in an emergency, was requested to go and sit on the safety-valve. In response to the engineer's location thereof, he declared he wouldn't sit there for Captain M—— or any other man.

Word is passed to heave the lead, and the familiar cry rings out: "Four feet! three feet! three and a half!"—(Mark Twain.) Presently we strike a channel, the leads are taken in, the engineer of the boat gets the signal to go ahead, and so toward afternoon we tie up at Wolf Point.

At this point and Poplar Creek are the two largest Indian camps in existence, this one comprising 1,600 lodges, a forest of tepé-poles rising from a bench one and a half miles back from the river. These are the famous hostiles, remnants of the wily horde that brought Custer to his sad fate. Sitting-Bull was forty miles north, in Canada, but many of his principal lieutenants were here, and in active communication with him.

A race for a war-bonnet, valued at sixty-five cents, currency, was in progress. Broken-Arm, an Assiniboine chief, was the donor, and stood awaiting the howling, painted contestants. The whole scene was a page from Lewis and Clarke or Catlin's records. Joe Lambert, the interpreter, explained to the Indians the object of our visit; but when it came to photography or art, they covered their faces or sneaked away, fearing "bad medicine." When a photographer once before came up here, Lambert had to assume the responsibility that no evil results would follow the sun-pictures; fortunately for him, the ensuing hunt was a success, or he would have been held accountable for "bad medicine." We heard, a few weeks later, of Lambert's death at the hands of an Indian. Of the dance in the firelight, and other details of these red nomads, our space at present forbids.

At daybreak we file aboard and wait anxiously the chaos of pinnacles and fortress bastions that pierce the northern sky, and which we shall enter in a few hours. Scattered clusters of Indians are dotting the gray sage-brush on all sides, and a strange character of isolation and sterile solitude takes the place of the wide, grassy prairies of yesterday.

We drift into a cañon, intersected with lateral cañons of the alkaline clay formation, that simply beggars description. The walls are from 100 to 600 feet high, sculptured into every form imagination conjures up; cleft with pinnacles, domes, chimneys, battlements and fortress walls of this battlefield of the twin giants, Frost and Water. All hands were ashore as the boat tied up early for the night, and returned laden with wonderful fossils of snakes and fish and bivalve-shells found in the sagebrush bottom and along the cliffs or buttes; on the latter the soil was black, its sterility redeemed by tufts of a most exquisite white flower resembling the portulaca, with stephanotis perfume.

Looking across the narrow river, here unbroken in its calm, a few buffalo were browsing on the sage-brush benches, and, inclosing them in their mountain pasture, up rose the desert-wall with all its gnome-like forms and lonely heights darkly black against the palpitating ether of a sky lately cooled by rain; above and below shone forth the same grand wall, with luminous bastions and fretted pinnacles glorified in the declining sunset, that, shining, fused into rosy mist the dove-gray cohorts of the receding thunderstorm still lingering with muffled sobs in cloud-vailed hollows of this giant land.

The sculptured, marvelous wall keeps us company all next day, surfeiting one with surprises, until we strike the luxuriant valley of the Musselshell. The stream is here quite narrow, with thick willowy shores evenly graded by action of ice. What a verdant change from the scene of yesterday! Here I noted the barn-swallow, sand-martin, king-bird, and a variety of song-sparrow. Antelope and black-tail deer graced the table; elk, buffalo, and a solitary grizzly, were seen. Beaver and otter frequently splashed in the water—here, by-the-way, a few shades less muddy. Buffalo were making their annual migration southward.

In the pale distance we note the Little Rockies at sunrise. The character of the scenery is more rugged, with croppings of granite.

A "wood-hawk" states the Sioux and Crows had a fight yesterday up near Cow Island, and the Yankton Sioux are raiding the Judith Basin. Cow Island is the limit of navigation at low-water, freight being transported thence by bull-teams. Also it is the scene of General Miles's fight with the Nez Percé, Looking-Glass, in 1877. Here we enter a succession of lofty amphitheatres, which increase in beauty and grandeur as we leave Cow Island and inclose ourselves among the walls, literally crowded from base to summit with forms as wonderful as they are surprising. The only living thing observed here was a few mountain-sheep unconcernedly skipping about on the almost vertical face of the upper cliffs.

You know that wonderful poem of Poe's, "The City by the Sea," whose

> "—shrines and palaces and towers—
> Time-eaten towers, that tremble not—
> Resemble nothing that is ours.
> Around, by lifting winds forgot,
> Resignedly beneath the sky
> The melancholy waters lie."

It might most aptly be located in the scenes before you.

Emerging from these, we once more are refreshed by living green pastures sloping to the Bear-Paw Range, with gashes of snow on their northern flanks. Here I observed, near Drowned-Man's Rapids, ox-eye daisies, blue lupines, soap-plant, and white portulacas, before noted. At the rapids the current runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour; a "dead man" is got out, and all lend a helping hand to pull the boat over the rapids, and we enter the last and most extraordinary cañon of them all. The towering walls are covered with white sand relievos. For instance, yonder stands out a bit of Moorish architecture—a convent, with its square wall as seen in Florence; yonder, a fragment of an Egyptian temple; and, here a group of gigantic mushrooms, with busts and profiles simply numberless. Here, silhouetted against the radiant sky, are crouching mountain-lions, terrier-dogs begging, cups, arrow and lance heads, gigantic fungi and architectural suggestions without number

—a perfect kaleidoscope of plastic marvels wrought out in this vast, solitary studio by the great sculptors, Frost and Water. And we have not mentioned Hole-in-the-Wall, or the Citadel and the Steamboat Rocks — the latter formation, with its smokestacks, etc., most picturesque. Anon comes the rosy, lingering twilight and the rising moon.

Weird and unreal under the blaze of noon, the indefinite moonlight throws a glamour of eery enchantment over the gigantic forms that melt into one another under the gray silence of the Summer night. Hark! from afar cries the restless tenant of the desert, the coyote; and the frighted beaver splashes in the glimmering flood. In the deep, wide and cloudless sky the stars stretch forth their twinkling cordons, and the moon takes up her story: the pinnacles and domes of chaos recede in the purpling hollows of the night closing in awful silence on the giant land.

Glancing over the foregoing pages, I feel how imperfectly and feebly I have fulfilled my task in describing its scenes, and can only add that the lover of Nature—scientist, artist, or convalescent—is here afforded such visions and memories of beauty as will permeate "life's dull stream." On the eleventh day we reach Fort Benton, girded in its river-hollow by the Musselshell range on one side, and on the other by the prairie wastes stretching through the Sun River and Marias Valleys to the icy confines of the Arctic seas.

THE CROCODILE'S FRIEND.

In the case of the great saurian of the Nile, all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay; and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (*trochilos*) which eats the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who long resided in Egypt, and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct, in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover (*Pluvianus Ægyptius*), flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great saurian in innumerable swarms, and, entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies. That curious friendship exists between animals widely different from each other in form and habit is well known to naturalists; we may instance the case of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, which are often attended by little birds known as rhinoceros birds, which feed on the ticks and other parasites that infest these beasts, and which serve as well to warn them of approaching danger; the great pachyderms fully understand the bird's warning, and doubtless appreciate its good offices.

TWO GREAT ROYAL FAMILIES

Queen Victoria is in the thirty-second generation from Alfred the Great, and in the twenty-sixth from William the Conqueror, so that, in other words, King Alfred, of burnt-cake renown, is the great, great, etc. (thirty times repeated), grandfather of Her Gracious Majesty, and William the Conqueror the great, great, etc. (twenty-four times repeated), grandfather. Another point is in connection with the Danish royal family. Few monarchs can boast of such illustrious grandchildren as King Christian IX. of Denmark. Five out of his six children are married and have families. The eldest sons of each of these families are the prospective monarchs of Denmark, Greece, the British Empire, Russia, and Hanover. It is a fact without parallel in history, I fancy, for any King to be the grandfather of two prospective Emperors and three prospective Kings.

A HAUNTED CASTLE.

By Keningale Cook.

A castle, now turned convent, caps a brow
Where shining sprays the olive interweaves,
Named from a legend no one half believes:
For who has faith in old-time wonders now?
A stranger sits beneath a great gnarled bough
And muses half asleep, till dream deceives
His surlier sense, while glamour's spectral thieves
Dart in and shift the scenes, he knows not how.

Before his eyes a mirage is outspread:
The storied miracle, disclosed anew,
Takes breathing shape, with bursts of life is born:
Now the ghosts live again this long while dead,
Faces are seen, a cry the groves strikes through;
By mortal tragedy the air is torn.

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.

Mr. Beauchamp was one of your unsuccessful men, of whom the world is full—men who never seem to have energy to push forward, and without any such striking merit as to command attention. They are constantly outstripped, and undertake everything in a half-hearted way that insures failure at the very start.

Poor Beauchamp! At sixty he was a nervous, dejected old person, with six grown-up daughters—all unmarried—and twenty-five hundred dollars a year. He was in mortal fear, too, of being superannuated and sent about his business, to make way for somebody with more influence.

His house cost him five hundred a year. He knew it ought only to have cost him half; but he had tried houses at two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and had had to pay the difference in cures for colds and omnibuses and shoe-leather. Moreover, provisions are dearer in the suburbs than in town. There remained two thousand a year, minus income tax and other taxes, to clothe, feed, warm and cherish nine persons. The thing might have been done, save for the doctors; but Mrs. Beauchamp was always ailing. The youngest daughter had a delicate chest, another had met with an accident which made her lame from infancy; three of the rest had to be sent to school. It would never do to leave the girls quite without accomplishments, and their mother was no longer able to teach them. Rosamond, the eldest, a resolute young lady of twenty-seven, with calm, steadfast eyes and a face habitually pale, remained at home, and was the angel of the house. She had made her sisters' pinafores when they were younger; now she cut out their dresses and bonnets, turning her nimble fingers to anything. Her needle was for ever in her hand when she was not busy with other duties. It was Miss Rosamond who kept the one servant within reasonable bounds, and persuaded her to put on a white apron

FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.—SCENE AT A STATION.—SEE PAGE 214.

when she served dinner. It was Miss Rosamond, again, who made a toothsome dish out of nothing, when her weary, dispirited father came back from his office overladen with thoughts and cares.

She would sing the ballads that he loved when a youth full of energy and ambition; she would talk to him so brightly of hope and happiness, that now and then the smiles would come back to his poor old faded face, and his worn-out heart would be warmed back to gladness.

She was her mother's nurse, too, and her weak sister's nurse, and she had bought quite a pretty crutch for her lame sister out of the price given for some empty bottles which were the most precious things left to the Beauchamps by the colonel, when he went his way to another world congratulating himself on having done so well for his son.

But it was all in vain; the family continued to grow poorer and poorer. There were nine mouths to feed—eight human beings who felt hungry two or three times every day; and it is the absolute necessaries of life which cost money nowadays. A rich man can cut down his expenses; a poor man cannot. Luxuries may be suppressed, but not appetite.

Rosamond, as might have been expected, was the first to take a common-sense view of the awkward position in which they were placed when the coal-bill had remained six weeks unpaid one severe Winter. She did not say anything, save to her mother, with whom she took quiet counsel; but she answered an advertisement for a governess, and engaged herself for a year to teach all she knew. Then she packed up such few things as she wanted in an old box, which she managed to make look presentable, and kissed her father, with her prim little black silk bonnet on, ready to start.

The proud head of the gentleman drooped as he took leave of her; but she and her mother were of one mind, and gossiped and kissed away as women will the sharp pang that it gave him to see his darling go among strangers. Then the thing was done.

Happily, employment is easily had nowadays. Rosamond's lines fell in pleasant places. She was her mother's pupil, when Mrs. Beauchamp had health and strength to teach, and so had been educated in the best manner. She could puzzle many a schoolboy in historical knowledge. She was great at facts and dates. She spoke and wrote good English, much better than that in use at our colleges, and she was a musician of no common excellence. She could draw and paint, too, in a ladylike way, and had a fair conversational acquaintance with the more popular sciences. Above all, she had the art of teaching and of making herself respected and beloved.

Every Sunday she came home, and every quarter-day she left her golden coin in her mother's frail hand, taking her silent blessing in return. Mr. Beauchamp did not know of that little arrangement; there are holy secrets among women which must needs be kept; but he felt that things went on easier to him, as an overburdened horse may feel when an unseen shoulder is put to the wheel behind him. The coal-bill seemed to dwindle miraculously, nothing was heard of the cost of cod-liver oil for Alice, or of the extras charged in the school-bills for Mary and Jane. By-and-by, too, Rosamond's salary was increased, and her contributions grew larger as the rich people with whom she lived appreciated her more and more. She managed to give five hundred dollars

FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

and a gold bracelet, which had been a present to her on her birthday, when her sister Jane married a young physician, who fell in love with her while in professional attendance on the family.

Fortunately, the Beauchamps could not afford a medical man of more experience. For her own part, she had renounced all thoughts of marriage when she had gone away from her father's house. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why she prospered. She aroused no jealousies; she excited no rivalries; she was never in the way of her pupils or their friends. She dressed with a certain determined plainness which was without pretension, and wore neither ornaments nor curls. She was very comely, but it was the comeliness of a Quakeress, prim, staid and reserved, though she was never ascetic or obtrusive in her self-denial. Her words were always sweet, but they were few.

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.—"SHE HAD MADE HER SISTERS' PINAFORES WHEN THEY WERE YOUNGER; NOW SHE CUT OUT THEIR BONNETS AND DRESSES—TURNING HER NIMBLE FINGERS TO ANYTHING."—SEE PAGE 219.

Possibly this peculiarity, which is precious in woman, may have struck Job Sheepskin, the great equity lawyer, who had been at Winchester with her father, for he got

into a way of sidling up to her when he dined, as he did oftener and oftener, at the house where she lived. No doubt he would have married her if she would have had him; but she had a fine womanly instinct for the proprieties, and brought him to his senses one Summer afternoon, when he had called early to make his offer.

It is seldom, however, even in this hard world, that self-sacrifice and steady good conduct go unrewarded; and a marvelous day came at last for the Beauchamps when Job Sheepskin's will was opened, and it was found he had left the whole of a successful barrister's fortune to brave Rosamond.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

Chapter I.

A house brightly lighted from top to bottom—outside, the rain falling in torrents—inside, rooms a great deal too warm, polished floor, and the heavy scent of violets and tuberoses everywhere.

Everybody is at Mrs. Darrell's ball to-night, and everybody is happy; at least in appearance, for Mrs. Darrell is the most accomplished of hostesses. No "ghastly row of unattended maids" adorns her walls, nor is any *blasé* society-man forced to dance who is wearied of that amusement.

Sweetest music inspires those who *do* love to "tread a measure," while the dimly lit conservatory invites anything from the mildest flirtation up to real love-making.

But accidents will ever happen at the most inopportune moments, and to-night something goes wrong with the pipes in the ladies' dressing-room, and the escaping gas pervades the whole house. In this extremity Charlie is sent in hot haste for the plumber, which grieves that youth to the soul, for he misses a waltz with the girl of his heart.

The plumber, that useful but not inexpensive person, arrives promptly, and is shown up to the scene of the disaster, to the extreme consternation of the young lady who is having her white satin boots buttoned as he enters.

"The gentlemen's dressing-room is across the hall," says one of the maids, politely, looking only at the very nice clothes of the young man, and not at the tools in his hand.

"I am the plumber," he answers, smiling. "I believe this is the room where the gas is escaping."

"Isn't he an awfully handsome plumber, though!" whispers Satin-boots, recovering from her embarrassment, to a tall girl who is making good use of the powder-puff before the mirror.

"Yes, he is," replied the other, glancing at him; "and see what a stylish coat he has on, Nellie. I thought plumbers always wore cardigan jackets, didn't you?"

"Here, you girls, do stop prinking and come on," cries a voice from the hall, and catching up fans and bouquets, the damsels hurry away.

They were very soon followed by the attendant Abigails, who, considering their duties over for the present, go to have a peep at the dancing through the back window.

Left to himself, the plumber laid down his tools, and going to the long mirror, gazed gravely at the reflection.

"Yes, I do think I look rather like a gentleman," he says. Then, with a laugh: "But, on my word, I don't see why that little girl should have been so covered with confusion when she thought I was one, and then regained her equanimity so completely when I stood revealed in all my charms as a plumber."

This plumber was a very handsome young fellow, and much too blue-blooded in appearance for a squire of such low degree. Tall and well-made, with a fine head, clear, dark skin, and jet-black hair and mustache, his face was given a peculiar charm by a pair of the most beautiful dark-blue eyes imaginable.

He had naturally a sad, romantic expression, too, which much enhanced his appearance in the eyes of a young lady, who, arriving very late, just at this moment opened the door.

The young lady, wrapped from head to foot in a long white opera-cloak, looked so lovely that the plumber stood perfectly still and stared at her, at which she blushed, and said, confusedly:

"Oh, I thought this was the ladies'—why"—seeing the unmistakably feminine wrappings strewn in every direction—"this is the ladies' room."

"Excuse me," he interrupts, bowing with the air of a prince. "You are in quite the right place. I am an intruder here. I came only to mend the gaspipe, which has broken in the most untimely manner."

"Oh, yes," she replies, smiling beautifully; "I thought it odd for them to have lamps in here. But how kind it is of you to try and remedy the evil."

"Kind of me!" he thinks, wonderingly. "Why, she actually takes me for an obliging guest. By George! I won't undeceive her!"

Then, turning to her with a smile:

"You are late, are you not? I would not have ventured upon this enchanted ground had I not thought that every one had come who was coming."

"Yes, I am late," she answers, with another charming smile. "I have been to the opera, you see."

"Indeed, you——" he begins.

But that sentence is destined never to be finished, for, as the fair maiden passes him in going to the mirror, the long silken fringe on her cloak catches in the button on his sleeve, and there it sticks.

He pulls and twists, and in every way tries to release it, but in vain.

Then they look at each other and laugh. Unavoidably, she is standing rather close to him, and the roses at her waist are so sweet, and her great dark eyes shine so, that our friend, the plumber, is rather off his head, and doesn't make very violent efforts to disentangle the refractory fringe.

"What a bungler you are!" she says, at last. "I see a pair of scissors over there. Let us cut this Gordian knot."

"Oh, no!" he answers. "It would be too bad to do that; indeed, I will get it out in another minute."

Here a knock at the door, and a pleading voice says:

"Miss Maude, I don't want to hurry you, but the German has begun."

"There, do you hear? Quick, get the scissors, and let me go."

"No," he says, "you are my prisoner. I won't release you without a ransom."

"What do you mean," impatiently.

"One of those roses," he says, hurriedly, "and——"

"Oh, certainly," smiling again; "and I'll be generous, and give you a waltz also whenever you ask for it."

"You promise," he answers, eagerly—"you promise to give me a waltz whenever I ask for it?"

"I promise!" cries the clear, sweet voice.

And with a little nod and a last bewitching smile, she is gone.

The opening door lets in a burst of gay music, and the happy murmur of many voices. It closes. All is again

silent, and the plumber stands gazing sentimentally at the red rose in his hand.

* * * * * *

"What!" cries Maude, with almost a scream. "Nellie, you must be mistaken."

The two girls are standing side by side, their light dresses held closely to them to prevent their being torn or trodden by the usual crowd in the supper-room.

In the distance they can see their own escorts struggling manfully in the confusion around the table, one with a well-earned cup of coffee held high above his head, the other waving an empty plate, which he tries vainly to fill at the risk of having his immaculate dress-coat covered indiscriminately with chicken-salad, ice-cream and champagne-punch.

Meanwhile Maude has just related her thrilling adventure in the dressing-room.

"Indeed I am not mistaken," replies Nellie. "I thought he was a gentleman, too, till he said himself he was the plumber. Sadie was in there, too. She will tell you the same thing."

"Oh, Nellie! And I gave him a rose, and I——"

Here she stops suddenly, while Nellie burst into a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, Maude, how perfectly *ridiculous!* It was bad enough to *talk* to him, but to give him a rose —oh, it's the best joke I *ever* heard! If he had been a butcher or a milkman, or *anything* but a plumber——"

"Do stop, Nellie," says poor Maude, who can but laugh herself, though she is filled with woe; "you don't know how *awfully* I feel about it. Oh, dear, it's a judgment on me for saying anything to a strange man!"

"So it is," answers Nellie, trying hard to suppress a giggle. "But, Maude, I wonder if he'll wear that rose to-morrow while he *plumbs?* I suppose he'll press it in a section of lead pipe, and keep it for ever in memory of you. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, how was I to know he was a plumber?" says Maude, desperately. "He did say something about the gaspipe, but he was so handsome and well-dressed that—any one would have thought as I did!"

"Ah, I see!" replies Nellie, solemnly. "Another case of love at first sight—truly romantic! I shall be very sorry, Maude, to see you wedded to a——"

"Hush this minute!" cries Maude, "or I declare I'll —I'll——"

"There, never mind, dear, I won't tease you any more. Look! here at last come our suppers; two fried oysters and coffee for you; a plate of orange ice and a sandwich for me! My goodness! do you suppose that's *all* they could capture?"

Chapter II.

It is Saturday afternoon, and though only five o'clock; the cold, drizzling rain which is falling makes it appear much later.

Standing in the door of a large drygoods house, her hands full of parcels, is a young lady who looks anxiously down the street for a car.

At last one appears. She signals wildly, then walks rapidly out into the street, and mounting the platform, steps on the hem of her gossamer waterproof, and falls headlong into the arms of a young man who is getting into the car from the other side.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Ah, I hope you are not hurt! May I——"

Then he stops suddenly, and Maude, seating herself, looks up to find the *plumber* the only other occupant of the car.

Perhaps no other girl ever blushed more deeply or looked more confused than did Maude, as she cast down her eyes again, while he lifted his hat respectfully and sat down opposite to her.

He wore a long dark overcoat and a round black cap, and looked more like a gentleman than ever.

Maude knew that his eyes were fixed on her, though she did not dare to raise her own.

She thought of the scene in the dressing-room at Mrs. Darrell's, of the rose she had given this plumber with such an air, and then she felt an uncontrollable inclination to laugh.

She shifted her position quickly, and looked out of the window; no use; in another moment she was shaking with suppressed laughter, her handkerchief pressed over her mouth. "That horrid creature" evidently knew it, for he leaned toward her and said:

"Miss Harrison"—actually the wretch knew her name—"will you allow me to say one word to you?"

Heavens! what might he not say to her? Though still far from her destination, she raised her hand to pull the bell-strap.

"Don't do that," said the plumber, quickly, springing from his seat; "is it possible that you are afraid of me? Then let me leave the car."

Maude looked up at him as he stood towering above her, his face flushed, her beautiful eyes sparkling with anger, and then—well, then she clasped her hands in her lap and said:

"What is it you want to say to me?"

"I wanted to apologize to you, Miss Harrison, for my presumption in taking advantage of your ignorance of my—ahem!—my—er—calling, to speak to you as I did at Mrs. Darrell's——"

"It was, if anything, more presumptuous in you to speak to me on this occasion," answered Maude, with tremendous dignity, which sat so ill on her lovely, childish face, that the plumber, though he looked very much mortified, was obliged to cough quickly to conceal a smile.

He was about to speak to her again, but the car had now reached her corner, and without looking at him again she pulled the bell, and got off. The plumber got off, too, and walked close behind her.

She turned around once and saw him, which frightened her a little, but her house being close at hand, she quickened her steps, and when she reached her own gate, her anger overcoming her dignity, she turned round quickly, and said, with flashing eyes:

"You are following me?"

"Yes," he answered, coolly, "that's evident."

"How *dare* you do it?"

"Well, because there were two drunken fellows on the corner who would have followed you if I hadn't, and, under any circumstances, it is too late for you to be out alone."

"Your insolence has shown me that it is, sir!" exclaimed Maude, scarcely able to articulate from anger and mortification. "Never presume to speak to or even look at me again!"

She flew up the steps, slamming the door behind her.

The plumber stepped back, and looked up at the windows.

"What a bewitching little girl she is!" he said. "I never saw such eyes and hair. How furious she was with me! No wonder. What must she have thought of a plumber's daring to speak to her with such freedom! By George! in the street-car I was pretty near giving up the—— However, I'll keep on now or die!"

It is one week later, and the night of the Artillery Ball, so long anticipated by the gilded youth of B——.

The long rain seems to be over, for to-night the full moon shines clear, and the air is mild and balmy.

Up the broad steps of the armory an unending stream of gayly-dressed maskers go. As carriage after carriage drives up and deposits its merry load, the crowd of rather dingy humanity which presses against the ropes gives vent to its admiration in loud and effusive cheers.

"Disgraceful, I call it!" says a severe dame in a calico sunbonnet. "All them men with nothing but stockings on, and the gals not much better with their dresses up to their knees."

Then, as a kilted Highlander makes his appearance, she gives a scream of horror, and vanishes in the darkness.

Inside, the scene is varied and brilliant beyond description; and a charming spirit of freedom, caused by the concealing masks, pervades the whole gay assembly.

Here a jeweled and glittering duchess thinks it not at all beneath her to make eyes at a handsome Pippo, with his sheepskin and crook. There a meek nun is whirling in the giddy waltz with his Satanic Majesty himself, horns and tail complete.

All is the gayest, brightest confusion. Nay, there is one exception—a tall young man, clad all in black velvet, who leans against a pillar, gazing with watchful eyes at the moving multitude.

Very fine eyes these are, and "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" as eyes can be; the rest of his face is hidden by the black velvet mask.

Evidently he is trying to recognize some masker; presumably one of the fair sex, and he has eyes for her alone.

Entirely unheeded are the many bright glances cast in his direction, for his fine figure, handsome costume and melancholy mien have attracted much attention.

All at once he starts and looks around. A young girl, in a beautiful but unobtrusive dress, is moving down the ballroom toward him.

The long train of her white satin robe hangs over her arm; at her waist is a great cluster of deep-red roses, the only spot of color amidst her pure white draperies.

"It is she," says the strange young man, softly. "I could not mistake *her*."

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.—"THEN SHE PACKED UP SUCH FEW THINGS AS SHE WANTED, AND KISSED HER FATHER, WITH HER PRIM LITTLE BLACK SILK BONNET ON, READY TO START."—SEE PAGE 219.

The next instant he is by her side, and says, quietly:

"This is my dance, I think."

For a moment she looks at him curiously. Then her eyes fairly blaze. She draws her breath quickly, but controlling herself, she answers, icily:

"I am engaged for this dance, and for every other this evening."

"You had an engagement with Charlie Darrell for this. I heard him say so," replies the young man, unabashed. "But two minutes ago he was helped out of the room dead drunk, so you are free."

"And if I am"—disdainfully—"do you suppose I would dance with *you?*"

"I shall assuredly aspire to that honor, for it was promised me, if you recollect, not very long since," replied the young man.

She starts, then looks up at him almost pleadingly.

"And will you insist upon my fulfilling a promise which I never would have made if I had known——"

"Ah, can you not forget for one moment what I am? If you could know how, ever since I first saw you, I have—— I *cannot* give you this waltz!"

He looks down at her, all his soul in his eyes.

Maude says nothing—surely she ought to keep her promise. How handsome he was, and his voice—how low and sweet! How can this splendid creature be a *plumber?*—horrible thought! No, it will never do. She must be firm, and get rid of him at once.

At this moment the music begins again—one of Strauss's sweetest waltzes—and before Maude can say him nay, the plumber's arm is around her, and she finds herself waltzing with the best dancer she has ever seen.

Several hours later, when the throng of weary revelers is slowly descending the broad stairway, one cloaked and hooded damsel leans over to another, and whispers: "Maude, who was that splendid-looking fellow in black velvet? You were the only girl he danced with, and he never unmasked."

A MODERN ROMANCE.—"AS THE FAIR DAMSEL PASSES HIM IN GOING TO THE MIRROR, THE LONG, SILKEN FRINGE ON HER CLOAK CATCHES IN THE BUTTON ON HER SLEEVE, AND THERE IT STICKS."—SEE PAGE 222.

"Oh, don't talk to me, Nellie! I'm so tired, and I feel *dreadfully*, anyhow."

And the usually sweet-tempered Maude leaves her friend lost in amazement at this uncalled-for pettishness.

Chapter III.

Three weeks have passed since the night of the Artillery Ball, and Maude, as she sits by the fire in her own pretty room, her cheek leaning pensively on her hand, is reviewing the many and strange events which have occurred during that time.

Very sweet she looks in her soft-blue morning-dress, with her long hair hanging in two heavy braids over the arm of the big easy-chair, in which her little figure lies nestled.

But the fair face is troubled, and there is an unhappy look in the soft dark eyes. That everlasting plumber is the subject of her unwilling thoughts.

Fate seems to have thrown them together in the most extraordinary way. Twice they met in the street-cars, and thereafter Maude shunned those useful conveyances. Another time a sudden shower caused her to take refuge in a cobbler's little shop—there was the omnipresent plumber also! Once he had caught her from under the very hoofs of a runaway horse. Again, when the overflowing gutter had formed a lake at the crossing, and she stood wondering whether a flying leap would take her over, the plumber suddenly appeared from nowhere, bearing a short plank, on which she had crossed in safety.

At night, too, unless it was very cold, she would see the graceful and now well-known figure leaning in his favorite attitude against a lamp-post, and gazing sentimentally up at her window.

All this devotion could not fail to have some effect on so young and so romantic a girl as Maude. She had had several lovers in her short life, but had remained fancy free.

Now she scarcely understood why this man was never absent from her thoughts. In vain she ridiculed his occupation—nothing is so adverse to the growth of love as to make its object ridiculous; she could not, for her life, reconcile his appearance, his conversation, or anything else about him, with his low estate.

At last came the crisis. One beautiful sunny afternoon she strolled out alone to the Park. Seating herself on a bench in a secluded spot, she remained lost in thought for nearly an hour. At length, feeling somewhat chilled, she roused herself, and looking up, met the dark-blue eyes of the plumber, who stood at a little distance, gazing fixedly at her.

She rose to flee, but before she could move he was beside her, and seizing her arm, swore she should not go until he bade her.

Then came such a declaration of love as had never reached Maude's ears before—such pleading words, such ardent glances, such prayers for one kind look from eyes that were dearer to him than heaven, that the bewildered girl—her heart with her lover, her reason against him—was almost won over.

Summoning all her pride, of which she had a good store, she gave him so scornful an answer, alluding, with curling lip, to his "despicable" occupation, as she termed it, that the hot blood mounted to his hair, and turning on his heel, without another word he left her.

That was a week ago, and she had not seen him since.

At first she tried to persuade herself that she was glad to be rid of his persecutions, but a sleepless night or two taught her the unwelcome truth—she loved the plumber!

And now this bright morning she sat and recalled over and over again every word he had ever said to her; then, raising her arms above her head, the poor child cried:

"I don't care what he is. I don't care if he begs on the street-corners. I love him dearly!"

At this moment the door opens, and a voice says:

"Right in dar, sir; dat's de room. And de gaspipe on de right-hand side ob de bureau is de one dat's broken."

Maude starts from her chair, and her heart gives a wild beat as the plumber enters the room.

He lays down his box of tools, and then says, slowly:

"Your father left an order at our place this morning; another man had been ordered to come here, but I managed to exchange with him. I could not resist the chance of seeing you once more."

Maude does not speak; but her mouth quivers, and her eyes are full of tears.

The plumber turns pale as death, and coming closer to her he says, excitedly:

"You are weeping. Is it possible—— Maude, can it be that you love me a little, after all?"

"Yes," she cries. "Can't you see I do? I love you!"

In an instant the plumber's arms are around her.

"My darling, my angel, this is more than I deserve! Oh, my heart's dearest, you are not giving up so much as in your generous soul you think——"

Down-stairs some one calls: "Maude, where are you?"

With one trembling little hand she draws a sparkling ring from her finger.

"Take it," she says. "It will prove that I love you. Papa is calling. You must let me go!"

"One kiss," he whispers; and again his arms close round her.

At this exciting moment the door opens again. Enter Major Harrison, a short, stout gentleman, of very irascible temper.

At the sight of his daughter clasped in the arms of the plumber whom he had just sent up, the major draws his own conclusions.

"You scoundrel!" he roars, seizing the nearest thing he saw, which was luckily only a roll of papers tied with a string, and aiming a blow at the plumber. "Here, Sam, come hold this low dog while I beat him to death!"

Sam, the negro servant, needs no second invitation, but rushing in from the hall, lays hold of the unfortunate from behind, but finds that he has caught a Tartar, for the young fellow, in spite of his two assailants, nearly succeeds in freeing himself, when the diamond ring he holds drops to the floor.

At this point Maude, who has been frantically begging her father to desist, but who in the noise of the battle has not even been heard, falls to the floor also, in a dead faint.

The plumber sees her faint, and cries:

"Do what you will with me, but first look after your daughter."

Here, fortunately, Mrs. Harrison, who has been attracted from her housekeeping in the lower regions by the unusual sounds, comes in, and goes to Maude's relief.

She is followed almost immediately by a policeman, whom some one had called as he was sauntering placidly by the door.

This functionary solemnly inquires the cause of the tumult, and when Maude slowly regains her senses, she sees her lover standing in the middle of the room, with

Sam close beside him, while her father, holding the ring, is telling the policeman how this villain of a plumber had assaulted his daughter in order to steal her valuable jewel, etc., etc.

The policeman evidently thinks the case plainly proved, for, taking the young man's arm, he tells him gruffly to "come on."

The plumber says not a word; he does not even look at poor little Maude, who, agitated by a thousand different feelings, hesitates for a moment.

Then rising all trembling from her mother's arms, she says, faintly:

"Papa, wait one minute; he did not steal the ring. I gave it to him."

Tableau!

Then the major, purple in the face, thunders:

"What do you mean, girl?"

"Let me speak, sir," says the accused, stepping forward, and giving Maude an eloquent look; "it is time this general misunderstanding was cleared up. You, Major Harrison, have long been a friend of William Carroll, the President of the ——— Railroad. I am his son."

Utter amazement is visible on every face, for this is the name of a man noted as much for his widespread benevolence as for his enormous wealth.

The astonishing young man continues:

"Some time ago I was patching up a broken gaspipe, at the request of my mother, to serve until a new one could be put in. One of my friends stood looking on, and when I had finished he complimented me on my skill; for," modestly, "I always had a turn for things of that sort. Then he made me a foolish bet that I could not get employment as a plumber's assistant, and remain in that employment a week. Eager for any excitement, I accepted the bet, came to this city the next day, and had the good luck to find an obliging plumber, who took me for a week on trial. The same night I was sent up to Mrs. Darrell's; she was giving an entertainment. I saw your daughter there, and loved her from the moment I saw her. I happened to be standing on the other side of the door where"—looking at Maude with a smile—"she was stationed during supper, and heard her express her horror at having unwittingly spoken to me as a gentleman. And in that instant I resolved to win her love, if possible, in my assumed character. I need not say now what means I used to gain this end; suffice it to say that her sweet and generous heart triumphed over her pride, and when you saw her in my arms, she had just made me the happiest man on earth by telling me that she loved me a little in return for my heart's devotion. And now, if she will pardon my counterfeiting, I have only to entreat, sir, that you will give her to me, that my whole life may prove to her how dearly I love her," he concluded.

After this long and rather melodramatic speech on the part of the whilom plumber, it is almost unnecessary to say anything more. However, it may be added that this same pretty speech won over Maude's mother entirely, but would not, perhaps, have excused his masquerading escapade in the eyes of the major had it not been backed by General Carroll's millions.

As for Maude, when the whole story leaked out she became the heroine of the hour, and her bosom friend Nellie, when she came flying up to congratulate her, said, with the utmost gravity:

"Really and truly, Maudie, I knew he was a prince in disguise all the time!"

KING COTTON AT NEW YORK.

By Oscar W. Riggs.

While Cotton may not be so absolute a monarch as in former times—while he may be compelled to divide the honors with competitors annually growing stronger through a larger appropriation of territory devoted to agriculture—yet he is still unquestionably one of the leading powers in the realm of commerce—a power that has had in the past a large share in shaping the destiny of the Great Republic, and which will not cease to exercise a marked influence on the national life for centuries to come. Everybody recalls how the blockade of the Southern ports during the war led England and France to look askance at the North, because thousands of persons in both countries were dependent on the cotton manufacture for a livelihood, and the war shut off the supply of raw material from our Southern States. One-sixth of the population of England, it was estimated, depended upon this industry for bread, and the distress among the operatives soon became so great, that committees for their relief were organized and large sums were subscribed. As early as December, 1862, fully 500,000 persons were dependent upon English relief committees for support. New York was prompt to respond to the call of charity, as she usually is, and in that month subscribed $109,000; while in January, 1863, she sent to Liverpool a relief-ship laden with provisions. But all the while there was a clamor in Europe, and especially in England and France, against the blockade of the Southern ports, and an intervention between the combatants would have been very popular in either country. Prince Albert, however, is said to have advised Queen Victoria never to consent to any interference in the struggle, and certainly England refrained from any overt recognition of the Confederacy; she remained at least nominally neutral, and Napoleon III. schemed in vain. Still, so great was the clamor in Europe at the blockade of the Southern ports, that it produced a decided impression in this country, and it was understood at the time that General Banks's expedition to the Red River region, in 1863, was not only to open up the Mississippi to navigation, but to liberate some 2,000,000 bales of cotton that were believed to be stored in the interior, and with which foreign discontent might be appeased.

The value of the staple was greatly affected by the fluctuations in the mighty struggle, or by any event likely to affect it. For instance, when it became known in New York, in November, 1862, that Captain Wilkes, in command of the frigate *San Jacinto*, had intercepted the British mail steamer *Trent* on her way from Havana to Southampton, and taken from on board Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Confederate Commissioners to England and France, the value of the great staple, in the momentary expectation of a war with England, became nominal. All the great battles had likewise a pronounced effect on this branch of industrial life. Happily those days of war and rumors of war are past; the heroic struggle which each side waged for what it believed to be the right is finished, and time is dulling the sharp animosities of other days, and binding the two sections of our

country in a more and more indissoluble union as years roll on.

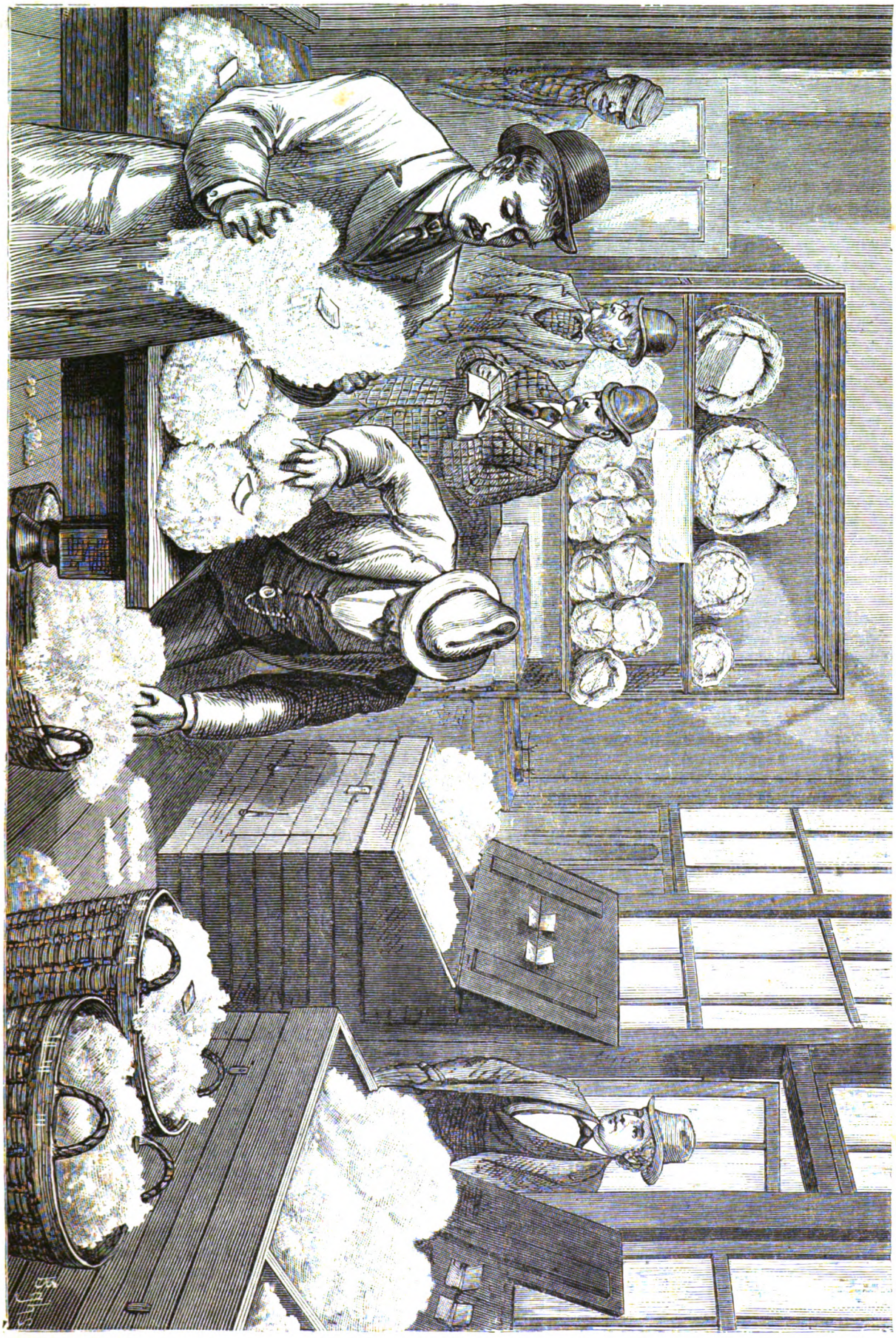
History cannot recollect when cotton was first cultivated; it is first mentioned by Herodotus 450 years B. C. Arabs, Greeks, and Romans, became acquainted with it in later ages; but India was the seat of the industry long before it was known in the Western portion of the world. Cotton cloth was to India what woolen goods were to Italy, Spain, Greece and Palestine, or flaxen fabrics to Egypt, or silks to China, or what hempen cloth was to Northern Europe in later times. In the cotton culture the United States now have the place once held by India; the best quality and the largest quantity comes from American plantations.

New York is the chief Northern emporium of the trade; its wealth, its facilities for transacting the business, its fine harbor, and its vast shipping, give it an undeniable advantage. No small portion of the mercantile community here are engaged in the traffic directly or indirectly.

The great rendezvous of the cotton merchants is the Cotton Exchange, a handsome brown-stone edifice, on Hanover Square, where the brokers assemble daily. "Seats," or certificates of membership, cost $3,000, and 450 members are enrolled. Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Greeks, are on the floor transacting business daily, and their presence illustrates in some measure the universality of this commerce.

THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE, HANOVER SQUARE.

The spinning-jenny of Arkwright and the cotton-gin of Whitney, both invented late in the last century, and both the occasion of riots among workingmen fearful of being deprived of a living, have, of course, made the cotton



ENGLISH BUYERS SAMPLING COTTON.

traffic what it is to-day; and moreover, made such a scene possible.

Here at noon we see merchants eagerly scanning the bulletins announcing the state of trade in Liverpool, where, owing to the marked difference in the time between the two great ports—about four hours and a half—the business is now practically finished for the day. As the broker reads the news from Bombay it is noon here, but in the great East Indian mart, 11,500 miles away, it is already midnight. This news from abroad is apt to have great weight in deciding the prices here, though the dispatches from Manchester and Havre have likewise their due influence. The reports from the South often create excitement around the ring where the brokers assemble and trade in "futures," or cotton, for future delivery. The news as to the state of the growing crops in the critical season, July, is watched very carefully; too much rain, or a drought, or the appearance of caterpillars of the cotton-worm, which damage the crop in some seasons to the extent of millions of dollars, is apt to cause a marked advance in prices; as, of course, a yellow fever epidemic always does.

Then the brokers gathered about the nickel-plated ring with a fountain in the centre test their lung-power to the utmost. A decided decrease in the receipts of cotton at the great Southern marts will also at times start a tumult that would make Broadway at its noisiest spot seem almost quiet. Favorable reports as to the probable yield, whether received from the South or from the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, or a marked increase in the quantity being marketed at the South, cause lower prices, and another uproar.

Some persons have expressed surprise, by-the-way, that brokers should shout so much; but the reason is a perfectly good one—they shout because it is necessary to make themselves heard. Hundreds of brokers assemble at an exchange for the sake of convenience; otherwise they would be obliged to pay innumerable visits to each other's offices, a task that in time becomes impracticable. But once in the board-room, each broker calling out his bids or his prices is obliged to shout, because hundreds of others are calling out at the same time. In this way the Babel of sounds is produced which is heard on all the business exchanges; it often becomes a mere matter of who has the loudest voice. Stock-brokers have been known to train their voices under medical advice for the vocal contest in their particular chamber of horrors; but oftentimes it would seem that the cotton-brokers might put their brethren of Wall Street to the blush as feeble chirpers beside stentors.

The trading in "futures" is the main feature of the business at the Cotton Exchange; sometimes 250,000 bales are sold in a single day. Taking the speculation at all the ports together, the crop is sold five times over, and the nominal sum involved approximates $1,750,000,000. Only a small portion of this sum actually changes hands, however, for comparatively little of the cotton sold is actually delivered; the transactions are for the most part settled by the payment of the difference between the price current at the time of the sale and that ruling when the settlement is made.

When the cotton must be delivered, as in the case where the sale has been made to a manufacturer's broker, then he must purchase the cotton at the increased cost indicated, and hope for better luck next time. Sometimes even speculators who have no use for the cotton will demand that it be delivered to them in order to "corner" the market; that is, of course, force their opponents to pay very high prices for having sold "short." "Corners" of any great severity seldom occur on the Cotton Exchange. It takes a large amount of capital to make a "corner" in any of the great staples of the country, and some of the wealthiest speculators are ruined through their attempts in this direction; not unfrequently a powerful clique will be worsted in such an effort.

All these transactions take place between "bulls" and "bears," for these animals abound here as well as in Wall Street. As everybody knows, the "bulls" wish prices to advance; the "bears," on the contrary, would rather see them decline. The "bulls" naturally are always the holders of cotton for sale; the "bears" have sold "short" of what they did not possess.

There was a "corner" in cotton at Liverpool several years ago, and the English method of dealing with the matter excited some surprise on this side of the water, though its justice will scarcely be questioned. The Liverpool brokers who organized the "corner" soon found that they were on a black-list prepared by the manufacturers of Manchester, Oldham, and other cotton centres, who agreed to have no further relations with them. This commercial ostracism might have proved a serious matter for the offenders, but the "corner" relaxed soon after.

Here on the New York Cotton Exchange there is apt to be less speculating than at any of the other boards below Wall Street, though the transactions during a year unquestionably reach a large aggregate. All the trading in "futures" is not fictitious, however; large quantities of cotton are annually delivered to manufacturers on these contracts. In fact, the practice of selling "futures" began during the war, when the spinners had large contracts with the Government, and wished to be sure of securing raw cotton for future delivery at a time when there was much uncertainty in regard to the supply. In hundreds of cases it is a perfectly legitimate method of doing business, either for the manufacturer, or the planter or factor who receives cotton. On the New York Exchange there are three "calls" daily, beginning at ten o'clock. The superintendent is master of ceremonies. He mounts a pulpit-like rostrum, strikes the desk with his gavel to secure attention, and immediately begins the "call," which here, as elsewhere, is a kind of auction; that is, he calls off the months in regular rotation, and the brokers shout their bids or prices for delivery during the months named. Disputes frequently arise, one broker perhaps insisting that he has sold another 100 bales for September delivery; perhaps two brokers shouted their bids at nearly the same instant; the seller shouts "Sold!" and then the two brokers, notebook in hand, claim the transaction. The question is promptly settled by the superintendent; time is everything, and the "call" rattles on to its close. It is interesting to witness one of these "calls," even for those accustomed to seeing them daily. Those in the crowd are not always deepest in the speculation; merchants or speculators, standing apart from the confusion, perhaps consulting the stock-indicator, are manipulating the market. One of these quiet persons may be purchasing through a certain number of brokers, in order to advance prices, while in the same shouting crowd may be other brokers in his employ through whom he is selling twice or thrice as much as he is buying, because he secretly believes that prices must soon decline.

The Exchange is well provided with information; the members are liberal and intelligent, and remind one of the Wall Street financiers in some respects. Bulletin-boards announce the receipts, shipments and prices at

the great Southern marts on the seacoast, as well as in the interior, and there are cablegrams from Liverpool, Manchester and Bombay. A bulletin states that more than 200,000 bales are stored in and around New York ready for a market. A marble tablet above the rostrum shows that the Exchange was established in 1871, with Mr. Stephen D. Harrison as President, and a full-length portrait of that gentleman, now deceased, adorns the other end of the room. The Exchange is considered too small, however, for the growing membership, and eleven buildings near by have been purchased, at a cost of nearly $400,000, in order to secure a site for a much larger structure.

It is being erected nearly opposite the present Exchange, and will give a front of 112 feet on Beaver Street, 115 feet on William Street, and 89 feet on Hanover Square; the cost of the new structure, it is estimated, will be about $500,000. Truly the world of trade moves. Before the war, and for some years after, the cotton-brokers had no Exchange; they used to sit on benches in front of their offices on pleasant Summer days and talk business when trade was active, or the needs of the day when times were dull. In the old days, when the news from Liverpool, Manchester, and Bombay, came only by steamer, instead of, as now, by cable, the methods of transacting business were very different from those now employed.

The present Exchange, as already stated, faces Hanover Square, for many years the scene of auction sales of cotton and other merchandise, and where some of the largest auction-houses were located in former days. The location of an elevated railroad station at this point, however, obliged these lusty-lunged sons of trade to migrate to other parts of the city, and their loud voices and peculiar phrases have been succeeded by the puffing of locomotives and the rumbling of cars on the trestlework, that here winds around from the Battery. This same Hanover Square, by-the-way, two hundred years ago, and even up to a time much nearer the present day, marked the water's edge at this point. The negro riot of 1712 broke out close by, and blood was shed here. The great procession, too, which one hundred years ago celebrated the news from Poughkeepsie that New York had decided to enter the Union of the States, passed along Pearl Street, then known as Queen Street, and so through the old square. Eighty years ago it marked the southern limit of the fashionable quarter, when Wall Street was the great promenade.

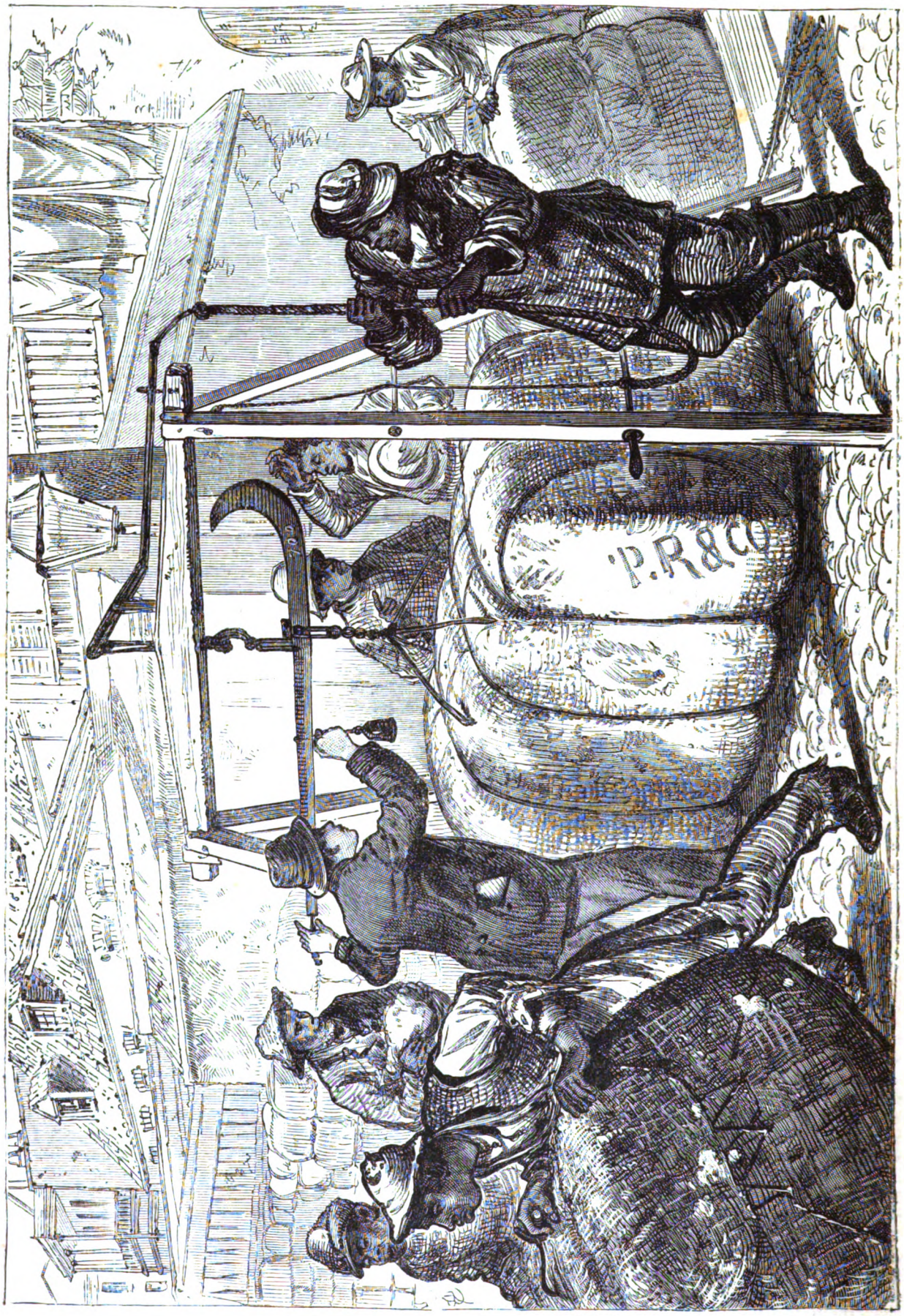
The clock which tells the hours on the Cotton Exchange Building looks down on a very different scene from that which met the gaze of the early Hollander and the later English colonist; where the sailing-craft floated in former times there is the tread of many feet, and commercial houses have effaced the ancient wharves. Some of these buildings were evidently erected soon after the great fire of 1835, when, as has several times happened, this part of the city was laid waste; but more modern structures have, as a rule, succeeded the quaint, dormer-windowed, sloping-roofed houses of the vanished epoch, and where the stout, well-to-do old citizens once entertained their guests in antique parlors, funereal with Dutch magnificence, there is now the bustle of purely commercial life.

In the brokers' offices are long tables covered with the samples of the famous staple. The downy "good middling" or "good ordinary" here displayed came, perhaps, from the banks of the Suwanee River, down among the "old folks at home," as the traditional Pomp or Nicodemus would have said; or perhaps from Texas—a cotton State in itself larger than England, France or Germany—or from the plantations near Savannah, where Whitney, nearly a hundred years ago, grappled with the problem how to separate seeds from the cotton by machinery, and make the fleecy product the source of almost fabulous wealth not only to the South, but to the great manufacturing centres of the world. Brokers are displaying their samples, while buyers are closely scrutinizing them; hundreds of bales are sold in a single day, and, indeed, one day in July of last year 5,000 bales were disposed of, largely for export to Russia, where the cotton manufacture is steadily increasing. The transactions are based on samples, which are taken from a certain number of bales in a given lot. Samplers and weighers, with their assistants, do the manual work; they form a corps by themselves, and the broker seldom or never sees anything of the thousands of bales that he sells except these small samples. Stealing cotton in small quantities from the bales on the wharves or elsewhere was formerly a regular occupation with men, women and boys, and very profitable it proved to them, until the evil became so great that measures were taken to suppress it.

A difference of one-sixteenth of a cent on a pound between the bid and the price asked will often prevent the consummation of large transactions; this fraction makes a large figure in the book accounts during the year; it might amount to nearly $2,000,000 on the entire crop. In 1863-4, the average price for "middling uplands," as one of the standard grades is called, was $1.01 a pound; $2.85, I am told, was the highest price reached here during the war. One notable transaction the cotton antiquaries still recall: A merchant had fifty bales of cotton, valued at about $75,000. His price was $3 a pound. A bid of $2.75 he refused, and held the cotton till the fall of Mobile, in August, 1863. The price immediately declined, because cotton promised to become more plentiful; still he would not sell. After a time he was bid $1.45, which he refused, as he did a subsequent offer of a dollar a pound less, but he finally accepted nineteen cents a pound, instead of the original bid of $2.75, losing $40,000 on his first investment, besides all the profit that had at one time accrued. Similar instances of shortsightedness, strange as they may seem, could be cited in abundance of many other branches of trade; they occur very frequently even in these days.

Most of the cotton received here is short-stapled. It comes mainly from Louisiana, Georgia, Texas, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Virginia. There are also receipts from Tennessee, Arkansas and Florida. Louisiana is most extensively engaged in the industry; the seaports of Virginia and Georgia receive the next largest quantity. The crop raised in this country in the season of 1882-3 approximated 7,000,000 bales, and was the largest ever raised anywhere in the world. In that of 1883-4 it was 5,700,000 bales, and for the present season it is not likely to be much larger; in 1825-6 the yield was only 720,000 bales; in 1859-60 it was 4,861,000 bales, or the largest crop ever raised up to that time. During the war no record was kept. In 1865 the crop was 2,269,000 bales. The increase since then has thus reached, it will be seen, nearly 325 per cent., which is certainly an astonishing stride in the great industry.

Sometimes the broker has a cotton-plant sent to him from the South. It is a curiosity well worth seeing, especially when in bloom. Indeed, in India, 1,100 years ago, the cotton-plant was cultivated in gardens for its flowers. Our plant is from two to six feet high, and

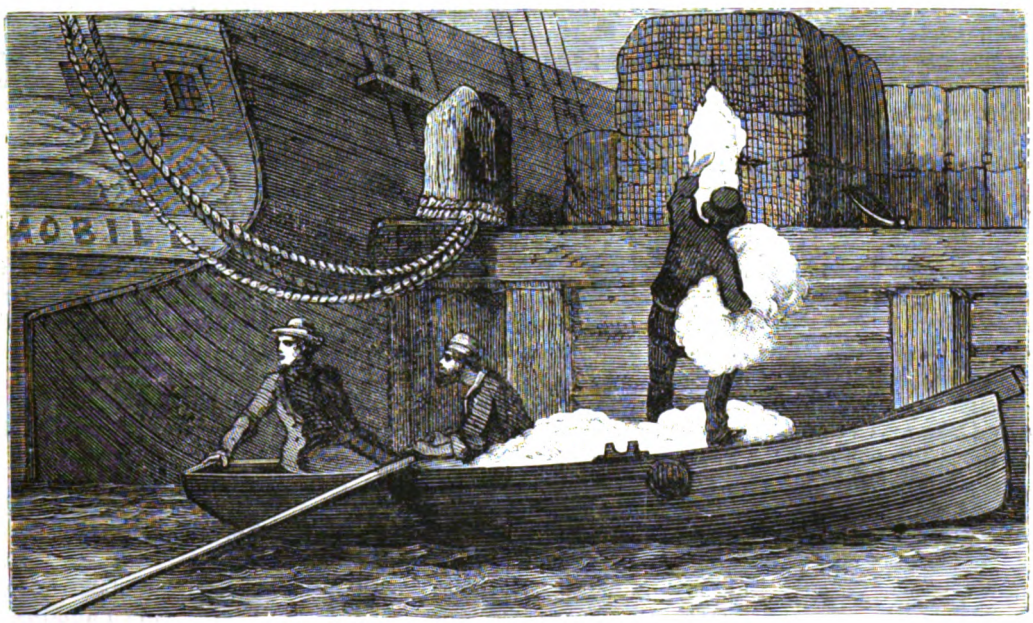


WEIGHING AN INVOICE OF COTTON BEFORE CONSIGNMENT TO A FOREIGN PORT.

changes color very rapidly. A cotton plantation in June is a vast flower-garden ; on the sunny uplands, the hollyhocklike flower is of a pale amber tint in the morning, but becomes milkwhite by noon, a faint pink in the afternoon, and a clear pink spotted at the bottom with purple the next day. A triangular pod succeeds the flower, and contains in three cells the cotton ; the pod, opening as the season advances, is covered with a spray of the downy product. Its blue-veined, dark-green leaves and beautiful flower make the cotton-plant a decidedly attractive member of the floral family. The seed is sown in March and April ; the picking season is at its height in October. Long lines of pickers, generally negroes, pass between the rows with large bags, and pluck the soft fibre from the open pods, the picker sometimes gathering 300 pounds in a day. The picking continues as the balls ripen ; then the cotton is taken to the cotton-gin, where the seeds are removed. The gin invented by Whitney has been improved in some particulars, but its main principles are still in use. The gin cleans more than 3,000 pounds daily, whereas only one pound a day could be cleaned by hand before this invention. The cotton is now packed in large bales by means of presses worked by hand as a rule, but sometimes by horse-power; screw and hydraulic presses are also in use. The weight of the bales depends on where they are packed. The gross weight averages from 475 to 510 pounds. They are bound with iron clamps, instead of rope, as in the days before the war, and are now ready to send to Europe, or else to the North. From the time the cotton is sown to the day that samples of it reach the brokers' offices, it is all an interesting process. Sea Island cotton, raised on islands on the Southern coast, is received in small quantities. It is the best cotton in the world, excelling even the long-stapled Egyptian product; but the crop last year was only 38,550 bales ; the finest yarns are made from it. The staple is so delicate and silken that it is never used in the manufacture of coarse fabrics. It is employed extensively in making the best cotton thread. Silk manufacturers also use it, as well as other grades of cotton.

The cotton sent to New York is stored to some extent in this city, and also in Brooklyn and Jersey City, but the largest warehouses are at Tompkinsville, S. I., and, of course, not far from the city. Here 125,000 bales can be stored, and over 100,000 bales were actually collected at one time last year. Here are seventeen large brick warehouses, four covered wharves 400 feet long by 65 feet wide, with a frontage on the bay of 860 feet, the buildings and docks in all covering twelve acres. Special watchmen guard the buildings, and every precaution is taken against fire ; ten fire-hydrants are on the premises, and two in the street close by, the former connecting with a water-tank within the grounds having a capacity of 500,000 gallons. Within these storehouses great rows of bales, piled nearly to the roof, stretch away for a considerable distance, the view terminating in a glimpse through open doors of a green hillside or sunny lawn, in striking contrast with the rather sombre interior of the great warehouse.

At the warehouse-wharves lighters are constantly loading in the busy season, the cotton being taken away to larger vessels either in the bay or else at the city piers. The Winter is the most active time here, but even in the sultry Summer lighters are constantly loading. One was taking on a heavy cargo on the day that these docks were visited. These vessels are usually sloop-rigged, and often carry large loads. This one, which we watch, is being covered with the heavy bales ; she has, moreover, not an unpicturesque appearance, as she sits lazily in the slightly rippled water, not unlike a dromedary submitting patiently to the process of packing. Her broad weather-stained sail, partially furled, flaps languidly with only a noonday stir of air, but the men in red and blue shirts, touching the scene with not unpleasant color, are all activity; they seize the stout bales with their cotton-hooks and drag them aboard the vessel by main strength, the winch which is ordinarily used for the purpose of loading her having become disabled. This lighter is to carry 500 bales up to one of the great ocean steamers, at her dock on the North River. The bales are compressed, as a rule, in order to economize space in the outgoing shipping ; the compressing is done in a separate building devoted to this work.



COTTON ON THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK, AND ITS LOSSES.

A cotton compress is worth seeing. The largest at this port is at the foot of Eleventh Street, on the North River. This region, it may be said in passing, now forms part of the Ninth Ward, but it was once known as the village of Greenwich, whither thousands of persons, including the City Government, fled during the yellow fever panic of 1822-23. Six decades have, of course, effaced all traces of the forgotten village. A Greenwich Avenue, however, suggests the former time, and in some old thoroughfares traversed on the way to the water-front from the Elevated Railroad Depot, there are a few scattered relics of the day when the later tide of city life began to overflow this region: prim brick houses with dormer-windows, many-paneled front-doors, perhaps occasionally a polished brass knocker in lieu of the modern bell, or time-worn pilasters set in antique doorways. The average New Yorker knows little of this region. The streets lead obliquely to the river-front, where bustling commerce has its long wharves, its timber-yards and factories, its sailing-ships and steamers. In a long brick building, where one of the harbor-masters also has an office, we find the object of our search.

Here is the powerful machinery where a large proportion of the cotton-compressing at this port is done; here 975 bales have been compressed in ten hours, a feat which, considering the labor of dragging in the heavy bales and adjusting them under the machine, and then removing them to the trucks or wharves, was extraordinary. "It would kill the men to work at that rate every day," says the overseer. "About 700 bales are all we can usually compress in a day." Twelve large ships have been anchored at one time awaiting the cotton from this compress, though sometimes big trucks and lighters take it to other parts of the city. The machinery used here is a hydraulic press driven by steam. A bale of cotton is placed under the weight in a space just large enough to receive it, and then a pressure of from 1,000 to 1,200 tons is applied; the pressure per cubic foot is thirty-five pounds; the water cylinders are eleven and one-half tons; the steam cylinder is fifty-nine inches; the rams are eight and twenty-six inches face. It is one of Taylor's machines, and so powerful that a bale of cotton measuring four and one-half to five feet on the edge, and weighing 475 pounds or more, is reduced to seventeen or eighteen inches, after making an allowance for some expansion when the bale leaves the press; the reduction in the bulk of the bale of cotton is thus about two-thirds.

Cotton was first compressed here about ten years ago; the steamship companies take the compressed bales at lower rates of freight, as a rule, than those charged for the non-compressed. Counting incidental charges, compressing costs seventy-five cents a bale.

Large steamers bring the cotton up from the South. The magnitude of the traffic may be gathered from the fact that, whereas in the crop year of 1882-83 some 6,992,234 bales had been sent to market from the plantations, no less than 1,363,600 bales arrived here. The direct shipments overland to this port from Tennessee and other parts of the South are increasing. There is, therefore, considerable competition between Southern railroad companies and the Gulf steamship lines to secure freight, and the natural effect is to increase the receipts of cotton by rail here, though by far the larger portion of the traffic is done by steamers.

There is only one steamship line between New York and Galveston, Tex., but there are eight steamers in the service, with a capacity of from 1,210 to 3,000 tons, with room for from 2,000 to 8,000 bales, though the larger figures have never been reached. One steamer came in from Galveston several years ago, however, with 6,600 bales, which is said to have been the largest cargo of cotton ever brought into the port of New York. The Texas bales are apt to be the largest in the trade; the average for a season has been 504 pounds. Such a cargo as that mentioned might easily have contained 3,300,000 pounds, worth, at a moderate calculation, nearly $300,000. The wharves of the Galveston steamers are at the foot of Burling Slip, one of the old thoroughfares of the city, but once all under water. The *San Marcos* came in on July 17th, last year, with 2,010 bales. She presented a fine appearance from the head of the slip. She is 317 feet long, has a capacity of 2,840 tons, and was built at the yard of Mr. John Roach, at Chester, Pa., in 1881, so that she is a comparatively new vessel. Her sister steamer, the *Guadalupe*, was an exact counterpart in every respect. The *Western Texas* is the smallest steamer in the Texas trade with this port, but even she is of 1,210 tons burden, and is 225 feet long. Once she would have been called a large steamer. The *Rio Grande* was here on July 22d, and though smaller by about 300 tons than the *San Marcos*, she stretched along the busy wharf for more than 300 feet. Eight screw steamers were to be employed in the Galveston trade in August, while two were to run between here and such important ports in Florida as Fernandina and Jacksonville. Some of these steamers have been in the trade since 1865. During the war there was, of course, no steamer communication with Galveston, but on the declaration of peace, commerce with that port received a decided impetus. Now the Texas steamers bring here in a year, it is estimated, 250,000 bales of cotton. The vessels cost from $200,000 to $450,000, according to their size. They come from Galveston to New York, a distance of 2,200 miles, in from seven and one-half to eight days. The arrival here is the signal for an interesting scene of activity. In fact, an idler might watch the hurly-burly on almost any of the New York wharves for hours with unabated interest. There is always something new to be seen, always a shouting, excited throng gathered about ships just arrived from distant ports, and even a certain fascination in the spectacle.

When one of these big Galveston steamers draws up to her wharf, sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty men are immediately set to work either in the steamer or on the wharf. They swarm about like bees in a hive, tugging at heavy bales of cotton, barrels of cottonseed oil, or bales of wool and hides. At other times, when the traffic slackens, one hundred men will do the work. Steam winches, or pulleys, worked by steam, are on the main deck, and on the wharf as well, and greatly facilitate the work of unloading. The old-time method of relieving vessels of their burdens is altogether too slow for these days of steam and ceaseless activity. Horses and pulleys unload sailing-craft and barges to some extent, but larger vessels now always use steam.

Two new Galveston steamers will be engaged in the traffic by the time this appears. They are the *Lampasas* and the *Alamo*, each of 3,000 tons burden. They are the largest steamers ever employed here in the trade with the Lone Star State. The name "Alamo" will call to mind some of the early and bloody days of Texas, the massacre of Travis and his men at the Alamo fort, in 1836, by order of Santa Anna, and the subsequent retribution visited upon the Mexicans by General Sam Houston and his men, nerved by the slogan, "Remember the Alamo!" But those troublous days of Texas are now almost forgotten. She is rapidly developing her

industries, and her traffic with New York is increasing year by year.

Six steamers are in the Charleston traffic with New York, and the cotton trade is annually increasing. The largest steamer on this route is the *City of Columbus*, which has brought 4,000 bales here in one cargo. The run is made in fifty hours, and accidents or wrecks seldom occur, though the *Champion*, bound South, was lost four years ago off the coast of Delaware, having collided with a ship in a fog. The latter part of August marks the opening of the active trade, which continues till December, is resumed in February, and then continues till June, diminishing considerably, however, on the approach of Summer. Charleston's trade with New York was, of course, suspended after the firing on Fort Sumter, in her bay, in April, 1861. The cotton warehouses, moreover, were destroyed by the Confederates when Columbia, the State capital, was captured by General Sherman; but these, and other large buildings that were destroyed at the same time, have been rebuilt since the conclusion of peace, and the trade with New York in various commodities, the chief of which is cotton, has greatly increased.

From six to eight steamers carry on New York's cotton trade with Norfolk, Richmond, Petersburg, and Newport News, all of course in Virginia. There are six steamers always running between New York and these ports, and when the trade grows especially active two more are employed. The largest cargo of uncompressed cotton ever brought here by one of these steamers was 3,000 bales, but 4,500 compressed bales have been landed here at one time. A hundred longshoremen, working for twenty-five cents an hour, unload even such a cargo as this very quickly.

These steamers have a capacity of from 850 to 2,350 tons, and sometimes three arrive in a day. They bring the most of the cotton from Norfolk. Leaving there Saturday evening, the steamer reaches New York the next evening, and the cotton is often shipped to Europe on the following morning, so quick are the methods employed in the trade.

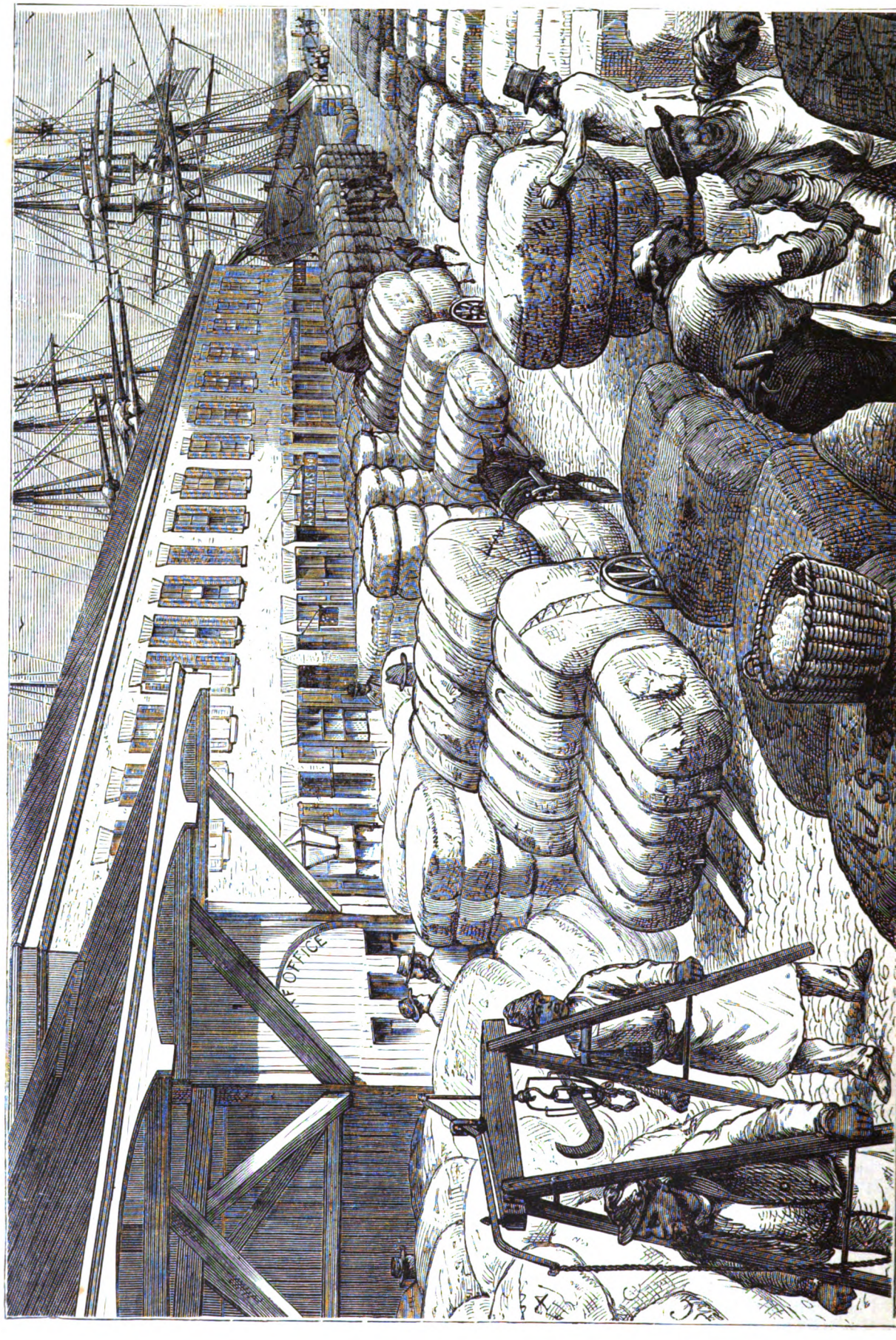
The trade with Richmond and Petersburg is steadily augmenting, and Newport News is becoming prominent as a new Atlantic seaport for the European and South American trade. The trip from here to Richmond is made in forty hours; that to Petersburg in thirty-five hours. Great changes have come to Richmond since that day in 1865 when Mr. Lincoln entered it on foot, escorted by a colored regiment and greeted by the hallelujahs of the dusky population. The riots, conflagrations, and pillage, which soon followed General Lee's notification to Jefferson Davis, on April 2d, 1865, that his army would evacuate the city that night, were not staid until nearly all the business portion of the city had been destroyed; but no sooner had the war-cloud passed away than the citizens, with cheerful courage, set about the task of building up the old industries; and now the traffic in cotton, tobacco, and flour, is not only large, but annually increasing, while the rise in wealth is naturally attended by a steady increase in the population, now 75,000, against 51,000 in 1870. New York's commercial relations with the old capital of the Confederacy are thus becoming more important every year. It is no longer "On to Richmond!" as in the old days, with hostile intent; the rattle of drums and the notes of martial bugles are happily no longer heard; only the peaceful fleets of commerce now visit the old stronghold where the cannons have long been silent. The trade with Petersburg, too, is increasing, though not so rapidly as the business with Richmond. Still, the progress is steady, and Petersburg is one of the promising marts of the South.

Wilmington, North Carolina, the main port for blockade-runners during the war, is one of the great cotton markets, and four steamers are in the trade with New York. They go to the Southern port in sixty hours. Sometimes, when the trade is especially active, they bring up schooners in tow with additional loads of cotton. The largest cargo that one of these steamers has ever brought was 2,500 bales, much of the space being taken up with resin and turpentine.

The Savannah steamers come in at the foot of Spring Street, on the North River. The *Chattahoochee*, a large screw-steamer, was at the dock on the day that this portion of the water-front was visited. She has a capacity of 3,000 tons, and can, if necessary, like the three other steamers of the same size in the trade, carry 6,000 bales of cotton, though the largest cargo yet brought up was 5,000 bales, as other freight is taken. The steamer is well fitted for ocean travel, and, with her large red-rimmed funnel and stanch appearance, looks not unlike some of the steamers in the trans-Atlantic commerce. Though smaller, of course, than these are now built, she is much larger than those first engaged in the European trade, and, in fact, is more than nine times as large as the first vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, and that was a steamer also engaged in the Savannah trade. These steamers bring up 30,000 bales of cotton in a year, and two arrive every week. The vessels cost $450,000 each, and the indefatigable Mr. John Roach secured the contracts. Savannah is increasing her commerce steadily, and not only ships to New York rich cargoes of cotton, but sometimes, for the sake of variety, sends 70,000 watermelons by a single steamer. How so many water "millions," as the negroes term them, escape the colored consumers of that fruit around Savannah, is a mystery only to be explained on the hypothesis of more "millions" than negroes, or else too many moonlight nights.

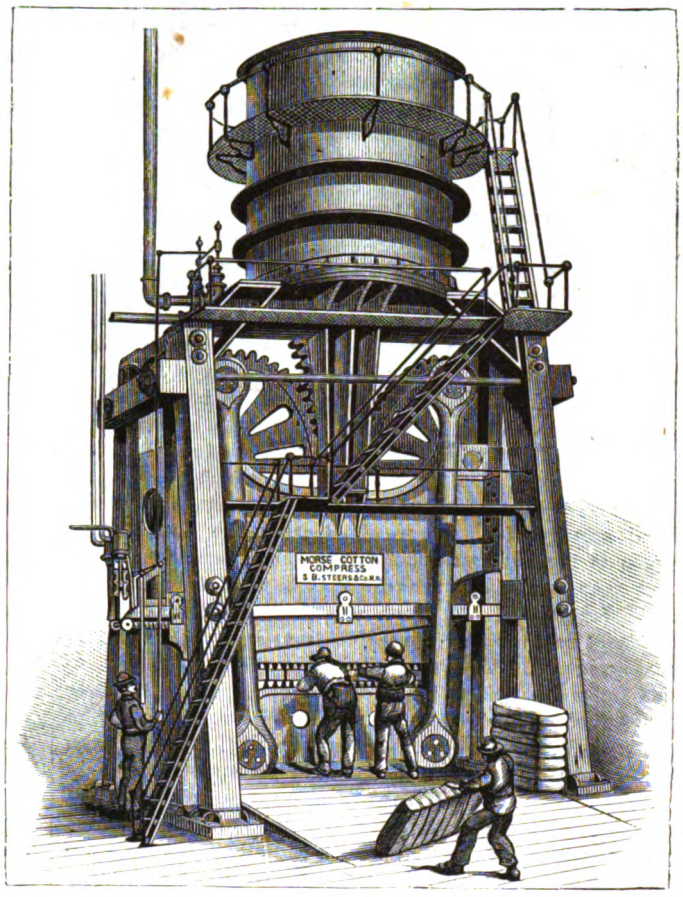
But the chief cotton port of the South is New Orleans, and ten steamers bring the great staple to New York, notwithstanding the fact that New Orleans also has an extensive foreign trade. The *Excelsior* may be called the banner steamer in this commerce, being the largest that comes up out of the South laden with the wonderful fibre. She is 330 feet long, and has a capacity of 3,264 tons, which would enable her to carry nearly 9,000 bales if necessary, though she has never brought so much at one time, owing to the large amount of other freight carried; 5,000 bales have been unloaded quite frequently, however. The steamer was built at the great yards of Wilmington, Delaware. The *Chalmette* is the next largest in the New Orleans fleet, and might, it is said, load 8,000 bales of cotton, though the pressure of other traffic has prevented the carrying of such a large cargo. She was built by William Cramp & Sons, at their Philadelphia yard; the same builders, that is, who constructed Mr. Jay Gould's yacht, about which the country has heard so much.

Steamers leave for New Orleans twice a week, and they make the trip of 1,800 miles in six days. During the year they bring to New York, it is estimated, 400,000 bales; this vast quantity, at $45 a bale, would be worth no less than $18,000,000, on which the freight charges, reckoning at a low rate, would amount to more than $650,000. The commerce of the old French city—La Nouvelle Orléans, of the last century—the city with so momentous a history, is steadily increasing; its cotton transactions are larger than they have been for years, and



SHIPPING COTTON FROM CHARLESTON TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC PORTS.

New York is necessarily benefited. It is curious to recall the fact that Napoleon sold our Government the whole of Louisiana, then much larger than the State now so named, for $15,000,000, of which $2,500,000 was retained by the United States as indemnity for depredations on American commerce by French cruisers, during the *régime* of the French Directory. The sum of $12,500,000 is, of course, considered trifling in these days, when New Orleans deals in $100,000,000 worth of cotton in a year, without mentioning her other sources of revenue. Her cotton merchants have made it the first cotton mart of the country. Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, I may here state, by way of parenthesis, was for a number of years in the office of a cotton factor at New Orleans, and he shows an intimate knowledge, not only of that industry, but of everything pertaining to New Orleans commercial life.



A NEWLY-IMPROVED COTTON-PRESS.

The glory of New Orleans trade are its cotton cargoes, and we will digress briefly to notice that of the steamer *Henry Frank*, which arrived there from up the Mississippi River on April 2d, 1881, with 9,226 bales, besides 1,213 sacks of cottonseed, making the largest cotton cargo ever carried by any vessel to any of the great marts of the world. Its arrival on one of the famous Mississippi River flat-bottomed steamboats was the signal for a kind of jubilee. She came in with blue ribbons streaming from her masts, and high above the hurricane-deck was suspended a bale of the downy product. Van Tromp, the great Dutch admiral, with a broom at the masthead of his man-of-war, in token of having swept St. George's Channel clear of the British, could scarcely have felt much prouder than the captain of the steamer, with the fleecy bale suspended aloft, as a sign that all previous records had been swept aside. Triumphant numerals told the size of the cargo in a broad stretch of canvas on the upper deck; hundreds of persons gathered on the levee to see the sight, and photographs of the steamer, and her cargo piled so high on the wharf as to hide a considerable portion of the vessel, were sent to every section of the country, and may now be seen in the offices of the New York merchants engaged in the Southern trade. None know so well as our Southern brethren how to celebrate an affair of this sort; none understand so well how to mingle pleasure with business. More or less of the great cargo to which we have referred eventually found its way to New York by the steamers, which may be seen at any time at their busy wharves on the North River.

A LIGHTER LOADING A SHIP WITH COTTON.

Some of the New York and New Orleans steamers have had an interesting history. During the war, fully 600 merchant steamers or sailing craft were seized by the Federal Government to perform blockade duty on the Southern coast, and among them the Cromwell steamer *Monticello*, "trading between New York and New Orleans, and other ports at the South." She was immediately sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where a large force of workmen, making havoc of her elegant and costly appointments, fitted her for service. In twenty-four hours after her arrival at the Navy Yard she had assumed a totally different character, typical perhaps of the underlying ferocity of human nature, which the tap of drums and the sound of warlike music summon to the surface. She was no longer, that is to say, the peaceable trading steamer of a few hours previous, but a well-armed war-steamer, hurrying down the bay on her way to the defense of Washington, which she was to reach after a baptism of fire on the Potomac. This illustration will serve the place of many which might be cited, of how quickly these commercial crafts can change their appearance and character on suitable occasion.

The steamers that bring cotton to New York number in all no less than forty. In addition there are seven

large three-masted schooners running between here and Georgetown, S. C., which constitute the remains of the sailing fleet that once had so large a share in the traffic. Sailing vessels have for the most part been driven out of the cotton trade between New York and the South by the low freight rates of the steamship companies. These Georgetown vessels are of from 341 to 458 tons burden, trim, and capable of very good speed for craft of their rig. They have double decks, and between these they carry from 250 to 400 bales. Resin and turpentine are carried on the upper and lower decks; but even with such inflammable cargoes on board, few or none of these crafts have been lost for many years past. One line of packet schooners has been in the trade for twenty years, and has never lost a vessel. They have to pass Cape Hatteras, too, that gathering-place of storms. The trip of about 500 miles is made in from four to six days, according to the season of the year, the quickest runs of course being made in the Winter, when the winds are more regular. While these vessels bring only a small percentage of the total supply of cotton received from the South, their trade is increasing as the cotton crop increases, and a new schooner of 500 tons burden is now being built at Port Jefferson, L. I. Such vessels cost $30,000.

About half the cotton received here in a year is sent to foreign marts. The remainder is stored here or sent to the mills in various parts of the country. Fall River takes the most, as that town, with its large, prison-like mills and thousands of operatives, little better than serfs, overworked and underpaid, is the most extensively engaged in the manufacture of any place in the United States. It is surprising to learn that some of the freight steamers running from New York to Fall River take 1,200 bales at a time, while the *City of Fall River* can carry 2,500 bales. Such floating palaces as the *Bristol* and *Providence*, that sail along the East River and out into Long Island Sound, with what seems like a stately tread, carry comparatively little freight. They are designed more especially for the passenger traffic. One line has three steamers devoted wholly to the freighting trade, and they take large quantities of cotton from New York every year. Besides Fall River, there are other manufacturing centres like Cohoes, in this State, Lawrence, Lowell, and Salem, in Massachusetts, as well as numerous points in New Hampshire and Maine, to which the cotton is sent.

So much for our present domestic trade in cotton. Much more of real interest might be said of it, but I pass to a question as interesting as anything relating to the entire subject, namely: How was New York supplied with cotton during the war? Some came from England, though not so much as might be supposed, and what may be termed considerable under the circumstances was received from the South. In 1862, however, only 115,000 bales were received here; in 1863, 204,200; in 1864, 281,700; in 1865, 391,600 bales. A mere handful, that is, in each year, to what New York had been accustomed to receiving. The high prices caused a decreased consumption of cotton, however, and the loss to the mass of the people was not so severely felt as might at first be imagined, though, of course, the manufacturing centres were unfavorably affected. Considerable of the cotton received came through the lines, it is alleged, by the collusion of Federal army and naval officers, whose aid was obtained for a "consideration," it is likewise averred. However this may be, it is a statement made both by shipping and cotton merchants. No names of alleged delinquents, however, need here be mentioned. Indeed, after 1862, not a little cotton was raised within the Federal lines—in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Southern Illinois. It was so costly, however, that the adulteration of flaxen goods, woolens, and silks, was in a measure checked. Cotton that cost only ten cents in gold per pound within the Confederate lines could often be sold here for ten times that price, or even more. This cotton came through the lines by rail, or else by water. Not a little came out by way of Matamoras, Mexico. Then blockade-runners were frequently captured and brought to New York. Their cargoes of cotton were sold here at auction by Simeon Draper, afterward Collector of the Port.

The Federal Government, in blockading the Southern ports, had to look after a coast line of 3,550 statute miles, being the longest line of blockade ever before attempted. The blockade was proclaimed in April, 1861, and caused great excitement in Europe, where cotton is always in demand. English merchants immediately purchased fast steamers especially fitted to run past the Union cruisers guarding the Southern harbors. The loss of a steamer now and then was as nothing compared with the large sums that might be gained by a few successful trips. In November and December, 1863, the London *Times* alluded to the frequent purchases of fast steamers for blockade-running, adding that there would soon be a scarcity of swift steamers on the Clyde should the demand continue.

One cotton merchant of Liverpool wrote to Earl Russell, the British Foreign Minister, asking the protection of his Government in running the American blockade. It was refused. Still, English merchants continued to take the risk, and some reaped large profits, despite the fact that many vessels were captured.

Wilmington, North Carolina, was the chief port for the blockade-runners, though they also traded at Charleston and Savannah. New Orleans was too far up the river from the Gulf to be at all safe for such operations. They would sometimes run into Havana or Bermuda with their valuable cargoes, but Nassau was their great market; they returned to the Southern ports with arms, ammunition and provisions. The London *Times* stated, in 1863, "that a round trip from Bermuda or Nassau paid even the captain a sum equal to $4,000, besides the privilege of purchasing twelve bales of cotton for $75 a bale, worth $375 a bale in Liverpool." Great inducements were offered to these captains, owing to the hazardous nature of their business. They were instructed, however, to run their steamers ashore rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Federals.

On the other hand, large rewards were given to the officers and crew of our war-vessels engaged in breaking up this traffic; half of the cargo went to the Government, and the remainder to the officers and men, according to their monthly pay. They were always on the alert for this prize-money, as may well be imagined; 179 steamers were captured up to January, 1864. A little tugboat, the *Eolus*, captured the steamer *Hope* off Wilmington in 1864, and the crew received liberal prizes—from $532 to the cabin-boy up to $13,164 to the acting master. These sums were largely increased nine days later by the capture of a steamer with a cargo worth, even after being much damaged by fire, at least half a million of dollars. The *Magnolia* captured the *Memphis*, loaded with cotton and resin, one day in 1862, and the lieutenant of the former received over $38,000.

The value of the steamers and cargoes captured during the war has been estimated at $25,000,000. As already stated, many of these vessels were sent to New York, and

their cargoes of cotton and other merchandise were sold here. Early in October, 1862, there were ten here awaiting disposal; they made a small fleet at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, without counting quite a number of sailing-craft that had also been captured. The *Eolus*, the small tug or dispatch boat which captured the *Hope*, brought that steamer to New York. The blockade-runner was, of course, a much larger steamer, but the little dispatch-boat had a 100-pounder, and kept firing until the trading-vessel surrendered. The commander of the tug had only twenty-four men; the other steamer had a much larger crew, besides some passengers. He put them all down in the hold or locked them up elsewhere, and then towed the steamer to New York. He was three days getting here, and only had eight men on a watch; it was a minnow bringing in a leviathan, and the circumstance excited considerable attention, even in those stirring days.

All during the war these blockade-runners were to be found either at the Brooklyn Navy Yard or at other docks in Brooklyn. They were long, low, rakish steamers, very sharp, and sometimes ran at from sixteen to eighteen miles an hour, when chased by cruisers. They generally burned anthracite coal, so as not to betray their presence by smoke; some were captured, however, through burning soft coal, which enabled Federal officers to discover them, even when many miles distant; they were generally painted lead color, or some neutral tint, in order the better to escape observation, especially in fogs, or when stealing out of some Southern harbor in the mists of early morning. Chapters might be written about these crafts and their exciting traffic.

Turning now to our present export trade in cotton, it is of interest to observe that last year New York sent out 777,528 bales. The great ocean steamers took the bulk of this cotton, as sailing-vessels have about as little to do with the foreign trade as with bringing the staple here from the South. Great Britain is the largest buyer, and the steamers sailing to her ports sometimes take 4,000 bales, which is a very large quantity, considering the amount of other freight that is taken at the same time. Considerable also goes to France, of which Havre is the great cotton port. Cotton is largely used in the manufacture of French silks. This imposture was brought out in a most painful light when, by reason of the blockade of our Southern ports, and the consequent scarcity of cotton, the silk industry at Lyons, France, became so depressed that subscriptions were raised in Paris in 1862 for the relief of the operatives thus rendered destitute.

France also purchases cotton for use in adulterating satins, though it may be added here that American silks and satins are by no means free from the same fibre. Germany, Holland, Spain, and Italy, also purchase American cotton, and steamers running to Bremen, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Barcelona, and other ports, do the carrying traffic. Few sailing-vessels take cotton from New York to Europe, but they are frequently chartered here and sent to Southern ports, where they load cotton and naval stores; they are generally British, Italian, German, or Norwegian barks, and often take large cargoes from Charleston, Norfolk, Savannah and New Orleans.

But the great vessels that steam out past Sandy Hook, bound for Europe and other parts of the world, also take cotton goods, and a few words may be said in conclusion on this important traffic. Cotton mills are springing up all over the South, the funds in many instances being supplied by Northern capitalists. They pay, it is said, on an average 12 per cent. per annum New England manufacturers say they fear competiton from this direction more than that of English spinners. It all increases the exportable surplus, and the foreign market is therefore being steadily increased. Thirteen million dollars worth were sent out last year, or nearly 140,000 packages.

The goods wanted abroad are the heavier fabrics, such as drills, sheetings, denims, and tickings. "As the production of these increases the export trade will increase," says a drygoods merchant, largely enaged in the trade. We also send fine bleached cottons to England and Germany. The exports consist mainly of the cheaper goods, however, and a large percentage go to the East Indies and China. Shanghai is one of the great centres of the trade in the latter country; and, indeed, a considerable portion of the goods sent to Liverpool and London are reshipped from there to the East by way of the Suez Canal. Steamers and sailing-vessels also take out our cottons to Mexico, the West Indies, to Brazil, and other countries of South America, and nearly 9,000 packages were sent out in 1882 to ports in Africa.

The field for American manufacturers there is in the trade in the commoner grades of cottons. These were formerly heavily sized with clay by the English manufacturers—that is, clay was used to conceal the coarseness of the fabric. This fraud, practiced in the East India and China trades, gave the American spinners a chance in that direction, which they have improved. Jonathan would never employ clay for such a purpose as that mentioned. He uses resin.

Then cottonseed oil, which is brought here from the South in considerable quantities, is also sent out by the steamers to Europe, though the exports, owing to the prohibitive duty which the Italian Government has levied on this oil, in order to stop the adulteration of olive oil within its dominions, have materially decreased within a year. It is used in this country in the place of linseed oil in making putty, in adulterating cod, menhaden, and other fish oils used by tanners, as well as oleomargarine, lard, and cheese. It is used legitimately in making soap and varnish, and our hotels and restaurants are beginning to purchase large quantities annually for cooking purposes, while it is also employed in mines for burning, as it makes a far less dangerous light than kerosene. The foreign trade is still important, however. Ships frequently take it to France, Germany, Austria, South America, and the French West Indies, the consumption in lieu of olive oil in the French colonies being especially large.

GREAT LIBRARIES.—Germany has more books in its libraries than any other nation. There are over 1,000 libraries in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, twenty of which contain over 100,000 volumes. France has six libraries of over 100,000 books, besides the National Library, which is the largest in the world. Great Britain has only nine libraries of over 100,000 volumes, and the British Museum pays out $10,000 annually adding to its collections. Spain has thirty public libraries, containing 700,000 volumes. The library in Washington contains 518,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets, and there are but five larger in the world—the French National, with 2,500,000; the British Museum, 1,500,000; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Munich, 900,000; and Berlin, with 750,000.

A MIND might ponder its thought for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach in a day.

THE OPEN DOOR

By Millie W. Carpenter.

This was written in a Diary: "Do you know the charm of an open door? Of a door that stands half open, and a broad square of sunshine falls on the floor within, as though angels had passed through and left the brightness of their footsteps there.

"'Peace enters here!' I took off my cap as I stood waiting a moment, hesitating. It was high up in the hill-country, and this was an old-fashioned house painted red, with many long, narrow windows fronting me under the steep pitched roof. And this open door! I saw now that a horseshoe was nailed over it; an abundant vine with small yellow flowers, thick as stars shining, ran up the casement, and a mouse-colored dog sat on the low step. There was an old-fashioned iron door-latch, too, whose handle I touched as if it were the hand of a friend.

"At the first sound of my footsteps in the hall there was a stir in the room beyond, and somebody came quickly forward to meet me. A young girl, deep, dusky-deep blue eyes, abundant fair hair making crinkly light over the blue eyes, a sweet mouth and a sweet look making the forehead fine.

"I am always remembering scraps of poetry. I could not remember a whole poem as it is written to save my life. But just here I kept thinking of this—who wrote it?—

"'Peace in her chamber; whereso'er
It be, a holy place.'

"I felt giving this young apparition the old sweet Oriental greeting: 'Peace be with you!'

"She smiled a little faintly, looking at me.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mr. Loftus Softy—"*Good-mawning, Miss Arrybell. Did aw—you aw—evah heah it said that you could distinguish a twee by its outah coverwing?*" Miss A——"*I have never been much versed in trees; but have had no difficulty in telling a pup by its bark.*" Mr. Loftus Softy—"*Aw!*"

"'Maxime? Is this our cousin, Maxime Forbes?

"'Yes,' I answered, standing in the light. 'Is my cousin, Ralph Yale, here? Did he tell you that I was coming?'

"'He has gone out for the afternoon.' She wore in the lace at her throat a bunch of the yellow flowers that grew by the door. I was noticing the different gold of their color from her hair. 'Yes, he told me you were expected—he was sorry that urgent business matters called him away.'

"We were in the parlor by this time, a lovely old room, long, low, cool with mountain airs blowing through it, old pictures on the wall, old faces smiling, old voices in the air—the home of old sweet loves—this old Forbes Homestead.

"'You know, perhaps, that I am Pamela Forbes,' said the voice of my hostess. 'I am Ralph's cousin, and have been his housekeeper. He gave me a home here.'

"I had been looking out of the window, and at this I turned about, facing her, the speaker. The first thing I saw was that she had taken

THE OPEN DOOR.—"PAMELA FLUNG HERSELF IN FRONT OF MAXIME, FRONTING THAT COMING HORROR. ONLY FOR A MOMENT SHE HAD A VISION OF IT; THEN THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE PIERCED HER BRAIN."

the yellow flowers from her dress—they lay a little crushed heap on the table by the window.

"'You mean that you are not to be reckoned *my* cousin,' I answered, a little bitterly. 'I can guess I am not welcome here. Well, I do not complain. It is natural.'"

"Why would she not wear the yellow flowers now?

"'You are quite mistaken,' said Pamela, proudly, a quick flush in her cheeks. 'No guest could be more welcome than you are to-day. You do not know Ralph Yale if you fancy he has one bitter feeling in his kind heart toward you.'

"I stood silent, regarding her in her proud, impulsive fire. There were tears in both voice and lovely eyes.

"'If you have an enemy in this household it is not my cousin Ralph,' she finished, quietly.

"'No, I can believe that,' I answered, looking straight into her fearless eyes. And I meant my look to say, as plainly as if I had spoken in loud English speech: 'If I have an enemy here, it is you.'

"Then I turned away, and walked once or twice the length of the dim, lovely room.

"'Well, it is a noble place,' I said, glancing north and south over the wide mountain world—'a noble place! I didn't know how beautiful till I came here to-day. The old Forbes home—mine, mine, if I choose! A home to love, to cherish, to be proud of—and to fight for!'

"'There will be no fighting,' said Pamela Forbes, proudly. 'You can never fight without a combatant, and you will not find that here.'

"'Is my cousin Ralph so saint-like?' I cried out, skeptically.

"Her look answered me.

"'Forgive me!' I pleaded, stretching out my hand.

"But Pamela was looking, with angry ire on the floor, and did not, perhaps, see my outstretched hand.

"'Why did you put the horseshoe over the door?" I asked, presently, when her face had softened a little.

"'To keep out witches,' answered Pamela, flicking one of the yellow flowers with her small fingers, for we were now standing without the door.

"The horseshoe hung above our heads as we stood there side by side.

"'Yet *I* was permitted to enter,' I laughed, venturing a little, yet half afraid.

"'Ah, we will hope that you will not harm us,' she answered, with sweet gravity; and I was silenced.

"Good-by, old book; we part for a while now. But you will bear witness I meant no harm. Whatever happens—before Heaven, I swear it!—I meant to do my cousin Ralph no harm!"

* * * * * *

"But oh! Ralph, it is so hard that you must give up your home in such a way! I could bear it in any other way, I think; but I cannot bear this. Your home; for it *is* yours, Ralph."

"Ah, no, child—only mine on trust. At the best, on trust for a little while, to do such good with as I might. I may have failed there, dear——"

"But it should not be taken from you in this way, Ralph," interrupted Pamela, angrily. "You should be left in peace here. Why, it is like a frame for your life—your beautiful, calm life!"

"Nay; it is only because you love me that you are so partial."

"Yes, I do love you," said Pamela, boldly, here.

"You look at me with sweet, blind eyes, my child."

Ralph Yale took the young girl's cool white fingers in his own slim, firm, scholar's hand.

His thin, fair face flushed softly as he continued:

"I may have been a poor steward, Pamela. All this may pass into better hands."

He stopped, sighed restlessly and sat still, with parted lips, his beautiful gray eyes fixed on the sun-warmed world without.

"Oh, Ralph, you break my heart when you talk like that! It is only because you are so good—so good! Look at the work you have done among the people here. Could any one else have done it? You taught each soul about us to do the best that was in it. Would any one but you have encouraged Glenn Carn to leave all and go out into the world and study his art, his one great gift of painting? And look at him now, and all your pupils down there at the schools——"

"That is what I may have failed in," said Ralph, interrupting. "I took my own view of things for a rule. My cousin Maxime may have healthier ideas. He seems generous, and he is strong and daring, and he has the world's way of looking at things. I have been too much of a dreamer."

"But dreams, too, are from God. How many times you have said so! You have, Ralph!" said Pamela, eagerly.

"It was my sorrow that many of them did not fit into my life," answered Ralph, with a sigh. "They were such beautiful pictures, I could find no place for them on the wall; but perhaps in another world, another life——"

"'Other heights in other lives'—that was one of your noble maxims, too. Oh, Ralph, whichever way you turn, whatever thing you plan, the beautiful rules by which you framed your life come to meet you. They are prayers, and they are commandments, too. The jewels you have scattered all your life are somewhere lustrous still."

Ralph stood up. He kissed his young cousin with grave tenderness before he spoke.

"I think I am a little tired to-night—too tired to arrange anything. In the morning I will speak with Maxime about the will."

"You shall not give it up," said Pamela, with clinched hands. "You shall not! I will fight for you to the death first. It's yours—yours only."

"Pamela!"

Quick tears began to fall.

"I mean it," she said, with rising sobs. "It is yours, root and soil, leaf and branch. The most fragile bud that falls and dies here is yours for ever."

"Good-night, my Ruth!"

When he was so gentle to her, when he was most tender, and his voice like the sweet south wind whispering in the apple-blossoms, he called her "Ruth—my Ruth," as now.

She fell on her knees, sobbing, her bright head on her arms.

"If he were not so good—if he were not so good!" she sobbed, "it might be easier to bear; but now I cannot—I cannot."

* * * * * *

The next day Pamela and Maxime were in the garden, walking slowly up and down the wide, poppy-bordered paths together.

"It's a noble place," Maxime was saying; "a place to be proud of. And the best of it is that it shows such possibilities. What a field for an energetic worker! What a noble demesne that might be made into!"

He stopped, while his keen eyes wandered over the expanse of rich green country rolling downward from their feet.

"You are very good," said Pamela, rather stiffly.

"And that river brawling yonder, I wonder it has never been utilized for manufacturing purposes. With a railroad running there at the foot of the mountain, I should think it might pay——"

"My cousin Ralph detests railroads," interrupted Pamela, shortly. "He says they break in on everything, and that it is impossible to live a noble or harmonious life near one."

"I perceive that my cousin Ralph is a dreamer," said Maxime, indifferently.

"At least his dreams are noble," flashed out Pamela. "He does not live for sordid gain. Oh, no! he lives to do good—to make other, darker lives happier and holier. That is *his* life."

Maxime glanced at her with a curious light in his keen eyes—a flush rose on his swarthy face.

But Pamela was not satisfied; she was thinking: "What a coward I am! I do not fight Ralph's battles. I let this man sneer at him and depreciate him with his greater worldly wisdom. Yes, I am a coward."

"If you could know my cousin as he has been all these years," she began more gently, "you would think differently of what he has done. You do not know his work, but there are many here who speak his name only to bless him. Worn out old men and women watch for him to pass as believing women watched for Christ in the old Bible days. They touch his hand and smile as if they were healed. Others, too, have leaned on his breast in the death-hour, and with prayers on the lips which have spoken only blasphemies for years, have gone peacefully out to the unknown future."

"Is Ralph so saint-like, then?" said Maxime, with a mocking smile. "You make me feel, when you talk of him, as if I ought to kneel and make the sign of the cross."

"Ah, you can sneer at him!" flashed out the young girl, tears bitter as death in the angry look she darted at him. "You cannot hurt him more. You cannot kill the love for him that is rooted as deep as these old forest oaks. You can take his home and call it yours, but all those beautiful past years he has lived here are *his*. They are his, and you cannot take them."

"And Miss Pamela Forbes is a hero-worshiper," said Maxime, after a moment's silence. His face was white and stern.

"Oh, no!" said Pamela, with a sudden cold change in her manner. She tossed a red poppy in the air and caught it again as she stood there. "Anybody can be a hero."

"Anybody?"

"Anybody," returned Pamela, looking Maxime straight in the face.

"Even Pamela Forbes," said he, quizzically.

"I hope so," answered the girl; but her pulse started. For the first time she felt the sense of cruel power in her opponent. She dreaded the pressure of a force hidden, but all the same, there.

A few days after he sauntered out and joined her in her walk in the garden. It was the place where they had talked before. The pale poppies stood hushed and sleepy in the sun.

"You said the other day," he began at once, "that anybody could be a hero. Now, will you tell me what your conception of the noblest acting is? Not of being a hero—but of being heroic?"

Pamela had her answer ready. Evidently she had thought something about these things.

"It is to be sure of one's self!"

"Well?" said Maxime, quietly waiting for her to go on with the conversation.

"It is," said Pamela, with a warm light in her cheek, "to be ready when the hour strikes—to act at any cost to yourself if duty calls—it is entire forgetfulness of self—and to stand steady, not faltering by so much as the dropping of an eyelash, when the blow comes."

The young man stood regarding her with a curious deep light wavering like fire in his dark eyes.

"I will tell you of something I read the other day," said she, more carelessly. "It will illustrate my idea. It was in the shooting at Creedmoor. There had been a bitter contest, and our side—the American side—were losing. At last everything depended on one shot—a last shot—to be fired at the distance of a thousand yards. If that last shot went home to the target, victory was ours; if it missed——"

She stopped, drawing in her breath.

Maxime stood regarding her. The clear glow in her eyes, the deep blood in the rose of her cheek—ay! even the crinkly light of golden hair about her forehead seemed to grow brighter as she spoke with that strange inward fire.

"But he did not miss. It was an old man, gray-haired, gray-bearded, who came carelessly forward and fired that shot for victory. But think how much depended on him—the pressure of feeling, what electricity there must have been in the air, and if a nerve had quivered, if there had been the faintest tremor in that clear sight of his! But, no! He was sure of himself. And if I had been there I should have liked to run up behind him and kiss his bronzed old face."

"Why behind him?" was Maxime's response to this.

He turned away, and plunging his hands into his pockets, began to whistle. Pamela was too angry, to answer him. But after a moment's silence he wheeled about.

She wondered what made his face so pale.

"Child," he said, gently, taking her unwilling hand in his, "I am sorry for you."

Pamela stood mute. She felt a pressure about her in the air—like the pressure of strong arms, from which she could not break away.

And Maxime, as he stood here, too, had visions. He saw a room long and low, oak-paneled and beautiful with old lives that had been lived there.

In the windows were great china bowls, deep-flowered, blue and white and Spanish crimson. These held roses—and those, passion-flowers.

And down the long smooth floor walked a woman having gold hair, crinkled like spun light, and blue eyes. And she smiled at him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and said:

"My wife!"

Oh, would that vision here come true some day?—and must he watch it fade, and say, "Farewell! Farewell?"

While they stood there, before either had gained self-control enough to speak of indifferent things, a figure crossed the open ground beyond, lingering a moment glancing about, then disappearing in a grove of young fir-trees close by.

It was a man's figure, dressed in familiar gray clothes, and he walked with slow steps, bending feebly forward.

"Why, it's Ralph!" cried Maxime, in some surprise.

"Yes," said Pamela. "You notice how he has aged in these last days. He is now going over the old places—the dear, familiar haunts—saying good-by to all."

Maxime did not answer. His brows were bent frowningly.

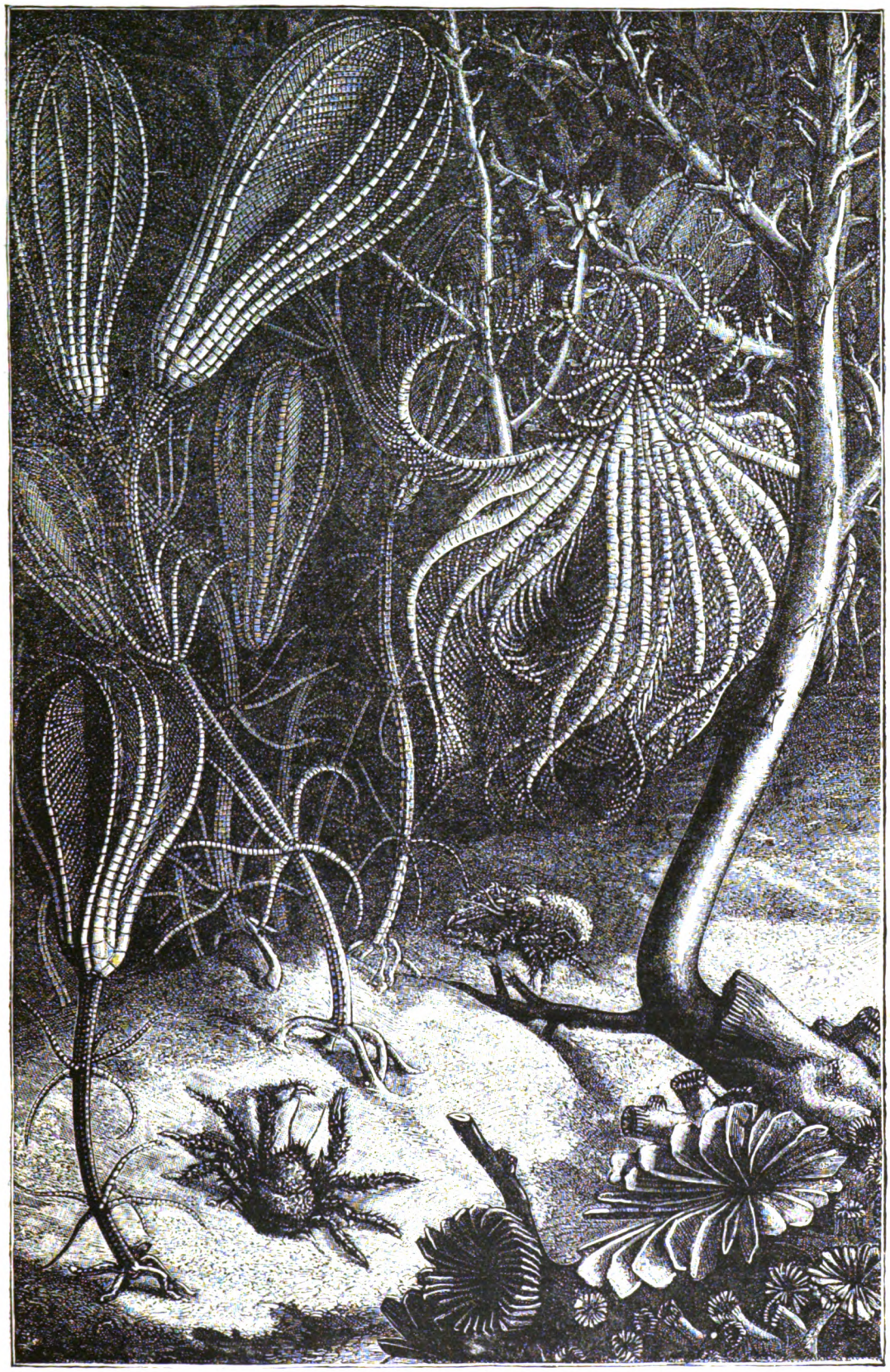
"It was why he asked you would do nothing for a while," Pamela continued—"that we might live on together peacefully for a time, and nothing be said of change. He wished to *grow* into a sense of his great loss."

"And if this new will had not been found, you would have gone on living always in this celestial way—Ralph dreaming his harmless dreams, and you watching that no unfriendly wind blew on him?"

INDISCREET.—FROM THE BRONZE STATUETTE BY ACHILLES SALATO.

"I suppose so," said Pamela, curtly.

Why did his manner change so? Why was he at times so kind, speaking with smile and word as tender as a



ON THE OCEAN-BOTTOM AT FIFTEEN HUNDRED METRES DEPTH.—SEE PAGE 248.

mother's lullaby above the cradle, and then again so cold, with such a piercing sting sheathed in his courteous speech?

She could have smote him where he stood. He was kind at heart; she knew that well, for she had watched him keenly. She had noticed in their walks, when a worm lay in his path, he had been quick to

—"Tread aside and let the reptile live,"

and she had watched him nurse with sweetest pity such poor, dumb, wounded things as could not speak to tell their sorrows.

Why was he, then, at times, so cruel and cold to her?

At least she would not wear the yellow flowers—Maxime's flowers.

Only last evening, when they had stood there together, he had spoken suddenly, voice and face changing alike, "You never wear the yellow flowers now!" and then, without waiting for an answer, had turned and walked away.

Ah, well! When they had been Ralph's, she loved them in her dress.

Now she crushed one under her foot, and then was sorry, and went in and wept wofully for her lost happiness.

* * * * * *

The days now went by peacefully in this old house.

Life there was the mental attitude of a believing Christian drawing his beads slowly through his fingers at prayer—always faithful, always having faith.

But one afternoon Pamela, going into the library, found Ralph there quite alone by the window.

His face was dejected; she fancied his eyes showed signs of tears.

Silently she sat down beside him, her hand just lightly touching his.

It was like the soft touch of lips bestowing a caress.

At that moment all her unspotted life was his for very sympathy with his grief. Ralph turned, with his always tender smile.

"My Ruth—always my faithful Ruth!"

"Yes."

It was all she could say. She bent her cheek till it rested on his shoulder. They sat so for a long time.

"I have been going over all the dear old places," he said, at last, touching a portfolio of sketches—"all the dear old haunts. See, here is the pool where we always got the sweet flag first. And one day you fell in the water, my Ruth, and I brought you up across the orchard in my arms. Had you forgotten that?"

He shut the portfolio, pushing it aside.

"This is the last day—the last day!"

Pamela's tears leaped forth.

"If I could do anything to help you! Oh, I cannot bear it! If I could act for you!"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "There is nothing you can do. It is for the best, else do you suppose He would permit it? My cousin will be a good ruler—a good master here. Already the people begin to speak of the change."

"Imgrates!" cried out the girl, angrily.

"Nay, it is but natural—it is human nature. Self, self!" he sighed, looking out of the window.

He thought to himself that he could see the gray-clothed figure of a bent and sorrow-shadowed man—the figure of Ralph Yale going out along those fertile lands, across the fields and hills, on and on, for ever away—for ever further away.

Without on the balcony, in the shadow of the blind another sat, silent, quite alone; an open book was in his hand, but his eyes were fixed straight ahead, with sombre light in them.

Perhaps he, too, had a vision of the wandering shadow that went away across the lovely world into a far-off unknown darkness.

And was it strange that, as he sat there, a tear rolled down his swarthy cheek, and fell on the open page unread before him?

The silence remained unbroken for a long time. Then Pamela, bending forward, gently touched Ralph's hand.

"Yes."

He turned instantly with his lovely look of peace.

"I believe I am tired a little," he said, wearily. "If you would read to me those beautiful lines of Cowper's on his mother's picture."

Pamela got the book, and read to him till his soft and regular breathing told that he was sleeping. Only once he opened his eyes drowsily to murmur:

"Yes, that is true—beautiful and true; how much he loved her, he—

"'The son of parents passed into the skies.'

The proudest title he could wear. The very proudest."

Pamela shut the book, and kneeling by the sofa, looked long and tenderly into Ralph's thin, peaceful face. Then she stooped lower still, and laid her mouth to his.

"Even so I love you," she sighed. "My brother, my dear and good brother."

* * * * * *

The next morning Pamela was about early. Before the breakfast hour she wandered down to the foot of the great lawn.

Idly she stood there, asking herself if she had ever seen that mountain world looking so beautiful before, wondering if she should ever see it looking so beautiful again.

So absorbed was she that Maxime, coming up from the river, stood there some time before she was conscious of his presence.

He held a bunch of the yellow flowers in his hand.

Pamela's face gathered a slow-coming color when at last she saw him.

"You here?" she cried. "Have you been abroad all night? I fancied myself alone."

They stood a few moments, talking idle nothings as easily as they could.

Even for Maxime speech seemed difficult that morning. Pamela moved, glancing backward.

"Ah, I must go now; Ralph will be asking for me. He is late. Oh——"

She stopped, her eyes dilated; her face grew gray with a wild horror flashing out of it; then with a low moan she flung herself before Maxime; with wide, outstretched arms, standing tall and defiant as one who protects what it loves from swift-plunging missiles, Pamela flung herself in front of Maxime, heroically fronting that coming horror.

Only for a moment she had a vision of it—a rearing, shaggy head, great blood-red, sweat-dropping jowl, bloodshot, horrible eyes, huge outspread paws and strangling leash; then the sharp crack of a rifle pierced her brain, making her wonder dizzily if a hundred bullets had gone through her palsied heart, and she dropped senseless to the ground. And close to her, those dreadful claws almost touching the hem of her dress, Wolfe, the farmer's huge Scotch sheep-dog, lay foaming at the mouth in his death-agony.

When a few moments later she came to herself, she was lying, half lifted from the ground, in Maxime's arm—they two were alone there.

"You are better," said Maxime, in a low voice.

His face was very white.

She pushed the water from her forehead, looking dizzily around.

"Yes," she whispered.

Then she tried to sit up, but fell back again weakly.

"Safe!" she moaned—safe!"

"Safe!" answered Maxime. "Old Blaire's bullet finished him."

Pamela shuddered.

"Was he mad?"

"Raging mad!"

She was silent a while before she dared look up at him whose life she had offered her own for. She glanced at him timidly, but when she met his look she thought she knew how love would look—how love would smile on her some future day in that fair life to which we all are hastening!

But was immortal love really so sweet as that?—this one dear human smile.

She turned her face away unable to bear the beauty of that look.

"I must go now," she said.

"Wait; you are weak yet. Rest here." He lifted her in his arms, and placed her in an old disused iron garden-chair. "Rest there a moment."

All of a sudden she burst into sobs, moaning and rocking back and forth, her face hidden in her uplifted arms.

Maxime dropped on his knees by her side.

"You saved my life."

She could not speak yet, but by-and-by the sobs grew fainter.

"Go," she pleaded—"you must go!" Then, after another silence: "If you are sorry for me, go! It is all you can do."

Still the beauty of that smile on his sad, pale face.

"You saved my life—you did! The deed is there; angels recorded it." He lifted his hand heavenward. "Your life an offering for me."

He bent over her with that same smile as she looked up at him—one last look—lower still.

* * * * * *

That night Pamela held a bunch of those yellow flowers a long time in her hand.

A long time she hesitated, looking as one might who said a prayer. Then she put them, still silent, on the table, and walked away. Good-by, sweet Hope, good-by!

So Pamela was faithful. They live on to this day at the old Forbes Homestead—Ralph and Pamela—man and wife.

"But," a gossip sometimes remembers to recount, "I thought the place was taken away from them. I fancy remembering a new will was found, leaving everything to the other nephew, Maxime Forbes."

"Ah, yes; it's all true. But stranger than that followed. It was the most complicated affair. A later codicil was signed, leaving all to Ralph Yale in case Pamela married him. So she did; you know old Lemuel Forbes was fond of her."

"And this other one—Maxime Forbes?"

"Oh, he went abroad. He was a wild fellow. He is not a very good Yankee, and is satisfied to live abroad. He did not care for the old place, they say."

What more to say?

Only there is an old diary somewhere still in the land of the living, hidden away where no strange eyes may ever look in it; and on one page—the last page—yellow, worn, stained with what you would call tears, is written this last message:

"Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

IDLENESS is the only refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.

A RUSSIAN STOVE.

THE Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental, and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire-clay walls into several upright chambers or flues, usually six in number. Some dry firewood is lighted in a suitable fireplace, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the flue. The productions of combustion being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through the different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty-four heat-absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls, then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and, passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into the apartments.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS IN PALESTINE.

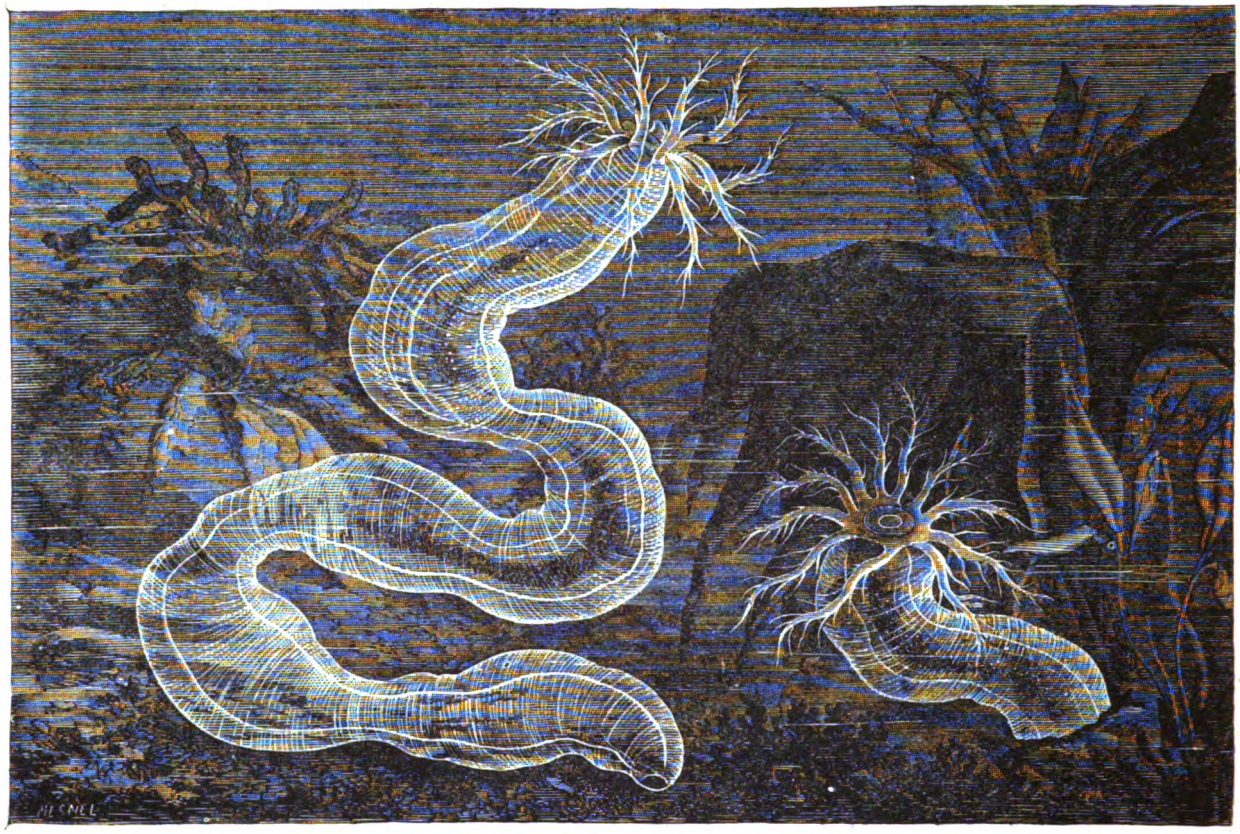
ACCORDING to M. Clermont Ganneau, only seven inscriptions are known in Palestine of a date prior to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. The first is the famous Moabite stone. Four were found in Jerusalem, and they present the peculiarity of being engraved in a cartouch or hollow framing on the rock. Two are much mutilated. The third is a narrative of the excavation by Israelitish engineers of a tunnel 500 metres long under Mount Moriah. The fourth indicates a small monolith naos of Egyptian style, which is an authentic specimen of native architecture. The next is an inscription marking the boundary of Gezer. The seventh is a stela, which was discovered in 1871 in the foundation of an old Arab edifice close to the Mosque of Omar, and contains the text of the famous law forbidding, under pain of death, to the Gentiles the entrance of the sacred precincts of the Temple, reconstructed by Herod. It was by virtue of this law, invoked by the enraged Jews, that the Apostle Paul, after having with great difficulty escaped tumultuary execution, was dragged before the Roman tribunal.

THE ROSEWOOD-TREE.

ROSEWOOD-TREES are found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. There are half a dozen kinds. The name is not taken from the color of the wood, as is generally supposed, but by reason of a rose-like fragrance which it possesses when first cut. Some of the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. The broad planks are principally used to make tops for pianofortes. The rosewood-tree is remarkable for its beauty. Such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly have now scarcely a single specimen. New plantations have been set out, so that the supply will not be exhausted.

RICHES in their acquisition bring pain and suffering; in their loss, manifold trouble and sorrow; in their possession, a wild intoxication. How can we say that they confer happiness?

THERE was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.

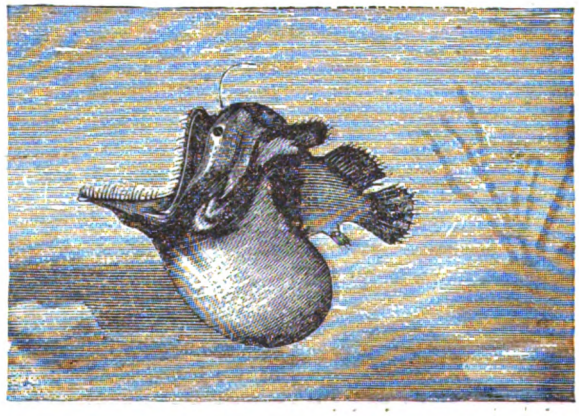


THE SYNAPTA DUVERNAEA, ONE OF THE HOLOTHURIAS.

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE OCEAN-BOTTOM.

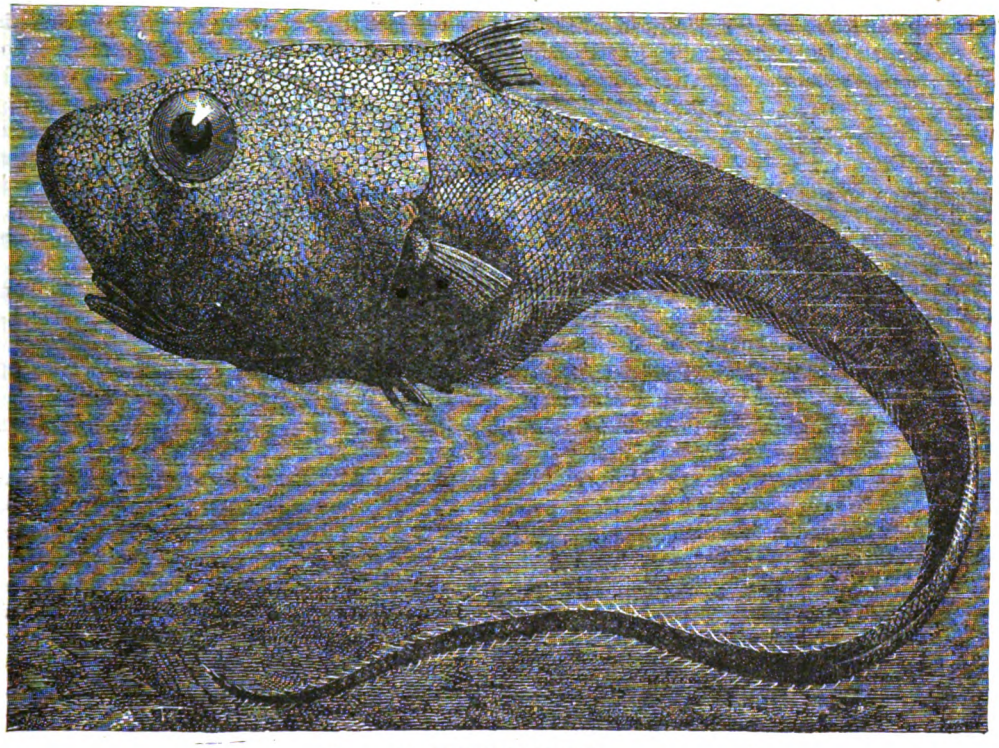
By Ralph S. Tarr.

Deep-sea research has for several years been extensively engaged in by the United States Fish Commission, and during the last Summer, by means of its large steamer, the *Albatross*, investigations were carried on in the deepest waters of the North Atlantic. On one occasion a dredging was made in 2,950 fathoms, this being the deepest successful haul of the trawl ever made by any expedition. In the Summer of 1883 operations were carried on in a region south of New England, about 300 miles, in from 1,000 to 3,000 fathoms. There a remarkable form was encountered, different from anything ever found in similar regions. Some forms were identical with species taken by the *Challenger*, and others nearly allied to varieties brought up by other expeditions, but most were different from all previously known animals. The distribution of animals on the ocean bottom is very wide, an animal seldom being confined to a limited area, temperature serving as the main dividing-line; and depth ranks next in degree, as a check upon distribution. We have many forms found in the shallower depths, 500 fathoms or less, which, while they are not encountered in the deepest parts of the ocean, are found upon the coast of Europe in similar depths, and also in the Mediterranean. Furthermore, many of our recently discovered deep-sea animals have proved to be identical with fossil forms found in the Quaternary deposits of Italy. Indeed, we might almost say that all deep-sea animals belong to fossil types, the mere remnants of a former age. In structure, they are as a rule primitive, and highly specialized in certain directions, at the expense of other less developed parts. Such animals as Crinoids, for a long time placed upon the list of extinct animals, have been discovered upon the ocean-bottom, in places in abundance, and often in variety, a number of species and several genera having been described from the North Atlantic alone. Who can tell what remarkable forms of animal life may be found before the whole ocean-bed is thoroughly examined? It is not unreasonable to suppose that Trilobites may yet be discovered in these deep recesses. Deep-sea investigation has yet much to do. It is but just begun—is still in an embryonic condition.



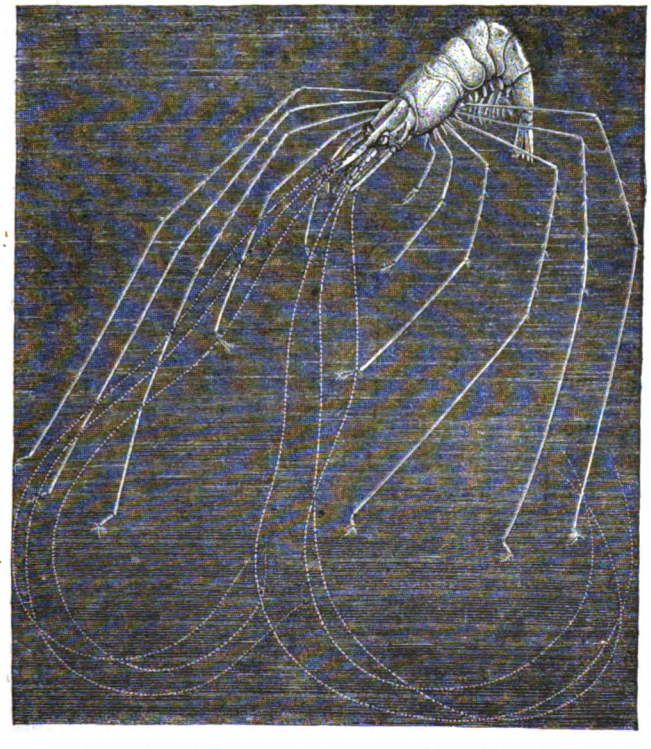
A CURIOUS DEEP-SEA FISH.

Our researches have proved that the bottom of the ocean, in all water deeper than 1,000 fathoms, is composed of globergerinous ooze, so called from the fact that it is mainly



MACRURUS GLOBICEPS.

made up of the living and broken shells of a certain species of Foraminifera, called scientifically Globergerina. It is a thick, blue, sticky mud, containing but little matter besides the calcareous shells which are so abundant. Besides this, there is some meteoric iron. The absolute absence of sand and rocks is well marked. Ice, or floating sand from shore, as soon as it strikes the Gulf Stream, is immediately carried away and deposited. This serves as an effectual barrier to all such foreign matter. From the shore to a distance of 100 miles south of Southern New England the slope is very gradual, forming a great submarine plateau, of 100 fathoms depth at its outer end. From this 100-fathom line to 1,200 fathoms the slope is exceedingly rapid, being usually as steep as the slope of large mountains, and as high as Mount Washington, New Hampshire. We call this the Gulf Stream Slope, because it underlies the inner edge of the Gulf Stream from Cape Hatteras to Nova Scotia. A change of position of ten miles will at some points make a difference of 600 fathoms in depth. From this immense slope the great ocean-basin is encountered, and here the slope is much more gradual, to the very deepest parts. Foraminifera, the basis of the muddy ocean-bottom, are the lowest group of the animal kingdom, belonging to the group of the Protozoa. Their near allies are Amœba, found so abundantly upon the damp leaves and pieces of bark and in stagnant pools—in fact in nearly every place where fresh water exists. This group of Foraminifera is the one which in past ages gathered in such masses as to form the immense chalk cliffs of England. They probably lived in much shallower water than their allies do at present, and were washed into banks which subsequently hardened into chalk. Material for a similar formation is now found on the ocean-bottom. By washing the mud, the broken shells and disintegrated parts can easily be disposed of, leaving a perfectly pure deposit of the beautiful shells of this one-celled animal, the lowest form of life so far known to man.



LUMINOUS SHRIMP, FOUND AT A DEPTH OF 850 METRES.

The animal inhabitant itself is very simple, being one-celled, without any special organ. Whenever it desires to take food, a particle is surrounded by a portion of the soft body and is allowed to enter, through what might be

called the skin, into the interior. Any portion of the external cell-covering can serve as a temporary mouth, closing over the particle, and leaving no trace of an opening. The undigested remnants are ejected in a similar manner. If motion is desired, a pseudopod or foot is thrown out, this being any part of the animal, and into this pseudopod the liquid cell-contents begin to pour. The whole animal actually flows into its foot, which then ceases to be a foot, and the shell is drawn after it. The cell-walls are very elastic. The shells of this group are remarkable for their beauty of shape and color.

These microscopic shells are usually composed of carbonate of lime, but there are siliceous species, and, in the shallower waters, sandy forms. Some are as smooth and glossy as the best glazed chinaware, showing beautiful concentric rings of different hues, while others are rough, and lobed in a manner which defies description. Still others are the most beautiful shade of pink, and some present in color a most delicate chocolate-brown. We find them tubular, coiled, cross-shaped, spherical, oval, and in masses which look as if it started with a spherical form, and the animal, needing more room, pushed out a portion of the side into a hemispherical protuberance, and continued to do this whenever more room was needed, until a mass of lobes upon lobes was the result.

Perhaps the most curious form is one which has the general shape of a nautilus, and upon making a section, it, too, is found to be composed of sections. This form was formerly classed as a nautilus. Although these animals are one-celled and microscopic, that symmetry exists which is always found in the living and natural, but seldom in the accidental. That inevitable and unchangeable law of symmetry exists even in these one-celled beings, the lowest forms of animal life. In no case do we find one of them having the irregular outline which is to be seen in grains of sand chipped off from larger rocks, and worn into accidental shapes. Some pre-established law causes these regular forms; in fact, causes them to produce like regular forms differing in no respect from their parents.

It is thought by many that these shells live on the surface, and drop to the bottom after death. Certain it is that some do, but I am of the opinion that most of them live and die upon the ocean-bottom. This must be true of the large sandy forms, and as we take so few upon the surface in our tow-nets, it seems probable that many other forms must also live on the bottom. Earbones of fishes are very abundant, mixed up in the foraminiferous mud, and these, with the exception of an occasional shark's-tooth, are the only remnants of dead fishes ever taken. This seems very strange, for there must be a constant rain of such deposits. Their absence is accounted for only by supposing that they are devoured by the small scavengers as soon as they drop down.

We once set a trawl* baited for deep-sea fish, and upon drawing it up found one fish firmly hooked, and almost entirely devoured by a small species of Amphipod. They must have attacked him after he had been hooked, and in a few hours nearly devoured him, although it was a fish nearly two feet long. Iron and wood are never taken, but we frequently find cinders, when in the tracks of ocean steamers, and once we hauled up a wine-bottle, and again a rubber doll, both imperishable articles. That the bottle had been there for some time was proved by the fact that it had numerous hydroid animals on it.

Upon the ocean-bottom there can be no light, and, indeed, actual photographic experiments have proved that practically there is absolutely no sunlight in water deeper than 1,000 fathoms. For this reason we find no plant life. Sunlight is absolutely essential for plant growth, which is not at all the case with animals. Notwithstanding the absence of sunlight, most bottom animals have eyes, well developed, though there are some in which no traces of visual organs are found. If the creatures have eyes, they must have some use for them, otherwise they would be lost, for Nature supports no useless organs. It is for this reason that we suppose phosphorescence to be the common form of light. We conclude that it must not only be abundant, but of a very brilliant character. Certain corals retain their phosphorescence even after being brought to the surface.

The temperature on the bottom varies from thirty-four degrees, Fahrenheit, to thirty-eight degrees, with an average of thirty-six degrees or thirty-seven degrees. The pressure is very great, many tons to the square inch, but on account of the penetrable character of the animal tissue of bottom forms, this pressure is easily borne, in the same manner that the fifteen pounds per square inch is counteracted in man's own case. Water brought from bottom in hermetically-sealed bottles foams like soda-water, and is thrown many feet in the air when opened at the surface. Fish come up with their eyes protruding and the air-bladders forced out of their mouths; and often they are burst open.

At all depths, even as deep as has been explored, we find life to be very abundant, and of great variety, every group of the animal kingdom being represented there, except the higher vertebrates and insects proper. One of the most abundant groups encountered is that called Gorgonia, or soft coral. The hard, stony corals are represented only by the one polyped form. This is simply a sea-anemone surrounded by a stony coat, pointed at the end, and held in place by being stuck into the mud. Soft corals are extremely abundant, and represented by many varieties. *Primnoa reseda*, the bush-coral, and *Paragorgia arborea*, the tree-coral, both first found on this side of the Atlantic, and presented to the Fish Commission by the Gloucester fishermen, and last Summer obtained by the Commission itself, are remarkable for their great size and beauty, the former being a delicate pink; the latter, a pink bordering upon red. Specimens of the tree-coral four feet in length bear evidence of being mere branches, while we have taken bases which, had they been produced as they were naturally, would have undoubtedly been ten or fifteen feet high, and nearly that number of feet in width. The animals forming this colony produce in unison a rather tough, spongy mass, branching and growing in bulbs. The polyps can contract and withdraw into this mass, but are fixed permanently into one place. They reproduce by dividing, one on the end splitting into two perfect polyps, and each secreting the spongy mass, they become separated, and it is the constant repetition of this that causes the cluster grove.

The shape of coral masses depend upon the manner in which the polyps divide. There are always tubes connecting the polyps together. Occasionally a polyp buds off from its mother, and dropping into the water, swims about for a time, and then locates itself upon some rock and begins a new colony. In the case of the bush-coral, a hard, siliceous central axis is secreted in each branch, and the animals live in little bell-shaped cups attached

* Fishermen use the term *trawl* to signify an apparatus composed of a long line, from which hang many hooks. This whole thing is weighted and lowered to the bottom, and afterward drawn up, and the fish taken from the hooks. In this sense it is used here. The trawl proper is a very large dredge.

to the stem by the base. When these umbels are rubbed off a bare stem is left, which might be easily mistaken for the petrified branch of a tree.

Upon George's Banks, in about 300 fathoms, these immense corals form large groves, in which fishes dart about, spectre-like, in the phosphorescent light, preying upon smaller animals, which vainly endeavor to escape. These groves have been the scene of many a disaster, and when the waters above are roughened by violent storms, an incessant torrent of fishing-vessels, with human freight, have received their burial among the broken branches. Upon the stems of these corals large barnacles, often two inches in diameter, resembling common rock-barnacles, except in size, frequently make their home.

Upon the great ocean-bed, where no rocks or solid foundations of any kind are found, such animals as need a firm base to rest upon are seldom taken. Sponges, hydroids, barnacles, etc., are very rare after the 500 fathom-line is reached, and when found they are very small, attached to broken stems of gorgonians, much too small for their support.

The curious devices adopted by clusters of animals for supporting their mass in an upright position are remarkable, and there are cases where evolution must certainly have taken place, and furnished the group with a much-needed organ. This is seen in the case of a peculiar gorgonian, which, for its own support, to hold itself in an upright position, has a circular membrane projected into the mud, a portion of which it envelops, and then, by constricting the open end, it has a heavy ball of mud, surrounded and protected by a membrane. By this means the cluster is held in position by a weighted base. A very few miles from where this is found, in shallow water, and where rocks are abundant, there is a species almost identical with this one, in all points except that it attaches itself to rocks. Now, it seems perfectly probable that a free-swimming polyp from the shallower species by some cause found its way into deep water, and when the time for fixing itself arrived, no firm basis was encountered; so it settled down upon the mud, and when it grew and branched, being top-heavy, it toppled over. Other polyps from the same colony had a similar experience, until a means of firm fixation evolved itself, from necessity.

The Pennatulacea, or sea-pens, beautiful clusters of bright-red and purple polyps upon a straight stem, the base of which is slightly bulb-shape, tapering gradually to the end, receive the name from the fact that the polyps are all on one side; and on account of this, together with the pointed end, the resemblance to a quill-pen is very marked. The most peculiar and interesting of this group of Radiates is that rather aberrant form of Pennatulids, the Umbellifera, so named from their resemblance to an umbelliferous flower. In this case there is a stem, often two feet in length, fastened in the mud by means of an elongated bulb, but bearing upon the other end a peculiar cluster of animals, which, as they gracefully bend over, have an almost perfect resemblance to certain umbelliferous flowers. Pennatulids fasten themselves in the mud by means of bulbs, but there is a group of gorgonians found in those regions which have perfect branching roots ramifying through the mud. If there was a very strong current on bottom, the mud would be washed away from the roots, and the cluster would fall.

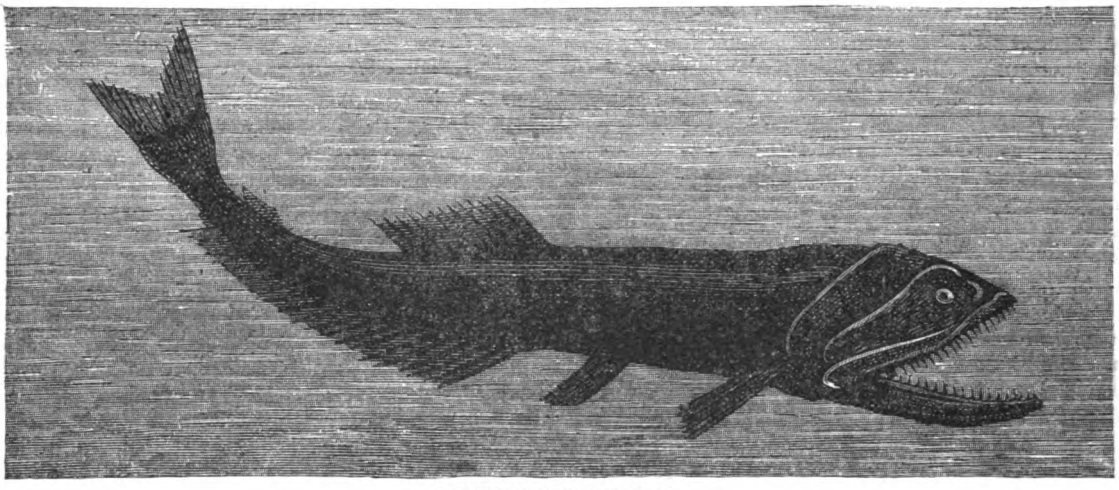
The allied animals, the sea-anemones, are not often found in the greater depth, but are taken in great varieties in from 100 to 500 fathoms, where there are rocks. One, a large kind, beautifully colored and spotted, will, after being taken from seventy-five fathoms, live and thrive when placed in an aquarium. We have thus kept them during the entire Summer, and as they alternately expand and contract, they are most interesting creatures to watch. When fully expanded they are six inches high, and as broad across the base. By means of their stinging, or lasso cells, they can kill very large fishes. These arrow-pointed affairs are attached to the end of a coil of ropelike flesh, all stowed away in a little cell. When anything approaches, hundreds of these barbs are hurled from the cells, and striking the object, they penetrate, for they have the power of motion, and can work into any animal tissues even after being detached from the animal. Each is covered with a poisonous fluid, and the many in conjunction have a paralyzing effect. I have seen this anemone thus paralyze an active fish a foot in length, and then swallow it, leaving nothing but the fish's tail projecting from the mouth. After digesting a portion the rest is disgorged.

The stinging-cells exist by the millions all over the animal's body, and are replaced as fast as discharged. Although this creature could kill a fish, its cells had no effect upon a man's hand, unless the bare flesh was exposed. Upon one occasion we dredged several bushels of a bright-red anemone, together with a number of rays, or skates. The sharp spines of the rays wounded my hands in several places, and upon handling the anemones sharp pains shot through my arms. I continued, however, until all the anemones were disposed of, the pain all the time increasing, and finally my hands began to swell. Several days elapsed before the pain and swelling ceased. The poison probably would have had no effect had my hands been uninjured.

All brilliantly-colored marine animals are well defended, while those which are poorly defended are inconspicuous, resembling the color of their favorite haunts. The latter are thus for the purpose of escaping the notice of their enemies, while the former, such as sea-anemones, crabs, etc., having no such enemies to fear, by their brilliant colors attract the curious within reach of their deadly powers.

Epizoanthus, a sea-anemone which secretes a sandy substance in its body-walls, after its free swimming stage attaches itself to a shell inhabited by a hermit-crab. In growing and dividing quite a colony is formed, which gradually envelops the shell, leaving only the entrance uncovered; it then absorbs the shell, and is transported from place to place by the hermit. But the crab is furnished with a comfortable, transportable house, which grows at about the same rate that the hermit grows, and is thus an accommodating house. If the shell was not absorbed the hermit would outgrow it, and leaving it, the anemone would be obliged to remain in one place. This is a remarkable case of division of labor amongst the lower animals, entirely different kinds of animals working together for the common good. One furnishes the house for a crab with a very delicate, unprotected abdomen, while the crab returns the favor by transporting the other from place to place and keeping it upright.

Starfishes are the most abundant animals on the ocean-bed, and it has been said that the bottom is literally paved with them. They exist in all varieties, from the five-armed to those with fifteen arms, and from those which are nearly pentagonal in form to the kinds which are formed of a mere disk, having five narrow, brittle arms radiating from it. This latter, the brittle-star, always comes to the surface with its arms more or less broken, for it has the power of snapping them off at will, and from appearances it must use this power very often,

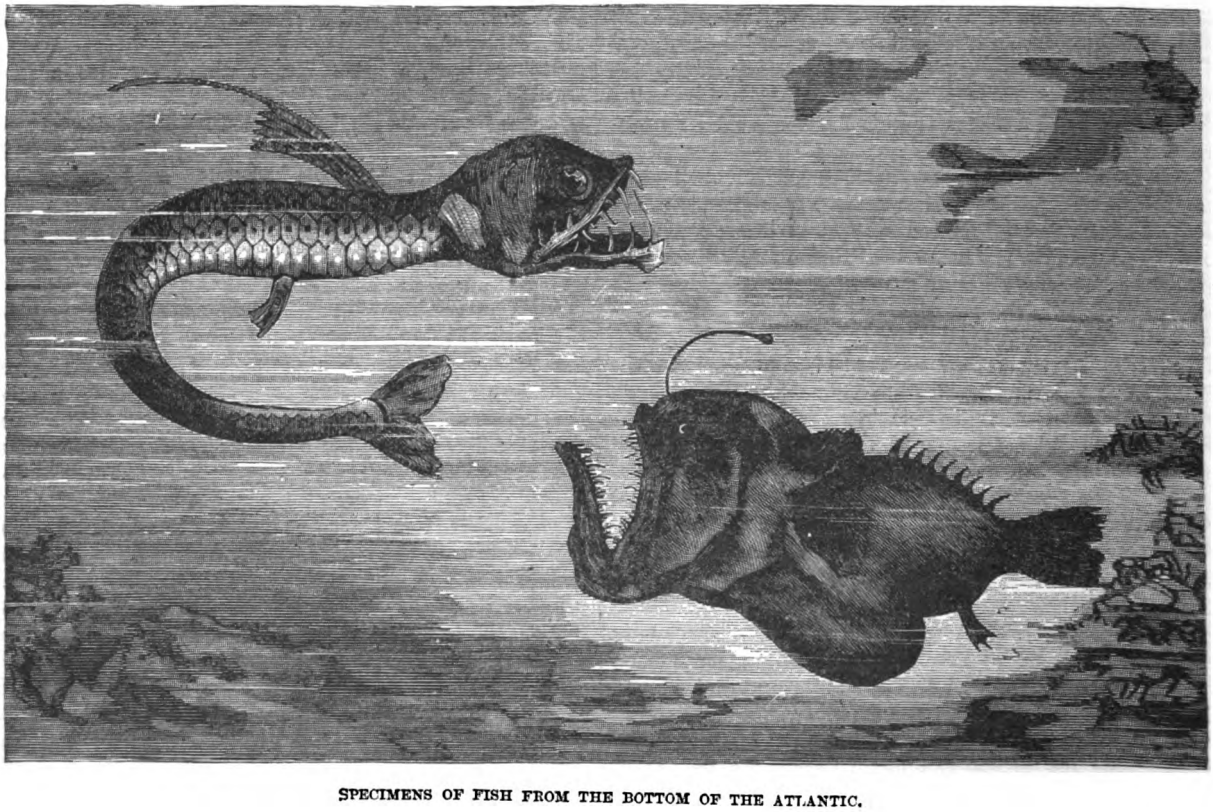


NEOSTOMA BATYPHYLLUM.

though it looks like "cutting off the nose to spite the face." They can reproduce them as fast as they are broken off.

There is a form intermediate between this and the true starfish, called Brisinga, which has the same power, and although it has twelve arms over a foot long, they are frequently taken with all the arms gone and only the disk left. True basket-stars are not found deeper than 100 fathoms, but allied forms, much smaller, are taken in the very deepest waters. Off Cape Cod, in quite shallow water, the bottom is completely covered with the large Astrophyton, or basket-star, and can be taken by the bushel. Antedon, a species of crinoid, more nearly allied to the starfishes than to the true crinoids or stone-lilies, has many feathery branches and no stalk. It always breaks itself into thousands of pieces, and is never obtained perfect. Sea-urchins are found very abundantly at all depths, the flat Clypeasteroids being the most abundant. We also frequently obtain a large, round, white species of Echini, and a form which has very long, sharp spines. A curious flat form commonly taken on bottom has no hard shell, but is soft and flabby.

Our party was surprised one night, when the trawl was hauled up late in the evening, to see large numbers of a great white fork-like mass come tumbling from the bag into the seine. All were puzzled and none could tell what they were, each individual having some group of animals to place them in. Upon dissecting one, however, the mass proved to belong to the Holothurians, or sea-cucumbers, though no external resemblances to this class were to be seen. Upon arriving home, by consulting books, we found that it was similar to species described from the *Challenger* expedition. It has been named *Benthodites gigantea*. The sailors, however, would not



SPECIMENS OF FISH FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

allow it to escape so easily, but christened it by such names as lump-of-pork, loaf-of-bread, and animated-boxing-gloves. The creature was pure white, a foot long, one-half foot wide and two inches thick. Although of this great size, its vital organs were confined to a very narrow line near the central axis of the body, the rest being apparently quite superfluous.

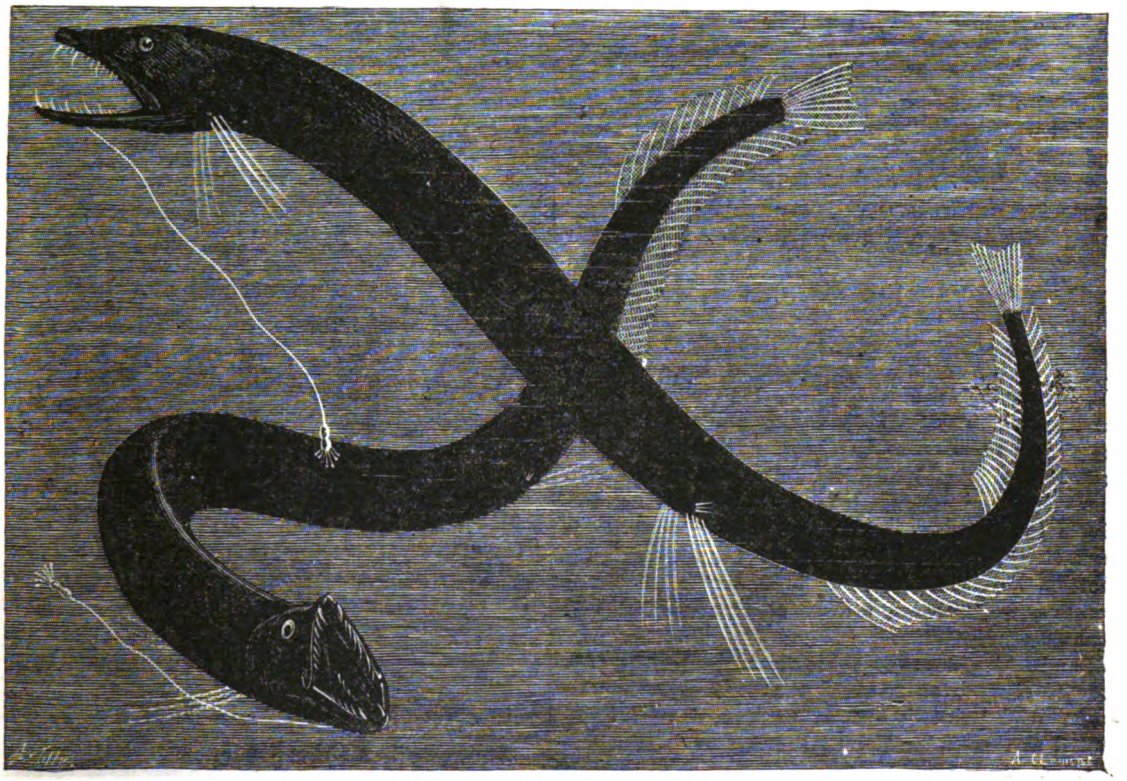
Another species taken during the same voyage was called old-boot by the sailors. There was a marked resemblance to an old, unblacked low shoe. This was named *Europhonides cornuta*, on account of two horn-like projections on the upper surface. Here the resemblance to a Holothurian was more marked ; and we afterward took the typical species, and some which were long and worm-like.

Shells were abundant in all places, but as a rule deep-sea shells are small and inconspicuous. It is to be borne in mind that shells proper, or Mollusca, are entirely different from the shelly Foraminifera, the former being quite high in the animal scale of life, the latter the lowest known group. Our most beautiful shell from deep water is named *Calliostoma Bairdii*, in honor of Professor Baird. It is one of the few deep-sea animals which will live in the aquarium. We kept a pair during an entire Summer. In the daytime this shellfish would remain quiet, but at night roamed around the aquarium, frequently crawling over the top and dropping to the floor. This shows that it must be accustomed to comparative darkness. An interesting shell is that called Dentalium, being a long, circular tube, pointed at one end, and having a length of about one-half inch. Many new squid were taken, and most peculiar types were found, all entirely different from any previously known.

Annelids, the group of worms proper, have few remarkable representatives, they being for the most part very small, and represented by similar forms in shallow water further north. The only really curious form is *Hyalinœcia artifex*, which secretes a circular tube open at both ends, and resembling in structure the quill of a bird's feather. In fact it was actually made to serve the purpose of a quill-pen. One of the party went so far as to clean one out, and fitting it to his pipe, used it as a stem. When last seen he was puffing away through a worm-tube taken from the bottom in 500 fathoms.

In places shrimp are extremely abundant, often being taken by the bushel, and in such cases we were always treated to shrimp cooked in various ways. A species of shrimp hauled up from 2,300 fathoms measured a foot in length, and an Amphipod resembling the common sand-flea, nearly three inches long. Crabs, some of them very large, and all bright-colored, were often taken. By far the most interesting animals which have yet been found, are the sea-spiders, or Pycnogonids. It is not yet determined just where in the animal kingdom to place them, for they have affinities both to the Crustaceans and Spiders, and yet are very different from each of these. Many naturalists are of the opinion that they should be placed in an entirely seperate group intermediate between the Spiders and Crustaceans. One specimen, when measured, was found to be two feet, measured from the tips of two opposite legs. Notwithstanding this immense length of legs, the body was but an eighth of an inch in breadth and an inch long. In this small body there is no room for a stomach, so a branch extends from a main tube into the base of each leg. Food is sucked in through a rather long proboscis. When the female lays the eggs, the male stands by and catches them upon a pair of legs peculiar to the male, and they are glued together by a secreted sticky substance. This animal is a mere spectre, made up of eight legs joined together by a tube.

Deep-sea fish are very remarkable, and during the past



EUSTOMIAS OBSCURUS, FOUND AT A DEPTH OF 2,700 METRES.

Summer many new species were obtained. They were all different from previously-known types. One, *Gastrostomus Bairdii* will probably form the basis of an entirely new order, so peculiar is its type of structure. It has a remarkably long mouth, occupying a great deal more than half the body. The skull is very primitive, and the whole animal is a curious case of extraordinary development. One fish had no traces of eyes ; this, and that of a blind shrimp, being the most remarkable cases of blindness among deep-sea animals.

During the Summer many dredgings were made, most of them being very successful. Each haul contained many species, some of them entirely new to science, proving that life on the ocean-bottom is as abundant and as variable as that on land, and we may say even more so. Picture to yourself a great aerial vessel at a distance of two miles above the earth, trailing along an iron frame with a net behind to catch everything, the frame scraping a piece of ground twenty feet wide through a distance of two miles, and you will have the conditions which exist when dredging. How much animal life would be obtained ? All birds and mammals would escape. So also do the quicker-motioned fishes in the ocean. Yet we frequently bring up bushels at a load, and it seems that certain kinds must be literally piled one upon the other. All of these animals live upon bottom, breathing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid gas, with no plants to supply new oxygen and absorb the carbonic acid. How is the water purified ? There are many questions to settle in this connection, and there is much ground to be explored. From past experience it is reasonable to suppose that there are many separate faunal belts in the oceans, each having separate kinds of animals, just as on land. If this be true, every part of each ocean must be thoroughly explored before the many curious and interesting animals, so far from the sight of man, can be brought to his view. And even then, judging from the difficulty which students of land animals experience in bringing to light all new forms of life, it will be a long time before one can say that all animals from bottom have been studied ; indeed we might say it is an endless work, which will be still unaccomplished when man's studies cease.

Small and insignificant as these creatures may be, it is the duty of civilization to study them. Apart from the narrow financial point, it is as interesting, as useful and as essential as the exploration of the vast wilds of Africa or Australia. It is the duty which man owes to himself and his fellow-beings to ferret out all hidden truths and wonders ; to make them known to the world. It is as much to be desired that these things be generally known, as past history be known. Man has ceased to be a savage, whose only aim is to supply his body with absolute necessities. It is time that he should cease to be that which is little better—a grasper of money, a hoarder, and in all senses a miser.

Those who cannot themselves study these truths, should aid others in the cause, should encourage scientific institutions, and encourage the grand work to the extent of their power. As it is at present, Government is alone in this work, while private funds might greatly aid in its prosecution. Under the efficient management of Professor Baird, the United States is doing a lion's share of marine research, and we hope that the present Commissioner may long retain his office, and continue his intereting work.

ELIAS HOWE completed the first sewing-machine in 1845.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE English people are becoming aroused to the dangers of too much study on the part of children in the public schools, and a governmental commission has been examining the matter from a medical point of view, with a view to moderating the excessive requirements. Great public interest is manifested. Agitation in regard to over-pressure in schools has already been active in Germany, and in France the Minister of Public Instruction has lately reduced the daily hours of study. In Switzerland, where the evidences of over-pressure were startling when brought to light, the cantonal governments are considering how they shall be avoided in future. At the recent International Medical Congress in Copenhagen, statements derived from a study of European school-children generally were made which produced a strong impression; but as yet the United States is only partially awake to the danger which threatens the health of children whose brains are overtaxed by the ambitious requirements of the public schools, and whose whole health suffers in consequence. The symptoms of excessive brain-work on the part of children, as they have been noticed carefully in Europe by experts, are headache, sleeplessness, intellectual torpor, muscular weakness and spasm, culminating in hallucination, and often in sudden loss of consciousness. It has been well said that we should be very cautious how we advocate in America the introduction of European methods of education, until we are fully informed as to their effects upon the pupils.

THE Amazon and adjacent rivers, like the Araguary, are notoriously muddy, especially near their mouths, a fact due largely to the devastation made upon the soft banks by the *pororoca*, or violent flood of the inflowing tide—the same rushing, overwhelming wave which in the Ganges is known as the "bore." The great quantities of soil brought down by these vast streams are drifted out to sea, the distance to which they are carried depending upon their lightness and fitness, the action of their specific gravity and the movement of the water sorting them with the greatest accuracy, and laying down in regular succession deposits each of which is homogeneous in its material. Thus soundings determine that across the mouth of the Amazon for 200 miles, and for 400 miles out to seaward, and swept northward by the prevalent ocean currents, beds of sandstone and shale are being rapidly laid down, some of which is brought all the way from the Andes, while in many places within the mouth dense tropical forests are being buried (after having been undermined, or uprooted, and prostrated by the *pororoca*, or the Spring floods) beneath the fine sediment thrown down by the muddy waters of the great river.

IT was announced some time ago by the London journals that an expedition had been organized by Mr. H. O. Forbes, F.R.G.S., already well known to geographers and zoologists from his explorations in Timor Laut, with the object of exploring the botany and zoology of the Mount Owen Stanley Mountains, the great central range of the eastern peninsula of New Guinea. The British Association voted £400, and the Royal Geographical Society £250, toward the expenses of the expedition. Mr. Forbes proposed to ascend the course of one of the rivers which flow from the mountains to Redscar Bay. Should the natives prove friendly, and the food supply sufficient, Mr. Forbes does not despair of reaching the other coast of the peninsula, but in any case the exploratiou of the Mount Owen Stanley range would be of itself a satisfactory achievement. The mountain traveling is declared to be dangerous to any but very experienced travelers. Though the expedition started in December, it is not expected to get actively at work before May of 1885, in consequence of the necessity of procuring trusty carriers from the Moluccas, and other preparations. Much is expected by geographers from the exploration of this little-known and alluring region.

A PHYSICIAN'S argument in favor of the playing (not to excess) of lawn-tennis and similar games, is wisely based on the æsthetic and moral good derived by a person from a sound and well co-ordinated muscular condition. The muscular mass of the human system, he reminds us, is a large one. It makes up forty per cent. of the total bodily weight, and leaving out the skeleton, which has a mechanical function only, we are two-thirds muscle. Besides, it is supplied throughout with the nerves which excite it, and with sensory nerves, which notify to the brain any use or misuse, illness or health. There may be a fair state of health, but there can be no exuberant vigor, none of the lusty *joie de vie*, without perfectly nourished and perfectly behaving muscles. Thus, when overused or poorly nourished, we have the sensations of fatigue, lassitude, and *malaire*, such as are complained of by thousands of underfed and overworked persons; furthermore, as the muscle retires, the nerve comes unduly to the front, and we have the consequent evils of nervousness, irritability, and their train. The good of a well-developed muscular condition is therefore far-reaching and spiritual, as well as practical.

THE *Athenæum* states that Dr. Wedding, of England, has been making experiments showing that the capacity for welding iron increases with the amount of silicon present, and decreases with any excess of manganese, because the latter seems to interfere (as do all adventitious bodies to a certain extent) with the proper crystallization of the iron.

CAPTAIN KOSTOVICH, of the Russian Navy, according to *Science*, proposes the use of a small captive balloon, to which an Edison electric light is suspended, for night signaling at sea. By the aid of connecting wires the lamp may be lighted and extinguished at will, and the apparatus may thus be intelligibly used with any code.

At a recent meeting of the Minnesota Academy of Sciences, Mr. O. W. Oestlund recounted experiences with several insects injurious to the cabbages at the State experimental farm. Nine different species were observed there as living on this important vegetable, the most destructive of which belonged to the genera Pieris, Plusia, Ceramica, and Plutella. The *larvæ* of one of the cabbage butterflies (*Pieris rapæ*), among the worst of the pests, suffered during the past Summer from a parasite which destroyed great numbers, and thus saved a large portion of the crop. From the South, a destructive insect named *Murgantia histrionica*, has been extending its range northward and eastward, after the example of the Colorado beetle. How pestilential it will prove remains to be seen. The chief enemy of the cabbage-grower is the white butterfly, which has been imported from Europe.

A French commission of experts, with Dr. Pasteur at its head, upon requisition of the Paris Prefect of Police, has recommended the burning of bisulphide of carbon as the best disinfectant for rooms in which patients have undergone a contagious disease. The object is to produce fumes of sulphurous acid gas. This is accomplished now by the usual hospital practice of burning stick-sulphur; but the advantages claimed for the bisulphide are its greater cheapness, and the fact that it does least harm to the furniture of the room.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

In what way does money resemble gunpowder? It is fearfully hard to hold when it begins to go off.

A green young man, who affects sporting manners, wants to know when the much-talked-of Anglo-Saxon *race* is coming off.

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

"I hear," said somebody to Jekyll, "that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves very few effects." "It could scarcely be otherwise," returned Jekyll; "he had so very few causes."

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marriage state in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

"Ethel," said the teacher, "who do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?" "Atlas, sir." "You're quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?" "I do not know," said Ethel, softly, "unless he married a rich wife."

A compositor, in setting up the toast "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

"This salad is very gritty," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold one day, when they were dining together; "don't you think so?" "Gritty, indeed!" replied Jerrold; "I should just think it *was* gritty! Why, I call it nothing but a gravel path with a few weeds sprinkled on it here and there!"

A Spanish student, going out with a party to shoot rabbits, was told not to talk, lest he should frighten the animals. When the timid creatures appeared he uttered an exclamation in Latin, which frightened them away, and upon his companions blaming him, he said, "Who could have supposed that rabbits understand Latin?"

At a railway station recently, a porter promptly offered the Bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the sly bishop, with a twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a Boston maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of a country editor; "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the hands," said the editor.

The Tailor's Device.—Baron Pumpwitz took his tailor with him to the draper's to choose materials for several suits of clothes. When he had selected some of the most expensive patterns, the tailor whispered in his ear: "Too dear—much too dear, Herr Baron!" "It doesn't matter; they give me credit here, and I don't mean to pay." "In that case," eagerly replied the tailor, "will your honor do me the favor to purchase an extra length as a guarantee for the cost of making?"

Boston English.—*Boston Maid:* "No, my paternal progenitor is not in." *Caller:* "I am one of the depositors in his bank, which I find has suspended payment. Can you tell me where your father is?" "The authorities became cognizant of considerable rehypothecation on his part, and conveyed him to a protoplasm." "A what?" "A protoplasm." "What in the name of Webster is that?" "If you will glance at Worcester you will find that protoplasm signifies a cell."

"Well," said a carpenter, "of all the saws that I ever saw, I never saw a saw as I saw that saw saw."

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? Because she will *lay* wherever you put her. (That would be a good conundrum if the grammar were not so bad.)

"What object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor; but I rather think it is your shadow."

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as bad as you can."

"Yes," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor," and the girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir!" roared a lawyer to an exasperating witness he was examining. "Well, I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calm reply.

"Mayn't I have some more sugar in my tea, Auntie Georgie, please?" "More sugar! Why, my dear child, you have had three lumps already." "Yes, auntie, I know I have; but they all melt away so!"

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into a hotel a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the West Indies."

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to Cork. "No, sir," replied Foote, "I have not; but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed that he had read it in a book several years ago. "Confound those ancients!" said the Irishman, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

Last week a professional man addressed a mechanic who was waiting in the hall in the following brusque manner: "Hallo there, you fellow! do you want me?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply; "I am waiting for a gentleman!"

A parish clerk, having, according to custom, published the banns of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn commencing with these words: "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven!"

A brewer observing one of his men wearing the total abstinence blue ribbon, suggested that it seemed somewhat inconsistent with his line of business. "Well, sir," he said, "you see it makes folks like to tempt me, and then I succumb."

A Parisian doctor prescribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout. "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the field; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."

"I saw an unusual sight this morning," he said. "I was riding in a crowded omnibus when a feeble old lady got in, and immediately a person arose, and politely offered her the seat." "Is it possible?" said the reporter, taking out his notebook. "Please give me the name of the gentleman." "It was a lady!"

POLEWARD.

By the Poet of the Greely Arctic Expedition.

In the stall among thermometers,
Barometers, hygrometers,
Along with the geographer
(Who is also the chronographer),
There sleeps the old photographer,
Who wants some one to jog him; for,
When 10:40 by chronometer,
He must go and read tidometer.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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A BITTER DAY.

THE FAIRY STORY.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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ADELAIDE CAPRANICA MARCHESA DEL GRILLO NATA RISTORI.

BY LISLE LESTER.

SMALL, obscure places have generally been the birth-places of genius. Cividale in Friuli, an almost forgotten Venetian town, claims the honor of nativity of Adelaide Ristori. Antonio and Maddalena Romatelli, the parents of the "Queen of Tragedy," were actors, vulgarly called in early writing "strolling players." Battling with

RISTORI IN THE PRISON SCENE IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE."

extreme poverty, they hailed the birth of their first-born, in 1826, as a blessing past all compare, to cheer them in their hand-to-hand fight with life and livelihood. Soon after her advent, they left their humble home for a theatrical tour among the vine-clad hills and interior towns of their sunny land. Often in their "halts" for rest, in the shady groves or cool valleys, the babe was the object of amusement and attention from the entire company—she was called the "living sunbeam of the woodland tent," and was the sole link that bound her weary parents to hope and future effort.

Her *début* has often been referred to by those who have more briefly written of Ristori within the past twenty years. She was just two months old—a most fascinating age in babies for all womankind, as well as a sort of pleasure-puzzle to mankind. The comedy of "The New Year's Gift" was the attraction, and after being carefully bestowed in any amount of laces, flannels and ribbons, she was placed in a basket and deposited upon the table. The "property child"—that generally figures in the basket—was well known to all the company for a solid bundle of sawdust, grimy rags and very seedy physique generally. So, as the play proceeded and the actors were going through the required business of the piece, little Adelaide kept quiet, with due regulation obedience; but there came a moment, while the eyes of the players were fixed upon her, that a tremendous scream startled both audience and actors—the people comprehended the "live baby fact," and gave her a tremendous applause. The "Gift" did not appear again, but the motherhood of the audience crowded around her at the close of the performance, bestowing much more than adult stars ever receive in their most emphatic successes.

When four years of age, she began to play regularly in juvenile parts. She was a remarkably handsome child, and petted and praised by every one; she developed rapidly, intellectually and otherwise, until she was not only the star of the company, but the country folk, the peasant and the gentility flocked to see her. It is told that during her infantile years upon the stage she was especially instructed by her grandmother, and that the aged lady had a serious trial, for the little Ristori had a decided taste for outdoor sports, and rebelled very hotly to the sacrifice of long romps and noisy feats in the grass and among the playhouses.

At twelve years of age she was engaged by the celebrated actor and director Moncalvo, to play the general soubrette, or *ingénue* parts. She then became the chief support of six brothers and sisters. The first regular theatrical company she belonged to was the King of Sardinia's Theatre, at Turin; and while there she had the instruction of Carlotta Marchoni, a famous artist at the time, whose purity of character was only second in attraction to her genius. Undoubtedly Ristori caught from her the purest methods of art. Occasions are known when Marchoni would lose patience, and would bid her pupil "Go and wash silks, and be an imbecile, as you are." On the other hand, when the child surprised her with some demonstration of the latent talent, she would clasp her in her arms, and whisper, "I can teach you no more—you are too much as I would have you."

She remained at the Court Theatre three years, when, upon the advice of Marchoni, she joined the Ducal Theatre at Parma. For a period of three years she progressed amazingly, but had much to annoy her and to contend with. It was at the theatre of Leghorn that she made her first creations, and from 1844 to 1846 she made herself the most accomplished comédienne in Italy. During this period she had graduated from green girlhood to a lovely woman. Of a classical, refined type of beauty that artists dream of as their ideals, she was destined to create a *furore*. Her eyes fascinated from the wealth of genius-etchings that filled their dark, intelligent depths. She was tall, but extremely fragile, with the willowy sway and grace that gave repose to her personality on and off the stage. Her loveliness was pronounced "bewitching," and all the graceful, extravagant things that can be said of a beautiful, gifted woman were literally lavished upon the fair actress.

At twenty years of age, admirers and suitors (for the two are not necessarily one) were at her feet by the score. Of them all, she had eyes only for the son and heir of Marchese Capranica. Her beauty and loveliness of character made havoc with the heart of Gorlino del Grillo, and he offered her his heart, title and name. When the haughty old marchese and his lady wife heard of the infatuation, they ridiculed the idea of their son desiring to marry a plebeian and an actress; and when the heir made known to them it was not only his wish, but determination, to do so, they forbade the "disgraceful sacrifice." He returned to Rome and Ristori, telling her of his reception, but imploring her to marry him at the same time. She had some strong misgivings to taking that step, but it being a love attachment on both sides, they were privately married in a church near Cesena.

Soon after, engagements were made to play in Florence, but when about to depart the officers of the law, instigated by the marchese, came upon the scene and demanded the unhappy Del Grillo. With great presence of mind and shrewdness, Ristori said a few words to her maid, the result of which was the husband's escape from the hotel, disguised as a peddler in some old stage costume. At the same time the brave officials were searching for him in another part of the house, aided by Ristori herself. She proceeded, unmolested, to Florence, where the peddler joined her, after many inconveniences of travel, having lodged twice in the inn where his father's private secretaries passed the night while in search of him.

After reaching Florence, he openly declared Ristori his wife, and his family, finding their threats of no avail, abandoned their opposition and became reconciled to the marriage; only, as the old marchese was himself charmed with his daughter-in-law, he insisted upon a second ceremony, as became the rank of his son and heir. So they were publicly married in Rome by the Cardinal Pacca, surrounded and congratulated by the *élite* of the "Eternal City."

For a while Ristori retired from the stage, enjoying the repose of domestic life; then she grew restive with suppressed genius, and desired action. But she quelled the ambitious voices of nature, until, hearing that an old manager and friend was imprisoned for debt, she gave three performances for his benefit. This return broke down the barriers of all social laws, and her real lifework began. In the Fall of 1849 she reappeared in Rome. Her success was a public ovation—the audience rose *en masse* at the end of the play, and entreated her to dedicate her future to her art. The public were enraptured with her, and her noble relatives were as enthusiastic in her praises as they had been zealous in endeavoring to separate her from the love and name of their son. She was joyous over the defeat of her husband's family, in her artistic honors, and with this obstacle removed, she plunged into her career with renewed zeal and ambition.

At this period, when all Rome bowed before her fascinations, she met her third instructor, Caroline Internari,

a noted actress, who advised her to devote her study and efforts to tragedy. Under her supervision she appeared in several tragic *rôles* with surprising success. The triumph of all her successes in Italy was her appearance in Alfieri's "Myrrha" in 1850. This was one of the most realistic impersonations ever seen upon the Italian stage.

To succeed in Paris was the next desire of Ristori's heart. On the 22d of May, 1855, she made her *début* before a French audience in *Francesca de Rimini*, a part that has crowned her with laurels many times since that very important event. While it delighted the French taste, she did not electrify the public until the week following, when she appeared in *Myrrha*.

On that occasion French enthusiasm reached its zenith; she was called fifteen times, and titled gentlemen drew her in her carriage to her hotel, where she was serenaded for hours. Then Ristori was the rage in Paris—she was crowned Queen of the Stage. Jules Janin, in his notes of the event, said: "Ristori is tragedy itself; she is comedy; she is the drama." Lamartine said of her also: "Our language is too poor to express the worth of that woman. Ary Scheffer, the noted portrait artist, idealized her exquisite face. The Emperor of the French sent her a magnificent diamond necklace and medallion as a "token of the homage of Napoleon III. to Adelaide Ristori."

When her season closed in Paris she had given forty-nine impersonations — three of *Francesca*, seventeen of *Myrrha*, twenty-two of *Marie Stuart*, and seven of *Pia da Solomei*. She had fascinated the gay capital and captured half a million francs.

In 1857 Ristori visited Madrid, and her powers of fascinating influence were never better emphasized than when it was known that Queen Isabella invited her to the palace, to remain as long as she should stay in the capital. She accepted this unusual honor, and was the friend and daily companion to the Queen; to such an extent did Her Majesty profit by the "tragic star's" influence, she pardoned several unfortunate soldiers, condemned to die for what were in reality very trifling offenses. Isabella paid Ristori more partial favors than any of her court favorites.

In 1858 she visited Berlin, then the most critical European city for professionals; there she met with unexpected enthusiasm, and was honored by the King of Prussia with the decoration of the "Order of Merit"—she being the only woman thus favored—"in appreciation of her rendition of the character of *Deborah*."

The Berlin public added their testimony to her superiority, and lavished every possible demonstration upon her during her stay. Her invariable success, and no incidents of failure or "ill-luck" in her career, are very exceptional features of dramatic experience. We do not know of another star of celebrity whose way seemed literally paved with the rainbows of continuous success. An event occurred, however, in January, 1859, as she was leaving Florence for Naples. She received a telegram telling her she had been banished from the Neapolitan dominions. It was supposed to be the result of her triumphant and spirited declamation of a patriotic hymn to enraptured Venetians and others. The effect upon Ristori did not retard one drop of her circulation. She had other worlds to conquer, and set about it in her own energetic fashion. In the Winter of 1860 she was a guest in the city of "All the Czars." The most successful engagement ever played in that gay city was credited to "Ristori the Great." It was a dramatic triumph, new to St. Petersburg, but it appreciated her to the very majesty of honor.

Up to this period this famous woman had played only in Italian; but she was eager to excel in the French language, and present her score of *rôles* in that popular tongue. With this desire she devoted a year to close study and application, and accomplished with a will her noble aim, making her *début* in that language at the Odéon in Paris in 1861, in the play of "Beatrix," written expressly for her by Legouvé. It was every way a success, and the hit of the season. It held popular favor for eighty nights, and in 1865 it was again revived with still greater triumph. Her next move was a brilliant one; with two companies, Italian and French, she traveled through France and Italy for two ensuing years, scoring marvelous successes, a fortune, and a name that is one of the imperishable of the world's notabilities. While fortune favored Ristori, she was no drone—the work and labor she performed can be comprehended and fully understood only by actors who know what the nature of such work demands.

Returning from that really famous tour, she turned her ambitious eyes toward London. To stir up the national lethargy of the British was a much-desired achievement with the fascinating artist. She made ready her line of action, and accordingly made her *début* in London in 1863, completely routing John Bull, and his "uncles, cousins and aunts," from their absinthean characteristics to the "tiger" of enthusiasm. She began shrewdly—it was a masterly move to open in *Elizabeth*, and uniquely enough, she ended with *Marie Stuart*. The Londoners fairly bristled with open admiration, and took up the name of the famous Ristori to add their crown of laurels thereto. If anything could have spoiled this remarkable woman, with satiated appetite in the shape of fame, honor and public praise, her London reception would have turned her head.

After her appearance in the *rôle* of *Marie Stuart*, her popularity was unquestioned, and her visit made a social as well as a professional success.

The next desired field to subjugate was the Kingdom of Obelisks and Sphinx. To the City of Alexandria Ristori made her bow in 1864, appearing thirty-seven times in a round of her favorite characters. The same pronounced hits were made, the same ovations of an admiring people showered upon her. Leaving Egypt, she made another remarkable trip—remarkable for the distances traveled, the labor performed and notability of places visited; this trip included Smyrna, Athens, Constantinople, Holland, and Paris again. Everywhere success waited upon her; crowned heads paid her the most flattering tributes, for she possessed a genius "all the world recognized."

Such feats of travel and constant labor have never been recorded of any other professional. Then came a little period of rest in Rome, a city she loved and loves. This rest developed the desire to visit America—like all Europeans, the United States she always referred to as America; it is still America to the people of other countries, who forget the unity of divisions. Ristori had indeed conquered the Old World, and desired to try her wings under the sky of the New. This first American visit was under the management of I. Grau. She made her *début* at the French Theatre, now the Fourteenth Street, in *Medea*, September 20th, 1866. The native curiosity of Americans, and intense interest as well, gave her a characteristic welcome. The seats were sold days in advance, and "standing-room" taken to the very last half-foot. In those days, when the seats were advertised "sold," they were sold in fact; it was not a "catch-on" advertisement. Literally true was it the theatre "was

packed," and with one of the most critical audiences to be assembled in New York city. She was greeted with prolonged applause. No stranger ever met with such a spontaneous demonstration. The face of Ristori was a marvel of human beauty and facial intelligence that flashed from feature to feature. She was indeed most lovely, and the grace of her loveliness and the charm of her beauty still cling to her like the folds of her drapery. When the curtain fell upon the first act, Ristori had scored her triumph! She had made a conquest of American hearts, and the enthusiasm vented forth in loud comments upon her marked grace, her beauty, her talents, and her presence, all told.

Medea was the triumph of all her favorite list of parts. To see Ristori was to live again with the actual *Medea*. She had that rare gift of adaptation to such an emphatic degree, she seemed to lose her hold upon herself in the taking on of the ideal. Three impersonations, more than all others, will always keep her genius fresh in the memory—*Medea*, *Mary Stuart*, and *Elizabeth*. *Marie Antoinette*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Francesca da Rimini*, and *Deborah*, also will always live in the annals of Ristori.

PORTRAIT OF RISTORI.

Queen Elizabeth is a masterpiece; it is more—it is a vivid bringing back from a cruel, hard reign, a character that has defied history to depict properly. In Ristori, the heartless, crafty, selfish old Queen lives again, in her cunning, her hardness, her imperious, subtle selfishness. As a dramatic representation it enchained the sensibilities; it woke up dormant senses of right and principles of justice, and appealed to earnest minds for critical contemplation; it placed a character, in realistic presence, before the eyes biographers failed to meet. Ristori's *Mary Stuart* and *Elizabeth* are simply history repeating itself upon the mimic stage. Time may obliterate much that is seen to-day before the footlights, but these simulated characters, by the greatest of artists, will live for ever upon historic pages under the name of Ristori.

During her first visit she played *Medea*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Mary Stuart*, *Thisbe*, *Phædra*, *Pia da Solomei*, *Francesca da Rimini*, *Adrienne*, *Deborah*, *Norma*, and *Lady Macbeth*—in all one hundred and sixty-eight performances. Thirty cities were visited—and travel was not so replete with comfort, rapid transit, etc., as now. There were fifty-six performances in New York city, eleven in Brooklyn, twelve in Boston, ten in Philadelphia, nineteen in Chicago, eighteen in New Orleans; Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Louisville, five each; and several other cities, one. *Myrrha* was given only in New Orleans. On the 17th of May, 1867, she made her farewell appearance in this city in *Medea*, at the French Theatre. It was also a benefit occasion. At the close of the performance, upon the repeated demands of the audience, that rose to its feet, she made a farewell speech, expressive of the generous welcome and patronage extended to her by the people of the United States. She was overwhelmed with ringing applause and flowers, and repeatedly bowed her good-by to the audience that was most unwilling to see her exit.

She sailed the day following for Europe, but returned in the Fall again, and began her second American engagement at the Academy of Music, on the 18th of September. The importance of this second appearance was augmented

RISTORI AS "MEDEA."

by two new plays, in one of which she has added imperishable laurels to her name, viz., *Marie Antoinette.* This is one of her great *rôles;* it affords her the very best of opportunities for the exercise of her remarkable talents. It is in this her third tour one of the strongest attractions in her *répertoire.*

The second American visit was as great a success as the first, socially greater. Society opened its arms to her—she became its central attraction; the *élite* of the native as well as foreign citizenship crowded around her, and repeated the crowning of her triumphs off the stage as they had signally conferred them upon the artist. Society found her a high-bred lady in her manners, with a culture that astonished them all, for she had mingled in all the aristocratic circles of the world, and been the petted favorite of royalty in all Europe. Society was more honored in Ristori's countenance of it, and her acceptance of its favor, than she was honored by its attention. For the sake of the moral and intellectual forces of the profession, this is noted with emphasis and pride, as the opposing argument to the prejudice of narrow circles who fancy actors have no position off the stage.

Madame Ristori lives to see her profession leading the morals of the world, side by side with its bitterest foe, the Church. She lives to see the manners, dress and habits of actors closely imitated by all grades of society; to see theatres the mainspring of local trade, the centres around which all classes revolve, either for amusement, instruction or business; she lives to see ministers managers, and the shrewdest, craftiest of them all; to see the sons and daughters of aristocratic old families begging or buying their way to the stage; to see the dramatic profession caring for its own—owning homes for its aged, cemeteries for its dead, a bank-fund for its unfortunate; with palaces and wealth for its genius and successful members. Ristori lives to see all this, and when she retires, as all must at one time make their final exit, she will have, outside of her own brilliant record, abundant cause to be proud of the achievements of her noble, much-abused profession.

The final appearance of the second visit was made in New York city, on the 26th of June, 1868, in *Queen Elizabeth.* That, too, was a theatrical event, as many remember. She was in the full flush of matured, cultivated art; the peer, indeed, of the stage! Her lovely face grew noble in age—her blue eyes, that contained whole batteries of power, had lost none of the fire and expression that electrified her audiences. She was every way a grand woman, whom the world could justly honor.

Madame Ristori, now making her third tour in the United States, presents her *répertoire* of plays with not only astonishing vigor, but with the charm of a perfect culture the present theatre-goer has little opportunity to see, in the absence of experienced talent upon the modern stage. To witness the lifelike similation of *Queen Elizabeth,* as presented now by Ristori, after her years of study, work, and success, is to realize the possibility of great artists bringing to life again the characters that have lived only in historic remembrance.

As a woman, Ristori is to-day most attractive. Her high-bred manners, born of her contact with all high life, as well as her impersonating lines, charm one into positive admiration. Ready in every experience gained by a lifetime of travel and association with very nearly every line of nobility in the whole world, she is a book of herself, most gracious in all of her opinions, with the fewest eccentricities found in the galaxy of professional stars. She speaks of her birthplace, Cividale in Friuli, with a most tender love; she says "it is one of the very oldest Italian towns, with a historical association in every stone that is in it." She refers to her long acquaintance and pleasant correspondence with many of the noted stars whose earthly lustre faded in the tomb years ago: among these Charlotte Cushman, to whom she pays an emphatic tribute of appreciative honor.

Under the shadows of St. Peter's dome in Rome, in the Via Nazionale, she has a truly regal home; there she hopes to pass the fading years of her life, by no means in retirement either. A woman gifted with such genius, and the friend of half the world's great in personal acquaintance, fills her *salon* very easily with the best, and the celebrated best. It is easy to see how well she entertains, as a social queen, by the accumulated honors of her life and the grand distinguished dignity of her age. During this present tour, she is accompanied by a very beautiful daughter, in whose eyes one may read not only Italian beauty at its bloom, but the poetic sentiment of the sunny land, and the flavor of all things necessary to fascinate hearts and heads. This young lady is a source of great happiness to her world-noted mother. She speaks English very purely, and has a most charming address.

The love of motherland is very strong in Madame Ristori at the present time. When speaking of the warm hearts in the American cities that have most hospitable desires toward her extended stay, she expresses the greatest gratitude, but sighs for the home of her heart at all times; so, after all, to those who wear the brightest laurels, whose feet are slippered in golden success, "there is no place like home."

Art, and the world itself, owes Adelaide Ristori one continuous ovation of honor as long as her life lasts.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

It was the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan during the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun, exhausted by fatigue, were encamped on an immense plain, shut in by a chain of hills, on which towered the white houses of the town. Lightning, playing among the leaden-colored clouds, illumined at intervals with lurid light the battlefield of the morrow. Nothing else lit up the camp. No fires were allowed, as a measure of prudence. Not a song nor a sound broke the ominous silence of that stormy night, destined to be the last to thousands of brave fellows who slept in their shelter-tents.

All were not asleep, however. Besides the outposts and pickets, many in camp were wide awake. Here and there groups of men, lying on the grass around their tents, conversed in a low tone, and discussed the probable issue of the coming battle. A game was about to be played in which the stake was life itself, and excitement with some prevailed over physical fatigue.

In the middle of a small group of officers, who talked over the chances of the morrow, was Colonel Eugène de Valmont, who commanded a regiment of Light Dragoons. He had the well-earned reputation of being one of the most splendid officers in his own branch of the service. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved in the regiment by officers and men alike, and deservedly so. Toward all under his command he displayed the most rigid justice, combined with a paternal care; and in sharing with his men the discomforts of the campaign, he attended to their wants before his own.

Colonel de Valmont appeared to pay but little attention to what was said. He seemed in a profound reverie, as

he bit, rather than smoked, a half-consumed cigar. Turning suddenly to his surgeon-major—a veteran with a well-bronzed face—he said:

"Brisac, do you believe in presentiments?"

"It depends, colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter."

"You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?"

"Quite so."

"Ah! It is true, as I said, that all you doctors are more or less Materialists." After a pause he added: "You are right, perhaps; and so much the better. There are some thoughts which should be banished on the eve of a day like what to-morrow promises to be." So saying he got up, and added: "I shall turn in, and get some rest, and advise you all to do the same. In a few hours we shall need all the strength we can command."

One by one the group broke off, and presently there were left only three officers—the major, a captain, and a sub-lieutenant.

"What did the colonel mean by presentiments?" asked the younger of them. "We know he has no fear about to-morrow; yet his manner and his last words, to say the least, are not reassuring."

"Had you been longer in the regiment, young fellow," replied the major, "you would know that the colonel periodically gets 'the blues'; but we take no notice of them. They soon pass, and he becomes himself again."

"But what is the cause of his recurring depression?"

"The cause?" said the captain. "Why, all in the regiment know the cause."

"Except myself. I only joined three months ago."

"Well, here is Bris back from his rounds. He can tell the story best."

The surgeon-major being appealed to, lay down upon the grass, lit a cigar, and said:

"In 1834, De Valmont, appointed lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, which had just been raised, landed in Algiers, where I was assistant-surgeon attached to the military hospital. Though I was older than he, we soon struck up an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, which time has not impaired. Eugène was young, good-looking, and a man of fascinating manners. He came of a distinguished family, and his friends kept his purse well filled; in short, he could get money as fast as he wished to spend it.

"We served three years together, when De Valmont got leave to exchange and return to France. His mother was the cause of this, for she had in view for him a marriage with a rich heiress, whose fortune was estimated at about one million francs. Leaving Algiers would have been all plain sailing, except for bidding "farewell" to a certain lady called La Sévérina, a *danseuse* at the theatre. In appearance she was decidedly handsome, of an olive-colored complexion, and with raven-black hair. In her large expressive eyes and in her firmly-cut mouth there was a significant indication of determination which suggested that the young lady would be more desirable as a friend than as an enemy. She said she was Italian, having been born at Rome; but this is no proof of her nationality, for her parents were Bohemians, who traveled through all countries—rope-dancers by profession.

"La Sévérina had conceived for Eugène a passion as violent as it was hopeless. When she heard of his proposed departure she was wild; when she learned the motive for it, she turned a demon. Failing in a determined attempt to balk his plans by stabbing him with a stiletto, she assured him with her last words that she would be revenged. De Valmont laughed at the threat. I, however, took it seriously—*furens quid fœmina possit*—and determined to keep an eye on the actions of the young lady. In this resolve, however, I was foiled. She left Algiers about a month after, and I never knew what became of her.

"Nearly four years had passed since Eugène's return. We kept up a constant correspondence, and I learned of his marriage and the birth of one son, whom he called Lucien. He kept me posted up in all the incidents in his happy life, and continually pressed me to exchange, and go back to France.

"At length I got appointed to a cavalry regiment quartered in Paris, and left Algiers to take on my new duties. Landing at Marseilles, I put up at the Hotel Castellane, where the first names I read in the list of arrivals were those of the Count and Countess de Valmont. We met with joy after our long separation. Eugène introduced me to his wife—a lady as lovely as she was charming—and showed me with pride his son—a fine chubby child, with curly hair, and the splendid blue eyes of its mother. He simply worshiped this boy—poor fellow!—and his life and soul seemed wrapped up in its being and existence. And now, as to the sad sequel to my tale; it is a matter of mystery, and you can judge as well as if it was the handiwork or not of La Sévérina.

"De Valmont was on leave, and at his wife's desire they were about to visit Italy. Not to fatigue the child, their route was mapped out in short stages. They were resting two days at Marseilles before going to Genoa by La Corniche; so I decided to stay and see them off.

"In the afternoon of my arrival, as the weather was glorious, little Lucien was sent with his faithful nurse down to the sea, on that magnificent beach where the splendid palace of the Prado stands. Two hours after this nurse returned alone, looking like a madwoman. The eyes were starting out of her head, and sobbing and crying, she threw herself at the countess's feet, and said she had lost the child. Her version of the matter was told in a few words. She and her charge were playing on the beach, where they were attracted by the performance of some acrobats. A small crowd had assembled, and the boy was not out of her sight for half a minute. On looking round he was gone; and she sought him in vain. He seemed to have been spirited away. She called his name at the top of her voice, and ran up and down the beach until exhausted. Bystanders who heard her cries helped her in the search; but they found—nothing."

"Was Lucien drowned?" asked the sub-lieutenant.

"This was the question started, but it seemed improbable and wellnigh impossible. The child could only toddle, and the sea was too far from the place indicated by the nurse. So this hypothesis was given up. The police considered it a case of kidnapping, and went to work, but failed to find a clew. They searched for weeks through all the slums of the city—the low quarters where the dregs of the population congregate, the scum of the Mediterranean—but with no success. A description of the child was sent to every consul, with orders to make full inquiry. De Valmont himself obtained special leave of absence from the War Office, and spent a year in trying to solve the mystery. He returned, more dead than alive, to bury his wife, whom grief had killed.

"As to the colonel, at first he had serious intentions of joining the Trappists and retiring from the world. But hope sustains him still. He believes, if his boy was not drowned, that Providence will take pity on him and yet restore him. Vain delusion! But we humor him in his

hope. He has since devoted his whole life and soul to his regiment; but the wound at his heart has never healed, and when it breaks out afresh he becomes sad and sorrowful, and talks about presentiment.

"La Sévérina, I believe, has kept her word, and wreaked a terrible revenge!"

Brisac finished his story and wished all good-night.

"We have six hours for sleep, my boys, and then——"

On the morrow, at the early hour of six o'clock, a double line of smoke extended for a distance of two miles on each side of the plain. The French had brought almost all their guns into action. The Austrian batteries posted on the opposite hills replied with a well-directed fire.

In this artillery duel, which lasted for some hours, the advantage remained with the French. The superiority of the Austrian position was more than counterbalanced by the deadly effect of the rifled guns of the French which were first employed in warfare at the memorable battle of Solferino.

The Austrian army numbered about 170,000 men, and that of the Allies 150,000; and the fight lasted till eight in the evening. The Emperor Napoleon nominally directed the operations of the French, and the Emperor of Austria was also in person on the field. The carnage was frightful, and the result disastrous to the Austrians, who were obliged to retreat.

At three o'clock on that day—June 23d, 1859—the French were formed up to advance under a withering musketry fire to assault the Tower of Solferino, the key of the enemy's position. Marshal Benedek then called on his cavalry to make a supreme effort, which, had it been successful, would have changed the fortunes of the day.

The Austrian cavalry were massed behind a fringe of wood which effectually concealed their movements from the French. Suddenly they were seen to emerge from their shelter and to prepare for a determined charge, to take in flank those battalions which had already reached the slopes of the hills. General Niel saw the danger and immediately hurled against them the Marguerite division of cavalry, in which De Valmont's Light Dragoons charged in the first line.

The shock was terrific. To the sharp ring of musketry and the loud roar of artillery was added the clashing of horses and the clanking of sabres as they crossed. The elements contributed to swell the frightful storm of war. Peals of thunder bellowed forth, and vivid lightning played over the ghastly sight beneath.

It was after the delivery of the charge "home" that Colonel de Valmont suddenly saw rise before him about a dozen hussars in white, of the Archduke Albrecht's regiment. Led by a young lieutenant with fair hair and a budding mustache, they sabred the French dragoons with fury, making their way through them like a cannon-ball. With one bound of his horse the lieutenant was at the colonel. De Valmont saw his sabre flash as he raised it to cut him down. He had only time to pull the trigger of his pistol, and the Austrian fell, killed by a bullet in the forehead.

RISTORI AS "QUEEN."—SEE PAGE 257.

At the end of the engagement, Colonel de Valmont, returning to camp, passed over the scene of the conflict. The body of the lieutenant lay still there on its back. A thin trickle of blood marked the spot of the bullet-wound. The face of the young officer was as calm and placid as a child asleep. De Valmont gazed at him with profound emotion.

A few yards off some dismounted men were guarding a number of Austrian prisoners, amongst whom was an officer of Albrecht's Hussars. Pointing to the dead body, the colonel asked:

"Sir, can you tell me the name of that brave fellow?"

"Karl Gottfried," was the answer.

One month after the peace of Villafranca, Eugène de Valmont returned to Paris with the Army of Italy, where

he found the following letter awaiting his arrival:

"MILAN, 6th August, 1859.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—You know that I am still at the Military Hospital here, where I shall remain until all our wounded are removed. They brought in the other day several marauders caught by our men rifling the dead; and on some of them, who tried to escape, they fired. Amongst them was an old woman disguised as a man. A bed was found for her, as she was on the point of death.

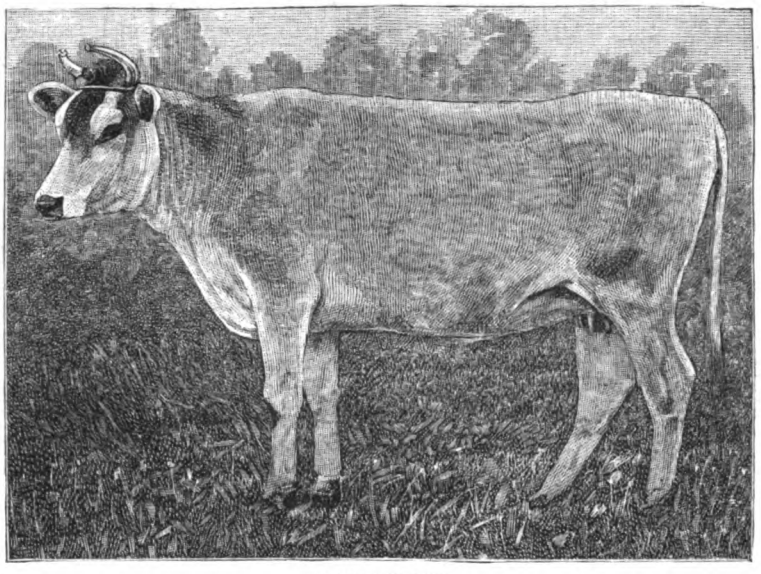
"I offered my services to dress her wound, and judge of my amazement when I heard her say, 'You don't remember me, Dr. Brisac; I am La Sévérina.' Under the withered features of the woman I recognized your former acquaintance in Algiers. By what series of misfortunes she came to be a despoiler of the dead I shall not attempt to explain. Enough to know that before dying she allowed the priest to communicate a part of her confession, and, as I have for long thought, she it was who stole Lucien at Marseilles!

"After a host of adventures, which I shall tell you later on, poverty compelled her to abandon the child at Vienna. She left it to the charity of the landlord where she lodged —No. 20 Rosenstrasse—and never heard of the boy after. This address will give you some trace. Apply at once to the Austrian Embassy. *Tout à toi,* BRISAC."

Mad with joy, the colonel ran to the Embassy, and explained the object of his mission. For a fortnight after, which seemed to him a lifetime, he lived in a fever of suspense, and was going to bed one night, when his valet brought him an official letter, with a large red seal bearing the Austro-Hungarian arms. He read as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE—I am instructed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to inform you, in answer to your inquiries, that the child abandoned in Vienna, at the address given, on the 20th of September, 1846, was adopted by a benevolent gentleman. He was educated at the Military School of Olmütz, which he left last year with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Posted to S.A.T. the Archduke Albrecht's regiment of Hussars, he was killed at the battle of Solferino. He bore the name of his adopted father, Karl Gottfried."

One hour afterward the valet entered the colonel's room, and found him sitting in his chair. His face was deadly white. His eyes, dilated and immovable, were fixed upon the fatal letter.



A JERSEY COW.

The servant touched him lightly on the shoulder, and his master dropped motionless on the floor.

He was dead!

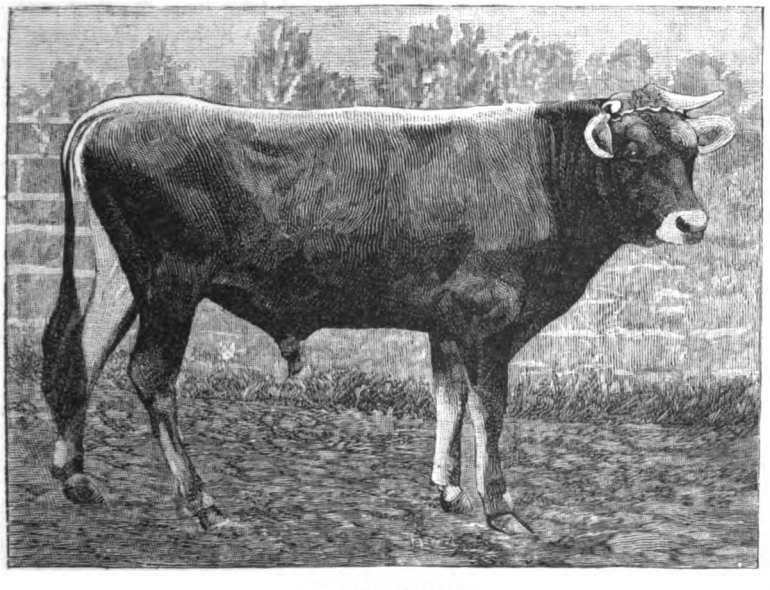
A VISIT TO A JERSEY CATTLE-FARM.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY, PH.D.

THE high repute in which the breed of cows peculiar to the Island of Jersey is held makes a visitor to the Channel Islands instinctively devote some time to the study of the famous breed, and the stock-farms from which they are sent.

One of the finest places we visited on the island belongs to Mr. Le Gallais, who cultivates seventy-five acres in one body, and owns other farms, so that he is one of the most extensive farmers in Jersey. The approach to his home was such as we sometimes encounter in England. The hedge each side of the drive presented a profusion of flowers, and at one place for half a mile was lined with laurel, which, when it is in blossom, must present a truly exquisite picture. The trees planted on the hedges, and which overhang the road, forming a grand arch through which we drive, were composed of pines, birch and oak, and were sometimes covered with a beautiful red moss. The roadside was not a bank of violets, but a bouquet of every kind of flower. The fine old house was placed at a point commanding a lovely view of St. Brelade's Bay and the coast range of rocks beyond, and was perfectly imbedded in ivy and climbing roses, and set about with geraniums, gladiolas, cacti, asters, and other flowers.

All this was a good setting for the old-fashioned house, and we were prepared to find the interior quite in keeping with the taste displayed on the outside. The mansion is an old one, long in possession of the family, and full of antique furniture and heirlooms



A JERSEY BULL.

of the past. We were glad to rest in such a place, and to enjoy the kind hospitality of the owners. After spending some time with the host and hostess in the house, we were conducted by Mr. Le Gallais over his farm, a privilege which we highly prized. The potato-fields were first examined. All of the early crop had been gathered and sent to the London market, but there was great loss this year owing to the prevalence of the potato-rot. Every individual potato had to be handled, in order to make sure that it had no blemish. In case a single decayed potato was found in a barrel when inspected in London, the whole lot would be condemned, and to avoid this catastrophe, extreme care had to be observed in packing for the market. The variety of potato was very small, and was known as the Winford Kidney or Kingsbridge. The seedlings for next year were kept over Winter in trays under an open shed, affording another proof of the mild character of the Winter in Jersey.

From the potato plantation we went to the meadows to see some of the far-famed cows, which have such a wonderful reputation for the richness and quantity of milk they yield, and for the exceeding beauty and grace of the animal itself. In the first field, tethered, were eight heifer calves, handsome and sleek as deers—in fact, both in color of skin and brilliancy of eye they looked like young fawns. This custom of tethering cattle is universally practiced in Jersey, as it is found to be far more economical. They are changed from one place to another every two or three hours, according to the feed, and they carry a clean lane through the meadow as they are moved from one stake to another. If left to roam about, they would destroy three-quarters to the one-quarter that they would consume. As the cattle are tethered from early youth, they submit to the restraint with perfect good nature, and rarely break away. The farmers generally try to tether them in shady places in the hot weather, and in general take good care of their stock. The cows on Mr. Le Gallais's place were very fine, and some of them yielded eighteen quarts of milk every day, and never went dry until about a month before they were to drop a calf. The milking is done in a peculiar manner three times a day. A narrow-necked tin jug is used instead of a pail. The mouth of the jug is covered with thin muslin, which is made to sag down in the neck, and in the bottom of the pouch thus formed is placed a sea-shell. The stream of milk is directed into this sea-shell, which prevents the muslin from being torn by the violence of the flow. Thus the entrance of all impurities from the hands or udder is prevented, and the milk is strained as fast as it is obtained.

Absolute cleanliness is thus attained, and the milk is ready to be set aside as soon as it is brought home. No particular precautions appear to be observed in reference to the kind of pan used or the manner of storage. There being no demand for skimmed milk, the whole batch is allowed to sour. The churn used is of the old-fashioned dasher, and is by no means so convenient as our farmers are accustomed to employ. The introduction of American churning into Jersey would exert a great improvement both in the quality of the butter and in the facility of making it. Too much praise cannot be lavished upon the butter, which is of a rich golden color and delicate flavor. This rich color is generally attributed to the peculiar characteristics of the cow, but it is also affected by the kind of food given to the cattle. The large quantity of mangels and carrots fed to the animals modify the yield and color of the butter. Instead of clover, the Jersey farmer has lucern, which is a remarkably luxuriant fodder, as it can be cut four times and be fed off a fifth in favorable seasons. Frequent milking, and the tender care bestowed upon the animals, help to increase the yield. The price obtained for this choice butter varies with the season, but ranges from thirty-six cents to fifty cents. The high-priced is generally sent to London. Every roll of butter must by law be stamped with the name of the maker, as a guarantee of its purity. At the hotel in St. Helier's, the pat of butter placed before us at breakfast had the name of the farmer distinctly stamped upon it. One of Mr. Le Gallais's cows had been a breeder for twenty years, and was still in excellent condition.

The cows on this estate were generally of a cream-fawn and smoke-fawn color, and were very graceful in shape. There was a fine bull—a perfect beauty—which some of our party wished to buy, but the owner refused to part with him, and we doubt if a thousand dollars would have proved a temptation. This animal was like the handsomest buck in its tail, shape of head, and gentle expression of the eye. This deer-like appearance of the Jersey cow is difficult to account for. The eyes and facial expression, the tawny-brown color, the tuft of coarse hair at the base of the horns, a straight back, and the tail of a deer, are some of the characteristics which individualize the Jersey cow. The origin of the race is quite unknown. Doubtless the first specimens were brought over from Brittany, and in course of time, by some process of differentiation, has been evolved the present peculiar modification. Once having obtained the breed, the inhabitants of Jersey are endeavoring to preserve it intact with jealous care. No foreign cow of any kind is allowed to be brought to the island, excepting to be slaughtered for meat, and in order to encourage greater care in breeding fine stock, the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society has been organized, and a Herd-book has been established. Prizes are awarded to horned cattle, and every encouragement held out to induce the farmers to register their cattle in the Herd-book, in order to keep up a genealogical record of the best stock. The Society has been long enough in existence to secure the attention of stock-growers to the observance of the rules laid down by them, and every year adds to the record of facts which will prove of great value in the study of the science of breeding. They will, before long, be able to breed up to any desired color or peculiarity, and thus reduce the matter to a science. When a minute record is kept of every sire and dam, it will not take long to solve many questions in breeding which have hitherto been considered obscure. Some idea can be obtained of the value set by the Society upon certain peculiarities in the cattle, by giving the scale of points observed in adjudging prizes:

SCALE OF POINTS FOR COWS AND HEIFERS.

Articles.	*Points.*
1 Registered pedigree	5
2 Head small, fine and tapering	3
3 Cheek small, throat clean	4
4 Muzzle dark and encircled by a light color, with nostrils high and open	4
5 Horns small, not thick at the base, crumpled, yellow, tipped with black	5
6 Ears small and thin, and of a deep orange color within	5
7 Eye full and placid	3
8 Neck straight, fine, and lightly placed on the shoulders	3
9 Withers fine, shoulders flat and sloping, chest broad and deep	4
10 Barrel hooped, broad and deep, being well ribbed up	5
11 Back straight, from the withers to the setting on of the tail	5
12 Back broad across the loins	3
13 Hips wide apart and firm in the bone; rump long, broad and level	5

Articles.	*Points.*
14 Tail fine, reaching to the hocks, and hanging at right angles with the back	3
15 Hide thin and mellow, covered with fine soft hair	4
16 Hide of a yellow color	4
17 Legs short, straight and fine, with small hoofs	3
18 Arms full and swelling above the knees	3
19 Hind-quarters, from the hock to point of rump, long, wide apart, and well filled up	3
20 Hind legs squarely placed when viewed from behind, and not to cross or sweep in walking	3
21 Udder large, not fleshy, running well forward, in line with the belly, and well up behind	5
22 Teats moderately large, yellow, of equal size, wide apart, and squarely placed	5
23 Milk-veins about the udder and abdomen prominent	4
24 Growth	4
25 General appearance	5
Perfection	100

No prize shall be awarded to cows having less than 80 points.

No prize shall be awarded to heifers having less than 71 points.

Cows having obtained 75 points and heifers 65, shall be allowed to be branded.

The articles Nos. 21 and 23 shall be deducted from the number required for perfection in heifers, as their udder and milk-veins cannot be fully developed.

All heifers to which prizes have been adjudged shall be kept on the island until they have dropped their calf, otherwise the prize will be forfeited.

Such are the stringent rules and regulations with which competitors have to comply, in order to obtain the much-coveted prizes. A study of these points shows the value placed by the farmers of Jersey in estimating the milk-giving qualities of their famous cows. The rule laid down in No. 16, that the hide must be of a "yellow color," is claimed by many persons to work great injury. Although the animals having a fawn or cream color are very handsome to look upon, and to serve for decorative purposes on the lawn of a wealthy country gentleman, it does not follow that another animal with a little white in its tail and delicate markings on its body may not give richer milk and better butter.

There is a fear expressed that by breeding to color other more important qualities may be lost, and there is danger of creating an artificial fashion which may work against striving to obtain the best stock, regardless of decoration. This fashion in color has already obtained such a control, that a cow which gives the most milk, and which is in every way the better animal, will not sell for half the sum that is paid for color. The temptation is therefore great to strive for appearances in cows rather than in reality, and to follow the fashion, cost what it may. The Jersey Agricultural Society will have to consider the question whether it would not be better to oppose the toilet mania in dressing up cows for the market, and turn to the more important qualities of breeding and milk.

The total number of horned cattle on the Island of Jersey at the present time is about 11,000. The number annually sold off the island is about 2,000. The prices paid vary, according to the pedigree in the Herd-book and the fashion of color above alluded to. We saw no cheap animals. The farmers understand very well what estimate English and Americans place upon a pure Jersey, and they put up the prices accordingly. We saw several cows which had been sold for $500, $400 and $300 each. A bull would cost at least $500, and a heifer $200. At these prices few persons can afford to own animals of undoubted pedigree.

Considerable confusion prevails in reference to the cattle from the Channel Islands. The first attention to the cows of the Island of Jersey appears to have been paid by some British officers, who were stationed with their families on the Island of Alderney. They found the milk yielded by some Jersey cows they had upon the island so rich and good, that they carried some of the animals home with them to England. As the cows were from Alderney, that name was given to them. Subsequently, when a demand was created for this stock, they had to be taken from Jersey, whence they had originally come, but the word Alderney was still retained. Then arose a claim put in on behalf of the Guernsey cattle, which are of an entirely different breed, and to avoid confusion and put matters on a right basis, it was resolved to name the cattle after their real homestead, and we have the Jersey, the Guernsey and the Alderney as distinct races.

The Alderney cow of America is generally of Jersey origin, but none are now considered of pure blood unless their pedigree is recorded in the Jersey Herd-book, which is kept by a society, of which Colonel George E. Waring, the accomplished writer, is the secretary. The American Jersey Club has established points somewhat different from those given above, founded upon the peculiar conditions surrounding the breeding of stock under different variations of climate, food, and other circumstances. They do not put so much stress on color, and are setting their faces strongly against the arbitrary decision of fashion; and they are likely to carry their point, as they have the intelligence of the country to support them.

Owing to the mild climate of Jersey, the cattle can be kept out of doors the greater part of the year. Grass food is supplemented with parsnips and other roots, and the habit of tethering has an important bearing in the keeping of stock. Some farmers bring up their cattle too tenderly, never allowing them to walk any great distance, but transferring them over long stretches in vans built for the purpose. When they exhibit them at fairs, they do not drive them, but carry them comfortably in vans, while their owners walk. Some of these cattle thus groomed and tenderly cared for are very beautiful objects, and it is not at all surprising that English noble men like to have them on their lawns as being equally graceful, and at the same time far more useful than deer.

THE CAMEL.

A DROMEDARY is a camel, but a camel is not a dromedary. This I learned to recognize in repeated travels in Egypt and Asia Minor. The dromedary, as its name implies, is a swift animal, and bears the same relation to the camel as the fast trotting-horse does to the cart-horse or pack-horse—these last being strong, heavy and slow. The dromedary is credited with trotting about twenty miles an hour—the torture of such a trot to one unaccustomed to it is fearful. An Arab bearer of dispatches will keep up the pace for hours together. A well-bred, well-trained dromedary—for there are great differences—is valuable. A regular camel or burden-bearer cannot be forced more than some four or five miles an hour. Having ridden these day after day across the desert, I can say the movement caused by the long-swinging sort of walk, though not painful to the rider, causes great fatigue till he learns to accommodate his backbone to the motion of the animal. The Egyptian camel and dromedary have respectively one hump, and a camel judge estimates an animal by the plumpness of this storehouse of fat. I never saw a "Bactrian" or two-humped camel till I was east of the Crimea.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF A FASHIONABLE DENTIST.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PALMAROLI.

THE KING PENGUIN.

By W. B. Tegetmeier.

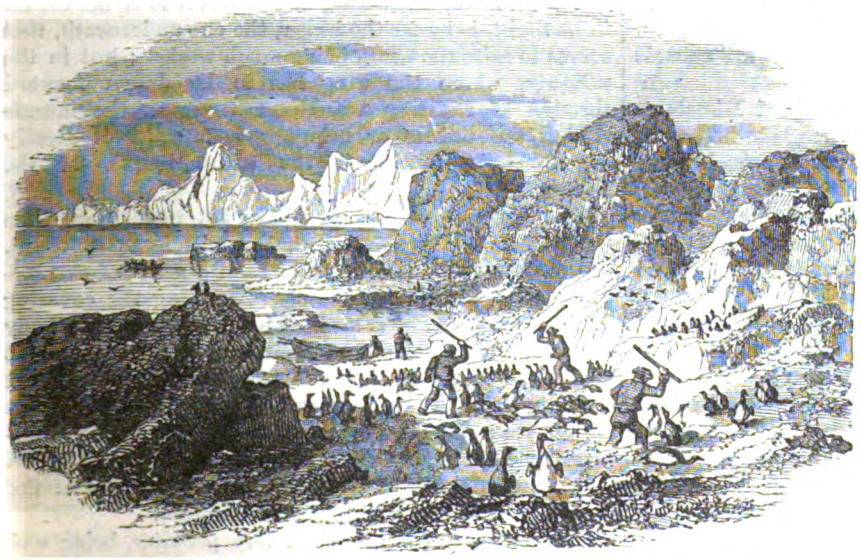
The family of the penguins, which includes several distinct genera, comprises unquestionably the most aquatic of all birds. Flight, the usual means of progression of the class to which they belong, is entirely denied them. On land their progress is slow and comparatively awkward, but in the water their movements are rapid and easy to an extreme degree. In swimming and diving their speed surpasses even that of the majority of fishes. They sport and seek their food safely during the heaviest gales, and spring from the water in play with such rapidity, that they cannot be distinguished from leaping-fish, and as they feed their beloved young on the rocky islands of the southern seas, they recall to mind the exquisite lines of Shelley, as—

> "Outspeeding the shark
> And the swordfish dark,
> Under the ocean foam;
> And up through the rifts
> Of the rocky cliffs,
> They pass to their Dorian home."

In the water but little is known of their movements, as the opportunities of observing them have necessarily been very limited. On land, however, their movements and mode of life are more open to investigation, and from the singularity alike of their structure and habits, they have attracted much attention from all those naturalists who have visited high latitudes in the southern seas. Thus Mr. G. Bennett describes a colony of one species of these birds as existing at Macquarie Island, in the South Pacific, and covering an extent of thirty or forty acres. Their number was immense, many thousand birds constantly passing to and from the sea. He states: "They are arranged when on shore in as compact and in as regular ranks as a regiment of soldiers. The females hatch the eggs by keeping them between their thighs, and if approached during the time of incubation, move away, carrying the eggs with them. At this time the male goes to sea and collects food for the female, which becomes very fat. After the young is hatched, both parents go to sea and bring home food for it, and it soon becomes so fat as to be scarcely able to walk, the old birds getting very thin. They sit upright on their roosting-places, and walk in the erect position till they arrive at the beach, when they throw themselves on their breasts to encounter the heavy seas met with at the landing-place."

A KING PENGUIN.

Like almost all birds, they are valiant in the defense of their eggs and young. Admiral Fitzroy, who commanded the exploring expedition in the *Beagle*, speaking of the multitude of penguins in the thick, rushy grass "tussock" of the shore of Noir Island, states "they were valiant in self-defense, and ran open-mouthed by dozens at any one who invaded their territory, little knowing how soon a stick would scatter them on the ground. The young were good eating, but the old were dark and tough when cooked. The manner in which they feed their young is curious and amusing. The old bird gets on a little eminence, and makes a great noise between braying and quacking, holding its head up in the air as if it were haranguing the penguinery, while the young one stands close to it, but a little lower; the old bird having continued its clatter for about a minute, puts its head down and opens its mouth widely, into which the young one thrusts its beak,



PENGUIN-HUNTING.

and then appears to suck from the throat of its mother for a minute or two, after which the clatter is repeated, and the young one again feeds, and this continues for about ten minutes."

Darwin describes very graphically the behavior of one of these animals whose retreat to the sea was intercepted by him: "One day, having placed myself between a penguin and the water, I was much amused at watching its habits. It was a brave bird, and till reaching the sea it regularly fought and drove me backward. Nothing less than heavy blows would have stopped him; every inch gained he firmly kept, standing close before me, erect and determined. When thus opposed, he continually rolled his head from side to side in a very odd manner, as if the power of vision lay only in the anterior and basal part of the eye. This bird is commonly called the jackass penguin, from its habit while on shore of throwing its head backward, and making a loud, strange noise very like the braying of an ass. While at sea and undisturbed, its note is very deep and solemn, and is often heard in the nighttime. In diving, its little plumeless wings are used for fins. When at sea and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy any at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

The different species have very different modes of making their nests and incubating. Of one species, the jackass penguin, breeding in the Falkland Islands, situated in fifty-one degrees south latitude, Captain C. C. Abbot writes: "Thousands visit the land in October, to burrow in the soil and deposit their two white eggs in the deep hole that they have excavated." He observes that the habits of these animals are affected by the proximity of man, as at places remote from settlements the holes are comparatively shallow, but near to human habitations they are much deeper, so as to prevent the eggs being taken.

This species is described as walking upright, except when frightened and hard pressed, when it loses its balance, and falls forward, employing its wings as legs in escaping through the tussock, as described by Darwin.

Another species, *Eudyptes papua*, the gentoo penguin, forms regular rookeries, or perhaps they may be more correctly termed penguineries, sometimes situated even miles from the shore, and far removed from salt water. Leading to these are regular paths, along which detachments of twenty or thirty birds may be seen marching at a time. No particular nest is formed, but the eggs laid by each bird are placed as closely together as the animals can stand.

A third species, common in the Falkland Islands, is known as the rock-hopper. It lays during the first week in November, on the cliffy slopes near the fresh-water streams, although, like the gentoo, it is constantly passing to and from the sea. The breeding-places are sometimes of as great an extent as five hundred yards by fifty, the eggs being placed so close together that it is impossible to walk without treading on them.

Amid the multiplicity of nests and eggs, it is almost impossible to imagine how the birds can find their own nests, after having once been driven off. Yet they appear to do this without difficulty, each walking straight back to its own nest, and placing the eggs between its legs with the utmost care, so as to bring them both in contact with a bare space in the centre of the lower part of the body; the male, when not fishing, standing up alongside of the female.

Cormorants are described as breeding close to the penguins, both species associating in harmony. Not so, however, the predaceous skua gull, that watches for an unprotected nest, and destroys the eggs or young, in the absence of the parents.

Having described the habits of these birds, as existing in a state of nature, I am desirous of saying a few words as to their extraordinary structure, and its correlation to their peculiar mode of life.

The entire family of the Spheniscinæ are characterized by their short, fin-like wings, which are covered with dense scale-like feathers. The tail in all the genera is composed of rigid narrow feathers. The tarsi, usually so long and leg-like in birds, is excessively short, the feet flat and webbed, the hind toe being very small, attached to the inner toe, and directed forward.

The skeleton, as may be readily imagined, is most peculiarly formed. The bones composing it are hard, dense and compact. Unlike those of aerial voyagers, they do not contain air, but their cavities are filled with oily marrow. The air-cells, which in ordinary birds surround the different viscera, and so aid in producing the extreme buoyancy required for flight, are small and rudimentary in the penguin.

The bones of the upper extremity are peculiarly adapted to the aquatic habits of the bird. The scapula or blade-bone, narrow in all birds as compared with its size in mammals, is very straight and unusually large at its posterior or lower extremity. The whole of the bones of the fore limb are thin and flat, so as to constitute a thin paddle that can be passed edgeways through the water, as it is brought forward preparatory to making a propelling stroke. Two of the bones of the carpus or wrist are remarkably large.

Of the metacarpal bones, or those corresponding to the palm of the hand in man, two only are developed, supporting respectively the middle and little finger. The thumb-bone, which in most birds is found supporting the little winglet, is entirely wanting.

In the feet the tarsus or portion of the limb usually covered with scales, and generally but incorrectly termed the leg or shank, is excessively short, and is placed on the ground in walking, so that the animal moves with a plantigrade step. The muscles constituting the flesh are peculiar, being excessively firm and of a dark-red color. The pectorals—those on the breast which move the wings—are singularly arranged.

In the greater number of birds, the outer muscle, which pulls down the wing and causes it to strike the air in its flight, is by far the larger, the one underneath, that serves to raise the wing, being much weaker; but in the penguin, where the wing has to be drawn forward through so resisting a medium as water, the muscle raising the paddle or bringing it forward is greatly developed, and extends the entire length of the sternum.

The feathers are very peculiar; but little more than the mere shaft is developed, and this is so flattened, especially on the paddles, as to form a series of overlapping scales, much more closely resembling the covering of a fish than that of a bird. The feathers on the body are bent in the middle of their length, nearly at right angles, so that although the basal portion rises erect from the skin, the terminal ends overlap so as to form a close layer impervious to water. This arrangement, however, is not peculiar to the penguins, but may be found in almost all aquatic birds, the breast feathers of the common duck furnishing a good example.

The feathers of the tail are very peculiar, being stiff and spiny, so as to support the body, and form with the

two legs the tripod on which the animal stands when in the erect position.

The bones of the tail, moreover, are strangely modified; in birds in general, the last caudal vertebra is expanded into a share-shaped process, flattened from side to side. This is adapted to the support of the quill feathers used in flight. These are absent in the penguin, consequently the last bone of the tail is expanded; and as another remarkable peculiarity, the absence of the oil gland, or uropygium, may be noticed. It is strange that this gland, which is generally so very large in ducks and other water-birds, should be absent in the most aquatic of all; the explanation most probably is that the scale-like plumage of the penguin does not require oiling to prevent the entrance of water, like the softer plumage of the duck.

As in all diving birds, the internal veins (*venæ cavæ*) of the penguin are immense in size, and serve as reservoirs for the impure venous blood, until the return of the animal to the surface enables it to be purified by breathing.

One more point respecting the structure of these singular animals, and I have done.

In almost every other bird that exists, the pupil of the eye is circular; in the penguin it is an elongated slit, a variation to which their singular mode of looking at an object, noticed by Darwin, is most likely due, and which has probably some direct reference to their subaqueous mode of life.

GLASTONBURY AND ITS THORN.

By William Roberts.

The Somersetshire town of Glastonbury is one of great antiquity. It was called by the ancient Britons *Avalon*, from the abundance of apple-trees in the district; and by the Saxons *Glastn-a-byrig*, from which its present name is immediately derived.

Within a short distance of, and in a southwest direction from, the site of the present town, is situated a place known from time immemorial as "Weary Hill," and here, it is conjectured, the first society of Christian worshipers established themselves in Britain. St. Patrick, who came over from Ireland in 439, is said to have spent thirty years of his life in the convent then existing at the spot. Previous to this saint's visit, the brethren had lived in miserably furnished huts scattered round about the vicinity of the place of worship; and the primitive form of religion, which, after the death of Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, had fallen into disuse, was again resuscitated with all its former vigor.

In 530, David, Archbishop of Minevia, with seven of his followers, retired to Glastonbury, where they greatly improved the church and form of religion, and moreover enriched the altar with a sapphire of inestimable value.

King Arthur, after the fatal battle with his nephew Mordred, was interred in Glastonbury; his remains are said to have been discovered in the reign of Henry II., who instigated a search, which resulted in a large cross being exhumed from the tomb, bearing an inscription in rude characters something to the effect of "Here lies the famous King Arthur, buried in the Isle of Avalon." Beneath was discovered a coffin-like excavation in the solid rock containing the bones of a human body, which was supposed to be that of King Arthur. These bones were deposited in the church and covered with a sumptuous monument.

In 708 Ina, King of the Saxons, in a sudden and spasmodic fit of zeal, greatly improved the convent, but it was left to Dunstan to execute alterations and improvements of any magnitude. He caused the abbey to be enlarged, and had it furnished in a state of unrivaled magnificence and splendor, to such an extent, indeed, that in a short time it became "the pride of England, and the glory of Christendom," as an old chronicler states. This was soon after the year 942.

Edgar, who had a palace within two miles of the town, and in a romantic situation still called "Edgarley,"—now a hamlet in the Parish of St. John—endowed the abbey with several estates, and invested the monks with extensive privileges. The abbots lived *en prince;* the revenue having been, so far as we can ascertain, quite £40,000. This large sum of money, in common with the revenues of other abbeys, was appropriated by William I. From various causes, partly through internal ruptions and external cival wars and strife, these magnificent buildings rapidly degenerated into ruins, and nothing was present in 1797 to demonstrate a former glory, except the abbot's kitchen—which was pretty entire.

Having briefly sketched the history of the ancient town of Glastonbury, it now remains for us to mention a shrub narrowly associated with the legendary lore of this place; it is the Glastonbury thorn, a variety of *Cratægus oxyacantha.* Its origin is obscure, and even that highly repected individual, "the oldest inhabitant," is not, as is usually the case, very dogmatic on the point. There are, however, three theories in connection with the history of this shrub. According to some, it originated with Joseph of Arimathea, who is reputed to have visited England, and, having struck his staff into the ground, the celebrated thorn of Glastonbury grew from it. It is also alleged that this same shrub was planted by St. Peter from a staff formed from the Jerusalem plant, whence the "crown of thorns" was made. The third version is that it was planted originally by St. Patrick; and if we are compelled to accept at least one of these theories, let it be the last, by all means.

On Christmas Eve, 1753, a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn at Glastonbury, expecting it to flower then; but they were disappointed. It is recorded, however, that they watched it again on the 5th of January—the old Christmas Day—*when it burst forth flower* as usual. The cause of its blooming at Christmas is accounted for by the fact that the owner of the original tree—whoever he may have been—fixed the staff into the ground on a Christmas Day, when it immediately rooted, put forth leaves, and the next day was covered with milk-white blossoms. It continued, so we are told, to bloom every Christmas Day for a series of years with great regularity. *O tempora!*

At Quainton, in Bucks, we have it authentically recorded that above ten thousand persons on one occasion went with lanterns and candles to view a thorn in that neighborhood, which was remembered to have been a slip from that at Glastonbury.

Another presumably miraculous wonder inflicted on the credulity of the Glastonbury folks in former days was a walnut-tree, which was said never to expand its leaves before the 11th of June—the feast of St. Barnabas—but this long ago ceased to exist.

Equally absurd is a variety of legendary tales which have become interwoven with the history of this place; particularly that in connection with some chalybeate springs. These were numerously attended formerly by invalids from all parts, ostensibly for the purpose of participating in their reputed curative qualities.

Again, adverting to the thorn, its season of flowering,

and the regularity of same, is passing strange. We have had it in flower in the sunny clime of Cornwall repeatedly at, or near, but rarely before, Christmas. We have come to the conclusion, after a patient research, and sifting the exceedingly few facts known, that its pedigree is not nearly so extensive as is popularly supposed.

Irish Pearls.—In the muddy banks of the tidal river Blackwater, Waterford, buried to the depth of some inches, is found a shellfish, commonly known as the sugar-loom, and which are used as bait for fishing. In some of these shells have been lately found a number of pearls, the finders of which looked upon them as of no value, the shellfish being only looked for as bait. A few days ago a gentleman encountered a young lad who had several of these pearls in his pocket, and one of these having been sent to an expert, has been valued at £5, and there is no doubt but that a large number of pearls of great value are lying covered in the mud of the river.

A GROUP OF PENGUINS.—SEE PAGE 269.

Great men often obtain their ends by means beyond the grasp of vulgar intellect, and even by methods diametrically opposite to those which the multitude would pursue. But to effect this bespeaks as profound a knowledge of mind as that philosopher evinced of matter who first produced ice by the agency of heat.

DAYBREAK.— "THE GIRL WENT FAINTING OVER THE WINDOW-SILL, AND DOWN INTO THE GREAT SPACE, WHILE ALICE GRADUALLY LET OUT THE ROPE."

DAYBREAK.

By Lily M. Curry.

Oh, the sweetness of the sunlight bathing the quaintness of that Western city in its rocky perch by the great rapid river! That oldish city with roads of white sand, and sidewalks of red brick, and queer houses of bygone days. She drank the beauty of the afternoon with keen, momentary rapture as she left the hotel, and, turning to the right, followed a street which led up a steep hill past churches and dwellings reminding her of "old country" pictures.

In her upward progress she loitered a little, glancing down through cross-streets, at the river, spanned by the great bridge, which

extended on high supports, far ashore, past the hotel and into the city.

But presently she went on, with less hesitation, climbing at length to the very summit, where she paused to examine the terraced surroundings, and to take breath in the absolute quiet of the upper avenue.

It was not at all strange that she was here. Nothing was strange to her now. A year before it might have seemed incredible that she could merge her identity into that of a common herd—an opera company—and so travel for weeks about the country. To-day it mattered little, oh, so little! whither she went, or what she did.

And this, a combination, half-amateur, half-professional, was—so the other girls told her—was far better than the average. It was true that they made a great many "one night stands," jumping a hundred miles from town to town, and often proceeding after the performance direct to the train, to snatch what rest they could, doubled up in the car-seats, and jolted into humility; but they were not lodged at third-class hotels like the choruses of other companies, or fined for tardiness at rehearsals, or maltreated in any grave particular. They were—even to the orchestra-men—quite as well provided for as the principals themselves.

But every time she thought of herself as a chorus-singer with a stage-name, she laughed outright and harshly. She, Alice Bostwick, born to luxury and its utter unconsciousness of the world's way—she, who, eighteen months before, had first come face to face with necessity.

If this troupe were better than the average, Heaven pity the average, she said; for here was a strange enough commingling of talent and obtusity, sparkle and gush, innocence and brutality.

For innocence she had in mind her roommate, a fair-faced little maid, with glossy chestnut curls—the silvery-voiced *ingénu* of the flock.

The sun was gloating on the western hill-tops as she arose and returned, moving languidly, and feeling no need for haste, since the theatre adjoined the hotel.

By chance they had been given a small room on the highest floor quite above and apart from the remainder of the company. For this Alice was thankful; oftener they were placed four or five in double-bedded chambers, and many of the girls had rough, unpleasant manners.

At the open window she stood looking out, over lower buildings, upon the dark, strong-passioned river and the wooded hills beyond; when, brushing her curls at the mirror, the little roommate chirruped a complaint.

"We do not get our trunks for three days, Miss Burton. They've been sent ahead—the old story. And did you read the '*Call*'? Train leaves at three-thirty! It's no use going to bed. I sha'n't even undress." Receiving no answer, she questioned more gently, "What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, only tired."

"And thinking of home, aren't you?'

Alice laughed hysterically.

"Home? Oh, no—no, indeed.

"What is there so funny in that?" asked the girl, with an aggrieved tone.

"Nothing," growing sober at once, but speaking unsteadily. "I was thinking of an old friend, who—who had no home. I laughed because I felt bitter. When you are twenty-three, Dora, you may know what it is to feel bitterness, but I hope not."

"Tell me about your friend," said Dora, disregarding her own prospective future. "Did she have trouble?"

"A great deal."

"What sort?"

"Every sort."

"But what, for instance?"

"For instance? Oh, well, an unfortunate marriage, for one thing; that was the beginning. She married a man she didn't love—an oldish man, who grew corpulent," she ended, with a sneer.

"Why did she marry him?"

"Heaven knows."

"Did she die?" asked Dora, with a touch of sentiment.

"Not she. But she ran away one night." Then she added, quickly: "Alone—not with any man."

"Ran away?"—deprecatingly.

"Yes. Why, he was a vile—a perfect beast!"

"Why didn't she get a divorce?"

"Well, she went to a lawyer afterward and asked his advice. He said, 'Did your husband ever strike you before a third party?' She was uncertain. Then he gave his office-desk a hard thump with his fist, and said, 'Cruelty means *that*, and you must have witnesses.' Perhaps he thought she couldn't afford his fee. She was only a poor music-teacher then; she lived all by herself, and worked very hard for a living."

"Poor thing! She ought to have gone to Indiana," said Dora, lightly, and tripped off, leaving Alice alone to the silence and her meditations.

A long while aft r she heard the 'cello-player, in a lower chamber, playing a sweet, familiar air from "Lucia."

Ah, the wonderful tenderness of that alto melody? She could have hushed her own heart-beats to catch every note. Was there a mist upon her sight?"

She passed her hand wearily over her face—her fair, pathetic face, with dark violet eyes and delicate features, and stray tendrils of golden hair drooping down here and there.

Then, ere leaving the room, she paused, leaning against the door-frame and shading her brow.

"Oh," she cried, with intensity—"oh, for one half-hour of the old times, back in that little parlor; the curtains drawn, the firelight flashing on the wall! Heavens! When I shut my eyes, I see it all—I feel his arms about me."

* * * * * *

At supper she ordered strong coffee and drank it, smiling absently at the childish face and shining curls across the table. The sunset light still twinkled faintly on the further wall of the dark dining-room.

One of the girls, passing out, paused and spoke:

"Going up-stairs, Burton, or into the theatre?"

"We'll go in with you," said the little roommate, answering for Alice, who seemed lost in reverie and willingly allowed them to lead the way.

They crossed the wide office and found a door opening into passages which brought them suddenly upon the very stage. Here, as yet, it was dim and silent.

They went to the "property-trunks" and took their stage-dresses, then, turning, ascended to the stifling atmosphere of the dressing-rooms, whence already proceeded rays of light and sounds of merriment.

But Alice continued to move in listless, unseeing fashion, her thoughts plainly elsewhere until the stage-manager's several cries of "fifteen minutes," and "orchestra in," and "everybody down," had echoed through the "wings," and when the curtain had been rung up, and the maidens had achieved their first and second entrances, and were now in the middle of the third chorus.

It was then that her gaze seemed drawn by some subtle

influence slowly, twice or thrice, around the lower horse-shoe of the house, and finally fixed in just one spot, half-way down the centre of the parquet.

Was it a human face shining white and still out of the shadows? A face long worshiped, long unseen.

A strange rapture thrilled her through and through, but only for the briefest moment, being followed at once by a chill of helplessness, when she felt as if she must drop the wooden lyre and sink away into utter oblivion.

And still the face shone white out of the shadows, which to her sick fancy seemed goblins whirling in endless mockery. And slowly she came to realize that *he* was sitting there, stern and rigid, watching her every movement.

It seemed an eternity till the curtain fell upon the noisy *finale* of the first act, when she crept away and sat down weakly on the rough staircase leading up to the dressing-rooms—sat there in the shadow till she heard the door leading in from the front door opened and shut.

She trembled. Would he seek to penetrate behind the scenes?

But it was only the orchestra-leader, complaining of heat and calling for ice-water. The players followed him in, and mingled their voices with the idle chatter of the company.

By-and-by the door opened again, and an usher came through, asking for the stage-manager.

Then her heart beat jarringly under the thin stage-dress, for she heard them speak her name; not the name by which she was here known, but her own by marriage.

"No such person in the company," said the stage-manager, sharply. "And if there was, *you* ought to know it's against the rules to receive notes from in front."

She could only catch a portion of the rest—"Should go to the hotel . . . . proper way . . . . no patience with such . . . ."

For a third time the door had opened and shut; the usher had gone. But why, oh why, had he not left the note? Pshaw! she could not have claimed it! And he would be lost to her again, even as he had been for seven long months!

When she went next upon the stage the face had disappeared from the audience. Ay! he was gone! Perhaps, then, he would think himself mistaken and depart, leaving her to the dreary monotony of the life she had chosen—a hard life, too, which, ere long, must wear out. Yes, she would die at last, and be forgotten—even by him.

Nor would it be perfectly easy to die, knowing that he lived; for now they had this world in common, breathing the same air, drinking the same sunlight, dreaming under the same moon and stars—very little, but something in common.

She thought of this when she had returned to her room, as she packed her tiny satchel and put on her traveling-cap, preparing for the daybreak departure. The little roommate had thrown herself upon the bed, and there slept peacefully.

Alice turned the gas low and looked out upon the river, where the mist was broken by the phantom-like boats, with stars of electric lights.

She was so weary of being weary; she wondered if one could ever forget such things. Perhaps! In the gay glitter of some seaside ballroom, with a thousand lights streaming upon their jewels and their smiling loveliness, in the sway of the slow, sweet waltz, to the harmony of strings and brasses—at this very hour there were women forgetting such things.

"Yes," she said, aloud, "I suppose other women have had similar experiences: guardians who stole and squandered their fortunes, and then forced them into marriages of convenience; husbands who disgusted them; stepdaughters who could have murdered them; lovers who came when it was *too late, too late!* How I have suffered, and——"

She broke off, for the sleeper on the bed stirred, as if awakened by her passionate soliloquy.

After gazing a moment on the childish face, she drew a rocking-chair to the window and kept silent.

The cool air soothed her; her eyelids drooped, she sighed at intervals, and finally dropped off into a troubled sleep.

A troubled sleep, with feverish dreams, in which she was harassed by those whom most she dreaded. And sometimes another face reproached her—*his* face, the face of her handsome lover; and sometimes she heard his voice with all the old passion of that last farewell.

"You have deceived me! I trusted you, and you have deceived me!'

Then a heavy hand fell upon her throat; with a scream she awakened.

What was this? The light was out: she was suffocating! What came pouring in through the transom, thick and black?

Great God! Fire? The hotel afire?

One wild rush to the door, then she was lifting the sleeper.

"Dora! Dora Macy! Quick! Come—be calm; don't tremble, child. Here, help me with the rope. It's the escape; you were laughing at it this noon. No, don't open the door; I've tried it. We'd smother. I had to shut the transom. We must go down by the rope!"

"Oh, Alice!" came the child's cry of terror. "I can't—I can't, it's so high, and I'm dizzy!"

But Alice had uncoiled the rope and was searching for the hook upon which to loop it. She felt desperately along the window-frame, but could not find it.

"It's not there," she said, at last. "Then some other way."

"Oh!" moaned the younger. "Why don't some one come and save us?"

"Why?" bitterly. "They couldn't; we'll save ourselves. You first, Dora," and she adjusted the strap and fastened it closely about her companion. Then she snatched a flask from her pocket. "Drink quick, if you're dizzy."

"What are you going to do, Alice?"—with chattering teeth and trembling limbs.

"Let you down and follow after."

"It will take so long!"—she clung to her desperately; "and there won't be time for you."

"There, there, Dora," she said, evenly, "don't—don't make me nervous. Keep your eyes shut and cling to the rope."

She had passed the other end around the furniture, and so held it securely.

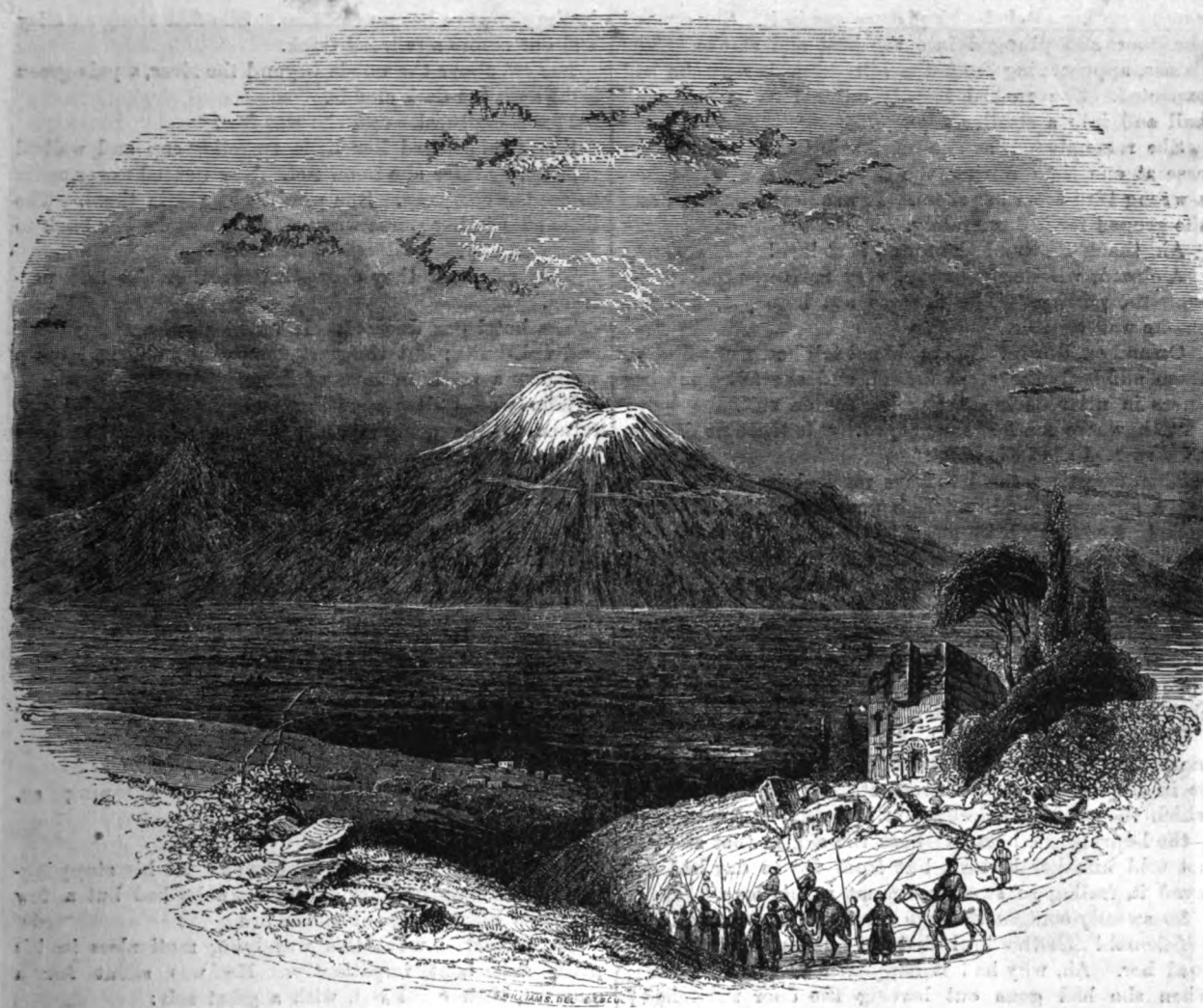
"When you are down untie it quickly, so I can come. Don't fear."

The child went fainting over the window-sill, and down into the great space, while Alice gradually let out the rope, into moments perilous to herself.

She had let it all out; it slackened. Was Dora safe? She looked over the sill. The crowd and excitement, the tardily-arrived engines were around the corner on the main street. Below two or three lifted the limp form of the little roommate and carried her away.

Alice staggered back; she was giddy with noises in her

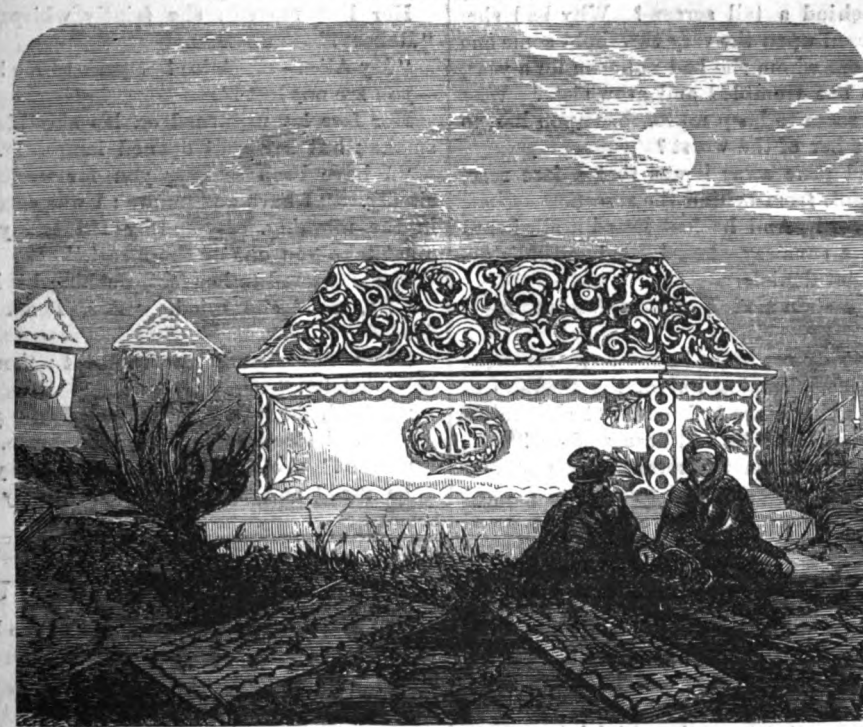
STATUE OF A CHILD IN THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.



MOUNT ARARAT.

ears, false lights before her eyes. She could not go down so; then her hands, nerveless after the considerable strain, unclosed, letting go of the rope, which, with baffling swiftness, slipped suddenly over the sill and dropped to the earth, fifty feet below! Out of her reach for ever!

Lost! Ay, she was lost. It was too late to tear up the bedding; she was too weak.



AN ARMENIAN TOMB.— SEE PAGE 279.

There was no one below to scale that blank wall—if even they knew of her presence there.

What then? Must she die like a coward?

No, she would try the hall. Perhaps it was not all aflame; to the right—the other side of the house—the rear.

She wrung a handkerchief out of the water in the pitcher, and threw it across her face, then

caught up her satchel—*his* picture was in it. She opened the door and plunged into the heat and smoke. The flames, approaching from the left, drove her as she had expected. She rushed blindly onward down the main hall and into a smaller passage.

She remembered, as she ran, having seen a rear staircase at one time during the day, when she had taken a wrong turn from her room. It was her only hope, and she groped for it desperately.

Ah, thank Heaven! she found it at last!

A closed, winding stairway, very narrow, used by the servants, perhaps. The fire was not here yet, but the smoke was terrible.

On and on, down! She could not tell how many flights, when suddenly the steps ceased, and she fell upon her knees in utter darkness, groping for an exit.

"Ah, where am I?" she gasped. "Is there no door or window? I shall die here!"

Then despair seemed to have reached its limits. She felt a strange placidity. Life was little after all—very little! Death *might* be sweet!

Yet, what if memory were mightier than death? What if she be doomed to live over and over the past six years all through eternity?

There was one memory she would gladly hug to her heart and go down to the grave. If only she could eliminate it from the rest! A six months' space of sweetness cleft from six years of misery!

The memory of *his* love! Ah, though he love her no more, he *loved* her. Ay! by the holiest things on earth or in heaven she would swear it. By all the hours in which they had sat side-by-side in tenderest communion—the hours when hers had been the sin, in that she had not told him her history, but from day to day had delayed it, feeling so sweetly content in his love.

So sweetly content through all those days of toil and self-denial! So thankful that her husband had not pursued her. Ah, why had it happened so that afternoon, when she had gone out leaving the door unlatched? Why had her lover entered, and finding her absent, hidden playfully behind a tall screen? Why had she, returning, encountered upon the very threshold some one seeking her—some one whom she had not seen for a year, at whose very voice she trembled and grew sick? Why had he entered her room to heap reproaches upon her, to sneer, and to accuse her of the worst?

Only when he had gone away it was that a face rose, white and reproachful, from behind the screen.

Stanhope, her lover! And he had heard it all, heard that she was a wife, a runaway—heard her husband's accusations and her faint denials.

"Alice! You have slain me! You have deceived me—and I trusted you!"

Only that cry of agony ere he had gone away for ever!

Oh, same white face, gleaming out of the shadows of the theatre so short a time since! Dear face! she prayed Heaven to bless it, and him who had been so dear!

She was stronger now from the momentary rest, and better realized her surroundings. She rose and groped less frantically. Ah! something moved. She pressed with all her might. It was a door, unlatched, for it gave way, and losing her balance, she pitched forward down another flight of steps into a small basement passage.

Thoroughly shocked but unhurt, seemingly, she arose and swung herself up to a high half-window.

A moment later she was outside and hurrying away from under the falling cinders.

No one seemed to notice her; the chief interest was centred in the further part of the building. The glare in the sky gave her no emotion. She fled along an alley and out across a railroad track.

Far off, above the woods beyond the river, a pale-green light split the dark clouds.

It was daybreak—and she was free.

She straightened her little traveling-cap and walked rapidly, whither she knew not. She wanted never again to see the company. She would not rejoin them. The little sum in her purse was sufficient to take her back to the great city.

They might, if they chose, believe that she had perished.

The hotel was doomed. It burnt slowly, being brick and well-built; but the part from which she had come was now a seething mass of flame.

Who would dream of her escape? She would not return to the company, come what might; the bare thought was sickening.

She went on slowly, and found herself in the same street she had followed that afternoon, climbing the same hill in the morning twilight.

Who was there to care?

"Father and mother lie side by side in the churchyard," she said, repeating a line of an old child's story and smiling faintly.

As for Stanhope—dead or living—which would he love her best?

Yes, she could and would evade them all; she would keep out of sight till they had left the town. She staggered—the hill was steep.

Perhaps she could rest a moment, stooping so, and——

* * * * * *

He came down with a mad rush. At his stopping-place in the upper part of the town he had but a few moments before learned of the fire.

He wondered what this was lying motionless in his path, and bent impatiently. He was silent for a moment, then cried out, with a great sob:

"Oh, merciful Father!"

Her lips moved; she faintly whispered his name—"Robert!"

"My Alice—my Alice! Speak to me! You are saved—you are not lost!"

Her face lay upturned on his shoulder, all gray with smoke; but her eyes opened languidly.

"I have been seeking you for weeks," he said, excitedly. "I have good news; I was coming to the hotel in the morning. By-and-by I'll tell you; but first I must take you out of the street."

She staggered to her feet, pushing his hands away.

"No, no!" she cried. "See, I am strong! Is *he* dead?"

There was silence one moment; then he answered, passionately:

"Sweetheart, you are *free*, and I love you!"

She still stood erect, tottering a little.

"Free!" she sobbed. "No, I am yours for ever. Take me!" and swooning, fell heavily back into his arms.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY STUDENTS.

THE festivities and amusements of the Italian students were in accordance with the age. Jousts and tournaments were among their favorite pastimes. They were held at fixed times: On the occasion of the election of a rector, on the taking of the highest degree, or laurea, and on the arrival among them of a celebrated professor.

On the feast of St. Caterina the lawyers made merry; on that of St. Romualdo the medical students enjoyed themselves, subscribing money for the occasion. These religious festivals and convivial meetings were numerous, especially in carnival time. There was likewise the "orange feast," when the students drove in carts through the town, pelting every one with fruit. In Bologna the Jews were obliged to contribute one hundred and four lire annually to the jurists and seventy to the artists for their carnival festivities, and at the fall of the first snow the students could collect money from the doctors and citizens, but not until the syndic of the university had been assured that snow really had fallen, for on mild Winters, when disappointed of their toil, students had been known to fetch snow from the neighboring mountains, and palm it off as having just fallen, whereby many innocent people were taken in. The money thus collected went toward a fund for the painting of portraits or for statues of the leading professors.

THE ARMENIANS.

By Oscanyan.

There has recently been quite a novel gathering, which took place at Plymouth Bethel, Hicks Street, Brooklyn. About seventy natives of Armenia had congregated together to hear a lecture delivered by a native, Mr. Antranig Ayvazian, in their own vernacular. The most interesting feature of the assemblage was the presence of some fifteen native ladies, most of whom had just claims to personal endowment. The purport of the discourse was encouragement to immigration to enjoy the blessings which this country afforded. The speaker said there were over six hundred Armenians scattered through the States, and he hoped that this number would multiply and become as numerous as other races. The Americans were a kind-hearted people, and loved all who were industrious and sober; therefore the Armenians were just the people to suit their peculiarities, and would on that account gain their affection and sympathy, and would soon prosper.

The entertainment was enlivened by occasional singing in native dialect and air, which added greatly to the enjoyment. One object of the meeting was to establish a social union of all the Armenians.

The success of this first gathering being deemed quite encouraging, it was proposed to have another meeting three weeks hence in the same locality, so as to afford an opportunity to the rest of the Armenian community, of whom there are about three hundred in New York and Brooklyn, to attend. It was accordingly announced that Dr. Dadirian, recently arrived from Constantinople, will deliver an address on the occasion.

The Armenians are an interesting people. Their history is replete with romantic and heroic incidents, which, not being familiar to our community, we deem of sufficient interest to give a brief sketch of their past and present condition, and the motives of the presence of some of them in our midst.

The Armenians, like other nations, evince their pride in national pedigree, by tracing their origin to Haïg, the grandson of Noah, and they call themselves Haïgs or Haïks even at the present day; consequently they are as ancient a race as the Jews, and have ever remained as a distinct people; and have, even amid all their vicissitudes, preserved their nationality with equal tenacity.

According to traditional record in the year of the creation of the world, 1757, Jewish chronology, soon after the Flood, and even during the lifetime of Noah, Haïg, or Haicus, with his sons and daughters, resided in the country of Sennar, in Mesopotamia.

While they lived in those regions, the famous Tower of Babel was erected, and the Babylonian Empire was founded by Belus.

Haïg, unwilling to submit to the authority of Belus, returned, with his family of about three hundred persons, to the Fatherland, the country of Ararat, where he incorporated himself with the earliest settlers in those regions.

But Haïg was not left long in quiet, for Belus, fearing that he would become too powerful a rival, marched against him with his warriors, all clad in iron armor, and supplied with powerful spears and bows and arrows. Yet destiny was about to found a great nation and a vast empire. The small band of Haïg proved victorious, and compelled the aggressors to retreat in confusion, owing to the death of their leader, Belus, by an arrow from the bow of Haïg.

Thus was the first impetus given to this embryo empire.

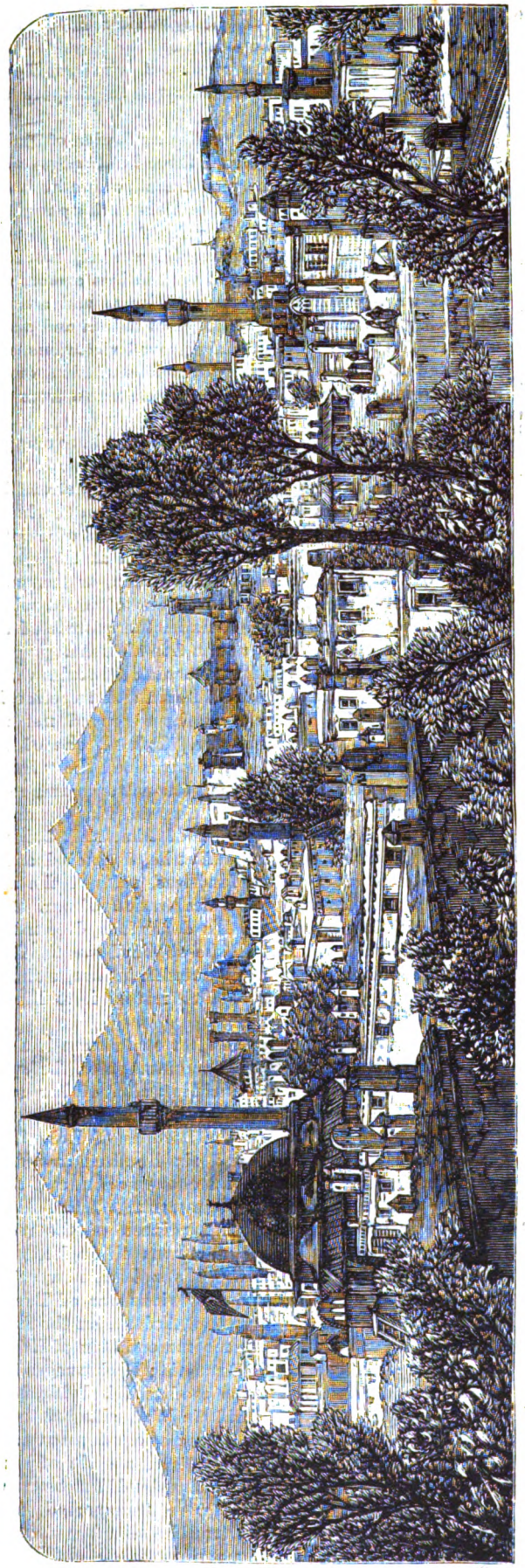
Victory and the spoils of war inflaming their breasts, the Haïgs went on conquering, until a territory stretching from the Caspian Sea in the east to Cilicia, on the Mediterranean, on the west, and from the borders of Pontus on the north, to the confines of Assyria at the south, formed one vast and powerful Haïgasdan, or Armenia, containing no less than thirty millions of souls, which have, at present, been reduced, under the misrule of the Turkish Government, to less than five millions.

Haïg is represented by the Armenian historians as a man of noble appearance, robust frame and superior intellect. Many of his successors have proved not unworthy descendants of their sire. Indeed, one of the kings of Armenia, Arah by name, surnamed the "Handsome," was so celebrated for his personal appearance as to engage the attention of Semiramis, the Queen of Babylon, who became enamored of him, and, being a widow, desired to marry him. But he, disgusted at her demonstrations of excessive fondness, refused the alliance. The consequence was a declaration of war. She marched with her troops into his dominions, determined to take him by force. But all she obtained was the dead body of the beautiful young Armenian prince, slain on the battlefield. She endeavored to restore it to life by incantations, but in vain.

The beauty of the country and her own romantic associations inspired her to erect a monument on the spot, commemorative of that sad incident, also of her magnificence. She founded the beautiful city of Semiramagerd, now called Van, on the borders of Lake Van. Twelve thousand workmen and six hundred architects were occupied many years in its construction, and after its completion it became her Summer residence.

Following her example, other princes of the realm built other cities and fortified towns throughout the land, such as Armavir, on the River Kur, now called Karz, made famous during the previous war of Turkey with Russia; Artaxata, the present Ardesh, on the Arax, built by King Artaxias at the recommendation of Hannibal, who had taken refuge in Armenia; Dèckranagerd, or Tigranacerta of the classics, the modern Diarbekir, built by Tigranes during the Mithridatic War, situated to the east of the Tigris; and many others of equal renown.

Many of these towns were erected on a scale of great magnificence, and embellished with splendid monuments and statuary, some of which were transported from Greece at great expense and trouble, showing that the Armenians were at an early age prone to civilization more than any other race in the East.



THE CITY OF ERZEROUM, IN ARMENIA.

The name of Armenia was derived from Aram, the sixth successor of Haïg, who became so renowned by his exploits, that from his time the surrounding nations designated the country as Aramia, after his name, which, in course of time, has been corrupted into its modern nomenclature, Armenia.

Although Aram thus rendered the country famous, yet the height of its glory was only attained during the reign of Tigranes. To give a current idea of the power and renown of this potentate, we quote the following Greek and Roman authorities.

"It is but a few days' journey from the country of the Cabiri into Armenia," says Lucullus, "where Tigranes, King of kings, is seated, surrounded with that power which has wrested Asia from the Parthians, which carries Grecian colonies into Media, subdues Syria and Palestine, cuts off the

AN ARMENIAN HOUSE IN THE CAUCASUS.

Seleucidæ, and carries their wives and daughters into captivity. This prince is nearly allied to Mithridates; he is his son-in-law."

"The Armenian Government was, indeed," observes Plutarch, "an insupportable burden to the Greeks; particularly the king's pride, through a long course of prosperity, was become so enormous, that he thought whatever is great and admirable in the eyes of the world, was not only in his power, but even made for him. For though his prospects at first were small and contemptible, he had subdued many nations, and humbled the Parthian power more than any prince before him. He had colonized Mesopotamia with Greeks, whom he drafted in great numbers out of Cilicia and Cappadocia. He had drawn the Scenite Arabians from their wandering way of life, and placed them nearer to Armenia, that he might avail himself of their mercantile abilities. He had many kings at his court in the capacity of servants, and four in particular as mace-bearers, or footmen, who, whenever he rode on horseback, ran before him in short jerkins; and when he sat to give audience, stood by with their hands clasped together; which last circumstance seems a mark of the lowest slavery,

ARMENIAN LADIES.

a token that they had not only resigned their liberty, but that they were prepared rather to suffer than to act."

Such were the glories, power and renown of Armenia in ancient times.

Armenia is an inland country, and is an elevated plateau about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, well ribbed with chains of Mountains which inclose vast tracts of undulating, arable and fertile lands, and form what would be termed in the West a series of "parks."

Some of these mountains attain the height of 16,000, or even 17,000, feet from the level of the sea. Ararat, of traditional memory, where the Ark of Noah is said to have rested, is one of them, covered with perpetual snow. These mountains and valleys abound in minerals, and even exude petroleum.

The country is well watered. The Euphrates and the Tigris, with all their numerous tributaries, traverse the land, and in their course present strange and singular phenomena, such as terrific rapids, beautiful waterfalls, splendid cascades, picturesque ravines, majestic defiles, and magnificent scenery, worthy the brush of Bierstadt.

The course of the River Tigris being checked by a part of Mount Taurus, it falls suddenly into a subterranean cavern, called Zoroander, reappearing at the bottom of the mountain to again bury itself, and again reappear at a distance of twenty-five miles.

This vast territory was geographically divided into two sections. The lands lying east of the River Euphrates were called Armenia Major, and those on the west were designated Lesser Armenia, because of their being added to the former by conquests.

Armenia has, like other countries, had its varied vicissitudes.

The inhabitants were brave and of a warlike nature. Their industrious habits, native intelligence, and military prowess, accumulated great wealth, and added to their domain, already too vast. Yet the princes, elated by success and surrounded by trophies, became so despotic and arrogant to all around them, that even the natives could ill brook them. As to the subjugated people, their condition of servitude was made intolerable by the tyranny of the rulers. Accordingly, internal dissension, discontent, and even animosity, became rife in the land. The neighboring nations, who had suffered from their aggressions, were ever on the alert to avenge their wrongs, and the foreign powers, such as the Macedonians and Romans, who were on the lookout for fresh fields of conquest, could not overlook the opportunity to seize this rich land and humiliate this mighty power. Even Tigranes, the renowned and mighty ruler of Armenia, could not cope with them, and the country had finally to succumb to these distinct, and in a measure united, enemies.

As the acme of Armenian glory was reached under the reign of Tigranes, so its downfall may be traced to that time. Ever since its conquest by the Romans, Armenia experienced many and varied vicissitudes—at times tributary, and again independent. Parthians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Persians, Russians and Scythians, or Turks, have by turns contended for mastery. It now is in the hands of the three powers last named, the lion's share being in those of the Turks.

During a long period of strife and victory various dynasties prevailed in Armenia. The last of the Armenian princes was of the line of Ruben, who reigned in Cilicia. It was during their reign that the Crusaders took Jerusalem. This line of princes was extirpated by the Saracens, who poured an immense and devastating army into their country, and after besieging Leo, the last king, for nine months, took him and his family to Cairo, with all the royal treasures. They remained in prison seven years, because they refused to renounce Christianity. By the intervention, however, of King Juan of Spain, they were set at liberty, and received from him many valuable possessions, such as houses and lands.

This king (Leo VI.) even appealed to England and France to assist him in regaining the throne of Armenia, but without any success. He died in Paris, A. D., 1393, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Celestine, and a magnificent monument erected over his grave. His wife Mary, who belonged to the family of Lewis Charles, King of Hungary, died in Jerusalem.

The Armenians next fell into the power of the Turks, and with their last king all their glory vanished, and their history was buried in oblivion; for the sunrise over Mount Ararat, the meridian brightness over the fairest portion of Asia, and the last departing rays shed over the regions of Cilicia, are all merged into the dark pages of history, where but few ever seek to read the tale.

Among her oppressors, none have proved such cruel taskmasters as the Turks. The cruelties which they committed on the inhabitants were savage and horrible in the extreme. Aged men and women were often tied in pairs, and then together cut in halves. Pregnant women were frequently ripped open, and their unborn babes wantonly thrown into the air; infants sucking at the breast were torn from the arms and massacred before the eyes of their distracted mothers; so that human blood flowed in torrents throughout the land. Exactions and spoliations were the order of the day. The poor terror-stricken inhabitants were forced to part with the most beautiful of their daughters, and their churches were desecrated and despoiled.

Imbued with a spirit of fanaticism, the conquerors added to their barbarities a system of religious persecutions. The only alternative left to the poor wretches was to either embrace Islamism or submit to abject servitude and persecutions. Many, of course, yielded to unrelenting circumstances, but the majority, strong in their sense of moral convictions, preferred ignominy to apostasy.

The ancient religion of the Armenians was that of the Magi; but the introduction of Christianity among them was coeval with Christ.

It is said that Abgar, one of their kings, having had occasion to send ambassadors to the Roman general, Marius, in Syria, upon the return of his messengers was apprised of the wonderful and miraculous performances of Christ. Giving a ready credence to the report that this was, indeed, the Son of God, a second embassy was sent to entreat the great Healer of the sick to visit the king, Abgar, who was laboring under a distressing malady.

It is said that the Saviour received this embassy with much satisfaction, and dictated to the Apostle Thomas this remarkable reply: "When I shall rise to My glory I will send you one of My disciples, who shall remove your pains, and give life to you and those around you."

After the ascension of Christ, according to His command, Thaddeus, one of the seventy, was sent to Edessa, then the capital, who, having instructed the king in the new faith, baptized him and the citizens of that metropolis.

The seeds of Christianity were thus early sown in Armenia; still but little progress was made until the appearance of Gregory at Cæsarea, three centuries later, who created such a revival of the faith that he was called the "Illuminator," and his followers Gregorians.

The Armenian resembles the Greek Church in some respects. They are both episcopal in their church government. Both acknowledge the Trinity and the immaculacy of the Holy Virgin, and perform the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, or the Mass, with even more pomp than the Catholics. The Armenians believe the divine and human nature of Christ to be so blended as to form but one, whereas the Greeks declare them to be entirely separate. Therefore the former, in administering the eucharist, use only wine and unleavened bread, and the latter mingle water with the wine and use leaven in the bread. The Armenians, in case of necessity, do not hesitate to partake of the holy sacrament in other Christian churches, whereas the Greeks acknowledge no church ceremonies as canonical but their own, always re-baptizing those who may wish to come under their spiritual jurisdiction.

The Armenians are not, therefore, to be confounded with the Greeks, nor with that sect called *Arminians*, or the followers of Arminius, but as a distinct people, originally inhabiting the country about Mount Ararat, and professing Christianity at an early period.

The Armenians being the first Christian people whom the Turks conquered, had to bear the brunt of Mussulman fanaticism, and became the model of all succeeding conquests.

The Turks, perceiving the advantages which they might derive from this hardy and industrious race, and finding them also strong and enthusiastic in their faith, moderated their religious ardor, and ceased to decimate them. Adopting a more politic course, they opened negotiations with their victims, and willingly compromised by making them tributaries, with the payment of *kharadge*, or poll-tax, as recommended by the Koran. And, with the design of ruling them through religious prejudices, they granted the Armenians the privilege of being governed by one of their own priesthood, to whom they gave the title of *Patrik*, or Patriarch. The Armenians, being now deprived of all civil rights, regarded this Patriarch as the sole bond of national unity.

The Turks, on their part, finding it an easy policy to govern the mass through one individual, allowed great privileges to this office, and the free exercise of the principles of their own religion in its administration.

The power of the Patriarch was so unlimited that he could even levy taxes, punish any person with the bastinado, imprison or send into exile. National enthusiasm and the politic tolerance of their conquerors, in the course of time, led the Patriarchs into the abuse of their privileges. Cloaked though they were under the mantle of religion, their despotism was not always exempt from impunity; for the people, long accustomed to regard the Church apart from temporal authorities, could not brook such conduct in their high priest, and therefore there has always been a strife between them and the priesthood.

Naturally the Government has sometimes sustained the popular will, and at others the rights of the pontiff, as interest or policy required.

Naturally endowed with a brave spirit, of noble and intelligent appearance, great athletic powers—for the porters of Constantinople, who are renowned for the immense weights they carry on their backs, are all Armenians—and with proverbial honesty, which is well attested by the responsible positions they fill—such as watchmen to stores and banking-houses where millions are intrusted to their care—the Armenians constitute the very life of Turkey.

The Turks being long accustomed to rule rather than serve, have relinquished to them all branches of industry. Hence the Armenians are the bankers, the merchants, the mechanics, the producers and traders of all sorts in the land. It has only been their protracted servitude which has reduced them to the timid and cautious temparament that they now possess; but they have always proved themselves invaluable, not only to Turkey, but wherever they may be found.

Some have even distinguished themselves as statesmen of great ability. Had it not been for the good advice and diplomacy of Abro—or, as he is commonly known to Europe, Boghor Bey—Mehemmed Ali could not have secured to his heirs the independence of Egypt.

The actual Prime Minister of Egypt, Nubar Pasha, is a nephew of Boghor Bey.

Malkum-Khan, who induced the Shah to visit Europe, and who is actually Persian Ambassador in England, is an Armenian from Persia.

Kazaz-Artyn was a noted personage among the Armenians of Constantinople, having risen from the lowest rank in life, and finally become the head of the royal mint, a post of great honor, and the friend and factotum of the renowned Sultan Mahmood, who never passed a day without seeing him.

At the end of the war with Russia in Mahmood's time, heavy indemnities were to be paid to Russia, and there was not a single piaster in the Turkish Treasury. The humiliation was great to the Sultan. He shut himself up in the palace and forbade any one to approach him. But, reckless of consequences, Kazaz-Artyn rushed into the imperial presence, and anxiously begged to be informed of the cause of His Majesty's grief.

"The Muscovite giaours are insisting upon their indemnities, and I am told the treasury is empty," was the sullen answer.

"Is that all?" was the nonchalant rejoinder of Kazaz, assuring the Sultan that their every demand should be met, even as early as the next day.

Accordingly Kazaz summoned all the Armenian bankers, and collected from them the necessary funds, which were transmitted to the Russian Embassy in the course of twenty-four hours, to their utter astonishment.

The famous Prince Melikoff, who became not long ago the ruling spirit in Russia, is also an Armenian.

We might mention many others who have thus distinguished themselves.

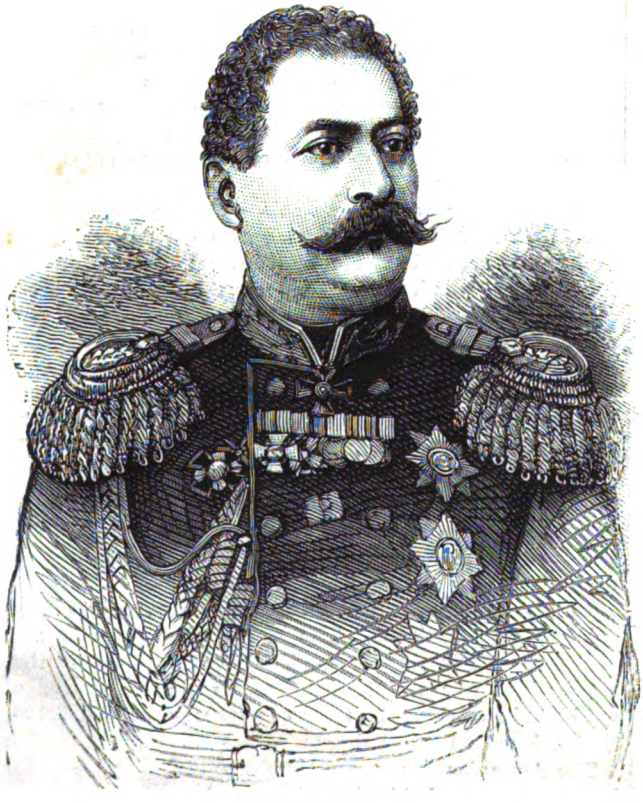
The cultivation of arts and sciences was of early origin with the Armenians; and during Arasces's reign the city of Armavir was embellished with several pieces of beautiful statuary, which were taken from the Greeks. Three, in particular—of Diana, Hercules and Apollo, well executed, bronze and gilt—were from the hands of the celebrated Cretan artists, Scyllis and Dipœnus. Duin, Ani, Edessa, and other cities, were noted for their architectural beauties; and considering that Armenia is coeval with the Babylonian Empire, there is no reason to doubt that researches into its territories would be as interesting as those of Mossul. Indeed, recent discoveries and excavations made near Van and elsewhere having disclosed splendid relics of antiquity, some of which have found their way to the British Museum, amply attest the fact.

In the fine arts and architecture the Armenians have evinced great aptitude. The works of Ayvazofsky are well known and duly appreciated by the artists of the civilized world; and Balian Brothers have acquired a world-wide celebrity by their construction of that beautiful palace on the Bosphorus, called Teheraghan.

The Armenian is a distinct and original language. It is more than probable that when Haïg repaired with his family to the Fatherland, he and his descendants continued

ARMENIAN LADY EMBROIDERING.

AN ARMENIAN WOMAN OF SCHOUCHA.



GENERAL MELIKOFF.

AN ARMENIAN BANKER.

AN ARMENIAN VICAR-GENERAL.

AN ARMENIAN SUB-DEACON.

to speak the language of their forefather Noah, and in that case there is no more ancient tongue than the Armenian. Besides, it must be remembered that Biblical history records the confusion of language of those who were in the land of Sennar, whereas the descendants of Haïg, having always remained in the vicinity of Ararat, there is no reason to suppose they ever changed their vernacular.

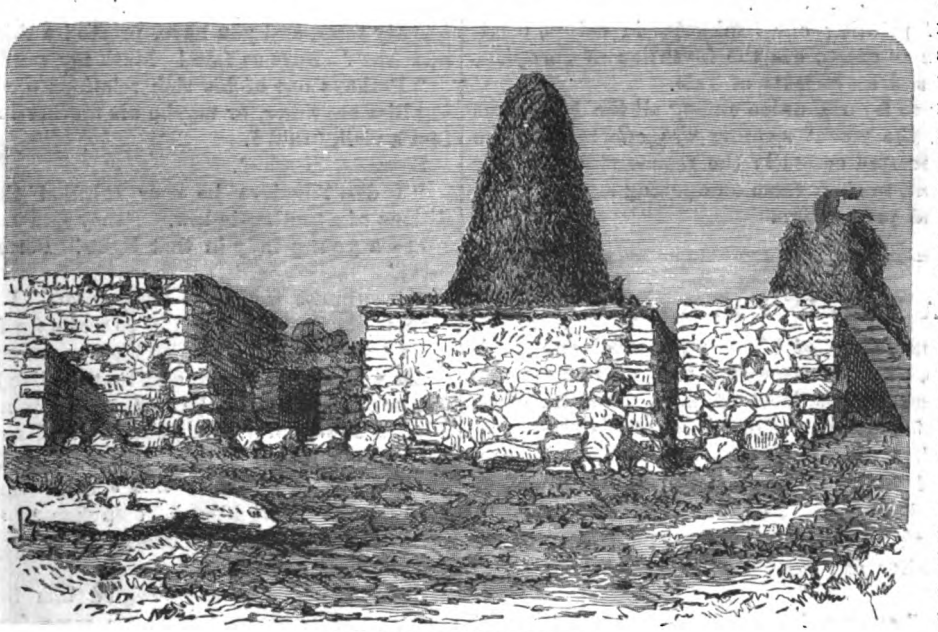
It is true that, by reason of conquests and contact with other people, foreign words crept into the language, but this served only to increase their vocabulary; so that the Armenian language is not only copious, but more complicated than the Latin, to which it bears a strong resemblance, though only in construction.

In their pristine condition, the Armenians having no alphabet of their own, adopted the characters of other nations, viz., the Syriac in religious writings, the Greek in scientific works, and the Persian for statutes of law. But at the commencement of the fifth century, a monk, Mesrop by name, invented the present characters, which have been in use ever since. They are neat in appearance and capable of representing almost any articulate sound, thirty-nine in number, and styled by Lord Byron "a Waterloo of an alphabet."

This alphabet, being of modern origin, is the only one in the Eastern languages which is read and written from left to right, all the rest being the reverse.

There is no doubt they early possessed some literature of their own prior to the invention of their alphabet.

In the reign of Valarsaces, the Parthian, 150 B.C., the archives of Nineveh were searched by Maribas, and made to contribute to the literature of the nation. Even the writings of Eusebius were originally discovered among the Armenians. Many ancient works, generally in MSS. are still extant, and it is reported that the old monasteries in Armenia contain records of history, which, if brought to light, would prove great additions to the annals of very ancient times. They boast of classic authors, to whom Lord



ARMENIAN COUNTRY-HOUSES.

Byron alludes in eulogistic terms, and the works of Moses of Khoren, which have been translated, are highly appreciated by the literati of Europe.

Persecutions and misery having compelled them to neglect education, their language became corrupted, and the people gradually fell into Partingtonian phraseology by the adoption of foreign words indiscriminately, so that the Armenian language has been divided into two distinct classes, the ancient and the modern, or the classic and the popular. Endowed by nature with an active mind and a desire for learning, the Armenians have ever been watchful of any opportunity to improve their condition, morally as well as intellectually.

When the Turkish Government became enfeebled, educational institutions began to spring up and spread among the Armenians, and through this means the modern Armenian dialect has been so improved, as to become quite an acceptable and indeed an elegant language.

The spirit of mental improvement has penetrated even among the Armenian ladies of Constantinople, where a society has been formed called "Haïgoohiatz," for the diffusion of knowledge and the education of the Armenian young ladies, under the presidency of no less a personage than Madame Abro, wife of His Excellency Abro Effendi, one of the principal functionaries of the Turkish Government.

Dr. Hamlin, an ex-missionary of the American Board, perceiving this aspiration of the nation, and imbued with a spirit of philanthropy, erected on the heights midway up the Bosphorus a literary institution known as the Robert College, where many Armenians have received a liberal education.

Emulated by such examples, the Armenian youth seek improvement everywhere, and by any means, and are ever ready for self-improvement. It is this desire that has led many to resort to the United States as the fountain-head of all knowledge, in their estimation.

They are scattered all over the country, and are engaged in various pursuits, such as farming, mechanic arts, carpet-weaving, engraving, etc. Many have graduated as physicians, and are now practicing successfully in Turkey. Quite a number of them have served with zeal and credit in the Union Army, and some have even yielded their lives to the cause.

The idea of printing our banknotes in colors, originally yellow, now green, was the invention of Seropian, an Armenian, and a graduate of Yale.

With a view to form a union among all the Armenians that are here, the recent meeting was effected for the purpose of concerted action in the regeneration of their compatriots, and to show them an opening against Turkish tyranny and persecution.

A NAIL IN HIS HEAD.

John Basilide, Czar of Muscovy, a cruel and hard-hearted prince, ordered, according to some historians, a nail to be driven into the head of the ambassador of an Italian prince for having put on his hat in his presence.

However, when Jerome Bowes, ambassador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before the prince, he boldly put his hat on, and left him in the same manner. The Czar asked him whether he were ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received for a like temerity.

"I know it," answered the Englishman: "but I am the ambassador of a queen who has always her head covered, and who never suffers an insult put upon any of her ministers to pass unpunished."

The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, exclaimed, turning toward his courtiers: "This is a brave man who dares act and speak thus for the honor and interest of his sovereign! Which of you would do as much for me?"

SCORESBY'S MISTAKE.

A "Newspaper" Story.

Our "funny man" has not been so funny of late. Scoresby made the discovery. Scoresby boils down the locals, writes the patent-medicine puffs, takes charge of the "Spring poetry" basket, to relieve the literary editor, and makes himself miscellaneously useful about the establishment. The *Progressive Daily Fulminator* appreciates Scoresby to the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents a week.

"Something's come over 'Old Dejected.' I can't make him out," said Scoresby to me one afternoon. (We slept mornings and worked afternoons on the *P. D. F.*) "His witticisms are forty per cent. below par—verge on imbecility, some of them."

"Underdone pie-crust," suggested I, dashing off condensed paragraphs of "foreign intelligence" at the rate of a mile a minute, more or less.

"I don't believe even that would make him get off such infantile ventures as these. Just listen."

And Scoresby stopped his pen in the midst of a burning eulogy of "Pain Annihilator for the million," and read aloud the following:

"'Straws show which way the wind blows,' said the man whose new Summer hat sailed off in a gale.

"'I have *dun* with thee for ever!' cried the dead-beat, when his laundress presented her bill for the fifth time.

"'The maiden's *tier*'—The dress-circle at the opera," etc., etc.

"Now," said Scoresby, striking his desk convincingly with a paper-knife, "anybody could get off such drivelings. It's a ghastly fact that O. D. is not up to the mark—clearly not up to the mark. It is another ghastly fact that Jupiter Tonans (a *sub-rosa* epithet for the editor-in-chief), is as 'fussy as blazes.' Put together those two ghastly facts, and you have, presto! a third g. f.—O.D.'s *dismissal!* Sure as fate! Mark my words!"

"Perhaps one of his rich relations died without leaving him anything, or maybe his mother-in-law is making him a visit," said I.

Scoresby laughed.

"I don't believe he ever fulfilled the primal conditions of a mother-in-law. Fancy Old Dejected making up to a young lady in that light! Perfectly preposterous!"

"I suppose we never shall know," I answered, and scratched away for dear life, to make up for lost time.

Of Old Dejected's family history, except that his real name was Jonas Cripps, and that he lived somewhere in the southern part of the city, we knew next to nothing. He was about forty, tall, gaunt and sallow, with an air of seediness about his garments, and of decorously suppressed hunger about his thin cheeks—rarely smiled, and seemed almost frightened if spoken to suddenly. The *P. D. F.* "appreciated" Old Dejected to the amount of nine dollars a week.

Scoresby and I once inveigled him into accepting a dinner at Galapagos & Son's, on some festive occasion—Washington's birthday, I think—but all our well-meant

overtures failed to draw him out. On one point he was inflexible, he would not touch wine; and seeing that it was a matter of conviction, we forbore to press it upon him. We really liked the man, though we indulged in harmless chaff concerning him; and when Scoresby hinted at his possible dismissal if his paragraphs didn't improve, we felt a brotherly apprehension.

"Suppose you give him a gentle nudge, Ned. I should be sure to make a mess of it," said Scoresby, polishing his eyeglass with a caressing movement.

He quite prided himself on the article in question, feeling that without it his countenance did not betray the amount of mentality requisite in a "staff" member of so formidable a journal as the *P. D. F.* had proved itself to be.

"All right," said I, briskly arranging my sheets of copy.

* * * * * *

I began that afternoon.

"Fine day, Mr. Cripps," said I, cordially, as we put on our hats to go home for a few hours' rest.

He looked up, startled, a faint flush stealing over his sallow cheek.

"Ye-es," respond d he, buttoning his thin, worn overcoat. for there was a slight chill in the Spring air still.

"If you don't object, I'll walk along with you a little way," I continued, sociably. "Of course, though, if it would be disagreeable——"

"No, no; not disagreeable. Oh, no, not at all," he stammered, evidently taken aback by the unwonted proposal, while his long, thin fingers twitched nervously over the final buttons.

"Somebody mends his gloves. Perhaps it's his landlady," thought I, catching sight of several neat darns.

"Driving life we newspaper-men have to lead, eh, Mr. Cripps?"

He nodded silently.

As we walked along he was gazing with a faraway look at the slender marble shafts of the outlying cemetery, which the April sunset was tipping with rose and gold.

I pushed the wedge a little further.

"Tremendous circulation the *P. D. F.* is having just now. A man from a Connecticut town told me last week that fully twenty-five hundred copies are taken there. Beats their local papers all hollow for news and spice."

"Ah, indeed!" was his brief reply.

"Jup—I beg your pardon—Mr. Wilberton will have only the most thorough work in his columns. The public are shrewd. They can tell to a dot when a paper begins to—to—*drag*, as it were, in any department."

I paused and glanced at him furtively. The rose and gold were fading now from the marble shafts, and he turned his head as if suddenly recalled from another world.

"Mr. Cripps," said I, "as a friend and well-wisher, would you mind—would it give offense if I were to propose—for your own good, you know, with Jup—I should say, Mr. Wilberton—that, merely as a timely suggestion, you understand, you make your paragraphs a little more—well, say *sprightly*, for instance!"

He worked his thin, gloved fingers, and a little sigh escaped him.

"Oh—ah—yes, yes. Sprightly, you say. More *sprightly*. Of course. Yes. Thank you."

Could it be a tear that I saw glistening in the hollow, dark eye that turned full upon mine as he pronounced the last two words?

I felt the nameless shadow of some grief that weighed upon Old Dejected's soul—I caught the chill of some viewless wraith, that kept his slow steps company through all the bright groups of humanity that filled the material streets, and struck with ringing steps the solid pavements.

Was it mourning—remorse—the anxiety of poverty—the hopelessness of future drudgery? I forbore to question.

We came just then to a narrow cross-street, presenting a vista of dingy houses suggestive of broken-down, genteel occupants—those who make shift to live from day to day, from month to month, on the scant earnings wrung from weary, treadmill processes of brain—the abiding-places of impecunious literary hacks, starveling teachers, "unappreciated" poets, artists and musicians, lady companions to peevish old women, and the endless ilk.

Crowded out from the ranks of the muscle-workers, pressed back from the high places of the not always deservedly-successful—toiling, toiling for a pittance of bread and the four walls of an obscure chamber—striving for the golden day that never dawns, listening for the gladdening word of release that never falls on the tense, strained ear—God pity them all!

"I—this is where I turn off. You are kind. I thank you again. *Sprightly!* Yes, I will remember. Good-day!" and Old Dejected was gone, while I walked slowly on, pondering on what had seemed so like a tear.

After supper and a few hours' rest, I roused myself at midnight to go back to the "grind."

As I sat in my armchair, drawing on my boots, my glance fell on the funereal figure of a stuffed crow (a gift from a fun-loving relative), which at that moment struck me in a particularly ludicrous light.

The sombre plumage, the drooping head, the dark, gloomy eyes, bore such a ridiculous resemblance to O. D. that I laughed outright.

"Poor old Cripps! Poor old Jonas! Fate forefend him from the thunderbolts of Jupiter Tonans!" said I, as I turned off the gas, locked my door, and hurried down the stairs. And then I thought of the tear!

* * * * * *

Scoresby found out the rest of it.

He was walking along Commerce Street a few days later, when whom should he see just ahead of him, coming out of a florist's, but Old Dejected, *carrying a bouquet!*

Actually a bouquet—mainly of white flowers, with a few delicately-tinted rosebuds and quivering smilax sprays. None of your gaudy "cabbage-roses" and flaunting dahlias, massed in a hideous conglomeration—but an artistic, an irreproachable bouquet!

Scoresby pinched himself to see if he were dreaming.

"He's heading for a mother-in-law, sure as fate! Rich! What wouldn't I give if Ned were here to see it! Oh, Cripps, Cripps! You gay deceiver! You sly old dog! Oh, Jonas!"

Now there was not a man on earth who would more fiercely resent the imputation that he could be guilty of a breach of good manners than T. Billington Scoresby.

He prided himself on descent from a family of English gentry, whom stress of circumstances had compelled to emigrate.

"Blood will tell, Ned," he frequently observed. "Whether in a hovel or a palace, blood *will* tell."

And he kept up little courtesies and amenities which are too often lost sight of in our hurry-scurry of democratic cis-Atlantic life; but we all believe in them just the same. Bless us! Of course we do.

ARMENIAN ABBOT. ARCHDEACON.

Yet what could be more easy and natural just then than for Scoresby to linger far enough behind to keep O. D. in sight, just to see what the old chap is up to, you know, in a brotherly-interest sort of way. That bouquet upset all Scoresby's preconceived theories in regard to Cripps.

"Who would ever have thought that he knew there were such things as bouquets in the world, and that they were the proper thing to bestow on aspired-to young ladies? Perhaps she isn't young. Maybe she has red hair and a snub nose, eats with her knife, and all the rest of it. O. D. will never notice, if she does."

They had passed nearly all the cross streets by this time, O. D. wholly unconscious of Scoresby's brotherly interest, and having apparently only eyes and thoughts for his bouquet.

"She doesn't live on Myrtle Street, that's plain," cogitated Scoresby, "nor on Orange, nor Franklin, nor

DEACON. ACOLYTES.

Fanshawe Avenue. Where the mischief does she live? He surely can't be going across the river to Ridley?"

No, not across the river to Ridley. Not across any material river bridged by the work of human hands — only over the shadowy Stream of Days, spanned by the bridge of Memory, dividing for all of us the buried Then from the importunate Now!

In the vicinity of the cemetery, Scoresby suddenly became aware that he had lost sight of O. D.

"Whe-e-ew! Nice cheerful neighborhood she lives in, to be sure! Gravedigger's daughter, perhaps. How persistently O. D. does gravitate to the melancholy! If he should catch sight of me now, he might think I had been dogging him," said Scoresby, pulling up his moral suspenders with a virtuous jerk. "Hullo! Here he comes again! Rather a short call, I should say," and Scoresby dodged hastily behind a boxed maple-tree.

O. D. passed rapidly by, minus the bouquet, and with a peculiar hue of nose and eyelids.

"*What!*" Scoresby said to himself, and leaned

SCORESBY'S MISTAKE. —"ON AN INEXPENSIVE SLAB WERE CARVED THESE WORDS, WHICH SCORESBY BRUSHED THE MOISTURE FROM HIS EYES TO READ: 'GEORGIE, ONLY CHILD OF JONAS AND ALMIRA CRIPPS, DIED MARCH 29, AGED 3 YEARS AND 1 MONTH.'"

against the tree-box to collect himself. "I never thought of—of that!"

He watched O. D.'s long, lank, disappearing form for several seconds, then for several more polished his eyeglass, which, for some reason, had grown strangely befogged.

"And so she's *dead*," said Scoresby, softly; "and he really *did* make up to some one 'in that light.' Poor Old Dejected! No wonder he isn't up to the mark! If I lay the case before Jupiter Tonans it may make a difference. It *may* make a difference. J. T. has 'been there himself.'"

The polishing process at an end, Scoresby replaced his eyeglass, shook out his cambric handkerchief, and restored it to his pocket, then opened the cemetery-gate and went in to reconnoitre, with a very genuine "brotherly interest" down in the depths of his waistcoat-pocket, or the region thereabouts.

It lay—the bouquet—near the entrance-gate, on the swelling curve of a tiny moundlet—very small and very new—over which the early grass was beginning to spread its light, filmy fingers. At the head, on an inexpensive slab, were carved these words, which Scoresby brushed the moisture from his eyes once more to read:

"Georgie, only child of Jonas and Almira Cripps, died March 28th, 1881, Aged 3 years and 1 month."

CAUGHT BY A GIGANTIC SHELL.

"You talk of shells that bite," said our jolly skipper, as one of the party writhed and groaned under the pinch of a hard-shell clam that he had endeavored to open. "I've seen a clam almost drown a man, and big enough to tackle a horse."

"Now, captain," pleaded Grimes, "if we are codfishing, it don't follow that we should be dosed with scaly yarns."

"It's as true as gospel," retorted the skipper, "and I'll just haul in my line and tell you about it."

"We were lying off Marblehead, in a Swampscott fisherman, and as the sun was well up, and the cod-bites were getting few and far between, no further objection was offered, and our red-faced skipper, after carefully whittling off enough navy plug to fill his pipe, leaned back against the main boom, and with a premonitory cough, to insure attention, commenced his yarn.

"The first voyage I made was from New London, nigh on to forty years ago, before they had any steam-whalers and patent booms. We had good luck for two years, and finally brought up at the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific.

"I was only a green hand, but I reckon I made more than a good many of the old hands. You see, I had made a contract with a Boston curiosity-dealer to ship him all the shells, coral, etc., I could get hold of; so almost every home ship we struck I sent off truck of some kind—sometimes a piece of whalebone, a whale's tooth, or an albatross; or, best of all, a swordfish that came near cleaning me out.

"Ye know or ye don't know, that when a whale's alongside, and they are out stripping the blubber, the hands work on it, and often I have been cutting away knee-deep in a whale, while sharks were eating away not three feet from me.

"Well, one day a big sheet of blubber broke away from the lift and fell overboard, and I swung out to drive in a hook. I leaned out over it, and was just about to run the hook in when I heard a yell from my mate on the whale, and the next moment I saw a rush of something, slipped and——

"Well, when I picked myself up there was a twelve-foot swordfish a-slashing about, his sword jammed hard into the blubber jest where I had stood, and if I handn't have slipped I'd been a-pinned as neat as you please. We got a harpoon into him in short commons, and so I got the skin and sword."

"Couldn't the fish pull his sword out?" interrupted one of his listeners.

"Scarcely," answered the skipper. "Whale-skin is as tough as a board, and we had to cut it out by piecemeal. Why, as far as force goes, I've seen a ship dry-docked on account of a swordfish—the coppered oak-plank was cut through as if with a spike, and had broken off short. Ye can see a piece of the same ship, sword and all, in the Museum of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia."

"But how about the clam?" said some one, seeing the old man was drifting off the track.

"Well," he continued, "I was just getting to that. You see, every chance I got I kept my weather-eye open for curiosities, and so, when we brought up at the Tonga Islands, and I found the ship was going to provision and lie there for a week, I got three days' liberty, and went off on a regular curiosity-hunt.

"I hired one of the natives and his boat, and crossed over to a small island, where I spent about all the time getting coral and shells. You can't imagine the sight unless you've seen it. The water is as clear as can be, and you could see the shells on the bottom sixty feet down.

"Some of the coral spread out in great branches like trees, some like fern-leaves, while going in and out among them were fishes with such colors that you wouldn't believe me if I should tell you; the bottom was covered with plants, too, and fans and plumes, that waved to and fro in the tide, purple, red, yellow, and all colors.

"But the strangest thing about it was that in the night they gave out a bright light, so that, as you looked down into the water, they looked like the lights of some big city. I often told the time by holding my watch before them. In some the light would be blue, in others yellow, and sometimes blue-and-white. Phosphorescence, I've heard them call it.

"We made our headquarters on the little key and bleached our coral there, and at low tide every day started out. The tips of the coral were just bare then, so we could wind in and out among the lanes of sand, and upset the bunches of branch coral, and find all kinds of shells and crabs clinging to them.

"On the third day I started out before my man, dragging the canoe after me, and when I found anything good I put it aboard and moved on. The reef was about four miles around, and I must have been a mile from shore, when I heard a yell behind me. I looked back and saw my man near three-quarters of a mile off, up to his shoulders in the water, in a leaning position. He was waving a cloth in one hand and yelling as only a Tonga can yell.

"At first I thought he had found a rare shell, but soon saw something serious was the trouble. I knew there were no sharks in such shoal water. However, I put back, and it was slow work, as I could only wade through the lanes in the coral, and they wound in and out like one of these regular maze puzzles.

"After what seemed a long time I got near the poor fellow, who was moaning, and evidently held down by something, and the tide rising every minute, too.

"The coral cleared soon, and jumping into the canoe,

I quickly reached him. There he was, one leg caught between a clam six feet long, that must have weighed nearly seven hundred pounds.

"The poor fellow realized his terrible predicament, and begged me to kill him, but I did not believe in that sort of business. It seems that those big clams are common there, and have a way of half sinking themselves in the dead coral; and when open, with the great white animal showing, they can scarcely be told from the bottom. And he had walked right on to one, and the lids had come together like a vise.

"The tide was coming in so fast that it lapped his shoulders, and we both knew in an hour they would be a foot or more of water over his head.

"I first tried jamming the oar into the small opening between the shell, but this only made the creature press together all the closer; and reddish streams that began to discolor the water showed that the knife-like blades were cutting in deeply.

"In desperation, I jammed the boathook into the animal, but the point broke off against the iron-like shell. It was awful, I can tell you. There the poor fellow was, his head just above the water, hanging on to the boat. You've heard of death coming on the ebb tide, but it came on the flood here.

"Inch by inch the tide raised, and I began to think I'd have to do as he wanted me to—kill him—when suddenly I thought perhaps I could cut his leg off, so I took a case-knife, and over I went. Holding myself under water, I made an attempt, but I only added to his suffering, for in my excitement I forgot that bones couldn't be cut with a knife.

"But this foolish attempt saved the man's life after all, as, when I was under water, I noticed that on the side of the shell there was more space between, and the thing occurred to me that here I might reach the big muscle that held the shell together.

"There wasn't a minute to lose, as the water was now nearly to the man's chin, while his efforts to keep above it almost sank the boat. His eyes staring and veins standing out, he was perfectly paralyzed with the horror of his condition.

"I took a big lead-sinker that I had brought along for sounding, and in a jiffy had slipped it between the shell, having to dive to do it. This secured an opening to work at. I then quickly lashed my case-knife to a piece of bamboo that I had, and down I went again. Sticking the knife in, I sawed away until my wind gave out, and then I came up. Getting a new supply, I tried it again, and this time could feel the round muscle, or scallop, we call them, as big as a man's thigh. I got the knife into it and cutting it, and putting one foot against one of the big shells, and bracing back, I wrenched them apart, and rose to the surface just in time to pick the poor fellow up. He had fainted clean away, and no wonder.

"I had him in the canoe in short commons, and when he came to he was so grateful he couldn't say or do enough for me. Between my carving and the shell, his leg was pretty well cut up, and the bone crushed all out of shape. All in all, it was about as narrow an escape as I ever saw or heard of."

"But did you get the shell asked one of his audience, as he concluded.

"To be sure I did," laughed the skipper. "I took an extra day's liberty on my own hook, and lost a month's pay as a fine; but that was only fifteen dollars, and I sold the shell in Boston for a hundred and fifty. I marked the place with an oar, and the next tide went back with rope and spikes and got it out. It was about six feet long, and each valve weighed nearly three hundred pounds. One of them went to Europe, while the other is on top of a cottage at Nahant, as a sort of ornament."

We afterward saw the famous shell, known to science as the *Tridacna gigas*. In some of the islands of the Pacific they are used as bath-tubs, or for washing clothes. The meat, which alone weighs two hundred pounds, is considered a great delicacy.

In the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, one of the valves of this gigantic mollusk is used as a baptismal font, and another for the reception of holy water.

Many of our museums possess fine specimens, though not larger than the one found by our skipper, and that almost took the life of a human being.

IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER.

When Thomson, after much difficulty, found a publisher for his "Winter" (the first of the "Seasons" that was published), the elegant poem remained unsold until one of the town wits—a lover and a fine judge of poetry—met it by chance. He spread its praises through the coffee-houses, and thus brought it into notice. The manuscript of "Jane Eyre" went the rounds of all the publishers of London without meeting with a purchaser, until it fell into the hands of a bookseller's daughter, who was so much delighted with the novel that she persuaded her father to publish it, and it met with immediate and splendid success. That gorgeous book of Eastern travels, "Eothen," was refused by twenty publishers, and at last Mr. Kinglake, its author, determined to publish it at his own expense, and his book was received with applause by the entire literary world.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

The Parliamentary reporters of the last century have been described as a sorry lot, but at the same time one which included men of real genius.

To the latter class belonged Mark Supple, a tall, raw-boned Irishman, blessed with a large measure of the true Hibernian wit.

During a lull in the debate in the House on one occasion, Mark broke the somewhat unusual silence by calling out lustily: "A song from Mr. Speaker!"

The scene which followed was a most ludicrous one. Pitt could scarcely keep on his seat for laughing, the House was in a roar, and Addington, the Speaker, was in dismay.

The sergeant-at-arms rushed off to the Strangers' Gallery (the reporters had to take their chance with the public in those days) to find out the culprit and bring him to justice, but his efforts looked like being in vain. Mark sat there like a tower and maintained an imperturbable gravity, until, finding that the sergeant-at-arms was growing impatient, he pointed out a fat Quaker as the offender, and who was at once marched off in custody.

But Mark afterward confessed that he was the culprit. The Quaker was, of course, released, and after expressing due contrition, the witty Irishman was also pardoned.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

PENSIVENESS.—FROM A PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.

THE STORY OF QUEEN MATILDA OF DENMARK AND COUNT STRUENZEE.

By F. St. John Brenon.

Frederick V. of Denmark was a wise, just and deservedly beloved monarch, and his rule one of the happiest on record. Peace blessed the kingdom during the twenty-seven years of his reign, and learning, science, and the fine arts, found in him an untiring patron. A cloud fell on the latter years of his life, however, for he gave way to habits of intemperance, thus impairing his intellect and shortening his life. He married twice—his first wife was Princess Louisa, daughter of George II. of England, by whom he had two children, his successor, Christian, and the luckless Sophia Louisa, queen of Gustavus III. of Sweden. His second choice was a less fortunate one, for it fell upon the ambitious and wicked woman, Juliana Maria, daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle; with this second marriage the whole character of King Frederick suddenly changed, and his domestic misery probably drove him to desperation. Juliana was sullen, selfish, jealous and unprincipled. Her busy brain was for ever weaving some new schemes for self-aggrandizement; she dabbled in politics and craved power and authority in the management of the affairs of state.

CHRISTIAN VII., KING OF DENMARK.

By her Frederick had one child, who was sickly and deformed, and on this boy she built all her ambitious hopes. The graceful, well-featured Christian was a striking contrast to her offspring, and one which augmented the bitter hatred and jealousy with which she perpetually pursued her stepson. It was asserted that she once tried to poison him whilst he was suffering from some childish malady, but was detected, and the fact made known to the king. Be this as it may, it is certain that the king had some grave cause for his displeasure and dislike, for during the latter years of his life he lived completely apart from her. The Crown Prince was the idol of his father, and in his drunken fits this boy was the only one who could restrain him from committing the most serious follies. At such time he would lavish the most costly gifts on his boon companions, rashly disposing even of his palaces and treasures. The king continued in violent excesses until nature would no longer resist the abuse, and he died in 1766, being then in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twenty-seventh of his reign. During the few years previous to his death, Count Holckte had been high in his favor, and the kingdom was entirely governed by him, and even the haughty Juliana was subservient to this man, for she feared as well as hated him. But when Christian VII. took the helm of power, on his father's death, the favorite fell from power and favor.

The dawn of the reign of Christian promised a bright future; for a time he appeared to be following in the once glorious path of his father, but the hopes of the people were not destined to be fulfilled, for the young king soon fell into wild and profligate habits.

In character he was mild and amiable, generous to profusion, and of a most affectionate disposition, but he had little love for learning, although he was not wanting in intellect. His extreme youth, when called to the throne, left him open to great temptations. Through the agency of Juliana, he was surrounded by a crowd of profligate courtiers, who encouraged him in every mad freak, and induced him to plunge precociously into the wildest excesses. Juliana is also accused of having mixed pernicious drugs in his food, and of having caused him to be allured to the most odious haunts of vice, hoping by such means to shorten his life.

The evil disposition of the queen-mother toward Christian was well known in Denmark, and in order to frustrate the plans to gain the crown for her own son, Christian was induced to select a wife. Matilda Caroline, daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister of George III. of England, was considered a suitable match, and the ceremony of marriage took place with all due magnificence. Matilda at this time was about fifteen years of age, and possessed great personal attractions; she was tall in stature, and somewhat given to *embonpoint*, her hair was flaxen, her eyes blue and expressive, her lips full and well-formed, and her teeth beautiful. Her disposition was amiable and gentle, and she was received most favorably in Denmark.

Juliana greeted her with simulated friendship, but her heart was full of wicked designs and fierce hatred. Any open attempt against Christian she knew would now be dangerous, but she still pursued him secretly and surrounded him with dangers. He was now twenty years of age, but his constitution was prematurely enfeebled by continued and excessive debaucheries, so Juliana still nourished hopes that the desire of her life would be accomplished.

Christian made no pretense of love for his wife, and he openly insulted and neglected her. He had unwillingly entered into the bonds of matrimony, and would not acknowledge that it was necessary to alter his mode of life in any way.

Such was the husband of the young and blooming princess, whose youth, inexperience and terrible temptations must strongly appeal to all just and merciful minds for pity and pardon, when they recall this miserable woman's frailties.

Much to Juliana's chagrin, Matilda gave birth to a son on January 28th, 1768, and Denmark rejoiced. Enraged and mortified at this unexpected blow, Juliana shut herself up in her palace, with her deformed child, Prince Frederick, and would not be comforted. The newly-born prince, who was also named Frederick, was, however, a sickly child. Christian's dislike to his wife daily increased, and in a little time Juliana's hopes once more rose high ; there was as yet but the shadow of a king and the frail life of a delicate infant between her son and the throne.

Soon after the birth of the prince, Christian set forth on a tour throughout England, France and Germany, his ostensible object being to gain wisdom and experience in the art of governing ; but this idea, if ever really entertained by the thoughtless monarch, was soon lost sight of, and he passed his time abroad in orgies, routs and searches after adventure. His favorite companion in these mad revels was the dissipated nobleman, Count Holckte, whose habits, manners and tastes were truly congenial to the king, who hated all forms and ceremonies, and was impatient of the constraint which his position naturally imposed on him. He loved to wander about the purlieus of the different cities in disguise, attended only by Holckte, who pandered to all his vicious tastes and fancies, and endeavored to make himself indispensable to the weak Christian—a design in which, for a time, he succeeded.

The celebrated Struenzee accompanied the king on this tour in the capacity of chief physician. He was a man of insinuating manners and of great talent, a Freethinker and a libertine. His father was a German divine, and afterward professor of Theology in the Halle University. John Frederick, afterward Count Struenzee, was born on August 5th, 1739. He studied medicine in the Halle University for some time, but when he removed to Altona with his father, he abandoned that study, and became the editor of a newspaper ; finding such an occupation distasteful, however, he entertained the idea of going to Malaga, or the East Indies, and settling there as a physician. This plan he abandoned, and, in pursuit of a love intrigue, removed to Copenhagen, and here, through means of the celebrated general, Count Rantzau, was presented to Christian VII., and appointed his chief physician. Struenzee soon insinuated himself into the favor of the king, whose state of health gave him frequent opportunity for confidential intercourse. Christian himself presented his physician to the queen, recommending him to her special notice. The ascendency of Count Holckte was now at an end, for Struenzee soon became chief adviser and favorite of the king and queen, and shortly afterward was made privy councilor, and created count.

The motive of Rantzau for furthering the interest of Struenzee was purely selfish. He intended that the downfall of Holckte should be accomplished, but that he should fill the vacant place. He was a brave soldier, and had vast power with the army, but he was, at the same time, a dissolute and unprincipled man. His wealth and possessions were enormous, yet not content with all this, he desired a still higher post, and would fain be at the head of the Government. Through his intercession Count Von Brandt, a former favorite, was recalled to court after a long exile. The latter was a man of polished manners, brilliant education, and wide experience, so Rantzau rested secure in the hope of gaining the post he courted, as he had now surrounded the king with friends, whom he believed would have furthered his interests.

The health of the king was infirm, and his mind was already tottering, when a second child was born. Soon after this event the queen contracted a painful disease, and as a matter of course applied to Struenzee for medical advice. Frequent intercourse and the fascinating manners of this man soon brought about a close intimacy, and Matilda poured forth all her sorrows to her physician. He at first gave his counsel with respectful sympathy, and betrayed intense pity for her sufferings, shedding tears at the recitals of her wrong, and expressing the most tender solicitude for her restoration to health.

The queen was young and unhappy, Struenzee, handsome and sympathetic ; the temptation for both was too great, and it is from this period we must date the commencement of the disastrous intimacy between Matilda and Count Struenzee.

Christian had now become totally unable to discharge the duties of a sovereign, although he still appeared in public, dining in state with the queen, riding to the hunt, and driving out, but he took no notice of anything which went on around him, his demeanor being silly and listless. Any action which was required of him he could as a rule be easily induced to perform, but his reasoning powers were totally destroyed, and the affairs of the kingdom fell completely into the hands of Matilda and her lover.

The manner of the queen now assumed a marked change ; the once modest, gentle and dignified woman became bold, tyrannical and overbearing. She was much addicted to field sports, and rode to the hunt in male attire, striding her horse after the fashion of a man.

About this period (1771) a third child, a daughter, was born, and the state of the King's health gave rise to rumors and doubts concerning the legitimacy of this infant, who was, however, subsequently claimed by Christian after the divorce and exile of Matilda.

When the queen had recovered from her confinement, the whole court went on a visit to the country residence of Count Rantzau, at Ashberg, where the rural seclusion, and the many opportunities Rantzau enjoyed as a host for observing the queen's demeanor toward Struenzee, soon confirmed his suspicions concerning their illicit amours. He, however, concealed his discovery of their secret, meaning to use it hereafter for their downfall.

Matilda was now barely twenty years of age ; for the first time in her life she loved passionately, and made no secret of her love, thus leaving herself open to general scorn and contumely. She surrounded herself with a gay and sensuous court, which in the year 1771 was universally acknowledged to be more corrupt than that of the most profligate monarch who ever sat upon the throne of France, for in the train of Matilda it would have been impossible to point to one modest or virtuous woman.

The Prime Minister (Struenzee) occupied a sumptuous apartment underneath that of Matilda, a secret stair connecting the two. They dined and breakfasted together in Matilda's room, and at state dinners, Struenzee occupied a place of high honor. To him all ambassadors and functionaries of state paid that homage and

respect which was due to the king. He dressed with the utmost magnificence, ordered his subordinates with an imperious air and an assumption of confident power which offended many. He displeased the nobles by abolishing the Privy Council, and by his dismissal of the old and favorite minister, Bernstoff. He dissolved the body of Royal Guards, and infuriated the seamen by effecting changes which they objected to, but when they broke out into open revolt he listened with the most abject cowardice, granting all they desired, and with tears imploring of the queen to sanction his flight from Denmark. Matilda reproached him bitterly for his cowardice, and desired him to keep his stand by her side.

But Denmark owed some small share of gratitude to Struenzee; his government was in many cases able and judicious. He abolished torture, emancipated numerous serfs on the royal domains, diminished the taxes, encouraged the useful arts, was tolerant to all religions; he was industrious, active, and earnestly desirous for the advancement, honor and welfare of Denmark, and under his direction the education of the Crown Prince was carried on in a wise and salutary manner, and the life and character of Frederick VII. evidenced the wisdom and soundness of his mode of education.

Whilst all Denmark rang with the scandals of the court, Rantzau abided his time. He espoused the cause of the poor idiotic king, whom he frequently visited, and endeavored to impress with assurance of his fidelity and friendship, which protestations were as little understood as valued by the helpless creature to whom they were addressed.

Juliana was not all this time inactive. The discontent and horror of the nation at the queen's conduct fired her ambition anew. A rumor was widely spread by her cabal that Matilda and her lover were forming plots against the life of the king, and Brandt was pointed out as an active conspirator.

Juliana and her favorites, Guldberg, Kohler Banner and Rantzau, were now in constant communication, and the props of power began to totter under Struenzee. Mutual interest had won Rantzau over to the side of Juliana, and the Prime Minister was hemmed in by enemies on all sides. He received many warnings of his approaching fate, but knowing that Rantzau had hitherto been the proclaimed and bitter enemy of Juliana, he did not number him with his foes. The British Ambassador, Lord Keith, informed him of his danger, and offered him on behalf of George III. a refuge in England, but Struenzee had grown bold and confident, and not believing that any real danger threatened him, gave no heed to these warnings.

A large and powerful body of nobles at length joined the hostile party of Juliana, and the arrest of Struenzee and the queen was decided on.

On the 15th of January, 1772, a masked ball was given by the queen; she and her lover had appeared together looking radiantly happy, little dreaming of the terrors which a few hours would bring forth. On the dawn of the 16th of January, Rantzau entered the king's bedchamber and aroused him from sleep, informing him that a plot had been discovered formed by the queen, Struenzee and Brandt, to murder him—and that in order to preserve his life their immediate arrest was necessary. The king wrung his hands piteously, and begged of Rantzau to leave him; he seemed incapable of keeping his mind fixed on one subject for any length of time, and Rantzau failed to arouse him to a sense of his supposed danger.

The queen-mother and her son were now summoned to join their entreaties to induce the king to sign the warrants. He held out weakly for a time, but was finally induced to give way, on being assured that the queen's arrest was merely a formality and that her imprisonment should only be temporary.

After the ball, Matilda had retired to her chamber accompanied by Struenzee, who evidently remained with her for some time, as his fur cloak was found in her room after his arrest. About four o'clock in the morning Struenzee's valet, who slept in a room adjoining his master's, was awakened by the sound of footsteps and strange voices at the door. "Open, in the name of the king," was the order. The terrified valet obeyed, and Kohler Banner stood upon the threshold, accompanied by his officers; and the next moment entered Struenzee's bedroom. He slept soundly, utterly unconscious of the entrance of his enemies, who stood beside his bed holding blazing torches aloft. Banner contemplated his victim for a moment, and then shook him by the shoulder. Struenzee started up, half wild with terror, exclaiming: In God's name, what is this?"

"You are the king's prisoner. Dress yourself," was the reply.

The wretched man tottered to his feet, and hastily snatched the garments which lay nearest to his hand—a blue velvet frockcoat and waistcoat—the clothes which he had worn at the ball, and in which he was afterward executed. The valet wept bitterly, and begged to be allowed to fetch his master's fur cloak. Permission being granted, he hurried to the queen's room, accompanied by one of the officers, and much to his horror and amazement, he beheld her standing in the middle of the room, half-dressed, one of her ladies lacing her corset, and surrounded by Rantzau, General Eichstad and several officers. Perceiving the valet, Matilda turned her flushed face toward him, and said: "Tell your master to emulate his queen, and repel insult with scorn and defiance."

In a few moments more Struenzee was placed in a hackney-coach and carried to the Citadel of Morgengaden. Brandt, who was next arrested, defended himself bravely; but was finally overpowered and compelled to give up his sword, and was conveyed to the same prison as Struenzee.

Rantzau was still in the apartment of the queen endeavoring to hasten the preparation for her departure. She demanded an interview with the king, but this was denied her; she then turned upon Rantzau, and reproached him for the part he was taking in her downfall. He assured her, with a seemingly respectful manner, that he did not deserve her reproaches, as the painful duty he was constrained to perform was merely for the purpose of insuring her safety.

Half clothed, and struggling wildly, the young queen was hurried to a carriage, attended by Rantzau, who stood uncovered in her presence. As she was stepping into the carriage, she struck him violently in the face, exclaiming: "Take that, you accursed traitor, and remember that this treason will cost you your head."

"I am no traitor, madam. I fear God, I love and honor my king, and I wish your Majesty a pleasant journey," said Rantzau, bowing.

The infant daughter of the queen was allowed to accompany her on her sad journey to the Kroninsburg prison; for some time she maintained a cold and hardened demeanor, but as she was passing the Palace of Hircholm, she covered her face with her vail and, clasping her child to her bosom, wept bitterly.

When the arrests were publicly known, the populace exulted wildly, and the air rang with execrations upon the head of the once beloved queen. The fury and

QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE.

excitement of the lower orders was accelerated by the distribution of intoxicating liquors, secretly supplied by Juliana, and they ran wildly through the city, crying out for revenge and demanding that the prisoners should be given into their hands. A large rabble marched upon the Castle of Kroninsburg, with the intention of breaking into it and seizing the queen, but Rantzau rode amongst them and announced that the cannon would be turned upon them if they did not disperse.

Meanwhile, Juliana and her son accompanied the king, gorgeously arrayed and seated in an open carriage, on a royal progress round the city, and the hired rabble shouted wildly, coupling the name of Prince Frederick with that of the king.

Rantzau expressed his displeasure at these proceedings, and openly reproached Juliana with her want of delicacy and feeling; but his expostulations had little effect, and he soon began to regret the part he had taken in hurling his queen to destruction.

But to return to Struenzee: He was a man of no personal courage nor determination of character. His conduct throughout his imprisonment was painfully illustrative of this fact. The blow had fallen on him with unwonted heaviness; he wept continually, and for a long time refused food. His treatment in prison was most cruel; he was loaded with chains, and denied even the common necessaries for personal cleanliness. Thus he remained for five weeks, ignorant of what his fate would be, unquestioned and alone.

At the end of this time, priests, and spies under the garb of priests, the creatures of Juliana, daily visited the prisoner. These men exhorted him to confession with the promise that he would escape the terrible tortures with which he was threatened if he would confess all, and even held out hopes that he might obtain mercy. With abject cowardice the man made a full confession of his intimacy with the queen, and amongst other revolting charges, he accused her of having first seduced him, which loathsome accusation sealed the fate of the miserable woman who had loved him so passionately, and who now so boldly faced her destruction, making no charges against her destroyer, nor any confession which could affect Struenzee or herself.

On the 21st of February, when brought up for examination for the first time, Struenzee made his confession publicly, and repeated it again on the 24th. It was then drawn up with the usual formalities, his signature being affixed to every page. When this damnatory document was laid before Matilda, she knew there was no hope for her, and for the first time during her confinement she gave way to despair.

Struenzee soon regretted his perfidious weakness, and saw that the hopes of mercy which had been held out to him were merely chimerical, and had been fabricated only for the purpose of criminating the queen more hopelessly. When he knew that his end was at hand, he wrote a lengthy defense, which is well known to the world, entitled, "The Reply of Count Struenzee to the King's Commissioners." In this paper he sought to excuse himself for his base cowardice, but he failed lamentably to palliate by any expression the vilest act of his guilty life.

After three months and nine days' cruel imprisonment, Struenzee and Brandt were sentenced to be executed. Brandt was the first to meet his fate at the hands of the executioner, and mounted the scaffold with undaunted mien; but Struenzee was so agitated that he could scarcely stand, and was held down by force whilst the executioner beheaded him.

All the horrible features of the execution were made known to the queen, and his name never after passed her lips, but she always passed the anniversary of his death with prayer and fasting.

Through the mediation of George III., who caused his ambassador to take the most active measures to save Matilda, the proceedings were stayed, but she was divorced and sentenced to perpetual banishment and imprisonment in the fortress of Alberg, in Jutland, a sentence, however, which was commuted to perpetual retirement to the Palace of Celle, in Hanover. Thither she was conveyed by a British man-of-war, and left to repent her sins and end her days in dismal solitude.

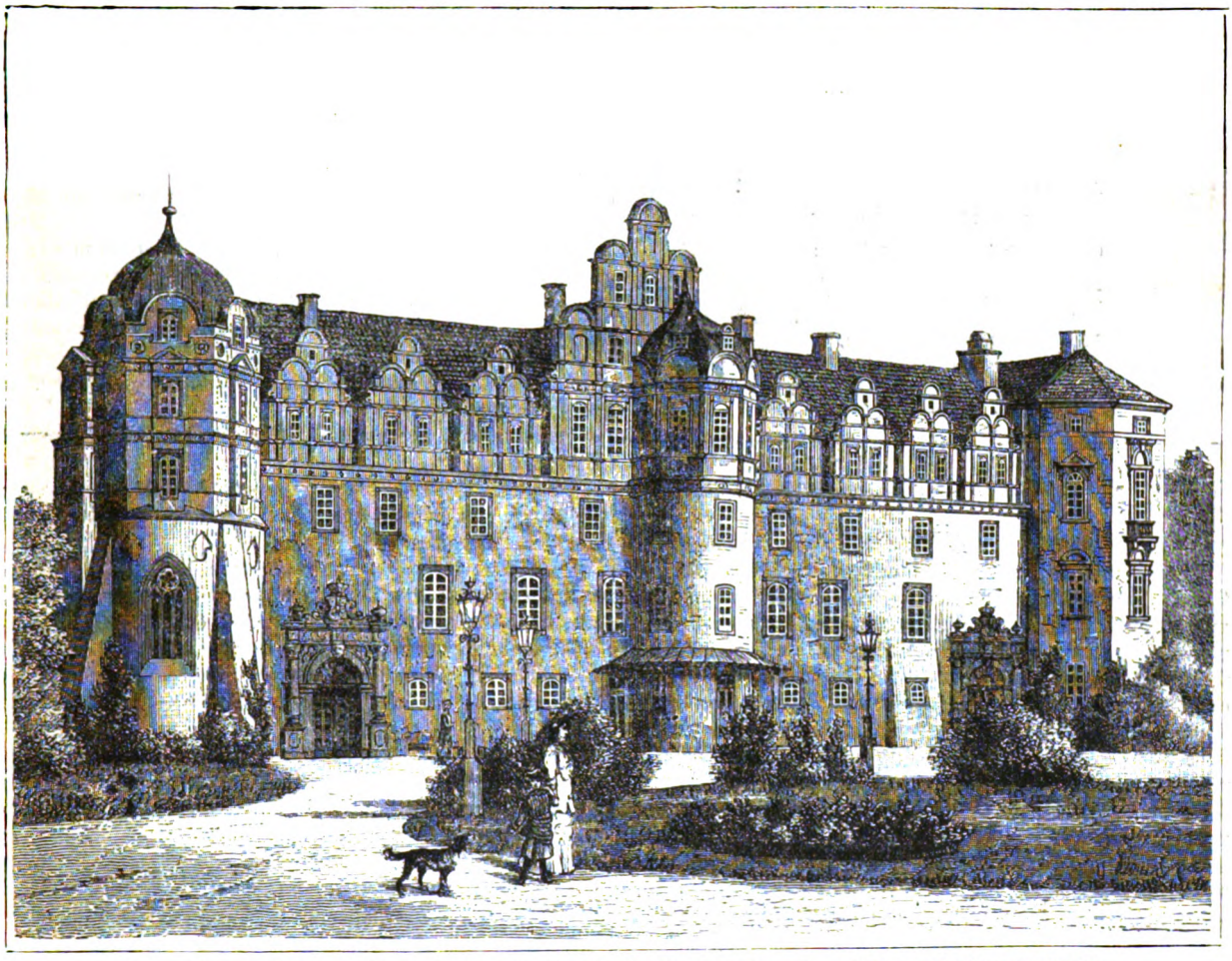
George III. supplied her with ample means, and sur-

COUNT STRUENZEE.

rounded her with all the necessary comforts of life, but he refrained from offering her a home in England.

Juliana did not long remain in power; she placed her son in the nominal position of Regent, she herself directing all the affairs of state, finding no difficulty in obtaining the signature of the idiotic king to any document she chose to lay before him. She formed an Interior Cabinet, making him its head, and dismissed Rantzau from her presence, and subsequently banished him from Denmark.

When the Crown Prince came of age, Juliana and her party were deposed for ever, and if incalculable misfortunes visited Denmark during the reign of Frederick VI., it was not through the misgovernment of the king, whose honesty, intelligence, and earnest desire for the happiness of his people, endeared him to the entire nation.



CELLE CASTLE, HANOVER, WHERE QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE WAS CONFINED.—FROM A SKETCH BY NIELSEN.

ALL MADE FROM SMOKE.

The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost to nature is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace of Elk Rapids, Mich. In this furnace are manufactured fifty tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with one hundred cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

These works are a curiosity. First, they have a circular tube, made of wood, with pine staves, sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draft for the smoke, which is conveyed into the fire-stills filled with copper pipe two and one-half inches in diameter. The boxes in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine, and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, one hundred feet in length, ten feet wide, and eight feet deep, filled with copper pipes two and one-half inches in diameter, in horizontal position, surrounded by cold water; from this conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyroligneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,800,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol, and 25 pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacture of various articles. The smoke from 40,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are automatic, and require no workmen to run them.

A QUIET MIND.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet Mind:
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
When as the Mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the Mind alone;
For many have been harm'd by speech
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease:
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the Mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

MISS CRESSET.

By Etta W. Pierce.

I first met her upon the landing, outside the door of the shabby room which Ruby and I called home. She was a small woman, slightly bent—with infirmity, not years. Her iron-gray hair was dressed in the fashion of thirty years ago; her bright, keen, observant eyes pierced one through and through like gimlets. She wore a brown serge dress, neatly darned here and there; a little threadbare shawl covered her shoulders, and some real lace, mended in many places, clung about her thin throat, and fell over her well-shaped hands. I had never seen a more perfect specimen of genteel poverty. She made me a fine, old-fashioned bow, and drew courteously back to let me pass. I found Ruby seated in our one window, dressing a huge wax-doll for a fashionable shop. Her lovely face was unusually pale and worn.

"Who is she, dear," I cried, flinging down some bundles on our deal table—"that curious fossil in brown serge, with the air of some grand court dame?"

Ruby looked up with a faint smile.

"That is Miss Cresset, our next-door neighbor—an Englishwoman, and high-born, our landlady says. We are poor enough, Heaven knows, but I fear she is poorer. All the same she tries hard to preserve her gentility."

"A difficult task, I should say, in this shabby lodging-house," I answered, as I took from its brown paper wrap our supper—a hand's-breadth of beefsteak and a loaf of bread.

Ruby and I were strangers in Poverty Court. We had entered into possession of our dingy back room, up two weary flights of stairs, just a week before. I sold all sorts of things behind the counter of a fancy-goods shop on a well-known street. Ruby, whose health was failing, earned her share of our income by dressing dolls from the stores, curling feathers, mending fine lace, or any other thing which her deft hands could find to do. Being constantly at home, she saw more of our fellow-lodgers than I did, and already she had gathered scraps of information concerning every one of them.

She arose now, put down her work, lighted the lamp, and stirred up the fire in our tiny stove. She was three years my junior—this sister of mine—and her delicate, flower-like loveliness was my especial pride and delight, yet it often made my heart quake with fear. The small oval face was as white as frost; the great pansy-dark eyes looked hollow and weary. Of late a troublesome cough had come to annoy and alarm me. Ruby needed luxury and ease—needed to be carefully nurtured, like some hot-house exotic; but, alas! we were the children of poverty and toil, dependent on our own exertions for daily bread.

"Have you coughed much to-day, Ruby?" I asked, anxiously scanning that pale, young face, cut like some exquisite cameo.

"Do not be anxious or fret about me, dear," she answered, evasively. "I shall do well enough. I have a little cold, that is all."

Was it all? I tried to think so. We spread the table, browned the toast, made a pot of tea, and broiled the steak in a faultless manner. Then we drew up to our repast. I was as tough and strong as a gypsy, and could always eat vigorously, but Ruby was like some dainty robin; close confinement in our sunless back room was not conductive to appetite.

"Judith," she said, suddenly, "I wonder if Miss Cresset had any supper to-night?"

"Isn't she in the habit of indulging in such a luxury?" I inquired.

"I'm afraid not. She supports herself by fine embroidery. It is needless to add that the employment is not remunerative."

"Have you made her acquaintance, Ruby?"

"We often meet on the stair and landing. Once I ventured to borrow a lucifer match of her, and I had a glimpse of her room—such a poor, poor place, Ju! She has been very friendly to me ever since. I know she *is* well-born, or she would never cultivate such fine manners."

"Has she lived long in Poverty Court, I wonder?"

"Twenty years. Think of it and shudder. She can scarcely earn enough to keep body and soul together and pay the rent of her little room; and yet only yesterday she told me, with the grandest air possible, that she had a brother in England who was a baronet—lord of halls and manors. She amazes everybody with the same story, and the landlady says it is perfectly true. Miss Cresset *is* a person of quality. She really has blue blood in her veins; but, alas! her titled brother holds no intercourse with this threadbare sister who is an exile in Yankee land. Poor thing! I do not believe she tastes meat from one month's end to another."

"Do you think it would do to offer her a bit of this steak?" said I. "Would a high-born Englishwoman, who has claims upon baronets and blue blood, receive such an attention kindly from two plebeian work-girls?"

Ruby arose and upon the only spare plate which we possessed she arranged a juicy bit of the steak, and some slices of crisp brown toast. Then she flew across the landing and rapped at the door of our English neighbor.

Miss Cresset opened it promptly. At sight of the plate her starved face lighted, but she put on an air of polite indifference.

"My dear, how very kind of you; but I have had my tea."

From our threshold I discovered that her room was destitute of fire, and bare of every comfort.

"Oh, *do* take it, Miss Cresset," urged Ruby, who saw, as I did, the secret struggle betwixt her great pride and her famished stomach.

Miss Cresset extended a shaking hand, half drew back, but, with tears in her eyes, finally took the plate.

"Thank you, my dear. I would not hurt your feelings for the world!" she stammered, and then vanished inside her own quarters.

We sat down together after our meal, Ruby and I. She had put away her work for the night; we were in a quiet state of expectation; upon the table near us a lamp burned: its light fell full upon my sister, showing me the wasted outlines of her lovely young face, the transparent look of her slim hands. A hard rebellious feeling arose in my heart as I looked at her. The world was full of money, and for want of a little she must fade away, perhaps die, before my eyes.

"Ruby," I burst out, you look dreadfully ill. You must consult a physician to-morrow."

"Physicians cost money," she answered, with forced lightness.

"You shall have advice at once, if I am forced to sell my last gown!"

"Pooh! your gowns would bring very little in the market, dear——"

Then we both started; a step was ascending the stair, it reached the landing, approached our door. A familiar knock echoed on the panel.

"Enter, Reginald!" cried Ruby, and the object of our quiet expectation stalked into the room. He was a stout, gray-eyed young fellow, was my lover, with a strong, brave face and a thoughtful manner. I do not know whether other people called him handsome or not, but to my eyes he was grand, he was perfect—in all the world there was none like him! He glanced from Ruby to me.

"I sail to-morrow," he said.

For a week I had been in hourly expectation of this announcement, nevertheless it struck me like a blow. Ruby, too, turned pale, but held out both hands gayly.

"I wish you rare good luck, Reggie. Make your fortune in China as quickly as possible, and hasten back to us. We shall miss you sorely, but Judith is a heroine—you can rely upon her at all times and in all places."

Then she vanished into an adjoining closet, where our bed stood, and left me alone with Reginald Ward, my betrothed husband.

We did not speak for some moments. He was holding my hands and, with sad, loving, regretful eyes, looking down into my face.

"Will you wait for me five years, Judith?" he said, at last, wistfully.

"Ten times five," I answered.

"If all goes well with me, I shall have made a moderate fortune by that time. My uncle means to give me a good chance. But, meanwhile, how will you get on here with Ruby? I cannot bear to leave you, darling, to five years of this life."

My own heart sank, but I kept a brave front. He was quite as poor as myself—it was imperative that he should go to China. A rich uncle in the silk trade at Canton had offered him a lucrative position in his own establishment. I felt that he must go, that all our future prospects depended on his going. I would not think of myself now.

"Do not worry about us," I answered, bravely. "It is probable that you will find us in this very spot when you return, Ruby dressing her dolls, and I still at work among Claxton's fancy goods."

He looked at me narrowly, a doubt in his gray eyes, an uncertain smile on his lips.

"I hope old Claxton will not marry you before I come back; his thoughts seem to be turning that way."

"Claxton!" I echoed, in amazement. "What nonsense, Reginald! He pities me, I suppose——"

"Pity is akin to love."

"He is kind to me in many ways, but that is all."

"Is it?" he queried, in a teasing tone. "I hope so; but the way in which he eyes you over the top of his glasses is enough to make my blood boil. Oh, my darling!"—passing suddenly from jest to earnest—"it is very hard for me to leave you! How will you stand five more years of toil and privation?—how will Ruby stand them? The child looks sadly worn. My heart is as heavy as lead, Judith. I have a great mind to throw up my chance with Uncle Middleton even now. I feel a presentiment of evil."

So, too, did I; but I would not allow it to influence me in this crisis of Reginald's destiny. For a long time we had been very dear to each other, but our mutual poverty had prevented our marriage. Now that fortune was beckoning him from afar, *I* would not hold him back. I would be a help, not a hindrance, to him; for his sake I could endure all things; so I said:

"You would be mad to cast away this chance, Reggie! Have no fears for Ruby and me. So, make your fortune, dear, and I will wait patiently for you. I am sure, *very* sure, that all will go well with us until you return."

He was easily encouraged. We sat down together and talked of the future, I bravely, he with gradually rising spirits.

"In five years," said he, "I will come back, darling, with money enough to support Ruby and you in luxury."

Ruby! with her hacking cough and increasing languor, where would *she* be in five years? But I only smiled and answered:

"The time will go quickly. You will see how brave I can be."

We both broke down at parting. China was so very far away. It seemed as if he was about to pass into another world.

"Be true to me as long as I live, Judith," he pleaded, wistfully; "I am not selfish enough to wish to monopolize you a day or an hour after death, but while I live, love me, darling, and be true to me."

He strained me to his heart, kissed me again and again, then went away down the stair, out into the darkness, leaving me to wrestle as best I could with the sharpest sorrow I had ever known in my life.

He sailed for China the next day. My tears were shed in secret; not even Ruby knew how dark the world looked to me then. Only John Claxton, my elderly employer, suspected the truth.

"Are you ill, Miss Gwynne?" he asked one day, as I was putting on my hat to go out to the meagre meal which I called my dinner.

He was a small, wiry, unhandsome man. He wore spectacles, he was brusque and variable in manner, but he was rich.

"Ill? Oh, no!" I answered, quailing a little under his close scrutiny.

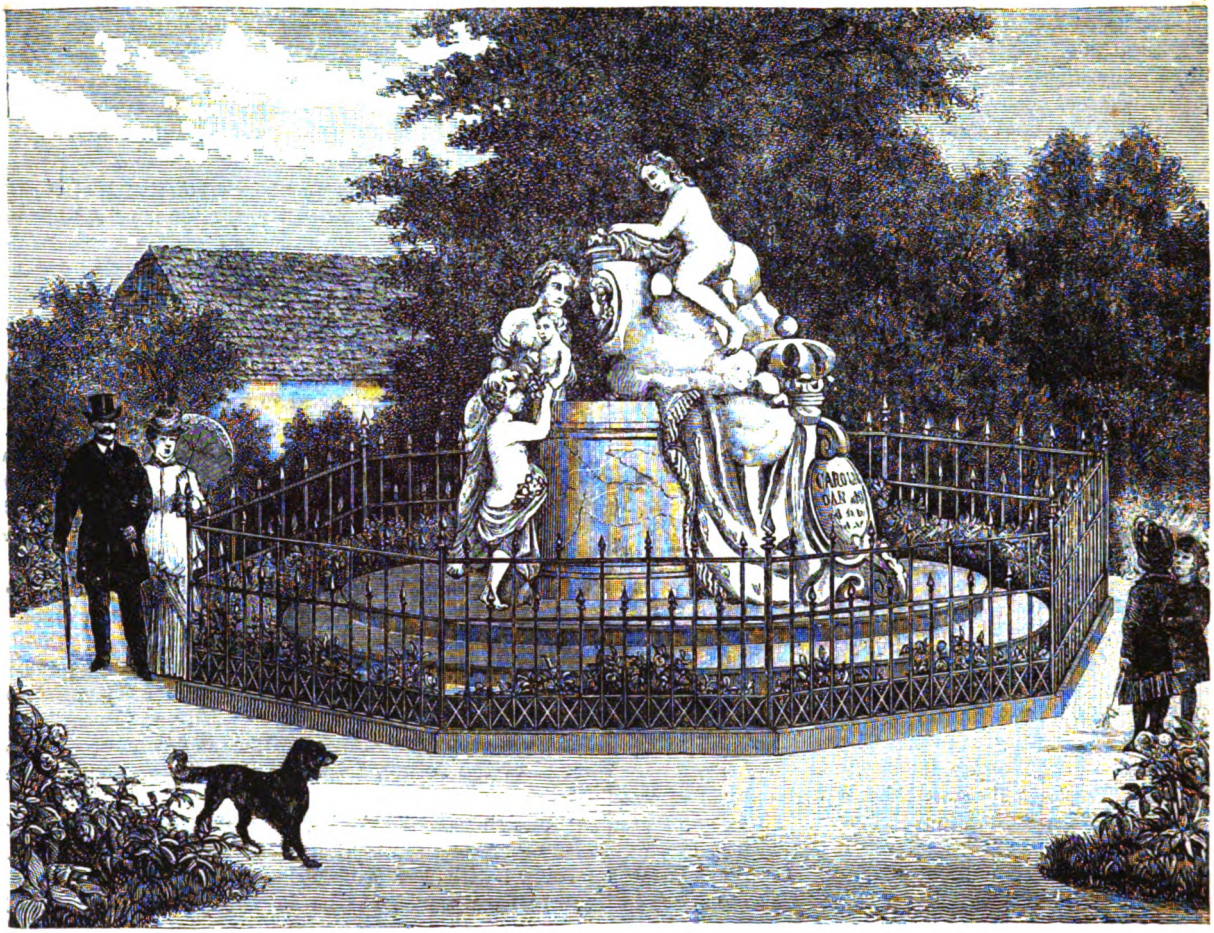
"Unhappy, then?"

"Not in the least."

His spectacled eyes fairly glared at me.

"I am compelled to doubt your word, Miss Gwynne. Why do you tell me a deliberate falsehood? However, it is no affair of mine. I do not wish to force your confidence."

And he turned away with an offended air.



MEMORIAL OF QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE IN THE FRENCH GARDEN AT CELLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY NEILSEN.—SEE PAGE 293.

At home I began to see a great deal of Miss Cresset. Ruby and I had both conceived a lively interest in this high-born but impecunious Englishwoman. We discovered that she ate her baker's crust without butter, and feeling sure that the dry crumbs must stick in her poor throat, we presented her with a yellow pat, stamped with a clover-leaf.

Often we carried to her door such little offerings as a baked potato, a plate of salad, a glass of milk, or a well-browned chop.

Poor as we were, we never missed anything given to Miss Cresset. She always received our gifts with grateful protests.

"My dears—my dears, this is too much! You rob yourselves. Why should you constantly think of a stranger like me? You quite break my heart with your kindness."

Half the time she was in arrears to the landlady for rent; half the time she had no fire in her sunless back room, and often, I fear, she would have suffered with hunger but for her humble fellow-lodgers across the landing.

One night, as I toiled up to our room, a little more wearied and dispirited than usual, Ruby, who was just rising to light the lamp, said:

"Miss Cresset received an English letter to-day; from her grand relatives, probably."

"I hope the grand relatives have sent her something substantial."

Ruby shook her pretty head.

"She has been stitching wildly all the afternoon, with not a bit of fire in her room. I wonder her fingers can hold the needle. I have asked her to take tea with us."

I nodded approval.

Half an hour after we heard Miss Cresset's dignified little rap.

She came in, looking pinched, blue and frozen. Heaven knows I had troubles enough of my own just then, but my heart ached for her. I made haste to set her a chair by the stove and pour her a cup of hot tea.

"It is such a hard world for women," she said, piteously—"for women, my dears, who are alone and without help."

We agreed with her fully. Presently the warmth, the supper, Ruby's pitying face, seemed to raise her spirits. Smoothing the worn lace down over her skinny hands, she said at last, with dignity:

"To-day I received a letter from my aunt, the Honorable Miss Dorothy Cresset, of Chetwold Hall, Tweedwell, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I was born at Chetwold, my dears. She tells me that my brother, Sir Godfrey Cresset, died at his London town-house six months ago. He was a good man, but—flinty."

It was the first time she had ever spoken of her noble relatives in my hearing.

"Oh," said I, with breathless interest, "he has left you a legacy, maybe."

She sighed.

"No, my dear. Twenty-five years ago I offended him beyond forgiveness. He disowned me. My Aunt Dorothy, who lives the life of a recluse in a grand old house at Kensington, is the only member of my family with

whom I now hold any intercourse. Every year she writes me a letter—only one. But it is very kind of her, for she is now past eighty, and in feeble health. Poor Godfrey! He has been lying six months in the vaults of Chestwold Church. His son Ralph succeeds to the title and estates. Ah, he was a handsome lad five-and-twenty years ago—a true Cresset."

Ruby's eyes began to shine. Here was a bit of genuine romance touching upon our plodding, prosaic lives.

"A real baronet!" she cried. "How nice! Why, it sounds like a story, Miss Cresset. Pray tell us more."

Our fellow-lodger's pinched face seemed to grow more pinched.

"My dear, in my youth it was my misfortune to love one far below me in station; he was, in fact, my younger brother's tutor. I married him, and for that act was cast off by my relatives—the Cressets are a hard, proud race—and driven out of their midst. The Old World was virtually shut against myself and the man I had chosen, so we emigrated to the New. It is hard for me to tell you what befell us here. We were very, very poor. My husband grew reckless, and plunged into bad courses. Discouragement, you know, makes men wicked. He sank lower and lower. My marriage did not turn out well. It would have been better for me had I listened to my own kin. At last he was killed in a drunken brawl, and after his burial I never more called myself by his name. I became Miss Cresset again. It was better so, I thought."

CAUGHT BY A GIGANTIC SHELL.—"I LOOKED BACK AND SAW MY MAN UP TO HIS SHOULDERS IN THE WATER. HE WAS WAVING A CLOTH IN ONE HAND."—SEE PAGE 290.

We were greatly surprised to find that our neighbor was a widow. She said not another word regarding her marriage. She never told us the name of the man for whom she had thrown away wealth, home, position.

It was plain that the poor little woman had suffered much, and that it was very painful for her to recall her past.

We asked if she had never wished to return to England. She shook her head.

"My friends and kindred are all dead to me. Even my Aunt Dorothy, though she is kind enough to write once a year, would not wish to see me again. No, no, my dears, I could not go back if I would, and I do not know as I would if I could. As well starve here as there."

After this conversation Ruby and I felt a deeper interest than ever in our fellow-lodger across the passage.

The bleak Winter was upon us, with its bitter frosts and cruel winds that howled around the windows of our lodging-house, and always set me thinking of stormy seas and dismantled ships floating hopelessly to destruction.

It was a dreary January night, and Ruby and I sat by our little stove, sad, silent, burdened with the same thought, when, of a sudden, we heard somewhere outside the door a heavy fall.

We rushed forth. At the bottom of the steep, narrow stair lay a heap of something, we scarcely knew what, until Ruby, flying to investigate, raised in her arms the limp and senseless figure of Miss Cresset.

In descending the flight she had made a false step and fallen headlong, and whether she was alive or dead we could not tell.

Ruby and I carried her to our room—she was a light weight.

"Burn feathers under her nose, dear," I cried, "and slap her hands vigorously."

And then I threw on hat and shawl and ran for a doctor.

I was fortunate enough to find one in the next street. He returned with me to the lodging-house, examined Miss Cresset, and announced that she had sustained a bad fracture of the leg. This unparalleled misfortune struck us all dumb. Only the poor know the sorrows of the poor.

"Is she a relative of yours?" said the doctor, looking at me over Ruby's golden head.

"No," I answered; "but a neighbor—a friend."

"Where does she live?"

"In the room across the passage."

He took up my lamp, stepped to Miss Cresset's door, gave one look into the fireless, comfortless room, then came quickly back.

"She had better be conveyed to the hospital at once."

I shall never forget the horror and despair which blanched and convulsed Miss Cresset's worn face at these words.

She put out one shaking hand, and grasped my dress convulsively. This mute appeal, together with the agonized protest in her eyes, went to my heart. I glanced at Ruby; she answered with a nod.

"No," said I, "she shall not go to a hospital—she shall remain with us. We can make her comfortable here; we will take care of her—my sister and I."

The doctor looked at me attentively.

"You are assuming a heavy burden," he said; "she will be helpless for a long time."

My courage rose to the occasion.

"Like the majority of people, she shrinks from a hospital. We are her only friends; we will do our best for her," I cried.

"Exactly," echoed my brave, lovely Ruby.

The big tears gathered in Miss Cresset's grateful eyes, and rolled down her pinched cheeks. She humbly pressed the folds of my dress to her lips.

"Bless you, bless you!" she sobbed.

The doctor set the broken limb. We moved Miss Cresset's cot-bed into a corner of our own room, picked up her poor belongings and stowed them away in odd corners, delivered her key to the landlady, and prepared to play the part of the good Samaritan to our high-born but penniless fellow-lodger.

"Oh, my dear!" she said to me, piteously; "how can I ever repay you?"

"Have you not heard that virtue is its own reward?" I answered, with a gayety which I did not feel. "We shall never miss the bite and sup which we give to you, Miss Cresset, nor the corner which your bed occupies. And Ruby declares it will be a positive pleasure to attend you. In short, we have decided to stand by you till your poor limb is sound and strong again."

"Privately, I remarked to Ruby:

"We shall be obliged to economize a little closer, dear. I cannot buy a new dress this Winter. You must help me to renovate my old one."

"Judith, Mr. Claxton will turn you out of his store because of your extreme shabbiness—see if he does not, and then what will we do?"

"Borrow no trouble, Ruby, but help me to battle with that which is already upon us."

We altered the old dress on quiet evenings, turned a breadth here and another there, and plaited new trimming over the worn places, until, by our combined efforts, it was almost as good as new.

Miss Cresset lay on her little bed, and watched us all the while, but made no comments. She suffered greatly with her broken limb, but her patience was something marvelous.

No complaint ever passed her lips.

"She is a sweet old saint," said Ruby; "and I love her dearly. I actually delight to pinch myself, Judith; yes, and pinch *you*, which is saying far more, for her poor sake."

So pinching was done in that little room, though we tried to be very sly and clever about it, which Miss Cresset's sharp eyes did not fail to see. Not that she ever made remarks, but often those same eyes would fill with tears, and her hands tremble as they touched her own, and somehow we felt that she was keeping a silent record of every little sacrifice which we made, every effort put forth in her behalf.

The bitter, blustering February brought me to my twentieth birthnight. I left the store at dark, and plodded home through rain and sleet, murmuring to myself all the way.

"Where—where is he? Still on the sea, or under the sky of Canton? And is he thinking of me? Why does he not write? I had hoped to receive some word from him ere this. My darling, my darling, how can I live without the sight of your face, the sound of your voice, for five weary years!"

I found our humble table spread for tea, and Miss Cresset and Ruby talking softly together beside the fire.

"I remember well when my nephew, the present baronet, was born," the former was saying, as I entered. "Everybody at Chetwold Hall went mad with joy—even my younger brothers. Poor things, they are all dead now. Sir Godfrey kept open house, and every tenant on the estates had a joint on the spit that day. Ah, he was a bonnie boy! Many a time I have seen him riding his pony through the Yorkshire lanes, his brown curls blowing over his little velvet jacket, ahead of his groom always, and he but five years old!"

"Go on," said Ruby, who delighted to hear Miss Cresset talk of her high-born relatives. He must be thirty now."

"Every day of it," sighed Miss Cresset.

"Tell me something about his wife."

"His wife? My dear, he has none; at least, he was a bachelor when my Aunt Dorothy last wrote."

Ruby leaned back in her chair and closed her lovely eyes.

"I see it all," she said, softly smiling. "The old Elizabethan hall, with its turrets and gables and twisted chimneys, the old-fashioned pleasaunce, the gnarled yew-trees, the waving park—all as you have described them—and the wild moors covered with whinberries and fern and purple heather, and the yellow gorse that smells, you say, like a cocoanut. It is like fairyland. I wish I was there."

Then her violet eyes flashed open again on disagreeable realities.

"Here is Judith ready for tea," she added, gayly. "Behold the toast! Could Sir Ralph's cook have browned it better? And I have broiled a bit of ham in honor of this birthnight. Partake, Miss Cresset, and fancy yourself once more in the stately halls of your ancestors."

During our frugal supper, Miss Cresset, who was in a retrospective mood, continued to talk of Chetwold and its splendors; of her wonderful nephew, Sir Ralph; of grand county families, and whole generations of dead and gone Cressets, while Ruby and I listened as to some pleasant fiction.

"I would much like to see my nephew once—just once," she sighed. "Then I think I could die content."

"Why does he not write and recall you to England and Chetwold?" cried Ruby, indignantly. "Believe me, Miss Cresset, your Sir Ralph is a hard-hearted wretch!"

And at that moment a rap echoed on the door, and John Claxton entered.

Embarrassed and almost ashamed of the poverty of our one poor room, I arose to receive my employer.

He nodded stiffly to Ruby and Miss Cresset, then turned again to me.

"Pray be seated," I stammered, hospitably, though in my heart I wished him miles away. "Perhaps you will allow my sister to pour you out a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you; I abhor tea. Have you seen the evening papers, Miss Gwynne?"

I shook my head.

"Then I have news for you. Do you remember the name of the ship in which Reginald Ward sailed for China?"

I went straight up to him, and looked into his grim, wrinkled face.

"The *Ocean Queen*. Something has happened. Speak! What is it?"

"The *Ocean Queen* was burned at sea a month or more ago, and every soul on board her perished, save one colored seaman, who was picked up by a passing vessel."

I heard Ruby and Miss Cresset utter a simultaneous cry, then they vanished from my sight. John Claxton's grim face vanished—I fell at his feet. They restored me to consciousness; they wept over me—at least Miss Cresset and Ruby did—they sought to comfort me with vain words.

"Here is the story," said Mr. Claxton; "read it for yourself."

He threw two or three newspapers upon the table and departed, and I opened them and read how the gallant ship, alone on the cruel sea, in the dark of a tempestuous night, with a sick, almost dying captain, had been surprised by the terrible element; how bravely passengers and crew had fought the death which finally overwhelmed them; how one grand fellow, Reginald Ward by name, had surpassed all others in his superhuman efforts; how he had lowered a boat, placed in it the women, the children, and the sick captain; how he had restrained the frantic sailors when they began to lose hope and courage, and how, when the boat was swamped, he had nobly perished in attempting to succor the shrieking women.

I had no need to read further. He was dead. Love was over, life was over. My sun had set in utter night.

Grief rarely kills; it is the fate of most of us to thrive upon suffering. I did not die—I dared not wish for death with Ruby and Miss Cresset depending upon me for food and shelter. No, I went daily to my place behind Mr. Claxton's counter; I sold gloves and lace and trimmings with a calm, smiling face, and my employer, who watched me closely, was the only person to suspect my secret agonies.

Before Miss Cresset and Ruby I always managed to preserve my courage and composure.

Slowly the poor little Englishwoman was gaining strength, but Ruby, my beautiful Ruby, was losing it every day. More and more aggressive grew her little cough, fairer and thinner her perfect face. The long-talked-of, long-delayed consultation with a physician became at last imperative.

"Can you tell me what ails my sister?" I demanded of the man of medicine.

"She has consumptive tendencies," he answered, as calmly as if his words were not like daggers in my heart.

"What can be done for her?"

"She needs a change of scene, a milder climate," he replied, with the same maddening composure—the professional indifference peculiar to his kind—"rest, ease, rich food and pleasant surroundings."

Great heaven! How could I obtain these things for Ruby?

"I would sell my soul for money," I said to myself, in my desperate anguish; and not many hours after the opportunity came.

At nightfall, as I was leaving the shop, Mr. Claxton put on his hat and overcoat, and followed me out.

"Life goes hard with you, does it not?" he demanded. "I hear that your sister is ill."

"Yes," I answered, briefly.

"Is that old Englishwoman still with you?"

"Yes."

"Why do you burden yourself with one who has no claim upon you?"

"She loves Ruby and me—we love her; that, surely, is a claim."

He drew a little nearer to me upon the slippery pavement.

"You need money for your sister and your friend—you are harassed with care, and worn with sorrow. Judith, will you marry me? Do not start. Doubtless you still remember Reginald Ward, but I am not the man to be jealous of a dead rival. I love you with all my heart. I am rich, and you shall see that I can be generous."

For a moment a terrible temptation assailed me. Should I sell myself to this elderly wooer, and save Ruby? Other women did not shrink from such marriages, why should I? And then, betwixt myself and John Claxton the pale, sad face of my lost love seemed to arise, and look at me with reproachful eyes. He had asked me to be true to him till death. I would do more: I would be true till eternity.

"It cannot be," I answered. "I cannot so wrong you, Mr. Claxton—I cannot so wrong myself! Do not tempt me; my heart is buried with Reginald."

"It will rise again."

"Never."

"Stuff! nonsense!" he cried, gruffly.

"I shall live and die unmarried."

"Is this decision final?"

"Yes," I answered, and he turned from me abruptly, and stalked away down the street.

I went home to Poverty Court, feeling that I had lost my last friend. John Claxton was angry with me; he would probably turn me out of his shop. I said nothing to Ruby or Miss Cresset, but all night I tossed restlessly on my pillow, tortured with anxiety. Fortunately the morrow was a legal holiday, and I could remain at home, and consider at my leisure the best course to pursue under the circumstances that environed me.

Breakfast was over. Miss Cresset sat stitching in our one window, with a crutch which I had bought her leaning against the wall by her side, and Ruby and I were setting the room in order, when we heard the landlady's step on the stairs, and a letter was thrust suddenly under our door. I picked it up. It had an ominous black border, and it bore Miss Cresset's name and an English stamp.

"Your Aunt Dorothy is growing kinder with increasing age," I said, as I carried it to our crippled *protégée* in the window; "she has written twice in six months."

Miss Cresset changed countenance, dropped her embroidery, and hurriedly opened the letter. Ruby and I watched her with a strange fascination. We saw a stunned, bewildered look creep over her thin face, then her hands fell helplessly into her lap.

"My dears," she cried, looking blankly from one to the other, "this letter is from our family solicitor in London. The Honorable Miss Dorothy Cresset died at her Kensington house on the 5th of the present month. She has bequeathed to me her entire property. I am instructed to draw upon a banker of this city for all the money I require, and start for England immediately."

Ruby and I could only stare at her in amaze and wonder. She stretched out her arms to us, a cry broke from her lips, a great light overspread her worn face.

"Oh, my dears! you have pinched and toiled and struggled to shelter and feed me. I have seen all your patience, all your self-denial, and now my time has come! From this moment you are my children. Good little

Samaritans, as you have divided your store with me, I will now divide mine with you. Whither I go you shall go also, and whatever good the Lord hath sent to me shall be yours as well! Embrace me. This day a new life begins for us all."

* * * * * *

We could scarcely believe our wonderful change of fortune. Our small charity had brought us such a bounteous reward, that we were for a time utterly dazed and overwhelmed. It was like a nursery tale, and Miss Cresset was the kind old fairy who had in a moment transformed us from beggar-maids to princesses.

"Judith, dear, we are dreaming," said Ruby; "by-and-by we shall awake."

But we did not. Miss Cresset's legacy was a reality — her gratitude, her generosity, were realities.

"You two girls are joint heirs to all that I possess," she said; and in this character we bade adieu to Poverty Court, to the dolls and the shop, to the toil and privation, and sailed with Miss Cresset for England.

In London we remained long enough for our dear benefactress to consult a physician in regard to Ruby's failing health, and arrange some business affairs with her lawyer. Sir Ralph Cresset was traveling on the Continent, and the old Yorkshire Hall was closed. By advice of the London doctor we then journeyed on to Switzerland, and Summer found us established at the hotel of a charming little town in the fair, high valley of the Engadine. There, among the odorous pine slopes and fields of gentians, and brawling torrents, and mighty, white-peaked mountains, something happened.

It was a cloudless day. The westering sun shone brightly down upon the gray-green glaciers and feathery larches, on the village street, and low, deep-roofed houses, with their little wooden balconies and countless casements, and on the swift mountain river, washing with its cool, silver flood the roots of the fadeless pines.

Dinner was over. In a corner of our balcony Miss Cresset was sleeping in a stiff armchair. Her gold-headed cane—she still walked with difficulty—leaned against her knee; her dear old hands, covered with Cresset diamonds—part of her rich inheritance—lay peacefully on the lap of her smart black-silk gown.

Ruby and I sat beside her, looking up at the lilac mountain-peaks, and down at the queer roofs of the houses below, talking the while in hushed voices.

Our altered fortunes and the air of Engadine had wrought a mighty change in my beautiful darling. Her figure had rounded into rich curves. The little cough was gone. A delicate bloom brightened her pearly cheek. Her pansy-blue eyes glowed with health and joy. Daily she was gaining flesh and strength—Miss Cresset had saved her.

"Hark!" said Ruby, suddenly. "I hear a sound of wheels and bells. There's a carriage under the balcony, Judith. A new arrival. I hope he has dined on the road, for I fear we have eaten everything in the hotel. This mountain air gives one a frightful appetite. I do not think there is so much as a biscuit left in the *salle à manger*."

A QUIET MIND.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 298.

I leaned over the railing, and saw upon the stones below the balcony a huge, dusty vehicle, with jaded, smoking horses, and a Swiss driver. Our landlord let down the steps, and a single traveler descended — a tall, brown fellow, straight as a pine, with clean-cut features and eyes like a hawk's.

"How good-looking!" I murmured, involuntarily.

He could not have heard me, but something impelled him to lift those wonderfully keen eyes straight to our balcony. *I* was not much to look at—a sober American girl, dressed in deepest black, for, with Miss Cresset's consent, I donned that color, and meant to wear it till I died; but Ruby, in a dinner-dress of pale-blue silk, with forget-me-nots in her crown of yellow hair—ah, she was a sight to bewilder and dazzle the masculine gaze!

Such unequivocal admiration leaped into the bold brown face of the newcomer, that my fair sister started back from the balcony railing in dire confusion, and the movement awoke Miss Cresset.

"What has happened, my dears?" said our fairy godmother.

"There's a new arrival," answered Ruby, with a little laugh. "A servant is just carrying away his hatbox and

MISS CRESSET.—"PRESENTLY THE WARMTH, THE SUPPER, AND RUBY'S PITYING FACE, SEEMED TO RAISE HER SPIRITS."

portmanteau. From his insolent bearing I am positive that he is an Englishman, Miss Cresset."

"I should scarcely call him insolent," I remarked; "but he is decidedly *distingué*."

Half an hour later a servant appeared at our door, bearing a card on which was written the name, "Sir Ralph Cresset."

Our dear old friend gave a cry of mingled astonishment and joy.

"Show him in at once!" she said; and in he came, handsome, ardent, eager to make the acquaintance of his unknown aunt.

"I heard you were here," he said, with a smile that instantly won my heart, "and I hurried from Bergen expressly to meet you. You and I are the last of the Cressets, my dear aunt, and we ought to be good friends. I hope you do not lay the sins of the family at my door. You have been badly treated for the last five-and-twenty years, but believe me *I* had no part in the matter. It is only since my father's death that the facts have been told me."

Miss Cresset was of a generous, forgiving nature.

"Not a word about it, dear boy," she said, as she embraced him warmly; "let us forgive and forget everything. For a long time I have earnestly wished to see you. Friends! yes, indeed, we will be that. You look as did your father at your age. Thank Heaven that I have lived to clasp hands with Godfrey's son!"

Then she presented him to Ruby and me.

"Since you are my aunt's adopted daughter," I heard him say to my sister, "I may call you cousin, may I not?"

She shook her yellow head.

"That's a very serious question," she answered, mockingly; "the duties of a cousin are so difficult to discharge creditably! You tax my courtesy too much."

"I feel that I must establish some claim upon you. Thanks be to the powers that led me to the Engadine!"

In a half-hour this handsome *débonnaire* young baronet was as much at home with us as if he had known us all our lives. He sat upon our little balcony, and saw the sun go down, and the stars appear over lilac peak and pine-girt mountain-side and gray-green glacier. He looked at Ruby, and talked to Miss Cresset, of England, of Chetwold, of the improvements which he was making upon his fair estates, and he was infinitely polite to *me*. Miss Cresset told him her whole story, dwelling with an ardor which greatly embarrassed Ruby and me upon the simple part which we had played therein.

"You are rich, Sir Ralph," she said, frankly; "you need no more of this world's goods. I have made my will, and given every farthing which I possess to these dear girls, the children of my adoption."

"I am glad to hear it," he cried, promptly, and the sincerity of his tone was beyond doubt; "their claim upon you is greater than mine. My dear aunt, you have done quite right." And he picked up a forget-me-not which had fallen from Ruby's golden hair, and fastened it in his buttonhole.

We remained in the valley of the Engadine till the end of Summer, and Sir Ralph was our constant companion, our devoted attendant everywhere. The night before our departure for England, Ruby came to me with an unspeakable glory in her beautiful eyes.

"Judith," she said, and her voice was tremulous from excess of happiness, "Sir Ralph Cresset has asked me to be his wife! I love him with all my heart, and oh—oh—was ever anything so strange?"

"Pooh!" I answered; "it is not strange at all. Miss Cresset and I have been expecting it for weeks. And so he has chosen a little American nobody for the future lady of Chetwold Hall? My dear, my dear, do you remember our old Boston lodging-house, and the dolls, and the poverty, and John Claxton's store?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "I think all that was a dream. I think we have always had a fairy godmother, and rich dresses, and English gold, and great expectations, and health and joy."

I looked down at my black gown and sighed. To me the past was no dream. Its shadow fell even upon the gay and abundant present. So we bade farewell to the glaciers, the peaks and the pine-wood, and went back to England to make ready for Ruby's marriage.

Her health was perfect, her happiness secure. She was not to die, but to live—live to become the wife of a baronet, and be called "my lady," and dwell in ease and luxury and splendor for the rest of her fortunate days.

Winter found us installed in Miss Cresset's Kensington house, a wonderful old place, full of oak wainscoting and Cromwellian furniture and antique carving, and the relics of a dozen dead and gone generations. There I waited for my twenty-first birthday.

It came in cloud and storm. The weather was unusually cold; the London pavements were slippery with sleet. In the melancholy gloaming I sat with Miss Cresset before a blazing fire, in a cheerful little boudoir, made brilliant by clusters of wax-lights.

We had dined, and in an adjoining conservatory Ruby was dawdling with her big brown lover. We could hear their mingled voices, and now and then my sister's low, sweet laugh, full of infinite happiness and content.

Conversation flagged. Miss Cresset was gazing thoughtfully into the red fire. I lay back in my deep chair, lost in a sad reverie.

Presently my companion began to croon, scarcely above her breath, these lines of the old familiar hymn:

"'Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'"

Would the sorrow of *my* heart ever know healing? Not on this side of the grave! Miss Cresset looked up at me quietly.

"Do you remember one year ago, Judith?"

"Can I ever forget it?" I answered.

"My poor child Ruby leaves me, but you will stay always, will you not?"

"Always, Miss Cresset; for me there is no other future."

Silence for a space. The coals snapped in the grate. A cab rumbled through the street without.

Miss Cresset heaved a deep sigh.

"My dear, will you ring for the tea-tray?" she was just saying, when her pompous old butler appeared in the doorway.

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Gwynne," he announced.

"A gentleman—at this hour?" cried Miss Cresset; "what name?"

"He gave me none, ma'am. He bade me say a friend from America was waiting to speak with her."

"Can it be Mr. Claxton?" exclaimed Miss Cresset, as she looked at me in a bewildered way. "You had better go down, my dear."

Down the shallow, oaken stair I went, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. I was dressed in deepest black, unrelieved by flower or ornament, and I must have made a sombre picture as I opened the drawing-room door and

looked around for my visitor. On the high carved mantel wax-lights burned in silver candelabra. The rich old furniture cast back shadows against the polished wainscot. Portraits of long-dead Cressets frowned from the walls. At one corner of the hearth stood the tall, motionless figure of a man. His face was partly averted. I advanced slowly toward him.

"Mr. Claxton!" I stammered; "*is* it Mr. Claxton?"

He was the sole male acquaintance that I had left in America; consequently I, like Miss Cresset, could think only of him.

The figure started, stepped forward to meet me. The wax-lights shone full upon his face. Great Heaven! had the sea given up its dead? Nearer he came and nearer. I was paralyzed. He looked at me with the eyes that I had thought never to see again; he spoke to me with the voice that I had thought never to hear more.

"Judith," it said, "it is I, come back to you—alive—from the sea. Oh, my darling, my darling, will you not speak to me?"

The room reeled before my sight. I shrieked out his name once. "Reginald! Oh, it cannot be!" And the next that I knew his arms were around me—his living, loving arms! I was pressed to his wildly beating heart. I felt his warm lips trembling upon mine. He was not dead, and I could only cling to him and sob over his name in awe and amaze and rapture.

And then I heard his story—how he had floated for a night and a day on a fragment of the *Ocean Queen;* how a Dutch vessel had picked him up at last, and carried him to Sumatra; how, in a port of that fair island, he had lain for weeks, sick and delirious; how, upon his recovery, he had written again and again to tell me of his safety—these letters I never received; how he had made his way to Canton to find that his Uncle Middleton had suddenly departed this life but a few days before, leaving his nephew, Reginald, sole heir to his worldly goods; how he had hastily settled his relative's affairs and hurried home, to learn from John Claxton of the strange good fortune which had befallen me; how he had tracked me to Switzerland and then to London—to Miss Cresset's Kensington house.

He held me off and looked at my white face, at the mourning-dress which I had donned for him, and tears filled his bonnie blue eyes.

"Oh, my faithful love, my brave, true girl!" he cried.

I clung, laughing and sobbing, about his neck.

"Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," I answered. "Thank God this birthnight has healed the sorrow which the last one made!"

Then there was a sound of feet on the oaken stair, and the tap of a cane, and Ruby and Sir Ralph and Miss Cresset came rushing in to rejoice with me in my unspeakable joy.

"See how strong and happy I am, Reggie," whispered Ruby. "You have come back just in time for my wedding."

"And for my own also," he answered.

"Dear me! I have lost *both* my children!" said Miss Cresset, with a smile and a sigh.

The sea had given him back to me—my sorrow was over. On the day which made Ruby the lady of a stately Yorkshire manor, and Sir Ralph the proudest man in England, I, too, gave my hand to my "ain true love" at the altar-rail of St. George's.

ALL Roman schoolboys were required to learn the laws of the "Twelve Tables" by heart.

PORT WINE.

PORT-DRINKERS (says the London *Globe*) have scarcely yet been fully awakened to a full conviction of the sad fate which threatens their favorite beverage. They have had no difficulty in storing their cellars with the produce of excellent vintages—vintages, indeed, which are supposed likely to become as celebrated in due time as those of the magic '47 and '34, or even the now almost historic '20 and '15.

Ever since '61, when there was another "grand" vintage, the markets have been rather overstocked than understocked, and prices have fallen, owing to the greatly diminished passion for the liquor which was before that year most highly prized in England. Accordingly, the stocks bought by wine merchants, in that and several subsequent years which showed almost equally favorable results, had no great run made upon them, and little difficulty has been experienced by the surviving connoisseurs in this department in laying down at a reasonable price the bins which are now making their hearts glad. Accordingly, the agonies of apprehension which have overtaken the drinkers of Claret and Burgundy have not been shared by the more old-fashioned *bon vivants*, who have rather smiled at the panic of more fashionable topers, and congratulate themselves that the generous liquid which nurtured the heroes of Pitt's time was in no danger of succumbing to the deadly enemy of the French viticulturists.

Such gratifying reflections are now shown to have been founded on a complete error. The flattering unction that port-drinkers have so gladly applied to their souls will soon be no longer efficacious; and they are destined to fall into a state of despondency which will, perhaps, be more hopeless than that of the worshipers of Margaux and Lafitte. A message has come, from the most authentic source, destroying at a blow all the most sanguine hopes which long immunity had inspired.

The British Consul at Oporto, with stony-hearted candor, has revealed the existence of a fatal canker which has for some years been gnawing at the bud of Portuguese prosperity. Mr. Crawfurd explains to us, with all the eloquent brevity that best embellishes a true tale, the sad havoc wrought in the vineyards of the kingdom by the last and most deadly foe of the vine.

Since 1871 the ravages of the Phylloxera, trifling as they were at first, have been steadily attaining more important dimensions in Northern Portugal, and have now attained to such proportions as leave no doubt about the magnitude of the evil. This plague is the fifth in order of those which, during the last thirty years, have brought their malignant influence to bear on the grapes in this famous district.

In 1852 the series commenced with the Oidium, which seemed at one time likely to make an end of the plants. Then came the Anthracnose, known to the learned as *Sphaceloma ampelinum*, which was treated with green copperas as the other had been treated with sulphur. The next enemy was the fungus called *Peronaspora viticola*, and described by the Portuguese in a corrupted English word as Mildiu. For this a liquid preparation of borate of soda was found the best prescription. Fourth, came a worm which attached itself to the roots of the vine, and was locally called Anguillula. This is a more recent and less common pest; but as it lives and moves and has its pernicious being underground, it may no doubt exist in unsuspected multitudes.

The mortal enemy of the Bordeaux vineyards has now come, as the pessimists opine, to put the finishing-touch

to the sufferings of the Portuguese stocks. They declare that these old plants, which have been yielding fruit for so many hundred—or as the Consul rather hyperbolically puts it, so many thousand—years, have no longer sufficient vitality to resist the repeated attacks made on them, and must perish unless some means can be found of grafting them upon an entirely new stock, such as those brought over from America for the purpose.

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

The district in which Port wine is grown is a tract twenty-seven miles long, and from three to fifteen miles broad. It commences about sixty miles from Oporto, and extends along both banks of the River Douro as far as the Spanish frontier. The soil is a brown, slaty schist, the mountains are lofty and precipitous, and the land is ill watered, most of the lateral valleys having no more irrigation than is afforded by a tiny brook, which is dry in the height of Summer, and in Winter becomes a torrent.

Roads in the true sense of the word do not exist, and it would be safe to say that no equal portion of the earth's surface, so rich in agricultural wealth, possesses means of irrigation so extraordinarily bad. The origin of viticulture in a large part of this district is comparatively recent. It dates back to a period certainly some time later than the Methuen Treaty, concluded in the reign of Queen Anne.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

By Mary Titcomb.

Half a century ago, conservative critics complained that there were too many books for children—that the variety and novelty of them was dissipating to the susceptible minds of the young. Even a century ago, the same fear weighed upon some conscientious hearts, with the additional distress that illustrations were becoming too profuse. One learned writer of that period, Professor

ILLUSTRATION TO "UPON OVERMUCH NICENESS," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

Christian, thus gave his opinion: "We do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations."

Undeniably, the illustrations of a hundred years ago were often coarse, rude and grotesque, yet how would

ILLUSTRATION TO "MEDITATION ON AN EGG," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

the good professor have lamented over the profusely decorated books of 1884?

We sometimes pick up in the nursery, nowadays, the torn, discarded magazine, or picture-book, dreamily marveling at the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the illustrations, and query whether the little ones have any keen appreciation of these; whether they are not a little surfeited with dainties; whether they really get half the enjoyment out of their countless choice designs that the children of fifty years ago extracted from the one small cut that headed the weekly number of the *Youth's Companion*, or the carefully studied representations of the "Calculating Milkmaid" and the unfortunate "Boy in the Apple-tree," which adorned the back part of Webster's old "Spelling-book," or the expressive figures of "The Fox and the Crane," "The Lion and the Mouse," which pointed the moral of old Æsop's "Fables."

Notwithstanding all the improvements which a century

ILLUSTRATION TO "UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

or more has brought in children's books, one cannot help feeling that the pendulum may have swung a little too far—an error that time will correct—and that the extreme beauty of illustration, of print, paper and binding, while acutely pleasing to adults, would be better appreciated by the child himself if he were not so overwhelmed with pretty picture-books. He is brimfull, and cannot hold any more; the rarest delicacies kindle no keen appetite, because he never has a chance to get hungry.

As we, from the standpoint of to-day, look back and discern mistakes in the mental, moral and religious teaching which in books was put before our own childish vision, as well as before our parents and grandparents, we wonder how it will be fifty or a hundred years hence. What kind of judgment will the critics of 1984 pass upon

the juvenile literature and illustrations of this age? Who can tell? It is to be hoped that the future will prove a wise yet gentle critic, even as the present should be of the past, discerning both the good and the evil, accepting true methods and rejecting false, mindful that every generation shows real progress, which is the result of intelligent experiment.

How charming is the change from the roughly-bound, coarsely-printed books in old times called juvenile, to the tastefully-covered works of art which find their way into the nurseries of the present day! Yet the stiff, straw-made covers, coarse type, and rude pictures, recall old friends of childhood, few in number, much prized, and slowly but eagerly read in every leisure hour that could be snatched from dull school-toil, or inevitable "chores." Hidden away in the old attic, or secreted in some shady nook of the neighboring woods, the child pored over the old tale or ballad that had strayed into his hands, or, indeed, any book written for adults in which could be traced the semblance of a story—unless some good fortune had brought him "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," or, perhaps, the "Swiss Family Robinson," or the "Parents' Assistant."

Literary "Milk for Babes" was not unknown by name

"THE SWING," FROM A CHILD'S BOOK OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

in the days of our great-grandmothers; but a healthy child could neither relish nor digest what was so called, and the genuine article was scarce indeed. The pictorial alphabet presented to the infantile eye was of the style found in the old "New England Primer." Not that primer, "revised and greatly improved," as it is seen by modern eyes, but the version which existed a couple of hundred years ago, originating in something of still earlier date.

A similar illustrated alphabet is found in a book entitled, "A Guide for the Child and Youth," published in London, 1762; but this can be traced back to about 1690. These pictures, grotesque in design, and coarse in execution, are far inferior to those in the modernized "New England Primer" of fifty years ago. The familiar couplet,

> "The bat doth play,
> And after slay,"

is brought down to infantile understanding by means of an extraordinary-looking feline performing on a fiddle, while four mice dance a jig.

> "The Lion bold,
> The Lamb doth hold,"

is explained by a meek-looking creature with its paw gently resting on the head of a lamb lying quietly at his

"THE LARK," FROM A CHILD'S BOOK OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

feet. More modern primers indicate that the lamb has waked up, and is about to trot away, unhindered by the lion's paw.

The ambiguity of,

> "Young Sam'l dear
> The Lord did fear,"

is increased by the circumstance that "Young Sam'l's" face is wholly undistinguishable—and although

> "Zaccheus, he
> Did climb the Tree,
> His Lord to see,"

"he" looks as if standing on nothing in mid-air, with the tree as a background—his face a mere white spot, on which are four dots of features, his arms and legs outspread, the poor man evidently in imminent danger of falling. More modern artists have seated Zaccheus comfortably in a bend of the tree, his arm entwined around a bough; but the idea of astonishment conveyed by the older picture is lacking.

There was a certain vividness in these old pictures,

"PETER PARLEY," AS HE APPEARED IN HIS FIRST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

however inartistic, or grotesque in design; and the child was not likely to mistake their purpose, or forget them. Few modern illustrations stamp such an impression on a child's mind as did "The Burning of Mr. John Rogers,"

represented in the "Puritan Almanac" of 1691, and reproduced in primers thereafter. The wavy mass of flame that surrounds, but apparently does not touch, the distressed-looking martyr, the stolid executioner holding the battle-ax, the "wife with nine small children and one at her breast," standing in solid phalanx, all made an ineffaceable picture on the brain.

"A Guide for the Child and Youth," to which we have referred, contains some poetical counsels to children, interesting as compared with the milder maxims and more flowing verses given to the little ones of the present day. The quaint style and old-fashioned injunctions might amuse or puzzle modern children; but they might take useful hints from some of these verses—as for example:

"CHILD'S BEHAVIOR.

"On Rising.

"Down from thy chamber when as thou shalt go,
Thy Parents salute, and the household also.
Thy Hands see thou wash, thy Head also comb,
Keep clean thy apparel, both abroad and at home.
This done, thy Sachel and thy Books take,
And to the School haste do thou make."

"On Going to School.

"In going your way and passing the street,
Thy hat pull off, salute those you meet.
When to School thou shalt resort,
Salute thy Master, I do exhort.

* * * * *

"When from School you shall take your way,
Make haste to your Home, and stay not to play;
The House then entering, in the Parents' presence
Humbly salute them with due reverence."

"At Table.

"Be meek in thy Carriage, stare none in the Face,
First hold up your Hands, and then say thy Grace;
The Grace being said, if able thou be
To serve at the Table, it will become thee.
If thou canst not wait, presume in no case,
But in sitting down, to your Betters give place.

"Suffer each man first served to be,
For it is a point of great courtesy.
Let not thy Tongue at the Table walk,
And of no matter either jangle or talk;
For *Cato* doth say that, in old and in young,
The first step to Virtue is to bridle the tongue."

Good John Bunyan, who died in 1688, did his best for children as well as for grown folks, when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," which to-day is in every family library; while scarcely anywhere can be found even an old musty copy of his "Divine Emblems; Or, Temporal Things Spiritualized. Fitted for the use of Boys and Girls." The copy of this curious little volume, from which we make some extracts, was printed in Philadelphia, as late as 1808, and is "embellished with forty-nine cuts"—"profusely illustrated," no doubt it was then considered. The cuts are manifestly from plates of an old date, and are all uniform in size and style. The specimens given are a fair sample of both poetry and pictures:

"Meditation Upon an Egg.

"The egg's no chick by falling from the hen:
Nor man a Christian till he's born again.
The egg's at first contained in the shell,
Men afore grace, in sins and darkness dwell.
The egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken,
And Christ by grace the dead in sin does quicken."

"Upon Overmuch Niceness.

'Tis strange to see how overnice are some
About their clothes, their bodies, and their home;
While what's of worth they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it at all, or slovenly.
Their houses must well-furnished be in print;
While their immortal soul has no good in it.
Its outside also they must beautify,
While there is in't scarce common honesty," etc.

One of the shortest and best of these "Divine Emblems" is "*Upon the Swallow*":

"This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs, my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

The swallow, as represented by the artist, is, unfortunately, a most ugly-looking bird, which rather diminishes the force of the comparison.

The light of modern times reveals strange errors in the religious views of former days; but if the best those days afforded was offered to the young, it can only be regarded a misfortune that broader and more liberal instruction was not given.

In 1726 Isaac Watts, evidently a lover of children, sent out his "Divine and Moral Songs. Attempted in easy language for the use of Children." The poetical merit and real beauty of many of these have given them a lasting place in juvenile literature. Hymns which were as familiar as the alphabet fifty years ago, such as those beginning—

"I sing the Almighty Power of God,
Which made the mountains rise";

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour";

And—

"Whene'er I take walks abroad,
How many poor I see,"

might well supplant some of less value in our modern Sunday-school hymn-books.

A copy of "Divine and Moral Songs" on our table, which was published in Charleston in 1804, omits the so-called "Moral Songs," of which one of the most beautiful is the "Cradle Hymn,"

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy head,"

and substitutes "Good Advice to Children," and a "Prayer to be Used by Children," expressed in language so wholly beyond the comprehension of any child, as to seem almost absurd.

With the exception of a few religious works, the scanty juvenile reading that crept into the hands of children in the days of our great-great-grandmothers, was almost exclusively of the marvelous and romantic kind. Old nursery ballads and legendary tales then thrilled the child with a wild delight, and a single one in his own possession was esteemed a treasure, and was read and re-read with unflagging interest. Making use of old historical facts or dim traditions, France, Spain and Germany added to the little stock of English stories; and not the strictest notions of the sternest Puritans could have kept these wonderful little books from crossing the ocean, when, in America, the children's hands stretched out pleadingly for them. "Jack, the Giant-killer," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Whittington and his Cat," "Little Red Riding-hood," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Cinderella," and like fairy-tales, were eagerly devoured by every child who could get hold of them.

Many of these date back so far that their origin cannot be traced. "Cinderella" is mentioned in German literature as early as the sixteenth century. Charles Perrault, who was born in 1628, wrote the story of "Blue Beard," the original upon which he founded the tale being Giles

de Laval, who was Marshal of France in 1429, and had made himself infamous by the murder of his wives. It is an interesting fact, by-the-way, that although the writings of Perrault were numerous, consisting of poems, dramas, histories and compilations, all of them have long been practically forgotten, except his collection of "Fairy Tales," which attained great popularity, and have been translated into many languages.

"In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might"—

and in 1630 a little work entitled "Tom Thumb, his Life and Death," was published in London.

Tracing the "Children in the Woods" back further than 1600, we ourselves may get lost; but nothing in ancient poetry is more touching than this simple ballad; and the little ones of the present day are not so story-hardened as to keep their eyes dry while they read:

"These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

"They wandered, these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

As books and ballads in which the thread of a story could be found always attracted the juveniles of old times just as of the present, so in spite of much that they stumbled against, interest was aroused by such lines as—

"God prosper long our noble king
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall";

Or—

"Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timbers strong;
A hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong.
And they so cunningly contrived
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in and out."

And "Chevy Chace," "Fair Rosamond," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "Robin Hood," etc., were read alike by young and old, the interest occasionally being intensified by the addition of a quaint illustration. In fact, at a period when comparatively few books were written for anybody, children and their parents fared much alike. If happy chance brought such a child's book as "Robinson Crusoe" into the meagre family library, it gave keenest delight; but in their hunger for anything story-like, little folks promptly seized the "Faerie Queene," "Don Quixote," the "Spectator," the "Rambler," and similar works.

The immortal "Mother Goose"—a real personage, bearing the unique name of Elizabeth Goose, and a native of Boston—will never cease to be admired as long as there are babies to be put to sleep and little children to be kept in happy humor. Whether "Mother Goose" sang to her own children we are not told, but when she became a happy grandmother she warbled her songs in the nursery from morning till night, much to the annoyance of her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. And when Thomas found that he could not, by complaint or ridicule, keep the good old lady quiet, he resolved to use her ditties for his own benefit, and accordingly published a book bearing this title: "Songs for the Nursery; Or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet at his Printing House, Pudding Lane [now Devonshire Street], 1719. Price, Two Coppers." Ever since that time mothers have said and sung the pretty, flowing nonsense to their children; and the little ones have unconsciously but very positively shown their gratitude to "Mother Goose" and "T. Fleet."

The eighteenth century seemed to awaken authors and artists to a keener sense of the mental wants of children; of the necessity of something more juvenile in literature and art which should be their very own. Perhaps a general feeling of growing sympathy with the young may have inspired Cowper to write "John Gilpin" and "The Retired Cat"; Goldsmith to prepare his "Animated Nature"; and Wordsworth to sing "The Pet Lamb" and "We are Seven." But the majority of writers for children at this period were women, who, perhaps, from circumstances of home life, had come to an appreciative understanding of the needs of the little people, and felt a longing to supply them.

Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, Jane Taylor, and Hannah More, were prominent among the many who freely used their pens for the young. And although some of the books they wrote may seem dull enough to modern eyes, they were gladly welcomed by the half-famished children of that period. And stories such as Hannah More's "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," and Mrs. Sherwood's "Little Henry and his Bearer," could not fail to interest young and old alike, and to retain a place in literature.

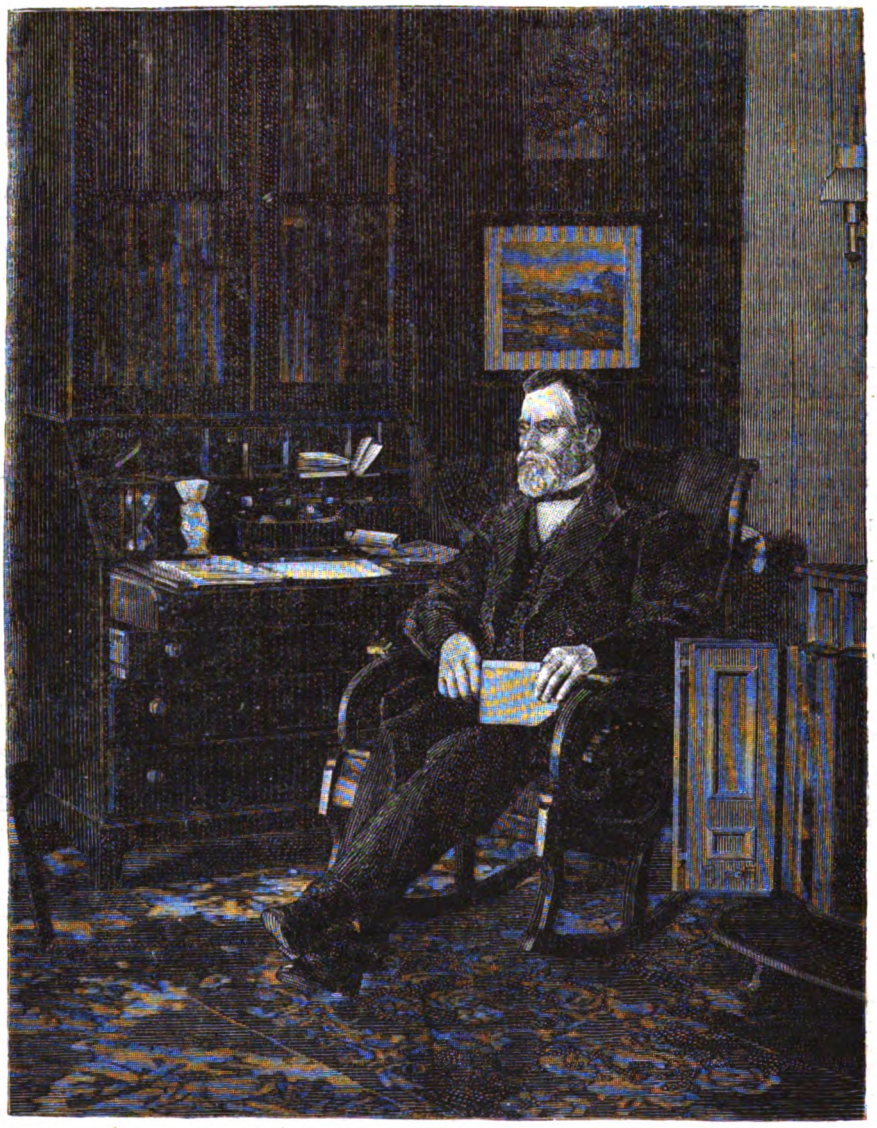
However the fictions of Maria Edgeworth may seem open to criticism from the luminous standpoint of the present, the *children* gave them no doubtful reception. Her "Parents' Assistant," "Rosamond," and numerous popular tales, were devoured by the young folks. How many there are, even now, who vividly remember with what delight they used to pore over the stories of "Lazy Lawrence," "Simple Susan," "The Filigree Basket," "Waste Not and Want Not"—tales far more entertaining than any they had previously read, and which were unhesitatingly put into their hands because they were instructive, and inculcated the highest moral principles known. Whatever imperfections may now be discovered in her works, Miss Edgeworth found a warm welcome and a lasting place in the hearts of children fifty years ago, and gained a permanent position in literature as one of the best writers for the young in the age in which she lived.

Arnauld Berquin, a French writer, made himself very popular by his "Children's Friend," which was first issued in twenty-four volumes between 1782 and 1784. Translations quickly found their way into English and American families. Two odd volumes, worn and rusty, yet bearing the same ancient look familiar to our childish eyes, have the imprint on the title-page: "Newburyport. Printed by John Mycall for the Proprietor of the Boston Bookstore, No. 59 Cornhill, Boston." No date is anywhere given; but the quaint preface is as follows:

"To the Affectionate Parents who wish to inspire their Children with the love of Information and Virtue; and to the rising Offspring whose early Impressions and Habits materially affect the Happiness of Parent, Friend, and Citizen, this Work, which artfully interests the Feelings, judiciously regulates the Passions, and with innocent Enchantment leads the Mind to Knowledge and Virtue, is respectfully dedicated by the American Editor."

Many of the early efforts to combine amusement with instruction seem, to our present judgment, stupendous failures. As what had gone by the name "elementary" had often been the driest of statements, puzzling the brains even of adults, so now it became the grand object to simplify everything, and to surround the dry moral or scientific pill with enough sweetmeats to cause it to be unconsciously swallowed. But none so keen as a bright child to discover this device; none so quick to resent it, unless done naturally or with consummate skill. Forced attempts to simplify, to bring in desired instruction, to deduce a moral, were not only perfectly obvious, but the tucking in of advice and admonition at every step became a constant irritation.

Can any one whose childhood dates back thirty, forty or fifty years, fail to recall some dull tale which was but the thread on which to hang moral or religious precepts? or, perhaps, some interesting story, which had no sooner become thoroughly enjoyable than the pleased imagination was suddenly checked by the formal presentation of the proper "lesson" to be learned from it? Who does not remember how, when he chanced to get the book by himself, he adroitly skipped all these deductions and picked out the story alone? It was less aggravating to the child when suffered to have the story comfortably first, the *moral* following in large type, as a distinct thing which he was admonished to remember carefully.



JACOB ABBOTT IN HIS STUDY.

Yet how great progress was even then apparent as compared with the time when scarcely any literature was specially prepared for the young! Dull, dry school-books began almost imperceptibly to be modified by the introduction of scanty elements of entertainment; and, by-and-by, here and there, a picture—a sight rare, indeed, to the old-time child.

The pictorial illustration of juvenile books received a remarkable impulse from Thomas Bewick, the notable reviver of wood-engraving, who was born at Cherryburn, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1753. He was a lover of Nature from a boy, and showed great skill in drawing at an early age. When fourteen, he was bound out to an engraver, but employed his leisure time in sketching under a master. He was constantly studying the forms and movements of animals; and he found that he could express ease, freedom and spirit much better on wood than on copper. In 1775 he received a prize from the Society of Arts for an engraving on wood called "The Old Hound."

The first books in which Bewick's designs appeared were some children's primers, published by Thomas Launt, of Newcastle. Afterward he illustrated many books for the young, in connection, for a time, with his brother John. In 1784, "Select Fables" was published, containing numerous cuts designed and engraved by the Bewick brothers. Every detail is exact in these pictures, showing the peculiar characteristics of Bewick's style; and they were incomparably superior to anything previously done in wood-engraving, although a certain stiffness is apparent. Each fable has a "head" and "tail" piece. The former are all uniform in size and style, being small, of oval shape, and inclosed in framelike lines—a marked contrast to the varied and fanciful arrangement of pictures nowadays.

The "History of Quadrupeds" appeared in 1790, with accurate representations of animals, and a brief sketch of each; and in 1797, the first volume of the "History of British Birds" was issued. This latter work, completed in 1804, surprised and delighted the public by the peculiar clearness and delicacy of the delineations. Bewick's pictures, as well as his general style of engrav-

ing, were extensively copied; and children far and near reaped the benefit of his labors.

Alexander Anderson, born in 1775, was the first wood-engraver in America; and during a long life of ninety-four years he gave much attention to this art. To some extent he followed Bewick in style, and the children's books of the earlier part of the present century were brightened by his skillful hand. The first edition of Webster's Spelling-book, and also Dillworth's old Spelling-book, were illustrated by Anderson. And it is probable that he contributed many designs to "Peter Parley's" books, in the adornment of which various artists, later known, also took part. For when once it became popular to treat the little folks to pictures, there were not lacking, both in this country and abroad, artists who gave them their best work.

CHILD-LIFE IN GERMANY.—ILLUSTRATION FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX."

George Cruikshank, the famous English caricaturist, must have had a genuine love for children, for this is revealed in every line by which he depicts them. Even when he makes them grotesque or ludicrous, he redeems that feature by some skillful touch of grace or beauty; and children and grown folks laugh together over the fruit

of his pencil. The earliest artist-efforts of Cruikshank, who was born in 1794, were directed to the production of children's pictures on single sheets of paper—sometimes as many as sixteen on a sheet. These were designed for the poorer classes, and were sold for a halfpenny a sheet. Soon he began to illustrate juvenile story and song books; and later some of his best work is found in Grimm's Fables, and various Fairy Tales.

As the most popular writers for children are those who reveal a loving sympathy in their feelings, so the best illustrators of juvenile books awaken admiration by those gentle, tender, caressing touches inspired by true love of childhood.

The pictures in juvenile books published in this country during the first half of the present century appear to eyes accustomed to the fanciful designs of to-day to be characterized by a certain matter-of-fact, true-to-nature aspect, which would seem tame enough to the full-fed imagination of modern children. Even those adorning Fairy-books bore a quiet, simple look, quite at variance with the more startling productions of later years.

At that period *facts* seem to have been thought appropriate for children—facts of all kinds; and these were served up to them, sometimes judiciously, and sometimes quite otherwise, according to present judgment. It is thought worse than useless in our time to harrow up the feelings of the little ones by written or pictorial delineations of debasing crime and wickedness, even with the purpose of teaching good lessons by contrast. But religious books and papers formerly made much use—for example—of the horrors of heathenism to impress the young with the importance of Christianity; and death was invested with untold gloom in consequence of melancholy and ill-judged pictures. A burial scene was often the only illustration in the little Sunday-school book. Two child-biographies now before us, printed in New York, in 1828, have the same dark, gloomy picture of a funeral twice inserted in each of them—the sole illustrations.

The *Infants' Magazine*, "price one and a half cents each," published in Philadelphia, in 1832, presents as the opening article of the September number, "The Earthquake in Syria," beginning: "An earthquake is one of the most terrible judgments of God. Oh! how awful it must be for the earth to open and swallow up whole cities and villages, with many, and sometimes all, of their inhabitants." And the horror of such a scene is impressed on the infant's mind by a representation of it.

Nevertheless pleasant illustrations rapidly increased. School-books began to be far more comprehensible to children, as well as more entertaining. The Westminster Assembly's Catechism fell a little into the background, and Bible history was taught by more simple methods in Sunday-schools. In 1825 there was published in Boston "The Evangelical Primer," containing among other things a "Minor Historical Catechism," "with 72 cuts." This outline of Scripture history from Adam to Paul, in short, easy questions and answers, awakened new interest in Sunday-school lessons, and might well take the place of more complex text-books at the present time. The little pictures would by no means please little ones now-a-days, but then they were studied until every detail was imprinted on the memory.

"Infant Schools," similar in design to the Kindergartens of to-day, became popular; and for the use of the little pupils there were blackboards, letters and words on blocks, large pasteboard cards on which were colored pictures of Scripture scenes, or animals, globes, numeral frames, and other apparatus. A "Manual" for the use of teachers of infant schools was issued in 1830, containing a great variety of exercises. From a battered old copy we extract a few specimens of the rhymes:

"Oh, how pretty 'tis to see
Little children all agree.
Try to keep the step with me
While you're exercising.

"Right hand, left hand,
Keep the time,
All the rules be sure to mind,
While you're exercising."

"When to march you all begin,
Hold up your head, and in your chin,
Toes turn out, and heels turn in,
While you're exercising.

"We'll go to our places,
And make no wry faces,
But say all our lessons distinctly and slow;
For if we don't do it,
Our teacher will know it,
And into that corner we surely shall go."

"See me, I am a little boy,
Who comes to infants' school;
And though I am but few years old,
I'll prove I am no fool.

"For I can count 1, 2, 3, 4,
Say 1 and 2 make 3,
Take 1 away, then 2 remain,
As you may plainly see.

"Twice 1 are 2, twice 2 are 4,
And 6 is 3 times 2,
Twice 4 are 8, twice 5 are 10,
And more than this I do.

"For I can say some pretty rhymes
About the dog and cat,
And sing them very sweetly, too
And to keep time, I clap."

From the contents of the "Infant School Manual," it is evident that the system of object-teaching was adopted as much as was then considered practicable. School-books for older pupils assumed an attractive appearance hitherto seldom seen. The dull reading-books of earlier date, such as the "American Reader," published in 1811, were supplanted by those containing more pleasing and more simple selections, such as the "Primary Class Book," published in 1827, which became the beloved companion of many a child.

What pleasant associations cluster around the name of "Peter Parley"! No one who has passed middle life can fail to remember gratefully this friend of his childhood. Was he not a genial-looking man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, with a cane under his arm? Were not both his capacious coat-pockets stuffed with books which he distributed freely to scores of eager children who crowded close about him? Such is our remembrance of the pictured representation which formed the frontispiece of some of the charming gifts that "Peter Parley" offered to "all his little friends." His histories, sketches from nature, and anecdotes, were so graphic, his pictorial illustrations so new and beautiful for that period, that he won all youthful hearts.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1793. About 1828 he began publishing little books under the *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley," and amid many other duties he continued the preparation of various kinds of juvenile literature throughout his life. From 1841 to 1854 *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine*—the delight of young folks—were edited by him.

His books numbered not less than 170 volumes, of which 116 bear the name of "Peter Parley." They attained great popularity. The children liked them. Three million copies of his "Geography for Beginners" were sold, and other books met with similar success.

Mr. Goodrich was a great traveler. He crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and had acquired a vast fund of information, which he had the faculty of imparting in a manner agreeable to the young; and his liberal use of pictures was a novel feature in juvenile literature. That he was personally fond of young folks is apparent from all he wrote; and there are those now living who can recall the pleasant garden-parties he used to give for the children who lived in the vicinity of his country residence near Boston. The sudden death of Mr. Goodrich in 1860 brought his useful and pleasant labors to a termination; but he had done a good work, and has been held in grateful remembrance by a vast number to whose youthful entertainment he ministered.

Meanwhile another lover of children and youth had been quietly wielding his ready pen in their behalf. Jacob Abbott was born in 1803 in Hallowell, Me The earliest of his numerous books—which, with scarcely an exception, were written expressly for the young, or with reference to their training—appeared about 1829. The publication in 1832 of "The Young Christian" brought the author prominently before the public by the extraordinary popularity of that work—the first of what is known as the "Young Christian Series."

In 1834 Mr. Abbott wrote his first "Rollo Book"—the beginning of a long line of story-books, whose aim was not simply to amuse, although they *did* amuse; nor to give information, although this was most happily accomplished; but especially to develop the moral and intellectual powers of the young, to cultivate habits of discrimination, and to establish correct principles of action. This was done with such rare skill in the "Rollo," "Lucy," "Jonas" and "Caleb" books, in the "Florence," "Franconia" and "Juno" stories, and in a host of other volumes, that the young reader was fascinated, and at the same time instructed, trained and developed. Many of these books were equally entertaining to young and old—a sure test of a really good book. Exactly in what the charm of them consisted might not be easy to say; amusing yet instructive, simple yet fascinating, true to nature, yet never tedious, they became at once exceedingly popular.

Mr. Abbott's creations were founded on realities. He loved children, and was constantly studying child-life. He always liked to have the little folks about him. They never seemed to disturb him, even in his busiest moments. For he had a marvelous tact in training them to amuse and occupy themselves; yet in such charming ways, with such personal interest and adroitness, that the child was delightedly conscious of having a thoroughly good time, while, perhaps, he was simply learning how to draw a circle, or drive a nail. There seemed to be some personal magnetism about him that attracted every child with whom he came in contact. His genial face, serene and gentle methods, his unvarying courtesy, his sympathetic understanding of a child's feelings, won from all a reverent love. Yet they yielded instinctively to his control.

In conversation Mr. Abbott was charming; genial cordiality and unassuming wisdom, a quiet playfulness and gentle dignity, marked his social intercourse. One could scarcely be with him the shortest time without learning something; yet he never wore the aspect of the *teacher*, nor incited in another any uncomfortable consciousness of *being taught*. Even explanations to a child were ingeniously given without obvious recognition of his ignorance. He wrote with wonderful facility anywhere and everywhere, for the same simple ease that marked his conversation characterized his written words.

The varied information pleasingly imparted, the philosophic yet simple explanation of the reason of things, the high moral principles inculcated, and the manifest sympathy with children, combined with remarkable skill in influencing and developing them, were marked features of Mr. Abbott's books, forming a new kind of juvenile literature at the period when his earlier works appeared, and giving them permanent value and interest. Illustrations, sparsely used at first, but freely in later years, were never the chief attraction in Mr. Abbott's productions. It was rather the thought awakened, and the true-to-nature representations that delighted children and their elders. His stories were stories of everyday life—of realities, or what seemed so—a wholly different type from those most charming of fairy-tales, which somewhat later came across the ocean, from the pen of Hans Christian Andersen.

When physical health began to fail, Jacob Abbott, in accordance with lifelong quiet tastes, retired to his country residence, "Fewacres," Farmington, Me. And when he gently passed away, October 31st, 1879, tender remembrances stirred thousands of hearts whose better impulses had been awakened, or quickened, by his living words.

Fifty years have rolled away since the author of the "Rollo Books" opened a new, rich vein in the then comparatively unworked mine of juvenile literature. A host of writers, and an army of artists, too numerous to mention, but whose names are fresh in mind, have since endeared themselves to children. The best thought and feeling of the time has been given lavishly to the little ones in storied delineation of real life, and fairy-land, in graceful flowing verse, in history, biography and fascinating adventure, as well as in exquisite pictorial illustrations, clear, attractive type, and book-bindings of artistic elegance. The children of the present day sit at no second table. They are served with the very best—an abundant supply of every kind.

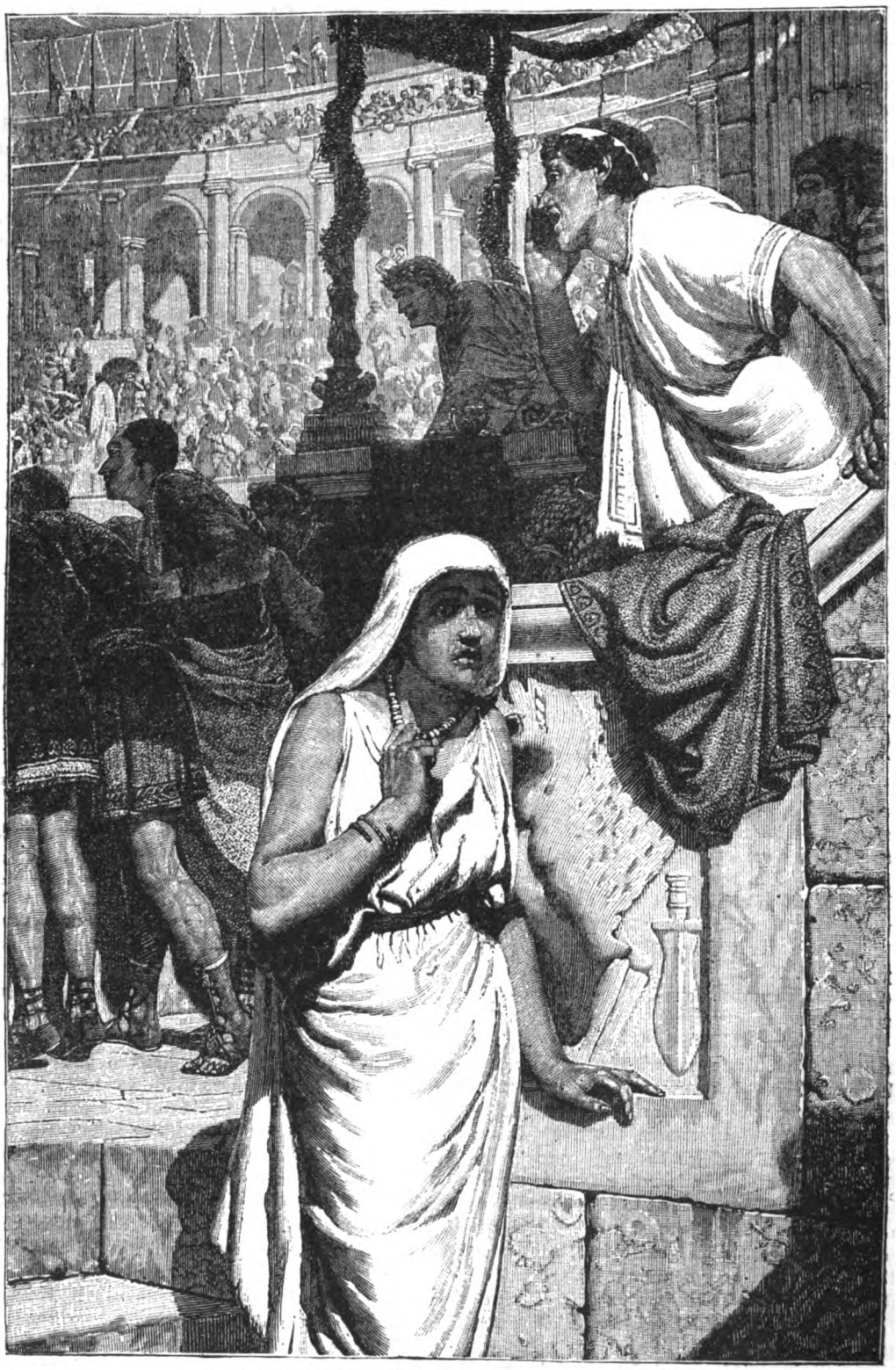
Even if from a mature and thoughtful standpoint the tendencies of present juvenile literature seem leaning toward excess, premature excitement of the imagination, and unwise stimulus of tender brains, it is only just to put a kindly check on criticism. Grown-up people judge of their own child-books, having their views tinctured with vivid *remembrances* of what *they* enjoyed or disliked. The keenness of youthful appetite is gone. And as nothing in after years so delights the palate as the home-dainties that "mother used to make," so maturity naturally dulls the taste for certain mental luxuries which the young devour with unfailing relish. By-and-by, the children of the present day will give their judgment of *their* childhood's books, colored, it may be, with the rainbow hues of earlier years, but, nevertheless, a matured judgment. What will it be? How will it differ from the criticisms now passed upon the same literature?

Careful observers and true lovers of the little folks cannot fail to have been impressed by certain facts.

Children, from their receptive nature, are trained more easily than is generally supposed to discriminate between good and bad reading. If the taste and morals are rightly educated, they will instinctively pass judgment upon what is objectionable. And such general training is the surest safeguard in an age when all kinds of reading is within easy reach of every young person.

The moral of a story is far more effective when inferred

naturally than when expressed. Impressions of courage, noble deeds, generosity and refinement, made by examples, are deep and lasting.



THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.— PAINTED BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Childlike, rather than childish, stories suit even the youngest best, and the use of simple but correct English is ordinarily more pleasing as well as useful to them than a large admixture of "baby-talk." Children never like to be *thought* babies—they always want to be grown up — and palpable simplification, or anything whereby they are shown to be immature, is usually resented—mentally.

Imagination has its rights, and it should be fed as well

as any other faculty. A due proportion of both fancy and fact is needful. But when a child turns away from unexaggerated incidents, and craves highly wrought fantasies, something is wrong. Naturally new things within the range of his understanding, and simply related, are interesting to him, and if he always demands exciting tales and adventures, it is a dangerous symptom.

The refining influence of delicate and beautiful pictures on the youthful mind may be imperceptible for years, but is as certain as is the insidious blunting of pure susceptibilities by coarse illustrations.

It is a pity to blight the flower by forcing the tender bud. Why shorten the beautiful child-time by hurrying the little ones into maturity? Why introduce into children's books topics which have no legitimate place therein, which do them no good, and which—if they are not of hothouse growth—they neither like nor understand? Love-making, for example, is inappropriate in juvenile books. We do not want prematurely grown-up children.

"Is it true?" is the oft-repeated question of the little folks, and is it not wise to remember that errors presented as truths, or received as such, may be infinitely more harmful than the most extravagant exaggerations which are readily perceived to be only fancies?

The child loves to feel the inward growing of his own powers, and within certain appropriate limits, the presentation of matters beyond his comprehension is a helpful stimulus, so long as undue forcing of the brain—the great error of the age—is avoided. But many writers seem to have the *parents* in their mind's eye, rather than the children whom they are ostensibly addressing. What is well written for children should please the parents also; but an author may easily shoot over the heads of the little ones if he aims at the parents.

A noble army of American writers are giving their best energies to juvenile literature, and the press is sending forth a continuous stream of beautiful volumes, adorned with the daintiest illustrations.

Many of these will prove ephemeral—they will have their day of success and pass out of sight and out of memory. The writers who will retain a permanent place in the hearts of their readers, whose books will be read long after the time in which they were penned, must inevitably be those whose words are kindled by warm, genuine personal sympathy and love for real live children.

A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"'IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS,' SAID CARRINGTON, 'DOWN WITH YOUR MONEY. HERE'S MINE.' OLD SIDI HANDED A ROLL OF BILLS TO THE COLONEL."

A MEETING WITE AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"'PEACE BE WITH YOU, ANNESLEY SAHIB,' SAID SIDI, SALAAMING ALMOST TO THE GROUND BEFORE THE OLD COLONEL."

A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.

By David Ker.

"We talk of 'catching a Tartar,'" says Colonel M—— of the —th Native Infantry, as we sit on the veranda of his comfortable house in the most picturesque part of the Bombay Ghauts, watching the evening train go puffing and rattling through the deep, black gorge below, on its way to Jubbulpore. "Well, I've seen a good many cases of that in my time, but the most perfect one I ever saw or heard of happened when I was up in Afghanistan, just after I first came out; and if you care to hear about it, I'll tell you:

"Toward the end of '57, just after our last fight with Persia, a lot of us were quartered in a village not far from Herat, which the Shah, thanks to the persuasion of our bayonets, had just given back to the Ameer. It was rather a rough sort of place, as you may think, but there was plenty of game for those who were that way inclined, and some very fine scenery for those more artistic among us; so on the whole we got along well enough.

"Now, I needn't tell *you*, who know those parts pretty well yourself, that the one great industry of the Heratees is robbing, and that they follow it diligently all the year round—trust an Afghan for that! But just then, when the whole country was in confusion after the war, and there was nobody to keep order, the robbers worked so briskly that our old colonel used to say he daren't go out in the daytime lest some one should steal his shadow.

"One of the most noted of their chiefs, a fellow nicknamed Dagh-Zadeh (Son of the Mountain), had established himself with his band in a pass among the hills to the north of us, and they made the road so hot for all comers that most people found it best to go thirty miles round, by way of the plain country.

"Just a few days before they had attacked a Government convoy, put the escort to flight, which wasn't surprising, for more than half the soldiers were in the same line of business themselves, and divided the stores and money, share and share alike.

"Well, one evening we were having our smoke under

the trees of the market-place, which was just in front of our quarters, and talking over the exploits of this fellow, Dagh-Zadeh. One of our subs was very indignant at the rascals daring to play such tricks under our very noses, as he said, and declared that we ought to send a couple of companies and clean the whole place out.

"'That's all very fine, my dear boy,' said the old colonel, who knew a thing or two; 'but when your "couple of companies" got there, they wouldn't see so much as a robber's eyelash from one end of the pass to the other, and then, as they were coming back again, tired and done-up, down would come a volley among 'em from the rocks on each side, and knock 'em over like sparrows, without their even seeing who hurt 'em. That's the sort of fellows the Afghans are.'

"'Fine chance for anybody in search of an adventure,' put in the senior captain, laughing, 'to go right through that pass single-handed, from end to end.'

"'Perhaps some of these native fellows might manage it,' suggested I. 'They beat the world for dodges, although they're not much good at fair fighting.'

"'I'd just like to see one of them try it,' cried Charlie Carrington, our junior lieutenant, a young fellow with more money than brains, who couldn't see a fly settle on a window without making a bet out of it somehow. 'Look here, I'll lay a thousand rupees' (five hundred dollars) 'right down that no man living, native or Englishman, can go through that pass alone. Who takes the bet.'

"A little, thin, piping voice from behind answered, suddenly: '*I* do!'

"We all started and turned round; and when we saw *who* it was that had accepted the challenge, we started a good deal more—as well we might.

"There stood a shriveled little Hindoo merchant, whose wizened old face and long white hair made him look just like a snipe done up in paper. We all knew him well, for he had supplied all sorts of things to our mess, and made a pretty penny by doing it; but, to look at him, you'd have said he was just the man to jump down his own throat if he only heard a goose cackle. So, when he chimed in like that, we stared at him with all our eyes, I promise you.

"'So *you* take my bet, do you, Sadi Lao?' says Carrington. 'All right, then; here's the money, and the colonel shall hold the stakes; but who's the man whom you back to do it?"

"'Myself,' answered Sidi Lao, as quietly as ever.

"For a moment we were all fairly struck dumb, and then up went such a roar of laughter as shook the air. Certainly the idea of this timid, quiet, puny little fellow venturing single-handed among the fiercest cutthroats in Afghanistan was enough to make anybody laugh; for, you see, we never dreamed of his being really in earnest, and thought he was only just taking a rise out of Carrington.

"Carrington himself thought so, too, and began to get angry.

"'Enough of that rubbish!' cried he, in English, which the old Hindoo understood as well as any of us. 'If you mean business, down with your money. Here's mine!'

"Old Sidi answered not a word, but quietly produced a roll of bills and handed them to the colonel, who counted and found a thousand rupees.

"*Then* we all began to look rather blankly at each other. We knew old Sidi to be so fond of money that he'd almost have sold his own skin for an *anna* (three cents), if anybody would have given him as much for it; and his putting down all this at once showed that he was quite in earnest about undertaking the job.

"'Come, come, Sidi,' said the colonel, kindly, 'this is no laughing matter. We mustn't let you go and get your throat cut, just because this foolish fellow, Carrington, has chose to speak rather hastily. You'd better just let me give you back this money, and we'll say no more about it.'

"'Sahib,' answered the old man, with a touch of real dignity in his manner for once, 'I cannot go back from the thing which I have said. To-morrow, at sunrise, I will be here all ready to start on my journey.'

"And with a low salaam to the colonel, and another to the rest of us, away he went.

"When he was gone, we held a regular council of war upon the whole business. It was plain enough that the old fellow was quite determined to go through with *his* share of it; and knowing, as we did, that he never risked a penny without being pretty sure of a good return, we really began to think that he must have hit upon some way of managing the thing, although none of us could imagine what.

"Even Carrington was beginning to look rather blank, as if he didn't feel quite so confident of winning, now that the match was fairly on; and the first thing he said was:

"'Look here—how are we going to find out whether he's really done the thing or not? I'm not going to take his own word for it, you know—not so green as all that. We all know that a Hindoo's game to tell a lie as broad and as black as a frying-pan only to make *one* rupee, let alone a thousand!'

"'There's something in that,' said the senior captain, meditatively; 'but I really don't see how we're to manage it, all the same. We can't very well ask the chief of the robbers to oblige us with a written certificate; and I, for one, shouldn't much relish the notion of going after the old fellow to see how he gets on.'

"'*I* have it!' broke in the colonel, suddenly. 'You see, there are only two roads by which he *can* go—the pass itself, and the caravan-route round to the eastward, on which we've just planted a picket. Now, of course, nobody can pass *it* without being challenged and reported; so, if he comes *back* by the caravan-road without having passed the picket before, we may be pretty sure that he must have *gone* by the pass. What do you say, Carrington?'

"'Yes, that seems all right,' answered the lieutenant; 'there can't very well be any mistake *that* way.'

"And so it was all settled, and our conference broke up.

* * * * * * *

"The next morning we were all punctual at the place of meeting, some of us (and Carrington, I fancy, among the rest) having a faint hope that the old gentleman might think better of it, and not show up at all. But that only showed how little we knew our man.

"We had scarcely got there when a solitary figure came trudging along the road beside a laden donkey, and as we approached, we made out this donkey-driver to be no other than our friend Sidi Lao.

"But we had to look pretty hard at him to recognize him again; for he was so transmogrified that his own father would scarcely have known him. His trim white robe had given place to an awful-looking old tunic, so ragged and dirty that one could scarcely tell what color it was; and instead of his neat turban, he had mounted a greasy old cap, such as a respectable scarecrow would have been seen wearing in any public place; and his bare feet were thrust into tattered sandals, which no

beggar would have taken as a gift. His very face seemed changed, too, and looked as chopfallen as all the rest of him; and the half-sulky, half-idiotic look that he had put on, added to his tagrag dress, certainly made him the most hideous old hobgoblin I ever set eyes on.

"'Peace be with you, Annesley Sahib,' said he, salaaming almost to the ground before the old colonel, who was staring at Sidi as if he had been a two-headed dog. 'If these noble gentlemen will honor me with their company as far as the mouth of the pass, they can see for themselves that all is fair so far.'

"No sooner said than done. We ordered out our horses, and away we all went, with old Sidi and his donkey in the middle, just like a troop of mounted police escorting a convict, as Carrington whispered to me.

"'What on earth have you loaded that donkey with, Sidi?" asked the colonel, presently. 'It seems a pretty good load, whatever it is."

"'That, sahib,' answered the old fellow, quite gravely, 'is a present which I've got ready for the robbers when I meet them. I've learned that they're very fond of the spiced bread of this place, and that they haven't been able to get any since you occupied the district; so I'm just taking them some by way of a treat.'

"At that we all laughed, as well we might, to think of his expecting to conciliate a gang of Afghan cutthroats so easily as all that. But I saw our senior captain's face change suddenly, as if he had got an inkling, for the first time, of the old fellow's plan; so I ranged up alongside of him, and whispered:

"'I say, Hawkins, have you any guess yet what he's driving at?'

"'Well,' says he, 'I thought I had, just this minute; but, after all, I may be mistaken, so I won't say anything about it yet.'

"By this time the village was left far behind, and the hills began to loom out ahead of us, plainer and plainer every minute.

"At last we got to the mouth of the pass, but it looked so deep and black and murderous, that it gave us quite a turn to think of this poor old fellow going down into it all alone, without a friend or a weapon of any kind.

"'Come, Sidi,' cried the colonel, 'think better of it while there's time; it's no use getting yourself killed for nothing. We'll think none the worse of your courage, I promise you, if you like to change your mind; and we're quite ready to give you your money back—eh, Carrington?'

"'*I'm* game,' said Carrington, who wasn't a bad fellow in his way; 'anything, rather than let the poor old boy be murdered.'

"But old Sidi shook his head quietly, and saying, 'May prosperity attend you, sahibs,' went quietly down the gully, and vanished into the shadows beyond.

"For the next two days there was no word of our old friend, and we began to fear that the robbers had been too sharp for him. Every afternoon some of us rode out to the picket on the eastern road; but nothing had been seen or heard of Sidi there.

"'Look here, Hawkins,' said I to the captain, on the second evening, 'you seemed to have an idea the other day how old Sidi was going to work it. Now, if you don't like to tell your guess, just write it down and put it in a sealed envelope; and when the old boy comes back, if he ever does, we'll open it and see if you were right.'

"The others all seconded me, and the thing was done forthwith.

"Well, the very next day, as a lot of us were riding across the plain to visit the picket, a cloud of dust began to rise from the mouth of the famous pass, through which broke a flash of steel every now and then.

"We pulled up at once and got out our revolvers, thinking it must be the robbers coming down upon us; but as the cavalcade drew nearer, we saw that the riders wore the cavalry uniform of the regular Afghan army, and that a good many of their lances had got heads on the points—a very common ornament in Afghanistan.

"'I have it!' cried Captain Hawkins. 'The robbers have been surprised and cut off, and these fellows are on their way to Herat to claim the reward. Old Sidi's at the bottom of this job to a certainty.'

"Just then we noticed two men in the centre, who seemed to be the leaders of the troop. One was a fine-looking native officer, with a long black beard; the other, to our unbounded amazement, proved to be old Sidi Lao himself, on a splendid gray horse, and dressed out so grandly that he looked more like a governor-general than the scarecrow he had been when we last saw him.

"'Peace be with you, sahibs,' said he, as quietly as ever. "The pass is clear at last, Carrington Sahib, and here'—pointing to the heads upon the spears—'are the men who held it.'

"'Well done, old fellow!' cried Carrington, slapping him on the back. "I don't grudge the tin a bit, for you have won it fairly. Come along back with us, and we'll hear all about it.'

"The Afghan officer wouldn't be persuaded to stay and dine with us, for *he* thought of nothing but getting to Herat as quickly as possible and presenting the heads to the Ameer; but he told us enough on the way back to the village to bear out every word of old Sidi's story when we got it, which we did that same evening after dinner.

"The old gentleman's Tom-of-Bedlam get-up had not been for nothing after all. As soon as he got within sight of the brigands, he went right up to them and asked, in the most idiotic way he could, whether this was the right way to Shelat—the town at the other end of the pass.

"Of course they all began laughing at him, taking him for a simpleton, and asked him what on earth he was doing there. So he told them he had been sent by his master with a present of spiced bread to the commandant of Shelat, but that he thought he must have got into the wrong road somehow.

"The minute they heard him say 'spiced bread' they thought no more about *him*, but just flew upon the bread like so many hungry wolves.

"Down it went, cake after cake, as if for a wager; but they had scarcely swallowed the last piece when down *they* went, too, and were all fast asleep directly.

"Just at this point of the story, I saw the colonel's hand go into his pocket and fish out Captain Hawkins's envelope, in which, when opened, there was one word—'Drugs.'

"The captain was right. All the bread had been doctored with a stupefying drug which the natives call 'sleep-berry,' and, as you see, it had done its work pretty well.

"Meanwhile old Sidi—who belonged to some native sect that forbids the shedding of blood, and so couldn't kill the fellows himself—seized one of their horses, and went like the wind to Shelat, where he told the whole story to the commandant, who at first didn't believe a word of it.

"However, the recollection of the reward offered for

A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"WE PULLED UP AT ONCE AND GOT OUT OUR REVOLVERS."—SEE PAGE 317.

the destruction of the band made him decide at last that it might be worth while to see whether it *was* true or not. So he turned out his soldiers, and riding down the pass, finished off the whole gang at one stroke; and what with his share of the spoil and his share of the reward, and the thousand rupees won from Carrington, old Sidi made a pretty good day's work of it. And, now, my boy, if you don't believe that story, yonder comes Sidi Lao himself, and you can hear what *he* says about it."

JAPAN'S NATIONAL FLOWER.

THE cherry-blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England; the lily, of France; the thistle, of Scotland; and the shamrock, of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry-tree. The Japanese cultivate all over Japan by the millions the sakura-tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blossoms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose.

Picnics in Japan are called "going to see the flowers." In June, millions of the people go out to sing, and sport, and laugh, and play under the cherry-trees, or to catch "the snow showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry-tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms under them, as to even worship the famous old trees.

HOW FORTUNE COMES.

YEARS will often elapse before a doctor gets any return for the money which his friends invested in obtaining his diploma. On the other hand, a single fortunate case may bring patients by the score. About twenty years ago a young doctor who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart, and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage-money, and a week before his ship was to sail went into the country to say good-by to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the platform, when a groom in a smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraph message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between the two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of ——, a member of the Cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the house of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that "her grace was in a terrible way." The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it. "I am a medical man," he said to the groom, "and I will go to the Hall to offer my assistance till another doctor arrives." The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said: "Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the Hall; any one will tell you where it is." The doctor went, was gratefully received by the duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The duke was suffering from typhoid fever; and when the eminent physician arrived from town he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was that the young doctor was requested to remain at the Hall to take charge of the patient, and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight, and were printed in all the daily newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of 500 guineas, took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

WE generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends might, perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third; when, to permit them to make their own choice would be his ruin.

A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"THEY HAD SCARCELY SWALLOWED THE LAST PIECE OF SPICED-BREAD WHEN THEY WERE ALL FAST ASLEEP."

A CITY CHILD.

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XXII.

During the two ensuing days it almost appeared as if the gay threat of the baroness was, in fact, to be realized. The grim spectre, who for so many weeks had held in his icy clutch the terrified inhabitants of Abois, seemed about to disappear under the mountain of rose-leaves which dozens of pretty white hands were ready to hurl at the sanguinary phantom, which threatened an untimely end to all their amusements.

It was as if the vail of crape which had shrouded the town was suddenly lifted away, and the bright, warm sunlight of heaven once more allowed to pour down its revivifying rays—as if the dull monotony of a funeral

march had suddenly swelled into the exciting and enthusiastic clang of martial music.

With that fickleness and variability which is so essentially a component part of the French character, the citizens eagerly seized upon the new topic of thought and conversation afforded them by the promised review of the Hussars.

The town was a prey to the fever of military excitement. Nothing else was heard save the grandeur of the French army and the courage of its soldiers, together with many personal recollections of acts of heroism performed during the war by the Volunteers and Franc-Tireurs of Abois—recollections which had grown dim and indistinct, moldering away in the recesses of the brain, and now dragged forth for the delectation of many a gaping crowd of eager listeners, in the *cabarets* and *cafés*, on the streets, and, in fact, in all places of public gatherings; many who could boast the possession of indelible records of the sanguinary struggle, in the shape of scars and wounds inflicted by the needle-gun, the bayonet, or the sabre, sprung at once into objects of public admiration—beings to be stared at by the admiring *gamins*, as very demigods and heroes.

The occasion of the review was to be a general holiday, a universal *fête*, this was settled at once. The authorities of the town willingly falling in with this sudden change in the current of popular thought, which bid fair to lead the public mind into a more pleasant channel than that in which it had lately flowed, used their influence with the shopkeepers to close their places of business, that all might enjoy the promised military display.

A large space of level and open meadow land lay on the outskirts of Abois, slanting down to the little brook which formed the southern boundary of the town. This place had been selected for the review, and at an early hour on the morning of the appointed day was a scene of bustle and preparation. Booths were erected for the sale of refreshments of various kinds, and these little huts were made gay with bright-colored stuffs and evergreens.

Long before the time at which the manœuvres were to commence crowds of the townfolks in their holiday attire had already assembled in the meadows, eager to obtain commanding positions from which they might see the martial show. Scattered in groups and knots, they wandered idly about, or seated themselves to rest on the soft green turf, the bright calico frocks of the women lending a touch of gaudy coloring to the animated picture.

As the day drew on the ranks of the pedestrians were swelled by the arrival of the *élite* of the town. Prancing horses and elegant vehicles dashed hither and thither, while many a rude country cart attested by its presence the fact that the *furore* had not been confined to the limits of the town itself. These equipages were the cause of many a deep and heartfelt execration, not only to the less fortunate and humble of the townsfolk, who, inextricably mixed in with the carriages, found their limbs and bodies in immediate danger from the hoofs of the horses, but also from the gendarmes, who labored industriously, but without success, to keep the field clear for the manœuvres of the troops.

But if the men were loud in their anathemas, the women were no less absorbed in studying the costumes and toilets of those happy beings whose lives were made up of amusement and dress, who chatted and laughed and waved their scarlet sunshades and immense fans as if misfortune and suffering were things to which they were strangers, and life an existence out of which it was their duty to obtain as large a share of enjoyment as was possible.

The phaeton occupied by Baroness d'Aubrac and Mademoiselle Rousel formed one of the brightest points in this brilliant scene. The toilet of Angelique was a revelation, which reduced many a gentle female heart to despair.

Madame d'Aubrac was in the gayest of humors; her brown eyes sparkled as brightly as her diamonds; her slender, gloved hands were never quiet for a moment, now opening and shutting her large fan, now gesticulating in a manner so emphatic as to cause the ornaments that dangled from her bracelets to ring like a myriad of fairy sleighbells.

The excitement of the baroness was contagious, and Henriette was soon emulating her friend in the exuberance of her animation. It was in vain that Aristide delivered a lecture on propriety of behavior; he was not even listened to; and young Lejeune, who occupied the fourth seat in the carriage, declared vigorously that they had come there for enjoyment, and the madame was right to amuse herself as much as possible. For, in fact, Abois had been suffering from a terrible case of the blues, and this occasion was undoubtedly a godsend to keep them all from dying of *ennui*.

"You are right, monsieur," replied Angelique, laughing merrily; "and beyond that I feel very happy, very happy indeed. The skies are clear; the costumes of the peasants, gay and pleasing. I adore the military, especially the hussars; and above and beyond all else, I have the expectation of Monsieur Dantan's ball. Perhaps you do not know, Monsieur Lejeune, that I am simply wild when I hear the music of a waltz."

"I trust, madame," said Lejeune, with a bow, "that in that case you will not forget me to-night."

"See!" exclaimed Henriette, breaking in upon the conversation, "there is my uncle now. I suppose the hussars are about to arrive."

"Why, my dear," said the baroness, as an open carriage containing the mayor of Abois advanced under the escort of two gendarmes, and took up a commanding position—"why, my dear, how is this? Where is Monsieur Leon's inamorata? I do not see the charming Russian anywhere."

"Pshaw! Angelique, you are really too bad," replied Mademoiselle Rousel, with a slight blush. "Shall I never cure you of that ridiculous idea. Poor Valiska was unable to attend the review, but I have her positive promise for to-night."

"There, there! *en bas* with Mademoiselle Zortichoff; here comes the hussars. And I assure you, Henriette, those blue uniforms and scarlet dolmans are infinitely prettier to me than Valiska's gray eyes."

The loud blasts of trumpets and the strains of martial music heralded the approach of the troops. The next moment the long ranks of horsemen came sweeping up the meadow, the gold lace of their uniforms and the blades of their sabres glittering in the sunlight.

"Oh, how charming Colonel Courcelles looks!" cried Angelique, clapping her little hands with enthusiasm, her cheeks flushing brightly and eyes beaming with merriment. "If I were a man I should surely be a soldier."

"I assure you, madame," remarked Lejeune, "you are far more dangerous as you are at present."

"And," Aristide sententiously observed, "therefore, Monsieur Lejeune, the more to be avoided. The burnt child dreads the fire."

These words of wisdom appeared entirely wasted on the baroness, whose whole attention was now concentrated upon the cavalry.

Colonel Courcelles was faithful to his promise to drive

away from the memory of the inhabitants of Abois all unpleasant recollections, and for two hours the field was brilliant with the dashing horsemen and their prancing steeds.

They wheeled and turned; formed line and column; charged and retreated; mounted and dismounted; the loveliness of the scene increased by the stirring notes of the bugle; the waving of flags and guidons; tossing plumes; the clatter of steel and brass; the heavy tramp of the horses' hoofs; and the deep tones of command ringing out above the noise of the music.

The spectators were delighted, enraptured, wild with enthusiasm; and when the last manœuvre was executed, and the hussars, forming into line, filed away in the direction of their barracks, the Baroness d'Aubrac sank back upon the soft cushions of the carriage with a sigh of regret.

"It was exquisite—beautiful, lovely," she declared; "and now she was not to be spoken to. She wished to be silent, that she might remember how handsome Colonel Courcelles looked upon his black steed."

And indeed, during the drive home she turned a deaf ear to all the compliments that young Lejeune poured upon her, and treated with sovereign contempt Vis's irreverent remark "that the horses were by far better-looking than the men, especially Colonel Courcelles's black."

* * * * * *

The residence of the mayor of Abois seemed transformed into a fairy palace when, upon the night of the review, Aristide, with the baroness on his arm, alighted from their carriage. The entrance was ablaze with many-colored lights, festooned with flags, and decorated with evergreens.

Within the doorway stood two hussars, the blue and scarlet of their uniforms agreeing well with the mass of rare flowers with which the walls of the vestibule were adorned. Two more stood at the foot of the grand staircase, which was wreathed and twisted with ivy and smilax.

At the head of the stairs, upon a background of tri-colored flags, was suspended a magnificent trophy of arms, sabres, pistols, and lances, cunningly shaped into crescents and stars.

The ante-rooms and *salons* were perfumed with thousands of roses, with which the walls, tables, mantels—in short, every available spot—were decorated. Scarlet roses, white roses, pink roses—roses of every shade and tint—were there in lavish profusion. And little less rich were the hues of the costumes, and little less lovely and attractive the bright, charming faces, and the exquisite toilets, with which the large and spacious rooms were crowded.

The loud clash of the band pouring forth a quick and seductive gallop rose loud above the hum of conversation. Monsieur Dantan and his niece stood just within the *salon* to receive their guests, and Madame d'Aubrac remarked to Aristide as they passed that Monsieur le Maire must have heard some very agreeable news, for he was looking simply radiant.

"Do you know, my dear, that man's face for the last two weeks has haunted me. Upon my word, one would have said, to judge from his expression, that he had just slain his grandmother, or some other venerable relative. On my word, I cannot tell you how I pitied poor Henriette, condemned to sit every day with that wolf's face opposite to her at the table. I could never have endured it, and now, all in a flash, monsieur is as bright as a new napoleon. What do you suppose is the cause?"

"How can I tell, Angelique? You say the man is in love, and I never undertake such a work of supererogation as to explain the actions of a man in such an unfortunate condition."

"Hush, Aristide; you are a perfect bear! But where is the fascinating siren to whose seductive voice Monsieur Leon would so willingly listen? Where is the lovely Valiska, the beautiful Russian? I don't see her anywhere, although I am by no means blind. Ah, yes; this is your dance, Colonel Courcelles. I did not forget my promise. The first is for you."

The handsome colonel offered his arm with a smile of gratified vanity, and Angelique, placing her tiny gloved hand on the gold-laced sleeve of this gallant soldier, Aristide was left alone.

"I wonder if it is possible for a man to find any place in this wilderness of perfume and flowers where he can get a breath of God's pure air?" grumbled Aristide, as he forced his way through the crowd of dancers, who trod upon his toes, and jostled him in a manner to try his philosophic temperament to the uttermost.

He at length succeeded in reaching a place of safety near one of the windows, from which he might command a view of the room without the risk of suffocation.

The *coup-d'œil* was brilliant indeed, and even the hardened heart of the stoic was not insensible to the many attractive and lovely faces that flashed by him in panoramic procession.

The uniforms of the officers added that brilliancy of coloring usually wanting on such occasions, and made the black-coated civilians appear like melancholy spectres by contrast with their gay trappings.

"Well, after all, I suppose I am not so very unfortunate," muttered Vis, as Madame d'Aubrac whirled by in the arms of the brave colonel. "Angelique is undoubtedly a very handsome woman, and who knows," he added, with a sigh, "but what she may some day get tired of this sort of thing."

The young man's praise seemed tame indeed for the beautiful baroness. Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of the brunette—her cheeks bright with color, her dark eyes flashing with animation.

The elaborate toilet of white satin, with its trimming of rich laces and clusters of lilies-of-the-valley, revealed all the delicate perfection of her exquisite form. The sculptured beauty of the rounded arms, and the lovely shoulders and neck, were unconcealed by the square-cut of the corsage, whose revelations none could condemn. Diamonds glittered in the heavy coils of her chestnut hair, and diamond bracelets made more noticeable the slenderness of the wrists which they encircled.

* * * * * *

Vis sank insensibly into a pleasant reverie, which continued for some time undisturbed. Couple after couple passed by unnoticed; lovely faces, magnificent toilets, seemed to have no power to attract his attention, until suddenly and abruptly recalled to consciousness by the appearance of two of the dancers, who glided by with an easy grace that seemed the very idealization and poetry of motion. It was Mademoiselle Zortichoff and Captain Dantan.

Valiska was transfigured—charming, exquisite. The plain black robe which she habitually wore had given place to a *costume de bal* of some diaphanous material of soft creamy white, with delicate touches of pink, whose long, floating folds lent an air of angelic and spiritual loveliness to the fragile form of the young Russian. She seemed a very seraph clothed in the rosy clouds of morning. The snowy cheek was slightly flushed; the

large gray eyes were dark, with an expression of melting tenderness. There was even something of a caress in the way the slender form rested in the encircling arms of her handsome partner, and in the confiding presence of the little gloved hand, which lay upon his shoulder. It was only for a moment that Aristide gazed upon the charming face, but it seemed to him that even in that moment he could read the whole secret of Valiska's unhappy attachment.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he muttered, half aloud, as they disappeared among the throng of dancers; "poor girl!"

"And pray who is the poor girl?" cried a gay voice at his elbow, which made him turn quickly.

It was Mademoiselle Rousel and young Lejeune, who had approached his place of refuge without being observed, so deeply had he been absorbed in this new proof of Valiska's love for his friend.

"I fear, Monsieur Vis," continued Henriette, "that you have been dreaming again. Surely you should be able to find some better occupation, with so many pretty faces around you; and now, Monsieur Lejeune, I will no longer hold you captive. I will not trespass on your good nature any further, for I am sure Monsieur Vis will take care of me. They are starting another waltz, so you will just be in time to secure a partner."

The young man murmured a polite denial of any desire to be released from his thralldom, which Mademoiselle Rousel rewarded with a bewitching smile as she accepted the arm which Aristide offered.

"This way, Monsieur Vis," she said, as the young man hurried away to obey her command; "if we can get through the crowd to the music-room we will find it cooler there."

It was not without considerable difficulty that this was accomplished, and when they reached the little apartment, Henriette sank down with an air of great relief upon one of the comfortable couches, and began to fan herself energetically, her flushed face bearing token to the truth of her words "that it was really too warm."

Early in their acquaintance Aristide had conceived a great liking for the merry girl, and this had increased, since Henriette's sudden and devoted friendship for the Baroness d'Aubrac had made him more familiar with the young lady's character.

Henriette was never at a loss for something to say, and it was generally something amusing. The little room had been turned into a miniature conservatory, and there was an air of coolness about the green leaves and the dimly-lighted gas-burners that was exceedingly refreshing after the heat of the grand *salon*.

A few couples were seated about on the luxurious *tête-a-tête* sofas, and the first to attract their attention was Madame d'Aubrac and the "colonel."

It was a charming picture indeed. The handsome soldier was leaning slightly forward, holding in his own the slender gloved fingers of his companion, who was listening with an air of well-pleased satisfaction to his whispered words.

"Upon my word, Angelique is too bad. She will absolutely turn poor Courcelles's head."

"Then *he* will not be the first who has suffered in that way. Madame's victims are everywhere."

The baroness chanced to look up at this moment, and observing Aristide and Henriette, she broke into a merry laugh, which somewhat disconcerted the colonel.

"Come here, my dear," she cried; "come here and listen to all the charming things that Colonel Courcelles is saying to me. On my word, those gallant soldiers are absolutely irresistible. But, monsieur, if you have finished with my hand——"

A second burst of merriment, caused by the abrupt manner in which the disconcerted colonel dropped the little hand, was re-echoed by Henriette and Aristide, much to the gentleman's confusion.

"There, Monsieur le Colonel," said Angelique, in a soothing voice, observing the ill-concealed vexation of the other's manner—"you must forgive me. You know it's wrong to cherish ill-feeling, and, and—you men do look too stupid when you try to be sentimental."

"Well, madame," replied Courcelles, "in that case I should say that Monsieur le Maire is looking positively idiotic."

The glance which the speaker threw toward the doorway turned the eyes of the group in that direction.

The Mayor of Abois, with a lady upon his arm, was entering the room. It was Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

The expression upon the face of Monsieur Dantan could be read by the most inexperienced observer. Joy, excitement, and a certain undefinable shyness, were plainly imprinted on the handsome features.

As to Valiska, her countenance was pale as marble, and there was a certain tremulousness about the scarlet lips which bespoke a strong emotion, curbed with evident difficulty.

Monsieur Leon advanced directly toward his niece, who could not repress a show of surprise at her uncle's manner.

"Henriette, my dear child, you have always been tenderly sympathetic to me. Sympathize with me now in this, which is indeed the moment of my greatest happiness. Mademoiselle has just conferred upon me the most inestimable of blessings, by consenting to be my wife."

The suddenness of this communication drew a low exclamation of astonishment from every one. The next moment surprise gave place to well-bred ease, and each hastened to proffer their congratulations to Valiska and the mayor.

So absorbed were all in this pleasant task that Aristide alone noticed Captain Dantan, who had entered the room and approached the group. Irresistibly his glance turned from Henri to the pale face of Valiska. She, too, had observed the young man, and the spasm of pain that passed over her countenance, though evanescent as a fleeting cloud, did not escape the attention of the philosopher.

He turned again to his friend. No trace of emotion was visible in Captain Dantan's features, and the manner in which he offered his good wishes satisfied Vis that the young man was unaware of the misplaced attachment of which he was the object.

The news of the joyous event spread rapidly through the crowded ballroom, and the guests thronged in to add their tribute of respect and congratulation to one who had always been the most admired and best beloved citizen of Abois.

It was, indeed, an ovation to Leon Dantan and his charming *fiancée*. For this night, at least, all remembrances save those of joy and pleasure seemed to have passed away from the world of Abois. The mysterious murderer who had stalked through her streets and left the bloody imprint of his hand upon the pallid corpses of three of its children had vanished from sight beneath the roses and lilies, the jasmines and camellias; driven away like the storm-cloud before the glance of the sun, by the gay laughter of rosy lips and the soft, entrancing murmurs of the waltz.

A PEEP IN THE GLASS.

"And now, *mon cher*," said Angelique d'Aubrac, as they drove homeward in the small hours of the morning, "I wish to know how you are going to explain this conduct of your Russian?"

"Madame," replied Aristide, with the gravity of a judge deciding some momentous cause, "the wise man never tries to explain the actions of a woman. Permit me, madame," and throwing open the door of the carriage, he offered his hand to assist the baroness to alight.

Chapter XXIII.

The cabaret of "La Bonne Colombe" stood near the corner of the Rue d'Orville and the Rue de l'Arbre. The Rue d'Orville had once been the grand street of Abois, that is, in a time when Abois had been a small and unimportant village; but modern improvement had stolen away most of this grandeur to bestow it upon newer and more frequented thoroughfares, and one by one the shopkeepers had deserted the Rue d'Orville for the Rue Magenta. The street was now chiefly occupied by dwellings, with one or two ancient cabarets, and was as quiet and monotonous a place as could well be imagined.

"La Bonne Colombe" was a low, old-fashioned building of two stories, with a steep, slanting roof of red tile which time had long ago decorated with a covering of thick green moss. Whatever had been the original color of the walls, they had now, under the heat of the sun, faded into a dull, uniform gray which showed them long strangers to the touch of the painter's brush. The windows were small and square, with diminutive panes of thick greenish glass; the two lower ones, which were placed on each of the entrance-doors, slightly abutted from the building, forming a place for the exhibition of numerous long-necked bottles, which were tastefully grouped against the red cotton curtain at the back.

This was La Bonne Colombe by daylight. By night it was a dim, uncertain mass, faintly illuminated by the red light which shone through the windows, and by a huge green lantern suspended immediately above the doorway, bearing upon its smoky side the image of some fabulous creature of the fowl kind, in which long acquaintance alone could make any one recognize a resemblance to a dove.

How many times Aristide Vis had passed this place on his way to his cottage, the Hermitage, without its attracting his attention, it would be hard to say; and why he should have stopped in front of the cabaret upon the second night after the mayor's ball, is one of those mysteries that Providence alone can explain. Perhaps it was mere curiosity, perhaps it was chance, perhaps it was a higher and more overruling Power, but stop he did, and a single glance through the open doorway awoke in the breast of the young man a feeling of the deepest interest.

The room of which he commanded a view was of considerable size, the ceiling very low, and the whitewashed walls dingy and discolored with the stains which time and tobacco-smoke had impressed upon them. A fantastic arrangement of colored tissue-paper fluttered from the ceiling, and this, too, old age had toned down into a dingy uniformity. At each side of the room was a row of square deal tables, having a passage through the centre to the back of the apartment. Here was a small bar, a counter covered with zinc, and a background of shelves, upon which were jugs, bottles and glasses, pewter measures and tin cups—in short, all the requisites to assuage the wants of the thirsty.

This was the sanctuary presided over by the venerable Mère Ponisse, who spent her time knitting away at her interminable stocking and dealing out the liquors to three ancient men to whom the term *garçon* seemed a ludicrous mockery.

On this especial night quite a number of guests were regaling themselves in the large room of La Bonne Colombe. The smoke of their pipes and cigarettes floated up to the ceiling in a thick blue cloud, through which the oil-lamps shone with a misty yellow light. The guests were chiefly citizens of the middle class, men past the meridian of life, whose seamed and wrinkled faces, flushed with excitement and wine, would have furnished admirable studies for the pencil of Gavarni or Cham. The place was noisy with garrulous voices, with which was mingled the clatter of dominoes, the game most patronized by the frequenters of La Bonne Colombe.

It was a lively scene, but would have undoubtedly attracted no more than a passing glance from Aristide, had it not been for a couple of men, who, seated at one of the tables near the upper end of the room, seemed entirely immersed in their game. It was the sight of these two which had suddenly rooted Vis to the spot, and made him an attentive observer of their every motion. Yes, whatever might have been his first doubt, a second glance convinced him that the players were Orloff Ivanovich and Guimand, the agent of police.

What was the explanation of this singular companionship?

Aristide's thoughts flew back to the evening when he and Henri Dantan had witnessed the interview between this very man and Mademoiselle Zortichoff in the cemetery. Like a flash passed through his mind the recollection of what Valiska had said of the strange questions which the agent had put to her. Could it be that Guimand had fallen into the same mistake in which he, Aristide, had once been involved?

He entered the open door and made his way quietly toward the table at which the two were seated. His entrance appeared almost unnoticed. For one moment he fancied that he saw the sharp gray eyes of the detective fixed upon him with a quick, inquisitive glance, but the next instant he was satisfied that this was a mistake, so calm and unmoved was the appearance of the man. As for Orloff, his back was turned toward him, and the old man sat stiff and rigid as a statue.

Vis succeeded in obtaining a seat, where, without being observed himself, he could not only see, but hear, everything that went on between this ill-assorted pair.

When the *garçon* had retired after serving him with the wine for which he had called, the young man strained his ears to catch the conversation between his neighbors. It was a very one-sided conversation indeed.

The agent Guimand had even more than the lion's share. He rattled on with an ease and rapidity that was really marvelous, while Orloff contented himself with grunting an occasional affirmative, or growling out a muttered execration when ill-luck turned the game against him. A large bottle of brandy stood on the table, and Aristide noticed that the agent, while very temperate in the use of the liquor himself, was assiduous in filling the old man's glass, which Orloff was no less ready in emptying.

The voluble flow of words which Guimand poured upon his impassive companion consisted of a *résumé* of all the news of the day, and the listener remarked that vailed under a mass of unimportant nonsense were several shrewd and searching questions, pointing toward the recent crimes.

The terms of familiarity existing between the pair

plainly proved that this was not their first meeting, but whatever might have been the agent's success in the past, for this evening, at least, he was doomed to disappointment.

Old Orloff was in the worst of humors; luck seemed dead against him, and he bore his bad fortune with anything but a good grace.

For a half-hour Aristide sat and patiently listened to the unceasing babble of the detective, which was broken only by the clatter of the dominoes and the angry exclamations of the Russian.

At length Orloff's rage appeared to reach a point beyond his control; striking the table a heavy blow with his clinched fist, which made the dominoes rattle, and the glasses and bottles clink and jingle, the old man sprang to his feet, and without any other word of adieu except a growl of denunciation, tramped out of the room.

For some moments after this sudden and abrupt departure Guimand sat idly spinning one of the dominoes round and round, silently watching the little piece of ivory in its revolutions, apparently lost in thought. Without the slightest warning he turned suddenly, and touching Aristide on the shoulder, inquired, in a polite voice "Whether monsieur would like to play a game?"

Vis was entirely unprepared for this proof of the agent's knowledge of his presence. He gave a slight start, and then recovering himself with an effort, he assumed the seat which Orloff had just vacated, saying "He would be happy to join the gentleman in a game."

The dominoes were arranged in silence, and in silence the game began, Vis waiting for the other to begin the conversation.

"Well, monsieur," said the agent, after three or four dominoes had been played, "that old fellow is either a cheat, or he has a head of marble. Here night after night have I poured brandy enough into him to float a ship, and will you believe me, it has no more effect on him than water. He only grows closer and closer with every glass; so that, in spite of all that I have done, I have not been able to get a word out of him."

"But pray," replied Aristide, "how came you to make the acquaintance of Orloff? and what, may I ask, did you expect to obtain from him?"

"Come, come!" cried Charles Guimand, fixing his keen eye on the young man's face. "You know well, monsieur, what information I expected to obtain from this man. Why, it was you yourself who first put me on his track. You look surprised?"

"I confess it."

"And yet you should not. I know that for a long time you have been watching a certain beautiful young lady, and I know, too, why you have been watching her."

"Monsieur! monsieur——"

"Excuse me, it was my duty to watch and seek; for this I was sent down from Paris; and I have watched and sought, and shall I tell you what I have found?"

"I assure you," cried Vis, excitedly, "you are making a terrible mistake; a cruel, a hideous mistake."

"I am only following in your footsteps, monsieur; and I may say that I have to thank you that I obtained the first clew in this dark and tangled affair."

Aristide made a gesture of dissent, but the other went on without noticing it.

"After reading your testimony and that of the other witnesses, taken down by Monsieur Duquesnay's clerk, I immediately arrived at a conclusion; that is my way, monsieur. I said to myself, this crime was committed by a woman, and I began to look around for the murderess. Chance led me at first into a wrong channel, and I was guilty of the absurd mistake of suspecting that poor Madame Marrois. I discovered from that chatterer, Aglae Pichaud, all about Stephanie's visit to the *fête*, and I humbly admit to you that for a time I thought her guilty. But we employés of the Prefecture are thrown too often with criminals not to recognize true innocence, and Madame Marrois's testimony convinced me at once of my error. It was then for the first time that my attention was attracted to you. The account which I obtained from Monsieur Duquesnay of your excitement over the exchange of gloves led me to believe that you knew something more than you cared to tell. I watched you, monsieur, closely; so closely that I think I almost read your thoughts." Accepting the look of blank astonishment upon Aristide's face as a compliment to his astuteness, the detective went on, with a slight smile: "Watching you soon led me to watch somebody else, and little by little I picked up the threads of the clew. I discovered in what direction your suspicions had turned, and I set myself to work to verify their correctness. This is not the first time that you have seen me at my work, as you can doubtless remember, monsieur. Well, day by day I labored and watched, and then suddenly came that second crime, the murder of Madame Robert and her daughter; and on this occasion an inspiration from heaven cleared up all that was dark and mysterious in the death of Madame Marrois. I now know to whom belonged that glove which was found by young Lejeune in the arbor of the public garden, by the side of the dead man's body. I know more—I know by whom that glove was stolen, and the other substituted for it; the one which came so near criminating Stephanie Marrois. And more, still more—I know the cause that prompted this theft."

The exclamation of astonishment trembling upon Vis's lips was checked by a warning glance from the other. Bending toward his companion and lowering his voice to a whisper, Guimand said, in an impressive tone, his gray eyes fixed upon Aristide's, to read the full effect of his revelation:

"The cause of the theft was love. The man who stole the glove was the Mayor of Abois, and the woman who committed these murders was Mademoiselle Valiska Zortichoff!"

Chapter XXIV.

Aristide recoiled, dumb and horror-stricken, before the denunciation of the police agent. Incapable of speech or motion, he sat and stared in helpless amazement at the inexpressive face of his neighbor. Even when his suspicions were at their strongest, he had never shaped his thoughts into words, and his bold and open declaration of Valiska's guilt for the moment paralyzed his every faculty. Mingled with other feelings was the deepest regret.

To think that his stupid credulity, his baseless suspicions, should have turned this man into a spy upon the actions of that innocent and helpless girl. It was almost as if he himself had spoken the accusation which had just dropped from the lips of Guimand. If not the speaker, he was certainly the cause of the speech; he had this on the assurance of the man himself. A sense of deep and unmitigated shame filled his breast, and kept him for the moment silent. When at length he did speak, the effort required to control the powerful emotions at war within him lent a deep and solemn sternness to his words.

"Monsieur, I cannot reproach you for having done what you supposed to be your duty. All the ignominy of this shameful accusation must rest upon my head, if, as you say, I was the one who first drew your attention to Mademoiselle Zortichoff. I say again I cannot reproach you for having done your duty. But I do tell you, and I call God to witness the truth of my words, that this young lady is as guiltless of the foul crimes of which you have accused her as either *you* or *I* myself. Do not interrupt me," continued the young man, energetically, as the agent strove to speak. "I know the truth of what I say. I acknowledge to you that much you have said is correct. I did, at one time, suspect Mademoiselle Valiska. I take shame to myself to admit it. But Heaven, as if to punish me for this weakness and credulity, picked me out for a witness to the young girl's innocence."

"What are you saying, monsieur?"

"The truth; the simple truth. On the night when Madame Robert and her unfortunate daughter were murdered, at the very time when the murderer's hands were red with the blood of his victims, and their lives were ebbing away from the wounds inflicted by his cruel knife—at that very time Mademoiselle Zortichoff was seated quietly at home in her own cottage. Ah! you may look incredulous, but I speak only the truth. By one of those remarkable chances which seems almost inexplicable, it happened that Captain Dantan and myself were Mademoiselle Zortichoff's guests upon the evening of the murder. Stop! Now I think of it, you were yourself a witness to our meeting with the young lady at the entrance of the Cemetery of St. Jean. From that place we accompanied her to her cottage, and never left her until we bade her adieu at eleven o'clock, only a few moments before our rencontre with that mysterious woman whose hands even then were wet with the sanguinary proof of her frightful work. So you see, monsieur, as I said, Heaven has willed that Captain Dantan and myself should be witnesses to Mademoiselle Zortichoff's complete innocence."

He paused to notice the effect of his words. The agent had concealed his face in his hands, and with his head bowed down, was absorbed in deep and silent thought. Aristide forbore to break in upon this contemplation, and it was Guimand himself who first reopened the conversation.

"But the man!" he suddenly cried, raising his head.

"I know whom you suspect. My testimony must exonerate him as completely as his mistress. He was never out of my sight during the whole of that eventful evening, and it was he who closed and locked the door upon us when we left the cottage. You see, monsieur, his vindication is clear and plain."

Again there was a silence between them, as the agent, once more covering his face, relapsed into thought.

For the second time Aristide declined to break this silence, and for the second time it was Charles Guimand who renewed the conversation.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed, striking the table energetically with his fist. "If what you say is true—excuse me, I do not doubt your word—but if what you say is true, then I am the most stupid fool in the universe; for I would have taken an oath that the case against this young woman was as clear as day. You talk about chance, or Providence, but surely it must have been Providence that sent you here to-night, for if I had filed my accusation, as I intended, to-morrow, I am sure, after what you have said, that I should have been dismissed from the force for my stupidity. But, oh! monsieur, you must not suppose that I allowed myself to be influenced by mere suspicion in this affair. You cannot imagine how many things pointed at this young lady as the author of these mysterious crimes. Perhaps you did not know," continued the agent, in response to Aristide's look of inquiry—"perhaps you did not know that this Mademoiselle Zortichoff was the affianced wife of Monsieur Marrois——"

"Ah!"

"I know why you start in that way. It is already town-talk that the beautiful young girl is to become Madame Dantan."

"And what proof have you to sustain the accusation?"

"Very strong proof, indeed. A will found by me amongst the private papers of Monsieur Marrois; a will in which he speaks of this marriage in positive terms, and in consideration thereof makes Mademoiselle Zortichoff his universal legatee. This was, to me, the darkest piece of evidence against the lady; for here, at last, was a motive for the crime.

Aristide was for a moment overwhelmed by this astounding revelation.

"But Monsieur Marrois was supposed to have died intestate. How was it this will was never presented?"

"Simply because it was unsigned, monsieur. It was valueless, except as proof against mademoiselle; for no one can say but what she thought it signed, and hoped, at one blow, to make herself mistress of the fortune, and at the same time rid herself of a disagreeable incumbrance in the shape of Monsieur Pierre."

"Ah! that sounds too cold and mercenary. Would you have me believe that whilst accepting Marrois as her affianced husband, this young girl was deliberately planning his death? No, I do not, I cannot, believe that!"

"Nor do I say that such was originally mademoiselle's idea. For a while she undoubtedly proposed to pay the price, heavy as it was, which would secure to her this fortune; this fortune which represented ease and comfort to her afflicted brother. Had things remained unchanged, the young lady would certainly have become Madame Marrois. But, alas! a change did occur. Captain Dantan arrived at Abois."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Aristide, with offended *hauteur*, "what would you insinuate? Captain Dantan is my friend."

"I insinuated nothing," calmly replied the agent; "especially against the captain. But you will not deny that mademoiselle's face has betrayed her secret to you."

"But I cannot see the connection. And yet it is plain. As long as Mademoiselle Zortichoff had nothing but her personal dislike to Monsieur Pierre to combat, the union was possible. But another feeling soon arose to bar her way to the acquisition of this fortune which she coveted. The strongest of all feelings—love."

"Ah!"

"With this love in her heart the match became every day more and more repugnant to the unfortunate girl. Her situation was a frightful one. She must have the money, and yet she could not make up her mind to resign Captain Dantan. There was but one way out of the dilemma. Consider what would have been the position of mademoiselle on the day after Marrois's murder, had that will been signed which I discovered amongst the dead man's papers? Wealth, and the man she loved! *Ma foi!* The stake was a big one." The speaker stopped, considered for a moment, and then resumed: "This is the history of the affair up to the night of the *fête*. I will not speak of what took place in the garden, for you are as familiar with it as myself. I will only ask

you to remember the extraordinary beauty of the masked woman's hands—a beauty so remarkable as to have attracted the attention of poor Madame Marrois, the *garçon*, and even the driver of the *fiacre*. The exquisite symmetry of Mademoiselle Zortichoff's hand is too apparent, monsieur, to have escaped your notice. Again call to mind the testimony of the cab-driver, and especially the place where the unknown entered his vehicle—the corner of the Rue Magenta and the Rue d'Orville, only a few steps from the cottage of mademoiselle. And the strange man who engaged the *fiacre*, the disguised individual who spoke in a gruff and grumbling voice. But there, I will say no more of that, but go straight on to a discovery which I considered conclusive. You must have noticed the singular conduct of Monsieur le Maire upon that occasion. Indeed, I have reason to know that you did notice it. The brigadier of gendarmes informed me that you evinced the utmost astonishment at the deep and inexplicable emotion displayed by Monsieur Dantan, especially on the discovery of the glove by young Lejeune."

"I confess it!" cried Aristide; "but again, I do not see the connection."

"Nor did I at first. My eyes were not opened until you yourself revealed to Monsieur le Juge the exchange which had been made in the gloves. It puzzled me to think who could have made this change. Monsieur le Juge declared the glove had never been out of his possession from the moment it had been handed him by the mayor, and that gentleman said he had not parted with it from the time he received it from your hand in the arbor. My game seemed blocked. I was in despair. It was then that I suddenly conceived the idea of watching you. I discovered your suspicion of mademoiselle, and following up this clew, step by step, I arrived at a solution which explained satisfactorily all that was dark and mysterious—the excitement of the mayor upon the occasion of the murder, and the glove. Again the motive power was love, but this time the love of a man. Do you understand me, monsieur?"

"But too well," replied Aristide. "You think Leon Dantan stole that glove?"

"I do. I am satisfied that he thought he recognized it, and immediately took the one course necessary to protect the young girl — that is, the removal of that glove, which might have convicted her."

"Monsieur Guimand, you argue well. Nothing but my positive knowledge of the innocence of the young lady keeps me from being affected by the strength of your reasoning. But what about the second crime?"

"There, monsieur, I am still in the dark, and it was to make my way out of this obscurity that I have been, night after night, filling that beastly Russian with Mère Ponisse's best cognac. A man dealt the blow that prostrated Pauline Robert. This Orloff is tall enough and strong enough to have been the assailant; but if you will believe me, not a word have I been able to extract from him that could afford me the slightest glimpse of light."

Aristide, who had been musing for some time, scarcely conscious of what the other had been saying, now suddenly exclaimed:

"But how do you explain this new engagement between Mademoiselle Zortichoff and the mayor?"

"Ah!" replied the agent, with a meaning smile; "Monsieur Leon has known how to use the secret in his keeping to advantage. Mademoiselle is paying for her safety with her hand."

"No, no! I tell you the lady is innocent."

"Of course; but Monsieur Dantan does not think so."

Aristide Vis sat stunned and overpowered—crushed beneath these weighty proofs, which one by one the agent hurled at him, until he was almost tempted to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

The man's explanation was so natural and so conclusive; everything seemed clear that had formerly been obscure, so that he found himself almost unable to credit that this was not the truth. He shuddered to think of this peril from which he had just saved Valiska.

All the horror and shame of a public accusation rose up before him. Surely it could not have been chance alone that brought him that night to La Bonne Colombe, but rather some protecting genius, who watched over the innocent and friendless girl.

The agent continued to speak, but his words fell unheeded upon Vis's ear. The moments slipped by, but the mind of the visionary traveled round and round in a circle of thought—a phantasmagoria, in which Leon Dantan, Henri, Valiska, and other dim and ghostly shapes, formed the central figures.

It was with a cry almost of pain that the young man suddenly awoke from his dreams to the consciousness that some one was shaking him by the arm.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the quiet, impassive voice of the agent from Paris; "pardon me for disturbing you, but you are unaware of the lateness of the hour; and see! the *garçons* are about to close the house. Before we part, one last favor. You have preserved me this night from the commission of an error which would undoubtedly have proved my ruin. In return I have been perfectly open with you—have laid bare to you all the evidence which led me to this singular mistake, and in which, without knowing it, you were my accomplice. Promise me to keep this interview a secret. My search must begin anew, and any warning, no matter how slight, might balk me in the chase."

Aristide hastened to assure the man that the whole affair should be kept inviolate, and having obtained from Guimand his present address, the two men separated, the philosopher to his Hermitage, the spy to fade away into the darkness of the night.

Chapter XXV.

Valiska, apparently unconscious of the terrible danger from which she had been so miraculously preserved, thanks to that fortunate interview between Aristide and the agent, was enjoying to the full all the delights of her new position.

Leon Dantan, not only on account of his official character, but also by reason of his wealth and intelligence, was justly considered the first citizen of Abois, and as his promised wife, Mademoiselle Zortichoff was overwhelmed with adulation and attention.

All this she received with an easy grace, with a calm, unmoved dignity, as if this public homage was but her due.

There had been at first a slight but marked constraint between her and Henriette, but this had apparently disappeared to give place to the old tie of friendship, though it was but too plain that a shadow now marred the intercourse between the young girls, formerly so open and unreserved.

Madame d'Aubrac was of course indignant, and inveighed loudly against this sly creature, who had entrapped a man old enough to be her father. It was

useless for Mademoiselle Rousel to undertake the defense of her uncle's *fiancée*. Angelique, as usual, would not listen to a word.

The dislike which she had conceived for Valiska at first sight had never changed. She declared herself shocked at the open and unblushing manner in which this young girl had angled for a husband. She had always had a bad opinion of Valiska, and now she was satisfied there was no limit to the guilt of which the creature was capable. She must have a bad, depraved heart indeed—a sordid, mean, mercenary spirit—to sell herself in that way.

"Love? Did Henriette say love? Pshaw! love was out of the question; that girl could not love. Love, indeed! Did Henriette want to drive her into a passion? Thank God! she had read mademoiselle's character from the first, and this engagement was but another proof that she had not been mistaken in her reading."

And the little lady went on working herself into such a fury that Henriette Rousel wisely abandoned the subject. Meanwhile that pale, beautiful face was a subject of constant study to Aristide.

A slight smile had taken the place of that expression of sadness which had formerly shadowed the lovely countenance. To him the sculptured features were a marble mask, under which he strove in vain to penetrate, that he might read aright the wild emotions at war within the young girl's breast. He alone, beneath that deceiving smile, could see the anguish which wrung this tortured heart. He alone, in the depths of those dark-gray eyes, could read the melancholy submission to the stern call of necessity.

Valiska's face was to him a tragedy, and the more he studied it the less satisfied was he with the present condition of affairs. This conflict of passions, how would it end?

Besides this study of Mademoiselle Zortichoff, another trouble tortured and harassed the philosopher. The poisoned arrow of suspicion with which the police agent had pierced his breast still rankled and festered in the wound. Could the man's words be true? Could it be that the Leon Dantan whom he had learned to admire and respect was really a base and mean-spirited wretch? a wretch capable of taking a low and cowardly advantage of the fears of a young girl, to force her into a hated union?

Did Dantan believe in Valiska's guilt? if so, how could he, the esteemed and respected citizen, intrust the honor of his name to a woman whose hands were red with the blood of his friends. It was revolting, beyond credence, and yet often as he repelled with indignation these base suspicions, as often did they return to worry and annoy his distracted brain.

How diligently had he labored to find a satisfactory solution to the exchange of gloves? Here was a solution that bore on its face the stamp of truth?

While these vexing thoughts were disturbing the peace of the philosopher, the young people of Abois were following up with avidity the round of amusements initiated by Madame d'Aubrac. The review and the ball of the mayor had spurred every one into activity, and receptions, balls, dinners, followed each other in rapid succession. Every method by which pleasure and enjoyment could be extracted from the idle hours were eagerly seized upon.

Higher and higher rose the pyramid of roses which was to hide away from the sight of all the gloomy spectre. Forgetfulness was to be found only in continued occupation, and, with Angelique for their queen, they hurried on, never stopping, never looking to one side. Drowning depressing thoughts in champagne and burgundy; gay, light-hearted, and careless, as if the darkness of the past had vanished for ever. The utmost fertility was displayed in devising new amusements, that the round of gayeties might be unbroken.

Boating on the little river became fashionable, and the chance discovery that the horses of some of the hussar-officers would carry ladies led to the formation of equestrian parties. The Baroness d'Aubrac was a good horsewoman, and her mare was a familiar object to the idle loungers of the Bois. But in this species of diversion she found herself eclipsed by Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

Valiska was a bold and fearless equestrian, and the ease with which "La Cosaque" managed her steed was the admiration of all, especially the gentlemen. Leon Dantan was ever by the side of his beautiful *fiancée*, and under the charm of her presence the look of pain and suffering gradually faded away from his face.

It was a gay party, indeed, who turned into one of the country roads and spurred their horses into a brisk trot. It was a cool, pleasant evening toward the middle of Autumn; the brown leaves were fluttering down from the tall chestnut-trees that skirted the side of the road, and protected the equestrians from the long slanting rays of the sun, now slowly sinking to rest behind the low hills which bordered the western horizon.

The blue sky, the warm sunlight, the fresh, invigorating breeze, stimulated and enlivened both the steeds and their riders; loud and prolonged were the peals of silvery laughter, and quick and sharp the badinage and repartee.

Bright eyes looked brighter, and soft cheeks grew flushed and rosy. Poor Henriette was the universal jest. Whatever might be her other accomplishments, as a horsewoman Mademoiselle Rousel was a lamentable failure, and her awkwardness called forth many a burst of merriment. Upon this evening, especially, it required the most constant care and watchfulness to preserve her from accident—a watchfulness and care which seemed only too pleasant a task to the young hussar-officers who fluttered around the lady.

Laughing and jesting over Henriette's troubles, they hurried on, urging their horses to a gallop, thus increasing the difficulty of the young girl's position, and doubling their own enjoyment.

A turn in the road soon hid the joyous party from the sight of two of their number, who alone had not shared in the amusement afforded by Mademoiselle Rousel.

This couple—a lady and gentleman—had reduced their horses' pace to a slow walk; they seemed unaware of the disappearance of their companions. There was an air of constraint in their manner toward each other as they moved silently along the now deserted road—a constraint which would have been noticeable even to a casual observer. On this evening, business of importance had prevented the attendance of Monsieur Leon upon his lady-love, and he had been forced to delegate that pleasant duty to his nephew.

It was the first time that Henri and Valiska had been alone together since the evening of the ball. None knew, none suspected, unless it was Aristide, the struggle which the girl had been making during the past days to conquer her love for the young man, who now rode so calmly by her side.

She feared to speak, lest even the tremor in her voice should betray her; and this silence, prolonged and unbroken, had gradually raised a constraint which had never existed in their intercourse.

It seemed to Captain Dantan that he must have offended Valiska, but while unaware of having committed any fault, he yet hesitated to ask for information.

Every moment the situation became more painful and disagreeable, and yet neither sought to put an end to it.

To Valiska, if not real happiness, this might be at least the nearest approach to happiness that she would ever know.

The man she loved was by her side. She felt like a moth fluttering around a devouring flame, which might consume her, but from which she lacked the courage to fly.

As for Henri, he felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and would willingly have had this *tête-à-tête* brought to an end, but knew not how to accomplish it. While he was racking his brain for some means to break this oppressive silence, Fate took the task out of his hands in a sudden and unexpected manner.

The low crackling of dry branches made itself audible, and pushing aside the thick bushes which at this point skirted both sides of the pathway, a woman stepped out into the open road. A tall and emaciated figure, clad in a loose jacket and skirt, with a man's hat of rough straw covering her head. Long, unkempt hair, almost white, hung down her back, and lent an air of startling wildness to her aspect.

All this Captain Dantan took in at a glance; for, terrified by the sudden appearance of the woman, Mademoiselle Zortichoff's horse, after rearing and plunging violently, suddenly dashed away at a furious speed.

With a muttered anathema, Henri spurred in pursuit. The race was a short but desperate one. Valiska's horse, getting the bit between his teeth, became entirely unmanageable, and swerving suddenly at a curve in the road, threw her violently to the ground.

Henri was on his feet in a moment, and was bending over the insensible form. The pallid whiteness of the beautiful face sent a sickening pang through his heart —a fear lest this might be death. But a closer examination showed him that, whatever might be the injuries she had received, Valiska was at least still alive.

Immediate aid and assistance were absolutely necessary. Dantan looked around for the unfortunate cause of the accident, but the woman had disappeared. He was delighted to perceive at no great distance down a narrow lane, which entered the road at a point near the spot where Valiska had been thrown from her horse, the outlines of a low, irregular building.

Without a moment's hesitation he raised the still unconscious girl in his arms, and hastened in the direction in which he judged that help might be most quickly obtained.

The two or three hundred yards which intervened between the main road and a rough wooden fence which surrounded the cottage were soon traversed, and passing through the open gateway, whose broken gate hung dangling by a single hinge from its post, Henri found himself in a small inclosure, immediately in front of the house.

This had at one time perhaps been cultivated as a garden, for even yet some coxcombs and marigolds, and other coarse and hardy flowers, struggled bravely for existence with the tall grass, rank weeds, and tangled brambles, which had strangled and choked out the life of the frailer and more tender blossoms.

Six or seven apple-trees were dotted about, their ragged and unpruned branches, heavy with the half-ripe fruit, and the tall suckers growing luxuriantly around the roots, bearing token to the small amount of care wasted upon their cultivation.

The hut, or, rather, hovel—for it scarcely deserved a better name—was a low one-story building, with a thatched roof and weather-boarded walls. It was in the last stage of ruin and decay.

The thatch was torn and pierced with large holes, and overgrown with slimy, mossy fungus. The weather-boarding was cracked and broken, leaving large gapes and crevices, through which the interior of the building was visible.

A tall brick chimney had formerly stood at either end of the house, but one of these was entirely destroyed, and the other in little better condition.

A door, and two small windows, were the only openings through which air and light were admitted. The windows had once been glazed, but the place of the broken panes of glass was now supplied by dirty and frowsy articles of clothing or pieces of pasteboard.

It was a scene of ruin and desolation painful to behold, but the human creatures who added a touch of animation to the picture formed even a still more pitiful spectacle.

Upon a clumsy wooden bench near the open doorway a young woman sat, lazily basking in the last rays of the setting sun.

At her feet, a child of two years of age was playing with a tiny black-and-white kid, whose feeble bleating was answered by the loud and sonorous notes of its imprisoned mother.

The young woman—or, rather, girl, for she had barely passed the verge of girlhood—was a wreck, far more sad than the ruin and devastation which surrounded her. Like the garden, she might at one time have been beautiful, for even yet traces remained of vanished loveliness —loveliness crushed out by the hand of poverty and suffering.

The rounded cheeks had sunken away till the cheek-bones were visible, and exposure to the sun and wind had roughened and embrowned the complexion. The large dark eyes were fixed in a glazed and vacant stare, and the soft brown hair fell down upon the half-naked shoulders in a tangled and disordered mass.

The form, once plump and rounded, had become gaunt and angular, and the slender hands were soiled and disfigured by labor. Her costume consisted of a loose jacket and skirt. But the gay hues of the jacket had long ago faded away, and both it and the blue serge skirt were tattered and torn.

The little child gazed with round-eyed astonishment, as Dantan, with Valiska in his arms, approached the group; but the young woman appeared entirely unaware of her visitors, staring straight in front of her, in a dull, lethargic reverie.

To Henri's request that "she would show him a place where mademoiselle could rest for a few moments," she made no reply, nor did she seem at all conscious of his words. A second repetition obtained no better success, but when for the third time Dantan reiterated his request, in a loud and rather angry tone of voice, the girl seemed gradually te become aware of his presence. Two or three times she passed her hand over her face, as if she was struggling in a dazed and confused manner to recall her scattered senses.

At length she seemed aware for the first time of the presence of the young man and his lovely burden, and gazed with a stupid astonishment and admiration on the beautiful countenance of Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

The pale face seemed to make a deep impression upon

her, for, after some moments, she abruptly broke the silence, speaking in a shrill and discordant voice.

"Is she dead? Is she dead? Did he strike her?" cried the strange creature, fixing her vacant eyes upon the young man's face. "But, no," she continued, suddenly changing her mood, and breaking into a low laugh;

TOO HOT.

"but, no — how silly I am! how could he strike her, when he is dead himself—dead, dead, dead and buried under such a fine green mound, and with a tall, handsome pillar over it. Oh, yes, they thought Delphine did not know about it, and Mimi locked me up in the house; but, ha! ha! we climbed out of the window, Bébé and I, and—and——" drawing nearer, she grasped Dantan by the arm. "Did you ever see a funeral?" she demanded, in a grave, inquiring tone. "Is it not a fine show? and his—oh, his, was so fine! all the horses and the plumes, and the men with their black cloaks, and the citizens with flowers—so gay, so gay! They thought I knew nothing about it, but I was there and saw it all." Then, with another sudden change: "Is she dead? is she dead? did he do it?" she again demanded, with an abruptness that startled her hearer.

The incoherent language of the girl satisfied Henri that it would be vain to expect assistance from her, and without further delay he entered the cottage. An open doorway showed him a room, in which was a small pallet. On this he quickly placed his inanimate burden, and eagerly sought some means by which to restore her to consciousness.

The interior of this room was as ruined and dilapidated as could well be conceived. The plastered wall was broken in many places, showing the rough laths and scantlings. The furniture consisted, in addition to the pallet upon which Valiska was lying, of a deal table and a chest of drawers of coarsely-painted wood. On this the young man perceived a brown earthenware pitcher, which to his delight he found to be filled with water. Quickly soaking his handkerchief, he began to bathe with the utmost solicitation the snowy forehead of the unconscious girl.

In the meanwhile the young peasant had followed, and now stood in the open doorway of the room, gazing at him with a look of stolid and stupid astonishment. After a few moments she approached the bed, and sinking down on the floor beside him, smoothed in a timid, frightened manner the soft blonde tresses streaming in confusion over the only covering of the miserable couch.

"Pretty, pretty, oh, ain't she pretty?" the poor creature babbled to herself. Then, with that startling abruptness which had formerly marked her conversation, she said to Henri: "Oh, yes, a funeral is fine, but then a *fête* is finer—oh, ever so much finer; all colored lights and fine dresses, and beautiful women and gay men in red coats—yes, yes, I was there, I and Mimi; Mimi took me there. What did we go for?" She stopped and seemed to consider, passing her hand confusedly over her forehead. "Oh, yes, we went to see him; he was there. Mimi and I were hiding in the bushes, watching, for he was with such a fine lady—a fine lady—a fine lady——" Again the chain of thought was broken, and the girl relapsed into her babbling repetition of "Pretty, pretty, pretty."

While the crazy woman was prattling in this incoherent manner, the young man had continued his efforts, and soon to his delight Mademoiselle Zortichoff began to evince signs of returning life. She heaved a deep sigh, and opening her eyes, gazed confusedly around her; the first sight she beheld was the handsome face of the young man, who bent over her with affectionate anxiety imprinted upon all his features.

In that moment everything was forgotten except the love which filled her torn and bleeding heart; the emotion against which she had struggled so long and bravely now swelled into power irresistible and beyond her control, bursting all the frail barriers with which she had sought to curb it, and hurrying her along to a confession of her miserable secret.

Without a thought of what she was doing, she yielded to her feelings, and throwing her soft arms around his neck, drew him closer and closer to her, murmuring in a low, thrilling voice, "My darling! my darling! my love!"

In the next instant her lips were pressed to his in a long and burning kiss.

(To be continued.)

AGNES LANSKORONSKA'S DEATH.

Madame le Marquise de Crequi in her interesting memoirs tells a curious and true story. The Prince and Princess de Radziwill adopted their little orphan niece, Countess Agnes Lanskoronska, and had her educated with their children in the castle of Neuremska, in Galicia. A large saloon, used for state balls, dark, magnificent, and paneled in oak, divided the suite of apartments occupied by Agnes and her cousins from those of Prince Radziwill and his wife. It was necessary to pass through it to go from one end of the chateau to the other, unless one went by the garden, an inconveniently roundabout way. For this saloon Agnes, then aged five, manifested an unaccountable aversion, and such was her disinclination to pass through it, that if forced to do so she fell into convulsions. When questioned as to the cause of her fright, she gave as her reason the terror with which a large picture of the Cumæan Sibyl, by Titian, inspired her. This picture hung over one of the lofty doors, had a massive gilt frame surmounted by the arms of the Radziwills, and as it represented nothing likely to terrify a child, the Prince treated his niece's abhorrence as babyish caprice, and insisted on her passing through the room like every one else; but always with the same result. The more sympathizing Princess at last interceded for the little girl, and as her husband did not choose to have the *chef d'œuvre* of his collection located in a lumber-room, he unwittingly allowed Agnes to pass outside, through the court, or by a terrace in the garden. A little sedan was got for her use, in which she was carried in wet weather, and for twelve years she went round, Winter and Summer, at least three times a day. Prince Hohenlohe tells the sequel.

When Agnes had completed her seventeenth year, she was very lovely. Amongst her suitors, the favored one was Prince Wisnowiski. To do honor to her betrothal, her aunt and uncle invited about fifty or sixty of the neighboring nobility, with their children; and after the banquet, the young people, to amuse themselves, proposed a diversion known in Poland as *la course du roi*. Agnes was placed at the head, in compliment to the high rank of her *fiancé*, and had to lead the merry procession through different rooms. Some of her friends bantered her on her dislike for the saloon, which they declared the finest in the house, and best suited for their games, and she, unwilling to disappoint them, consented to lead them thither. At the door she stopped, turned pale and seemed almost fainting, then refused to enter. Her lover with tender words laughed at her fears, then jestingly tried to push her in. She clung frantically, despairingly to the doorposts; but he was the stronger, and getting her past the fatal threshold, pulled the doors to, and held them fast. A weak despairing voice from within cried, "I am dying; save, oh, save me!" and was answered by a peal of merry mocking laughter from without. It still echoed from the vaulted roof of the gallery,

when there was a crash, a heavy fall, a scream so shrill it froze the jest on Wisnowiski's lips. He dashed open the door, and there, dead, bathed in her blood, lay his betrothed. The struggle at the door had loosened the fatal picture; it fell, the gilded iron armorial bearings that crowned it striking the unhappy Agnes on the forehead, and justifying her sorrowful presentiment.

LOVE'S BRIEF STORY.

In the golden Summer weather,
By a daisy-bordered stream,
Strolled we hand-in-hand together,
Dreaming o'er love's olden dream.

Now alone I sadly wonder
O'er the meadows bleak and brown;
I am here, and she is yonder—
Where my sun went darkly down.

A WITLESS THING.

"A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted."
—*Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

"Now remember, Lord Grayton," said the doctor, solemnly, "all I told you. You are very welcome to come to our ball, though, as a rule, we only ask a certain set of wise men and maidens who know our ways and their ways. Still, you are good-looking, humorous and cheery, and if you are sensible you can enjoy yourself, and maybe do them a world of good. I believe in electricity as a curative agent—not the quack nonsense of belts and chains and musical boxes, that only shake the nerve-centres, but the real electricity of animal spirits, the tonic of good health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid," said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, muscular young man, strong as a horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back after a self-imposed exile of five years in India with the big game; "but tell me of all those confounded cautions again. I did a lot of dancing of various kinds years ago before I went after the tigers"—and he laughed as mingled memories of Mayfair and the Lotus Club swam back to him—"and I've tried both the *Corroboree* and *Salonga*; but 'pon my honor, I never danced with a lunatic girl yet."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the doctor, grimly; "they are to be met with outside Copswood, I can tell you. However, listen: the rule is simple. Be civil and don't contradict. If old Crackton asks you to play chess, play. He's a good player, and will beat you fairly if he can; if he can't, he'll make a false move and call 'checkmate,' and you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks you are the prince, and 'Sires' you all over the place, and throws out hints about being asked to Sandringham; if you are asked to listen to the chiming clock in Baker's interiors, or to avoid touching some one else because he's glass and might break, you must do your best to be courteous to them all, and on no account laugh at their fancies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the ladies?"

"I'll see to that, and introduce you to the nicest, and tell you what to avoid speaking about; the men will make the talking for themselves; the women don't talk much."

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And what am I to talk about?"

"Everything save one thing—the Empress of Austria, or white roses, or Mr. Malleck, or black stockings. I'll give you the cue, never fear; only it may happen that one of them will ask you to dance, and then you must steer as best you can—talk society or art on chance. My own girls and their friends get on famously with the male patients, and you must do your best. Come, you are going to be our best tonic to-night, and you must be off and dress; nine o'clock sharp, mind, as they all go to bed at midnight."

"Queer thing, this," soliloquized Grayton, as he completed an elaborate dressing, "beginning my first season after five years by dancing with a lot of lunatics. Hope they won't wear straw in their hair; if they do, I shall bolt to the Congletons' dance."

He had many strange adventures that evening as he strolled about the pretty ballroom at the Copswood private asylum.

He was duly defeated at chess by the venerable Crackton, who deliberately slid back a captured queen on the board, and performed prodigies of valor with her.

He sympathized with a gentleman who had swallowed a crocodile, and he noticed the pale, cadaverous man who amused himself by counting the lights on each side of the room, and singing softly to himself, "Sorry I can't admit it—sorry I can't admit it!" He had been an acrostic editor once upon a time.

He noticed the fussy little man, with a pale-blue shaven face, who wanted to stage-manage the sixteen lancers, and who piteously entreated the dancers to "go back over all that again, please, and try and get it crisper," and the erratic journalist who wrote paragraphs on his shirt-cuffs, and many other strange folk that passed by in the motley pageant of unsettled reasons.

"There's King Lear," whispered the doctor, as "a very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upward," passed them, muttering of "Brighton A's." "You know who he was?"

And he whispered a name in Grayton's ear that made that nobleman whistle softly.

"And are there any Ophelias, 'whose young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life'?" asked Grayton, showing that he knew his Shakespeare as well as the doctor.

"Yes; but we keep their secrets. Now go and dance."

And the doctor took King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

It was a sad, weird sight altogether, and as Grayton watched it, it reminded him of Kaulbach's "Dance of Death," and he felt oddly morbid as he thought of his own lonely life.

He had once loved, and given his heart to a woman whom he had both idealized and idolized. He had youth, brains and position, and with her he felt he could conquer the world.

It was an old story. She turned out to be as loveless as she was lovely, and so he took to the tigers.

He had got over it all now; but he shuddered as he remembered the fret of it all, and thought how near madness he had been driven when he heard of her ultimate fate, and where her life had drifted to.

So there were Ophelias here! More like Audreys, he thought, as he watched some rather uncouth gamboling in a corner.

His eyes wandered round the room, and rested at last on a face.

It was an exquisite oval face, somewhat sad and wistful in expression, of that rare, delicate olive color one sees in the South, with the skin of so fine a texture that the red flush springs up through the vein-tracery at a moment's excitement.

The large brown eyes were soft and dreamy, the chiseled mouth was half-parted, and the dark-brown hair, looking black as night, was worn, Greek fashion, close to the head, sweeping in undulating lines past the tiny, rose-tipped ears.

She was seated on a low sofa, carelessly clasping one knee with both hands. She wore a simple white frock, just mysteriously frilled round the little white column of a throat, and a great black-red rose nestled in her breast.

FAIR INDOLENCE.— FROM A PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

One little high-arched foot, in peach-colored netted silk, kept swinging to the music.

No one seemed to talk to her except the doctor, who

A WITLESS THING.—"SHE WAS SEATED ON A LOW SOFA, CARELESSLY CLASPING ONE KNEE WITH BOTH HANDS."—SEE PAGE 335.

smiled pleasantly as he passed and said something, to which she answered with a nod.

"Ophelia at last!" said Grayton to himself.

And in melancholy vein he wished he were Hamlet, and could lie at her feet and watch the play.

"'Poor Ophelia! divided from herself and her fair judgment!'"—the quotation was irresistible. "I wonder what sent her here? Some brute of a man, or a soldier-lover killed at Kassassin. Gracious! I hope this terrible Meg Merrilies is not going to ask me to dance," and he moved away, as he saw a wild-eyed woman bearing down upon him, to a seat somewhere nearer the pale girl with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he tried to magnetize her.

At last their eyes met. He stared her full in the face.

She never shrank from his look, only a sort of pitying light seemed to glow in the sorrowful eyes.

A moment passed, and then she rose quietly and with perfect self-possessed grace walked over to him—to his intense astonishment sat quietly down by his side, and said, in a soft, musical voice:

"You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."

For a moment he was tongue-tied; then he recollected his instructions and pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do, then. Of course, being here naturally makes one feel sad. But we won't talk of that," she added, quickly. "Do you care for dancing? I'll dance with you, if you like."

"Dance—with you?"

"Oh, yes, if you like; many of the others dance."

"How calmly she seems to recognize her sad state!" thought Grayton, as he stood up and passed his arm round poor Ophelia's slender waist, wondering how she would "jig and amble." They were playing the "Dream-faces," and as they swung in undulating rhythm to the pretty song, he felt that few slips of sane seventeen could come up to her.

"That's right," said the doctor, encouragingly; "set a good example."

"Means I'm to be a tonic, I suppose," thought Grayton; so he carried off Ophelia for an ice.

"You dance beautifully," she said. "No, *you* sit down, and I'll get you the ice; there now, there's a spoon and a wafer; now you feel comfortable, don't you? Isn't that a lovely valse?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-faces'; the people one meets in dreams are generally vastly nicer than the real folk. I have many dream-friends."

"Have you?" she said, looking amused; "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm marrried to a dream-wife—just like Gilbert's Princess Toto, you know, with her dream-husband. And she comes to me sometimes and scolds me if I've done anything wrong in the day: and sometimes she's very loving, and sometimes she's cross and doesn't come near me for weeks."

He felt as if he were telling a fairy tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more of her! Is she beautiful? What is she like?"

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse her, so he went on drawing pretty pictures of an ideal woman: then growing unconsciously eloquent, he burst out:

"Ah, if one could only meet her alive, what a wife she would make! a very second self, aiding, sympathizing, helping, loving—at once the cheeriest of chums and the most idolized of idols."

She had flushed a little as he spoke, but she went on:

"What a pretty picture! Where did you get your beautiful thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream-girl taught me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if deliberate, barefaced compliment would be a good tonic for a lunatic.

"Yes, beautiful. She has large brown eyes, wonderful hair, a low voice, an olive oval face, she dances superbly, and she wears a black-red rose in her white dress."

Ophelia looked a little frightened.

"Forgive me, I didn't mean to be rude, but she is—really, you are not angry with me!" and he laid his hand gently on hers.

"Oh, no!" Then there was a pause. "Come, and let me show you some pictures; I'm something of an artist myself;" and she led him into a long gallery, and talked art so sensibly and sympathetically that here, at all events, he felt there was a very pleasant method in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture; but he preferred to affect ignorance, and asked the stupidest questions simply for the pleasure of hearing her talk. There was a kind of innocent dignity about her that fascinated him. She was more like a Vestal Virgin than a Bacchante. So the evening passed all too quickly, till he suddenly bethought himself that there was an important division in the Lords that night, and that he was bound to be a "not content" before the clock struck eleven, and after that he was due at Lady Congleton's dance.

"Must you go away?" she said; "why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those much-abused people that the Radicals call Hereditary Legislators, and as I'm not abolished yet, I must be in our House at eleven."

Of course she could not have understood a word he said, for she murmured to herself, "Poor fellow! so young, too!"

He rose and held his hand out.

"Good-night; thank you for a very charming evening."

"Good-night," said Ophelia, tenderly.

"I should like a little memory of this meeting; will you give me that rose? I've been longing for it all the evening."

"Of course I will; why didn't you ask for it before?" and she took it from her dress and fastened it in his coat. "I shall see you again; there will be another dance here soon. How is it that I never saw you here before at one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said, gravely.

Why it was that Ophelia's eyes suddenly filled with tears he couldn't understand, but she left him with a quiet bow and went back to the dancing-room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I see," said the doctor, as Grayton came to say good-by, "though I must say it was rather selfish of both of you."

"Selfish! Why, I did all I could for her, poor dear girl!"

"Poor! Why, my dear Lord Grayton, she has six thousand a year of her own!"

"Dear me! And what is done with it?"

"She does what she likes with it; she helps all the big charities, and she helps me and Copswood in particular, and she generally does a lot of good to our poor people—picks up some one she takes a fancy to, and cheers him up a bit. She's one of my best tonics, and this is the first time I have noticed that she never

danced once with a patient; that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! Then she—she isn't—a—patient herself?"

The doctor laughed till the tears rolled down his jolly face.

"Bless my heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew, daughter of old Lord Polonius, and she's just one of the cleverest and sweetest girls in the world. I thought you knew her."

"Not I! She came over and spoke to me, and——"

"I see it all—took you for for a patient! Oh, this is too lovely!"

And the doctor was positively boisterous in his merriment.

Grayton bolted to the House, and, having duly recorded his vote against the Bill sent up from the Commons, for chloroforming grouse instead of shooting them, betook himself in a strange state of bewilderment to Lady Congleton's.

His hostess welcomed him warmly, like the returned prodigal that he was, and insisted upon introducing him to some one in whom she seemed to have a special interest.

"Really a delightful girl, Lord Grayton, quite after your own heart—devoted to art and philanthropy, you know."

Grayton was too full of thought to protest, so submitted meekly.

What were girls to him just then? He was thinking over Copswood as his hostess took his arm and they set out on a pilgrimage. A corner where a flock of owl-lamps were nestling was turned.

"Ah, here she is! Lady Mary Pettigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two will get on capitally."

And her ladyship was off, leaving Grayton staring vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could scarcely suppress a scream as she turned her head and blushed as deep as the rose he still wore in his buttonhole.

"Why, how—how did you get out?" she said, awkwardly.

"I never was in, Lady Mary; the fact is, I'm afraid there's been a little mistake on both sides. I only found out from the doctor as I left that you weren't a——"

She put her feathery fan up with a warning "Hush!" then said:

"What brought you there?"

"Curiosity; and you?"

"I often go there and try and do some good. I cheer them sometimes; but to-night! Oh, how wrong and stupid of me!"

There was a little pause as he looked at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

"Let us forget and forgive, Lady Mary. After all, you were very good to poor Hamlet!"

"And you were very nice and kind to foolish Ophelia. Listen! there's the 'Dream-faces' again; let us see if we can dance it in our right minds," she said, as she rose with a nervous smile quivering in the corners of her lips.

And it so happened that in a month they both came to their right minds, and the doctor was at the wedding.

THE first church erected on American soil is still used as a place of divine worship. It is situated just outside of the City of Mexico, and was built by Cortez during his second visit to that coast.

A WAVE.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

O BEING in thy dissolution known
Most lovely then;
O Life that ever has to die alone,
To live again;
O bounding Heart that still must bow and break
To touch thine end;
O broken Purpose that must failure take,
And death ward bend,
For the great tide to stretch from rock to rock
His shining way;
O wandering Will that from the furthest shock
Of sea-deeps gray,
Silver constraint of secret light on high
Leads safe to shore;
O living Rapture that dost inly sigh,
And evermore
Within thy joy the wailful voices keep:
I see thee now,
O Son of the unfathomable deep!
And trembling know
The crowned Shadow of man's opposites,
The forces dread
That sway him into being, blanched with lights
Of thunder bred;
A poised Passion wrought from central breath
Of whirling storms,
And evermore a deathless life in death,
That still re-forms.

And thou, man's prototype in varying moods,
Didst lonely beat
The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
With silver feet,
Through the great æons wandering forlorn
In search of him,
As rose and fell like vacant flames, lone morn
And evening dim,
Ere Light had grown articulate in love,
Or Silence knew
Herself as worship. Then didst thou ever move
Beneath the blue,
An incommunicable mystery,
About thy shore;
A visible yearning of the earth and sea,
That evermore
Flung out white arms to catch at some far good
Yet unfulfilled,
And failing sobbed and sank in solitude
With heart unstilled;
A voice that ever crying as of old
In deserts dumb,
With hollow tongue reverberate foretold
A Life to come.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

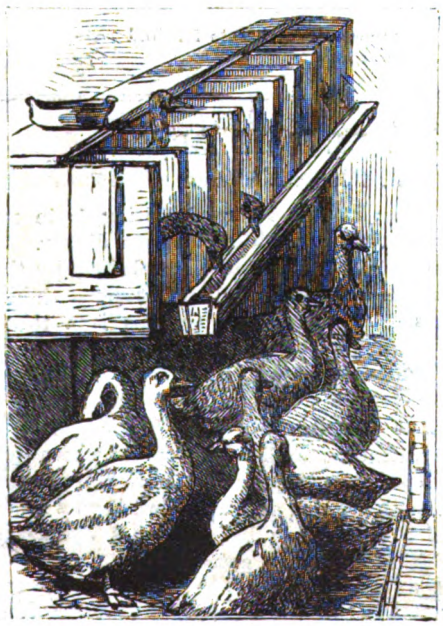
THE correct thing at this hour of writing is to eat *pâté de foie gras* during the middle of a swell dinner. It comes in as an *entrée*, and is muchly relished by the knowing ones whose digestions admit of luscious tidbits at perilous hours. That *pâté de foie gras* is a tidbit that wooes indigestion is beyond the region of controversy, and the human goose who partakes thereof, is as much of a goose as the unlucky bird whose liver has been enlarged that sybarites may dine.

Sidney Smith defined Paradise as a place where one eats *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of silver trumpets. This is a queer, quaint notion of heaven, but it goes far to prove that Smith thoroughly believed that dyspepsia reigneth not within the golden gates.

Within sight of the beauteous spires of Strasburg Cathedral, and inclosed by the grim fortifications erected by the tenacious Germans, *pâté de foie gras* is for the most

SMALL GIRL TENDING GEESE.

part prepared. The delicious morsel is, as is well-known, the liver of a goose that has been crammed or overfed—in fact, an enlarged liver. To Mathieu, cook to Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg, belongs the infamy of first inventing liver-pies. The manufacture has since developed into a profession. The quality of water is said to affect the fattening, some districts supplying much better livers than others. The sale of these pies in Strasburg amounts annually to $500,000. Where is the Alsatian Bergh?



THE GEESE ARE COOPED.

Let an Alsatian goose tell the story of his brief but not uneventful career. "I am a native of Alsace," says the goose, "but I do not meddle with politics. I have no special love for Frenchmen or for Germans. Bitter experience has taught me that these featherless creatures begin with kindness, only to end in cruelty. But let that pass. My earliest recollection is of a vast field, shaded by veteran oak-trees, and intersected by pools of stagnant water. Here I and a numerous flock of my brethren were placed under the care of a little girl, who passed her time in spinning hemp and in keeping us out of mischief, in which latter part of her business she was aided by a dog. So long as daylight continued, we spent our time in fishing up delicious morsels of food from the marshy ground, but just as soon as the sun went down, our active little commander-in-chief drove us off to the village. Such a commotion there used to be as we went to roost, for all took to their wings at once, and we banged and pushed against each other in the rudest manner, quacking and shrieking

READY FOR THE KNIFE.

enough to frighten any stranger who had never been in Gooseland.

"But this pleasant life of liberty did not last long. At the beginning of Autumn my master took me to Strasburg, whither one hundred and fifty thousand of my brethren are carried every year, and sold me to a 'fattener,' a cruel woman, who either by magic or by long experience can tell, directly she handles a goose, whether it is the right sort for stuffing till its liver becomes unnaturally big. Now my martyrdom began. I had bade farewell for ever to the green fields and the shady nooks under the old oaks. First I was fed on broad beans, afterward on maize scalded with hot water. Hungry or not, I was compelled to eat. The 'fattener' used to take me between her knees, keeping my wings imprisoned. With one hand she held my bill open; with the other she crammed maize down my throat till there was not room for one grain more. A little gentle exercise, or a fly through the air, would have aided digestion, but such privileges were rigorously forbidden. Instead of these, I was put into a slightly heated oven, where I experienced all the sufferings of seasickness without the relief of being able to vomit. During the last days of my tortures I was inflated like a balloon, and could only breathe by gasps. I was transferred to a cage open at the top.

CRAMMING BY THE "FATTENERS."

"Why did the 'fattener' watch night and day by our cages with a great knife in her hand? Alas! I too soon discovered. I saw a neighbor of mine in the next cage (he was an old village companion, and we had had many a romp together)—I saw this unlucky bloated fellow stagger and fall. 'Apoplexy,' I said to myself. I had scarcely murmured the words when the ogress (she was really a pretty young woman, and had a sweetheart who adored her) seized my poor old pal by the neck and cut his head off. He was then hung up in a cool place for twenty-four hours, when his liver, swollen to hideous dimensions, was taken out, and sold to a 'pie-maker.'

THE GOOSE-MARKET, STRASBURG.

The pie-makers give from three to six francs for these livers, according to size, as they form a chief ingredient in the *pâtés* or *terrines de foie gras.*

"I indite these memoirs from the centre of one of these precious concoctions, and I hereby give fair warning that I intend to inflict a terrible indigestion on the man or woman who dares to eat what was once part of ill-used me."

Thus graphically does the goose tell the tale of *pâté de foie gras*, and I greatly fear that, despite the fearful threat, I shall not be deterred from tasting a *pâté* on the next opportunity.

Is life worth living? It depends upon the liver.

THE CLEVERNESS OF MR. PARADISE.

Old Mr. Paradise was a vulgar old gentleman, whose chief merit was that he had raised himself by his own industry and ability from the humblest origin to the position of a merchant prince.

He had an only daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he was not unjustly proud. But though he was an indulgent father in most things, he made no secret of his intention that she should marry whom he pleased, and not choose a husband for herself.

Like most self-made men, he desired a son-in-law as rich as himself, and was particularly on his guard against needy fortune-hunters.

Unfortunately he had not the tact to discriminate between the latter class and would-be suitors whose prospects would, in the opinion of a less exacting parent, have justified them in aspiring to his daughter's hand. For instance, nothing could be reasonably urged against Acheson Balbernie, whose admiration for Ethel Paradise was honest and undisguised.

He was in the army, and was regarded as a highly promising young officer. Besides being a gentleman by birth and education, he had a very fair private income, and, in short, most parents would have regarded him as rather a good match.

But Mr. Paradise was by no means satisfied with the young man's prospects and position, and when it began to dawn upon him that matters were getting serious, he immediately assumed a most unmistakably hostile and aggressive attitude.

"I shall have to give that young Balbernie a bit of my mind, Loo," he remarked to his wife in an ominous tone one afternoon, observing the young man deep in an animated conversation with Miss Ethel. "He's always coming here."

"I'm sure, John, you particularly asked him here yourself," said Mrs. Paradise, uneasily.

"I asked the whole garrison for that matter," he returned, sharply. "If he had any proper feeling, he'd have stopped away."

"Why?" inquired his wife.

"Why? Because he isn't wanted here, that's why," answered Mr. Paradise, impatiently. "What he is up to is as plain as a pikestaff—he's after our Ethel."

"Well, I'm sure, John, he is a very nice young man," his wife ventured to say.

"He isn't good enough for me, and I'll tell him so at once," said Mr. Paradise, moving off with an angry frown toward the tennis-ground.

"Stay a minute, John," said his wife, imploringly. "I wouldn't say anything to him if I were you—not to-day. I—I think Ethel likes him, John."

"What!" roared old Mr. Paradise, growing very red in the face. "You think the girl likes him, and you've never said a word to me!"

Poor Mrs. Paradise looked painfully guilty, and seemed completely annihilated by her husband's furious indignation. She was a gentle, meek-spirited lady, who had long ago realized the truth of the old adage that riches do not constitute happiness.

When she married Mr. Paradise he was a struggling clerk, and in those days his temper was certainly easier to put up with. Prosperity had rendered him dictatorial and overbearing to a degree which caused him to develop into a domestic tyrant.

Forgetting his own origin, he was keenly conscious of his wife's homeliness and defective education, and attributed entirely to her the coldness with which the more exclusive of their neighbors regarded them.

He repaid her devotion by a sort of contemptuous tolerance, though he sometimes showed remorse when he had been more than usually harsh to her, and thereby demonstrated that his old affection had not entirely died away.

On this occasion, however, there was no sign of tenderness in the manner with which he regarded her. He stood over her with his hands in his pockets, and his thick evebrows knitted together in an ugly frown, as he said:

"There's been some hanky-panky going on. It's no use trying to deceive me. How do you know Ethel likes the young fellow?"

"Well, I think so," said Mrs. Paradise, shrinking beneath his gaze.

"You mean you know it. She told you so, I suppose," he exclaimed, reading her mind as clearly as though she had spoken.

"Yes, John; she did tell me so," said Mrs. Paradise, with a guilty start.

"I suppose you are going on to say they have got engaged, and you've been encouraging them behind my back," he said, still fiercely interrogating her.

"Ethel knows she cannot consider herself engaged without your consent, John," said his wife, plucking up a little spirit from sheer desperation. "When she told me, I said the matter must be kept secret until I had asked if you had any objection. I thought it better that I should break the news to you before Mr. Balbernie spoke."

"Well, I won't keep him long in suspense; and I shall have a word to say to you afterward, Loo, about what I think of your conduct," said Mr. Paradise, pale with anger, and controlling himself with a great effort, as he walked toward the door.

"John, John!" she cried after him, half rising from her seat.

"Well?" he said, impatiently, over his shoulder.

"Think of poor Ethel, John," murmured his wife.

"I am thinking of her, only you and I don't think alike on the subject!" he growled.

Poor Mrs. Paradise sank back in her chair with a very frightened look upon her face, and then endeavored to compose herself to chat with a neighbor who had just called.

She had done her best, poor thing, to avert the scene which threatened her daughter's happiness. She knew her husband too well to hope that he would consent to the engagement, and the utmost she had striven for was to mitigate the harshness of his refusal.

Unfortunately, even in this respect her interference proved unavailing.

Old Mr. Paradise, furious at the idea of having been

the victim of a conspiracy, did not measure the language in which he accused young Balbernie of mercenary motives.

When he chose to be deliberately insulting there was no one who could carry out his intentions more effectually. His command of coarse invective was only equaled by his utter want of delicacy and gentlemanly feeling, and the abuse he lavished upon his daughter's lover left him no alternative but to declare that he would never enter the house again.

When young Balbernie wrote to Ethel Paradise the next day, expressing his unalterable devotion to her, but stating his resolve never to darken her father's doors again, the girl felt compelled, under the circumstances, to write and release him from his engagement.

However spiritless and cold-hearted the course may appear, it was undoubtedly the proper one to pursue, and Mrs. Paradise joined with her husband in approving her action.

It soon became evident, however, that the poor girl had miscalculated her fortitude in making so great a sacrifice. She had broken off the engagement less from fear of her father than from a proper feeling of pride.

But the loss of her lover proved a blow which seriously affected her health. The upshot was that she was sent away from home to stay with some friends, while her father's satisfaction at having got rid of young Balbernie was considerably diminished by the suffering he had caused his child.

Meanwhile, Acheson Balbernie's regiment had been ordered to another part of the country, and old Mr. Paradise neither saw nor heard anything of him for some time.

After an absence of nearly three months, Ethel returned home, having apparently entirely recovered from her disappointment.

Old Mr. Paradise, whose pride and affection were centred in his daughter, was immensely relieved by the improvement he perceived in her, and felt that at length he could honestly congratulate himself upon having interfered to prevent what he considered would have been a most unfortunate marriage.

One day, however, he was walking through the grounds attached to his house, when he met his daughter's maid hurrying toward the lodge-gates with a letter in her hand.

Something suspicious in the girl's demeanor attracted his attention, and he had the curiosity to ask what her errand was. Old Mr. Paradise was accustomed to boast that he had the whole of his household under his thumb, and certainly all the servants stood in great awe of him. His overbearing and peremptory manners made them tremble before him, and the wretched girl almost went on her knees from fright.

On her replying that she was going into the village to post a letter for her young mistress, old Mr. Paradise asked to see it, and to his amazement found it was addressed to young Balbernie.

"I'll post this!" he said, gruffly. "But look here, now; take a walk down the village, and come back as if nothing had happened. Don't say you gave the letter to me. Don't say anything about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the girl, thoroughly alarmed by his tone and gestures.

As soon as the girl's back was turned, he opened the letter without the faintest scruples. Whatever he suspected, he was thoroughly taken aback by what he read. His daughter wrote that she had obtained her mother's consent to be married privately in town, and that her mother would make an excuse and accompany her to town on a day named in the following week, when the ceremony could be performed.

This was the gist of the letter, which contained allusions from which Mr. Paradise gathered, with rage and astonishment, that the lovers had recently met and become reconciled, and that his wife had connived at, if not actually suggested, the renewal of their attachment.

What infuriated him above everything else was that, judging from certain expressions in his daughter's letter, young Balbernie seemed by no means overawed by him, and one would have imagined that Balbernie was the rich man and he the poor one.

To say that old Mr. Paradise foamed at the mouth with rage and indignation would scarcely be an exaggeration. His daughter's disobedience, his wife's treachery, and young Balbernie's calm contempt for his parental authority, rendered him literally furious. He put the letter in his pocket and hurried toward the house as fast as his legs could carry him, bursting to give vent to his pent-up feelings.

But on arriving there he found a neighbor's carriage at the door as well as his own. This reminded him that he was due at the Local Bench, of which, for the time being, he was chairman, and the recollection of his judicial importance helped to soothe his angry agitation. It occurred to him, too, that he could not very well reproach his wife and daughter before visitors, but his impatience was so great that he could not bear the idea of stifling his wrath until the guests had departed. He therefore wisely resolved to keep his magisterial engagement, and reserve the scene with his wife until his return.

It was observed at the Local Bench that morning that a remarkable change came over the worshipful chairman in the course of the proceedings. At the opening of the court, there was a look of suppressed irritation upon his brow which boded ill for the unfortunate prisoners who were to come before him. But, half an hour later, he suddenly recovered from his ill-humor, and for the rest of the day his demeanor was, for him, quite amiable and inoffensive. The cause of this phenomenon was that, during a short pause which ensued between one case and another, a brother-magistrate had whispered to him behind his hand:

"I say, Paradise! Do you recollect that young Balbernie whom I introduced to you last Summer?"

"Yes, I do," he returned, shortly.

"Have you heard he has come in for a fortune—nearly half a million, they say."

"Really, now? How do you know?" inquired old Mr. Paradise, quickly.

"I saw it announced in a Scotch paper, but I had heard it before. An uncle died and left him everything. By-the-by, I heard he was spoony on your daughter, Paradise."

The next case being then called on, Mr. Paradise was spared the necessity of replying to this awkward remark. The news fairly took his breath away, but though he could scarcely realize it, it had the effect of banishing his evil temper. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had made a fool of himself; but, on the other hand, the discovery that his daughter and young Balbernie had come together again was now a great relief to him, instead of a source of anger and indignation.

Now that the young man was wealthy, even compared with himself—though, to be sure, he still had the satisfaction of feeling that he could "buy up" his future son-in-law if he chose—he saw no possible objection to the

marriage. He had no particular prejudice against young Balbernie personally, but rather the reverse, and it was satisfactory to find that he could, after all, honestly approve of his daughter's choice.

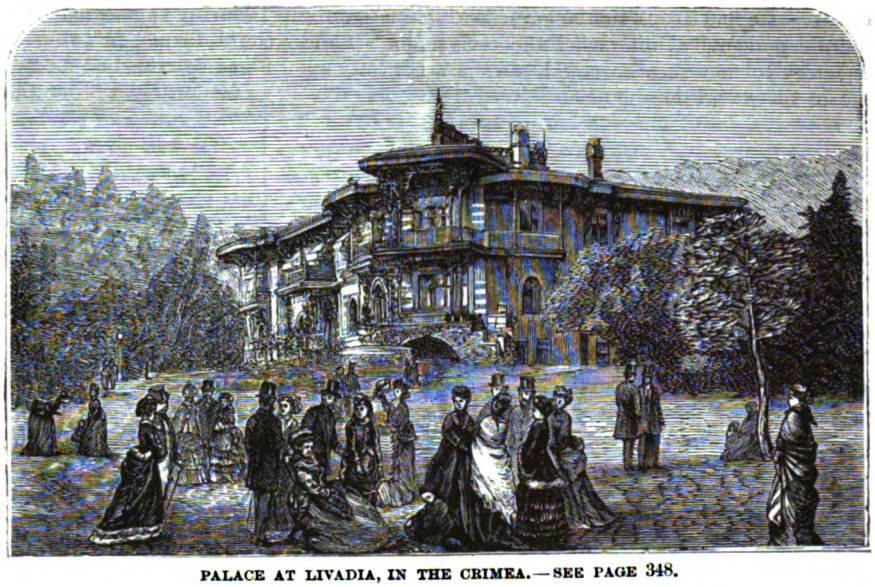
Having got what particulars his brother-magistrate could furnish of young Balbernie's good fortune, Mr. Paradise returned home in the best possible spirits, in joyful anticipation of the agreeable task of withdrawing

MEDITATION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

his opposition to his child's wishes, and bringing about the marriage without delay.

But he was a shrewd old gentleman, and during the drive home it occurred to him that upon the whole it might be wiser, under the circumstances, not to volunteer his consent. He had not much delicacy of feeling, but he could not ignore the fact that his sudden change of front would be attributed to its true motive. Moreover, it was possible that his future son-in-law, being now rich and independent, might refuse to be married under his auspices, and it would be awkward if the young man should publicly display his resentment. Upon consideration, therefore, he resolved to allow the conspiracy which he had discovered to take its course.

There was something in the notion which tickled his sense of humor; and the prospect of quietly looking on while his wife and daughter imagined he was ignorant of their proceedings promised to afford him amusement. When the marriage had taken place, he would be able to play the part of a magnanimous and forgiving parent, while his neighbors would not be able to accuse him of having brought about the marriage in consequence of his son-in-law's altered circumstances.



PALACE AT LIVADIA, IN THE CRIMEA.—SEE PAGE 348.

RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL

Old Mr. Paradise thought himself very clever indeed when he had arrived at this determination, and chuckled a good deal at his own acuteness. He first posted his daughter's letter, which he had fortunately opened in such a manner that he was able to seal it up again without leaving any conspicuous trace of its having been tampered with. He also took the precaution to bribe his daughter's maid, and had the satisfaction of learning that she had not mentioned that he had intercepted the letter.

These preliminaries being arranged, there was nothing further for him to do but quietly to await the issue of

ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT INKERMAN.

the conspiracy. He went up to town, however, and having looked up at his club the Scotch paper which his neighbor had referred to, he paid a visit to his lawyer.

With this exception he never stirred from home during the next ten days, but was highly amused by observing the nervousness and agitation of his wife and daughter. He often felt strongly tempted to mention young Balbernie's name, for the purpose of enjoying their consternation; but he refrained from doing so from his anxiety not to give the slightest ground for suspicion that he guessed what was in the wind. Besides, he was sufficiently diverted by watching the secret preparations which were going forward.

He derived a grim sort of satisfaction, in the midst of his good humor, from his wife's tremulous eagerness to appear calm and unconcerned. It was evident that her conscience smote her severely for her disloyalty, and that she was thoroughly cowed at the prospect of incurring his anger and indignation.

His daughter, on the other hand, had an air of quiet determination, in spite of her natural trepidation, which impressed Mr. Paradise with the conviction that perhaps after all his poor wife, in giving her countenance and support to the conspiracy, was only acting as she thought for the best in a desperate situation.

When the day fixed for the wedding arrived, Mr. Paradise started off early in the morning for a neighboring town, from whence he proposed, though he gave no hint of his intention, to travel to the city. He had learnt from the daughter's letter the name of the church where the ceremony was to take place, and he intended to be present as a spectator if he could creep in unobserved.

His wife had mentioned that she was going to take Ethel into town for a day's shopping, and he had gravely accepted the announcement, while secretly laughing in his sleeve. It is possible, had he known nothing, his suspicions might have been aroused by the manner in which his daughter clung to him when she kissed him before he left. Indeed, he almost broke down himself at that critical moment, and he found it necessary to assume an aspect of boisterous hilarity in order to hide his emotions.

Mr. Paradise managed to be present at his daughter's wedding. It took place in a large and gloomy church, and he contrived to mingle with the small crowd of passers-by, who had been attracted by the signs of the quiet wedding. Had Mrs. Paradise been aware that her husband was present as an approving spectator, she would have been spared a great deal of the distress which she plainly manifested.

Mr. Paradise was touched by her emotion, of which he guessed the chief cause, and felt half inclined to come forward. He did not do so, however, but waited quietly until the ceremony had been performed, when he slipped away, and, after a short interview with his lawyer, caught an early train home.

When Mrs. Paradise arrived back, later in the day, she was greeted by her husband, who met her in the hall, and at once inquired, in a perfectly natural manner, what had become of Ethel.

"I will tell you, John. Come into the dining-room," she said, leading the way with a faltering step and a face as white as marble.

Old Mr. Paradise followed, secretly gratified by his wife's fear-stricken aspect. But when she turned upon him, the agony of apprehension which was visible in her scared face and imploring gaze touched a chord of pity in his heart and disarmed his resentment.

"Never mind, Loo, old girl," he interposed, not unkindly, as she moved her pale lips to speak. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say Ethel has married young Balbernie."

"Oh, John! How did you guess?" she cried, clasping her hands, and staring at him in a terrified way.

"It was no use trying to conceal anything from me, Loo," he said, unable to resist the temptation of revealing his shrewdness. "I've known what was up for the last fortnight. Why, I went to the church this morning. But you needn't let out that I knew it before this moment," he added, hastily repenting of his rash confession.

"Then you will forgive Ethel, John!" exclaimed his wife, passionately, seizing his hand and kissing it.

"There! there! I supposs I must," he returned, with apparent reluctance. "She is our only child, and I dare say Balbernie isn't such a bad young fellow. In fact, Loo, I've done it already, and I've been and made a fool of myself."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, nervously.

"I didn't want my girl to go to her husband empty-handed," said the old man, with conscious pride; "so I went to my lawyer and I've settled a hundred thousand dollars on her. I guess there are not many fathers who could afford to do that without winking."

"Oh, John! It is good—it is noble of you!" cried his wife, hysterically.

"What's more," resumed old Mr. Paradise, as though resolved to outdo himself in generosity, "I'll write a letter to the young fellow, and say that I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. It's no good doing things by halves, Loo; and as he is our daughter's husband, we had better make the best of it."

He walked from the room as he spoke, leaving his wife too dazed to realize the full measure of relief and joy which his behavior brought to her. After a short interval, he returned with a letter which he had written to his son-in-law.

The letter was short, and to the point, but was decidedly cordial in its tone, and could scarcely fail to reconcile the young man to his father-in-law. Among other things, it mentioned the handsome settlement he had made upon his daughter, and inclosed was a check from him for two thousand dollars to enable the young couple to purchase a wedding-present during their honeymoon. This letter the old man went out and posted with his own hand then and there.

During the evening he caught his wife looking at him once or twice in rather an anxious, wistful manner, and being in high good humor, he said at length:

"What's up, old lady? Out with it. You've something on your mind."

"No, John, I haven't," she said, rather hastily. "I was only wondering if you had heard the report about Ethel's husband having come in for a fortune."

"Goodness gracious! What do you mean?" he exclaimed, with every appearance of extreme surprise.

"Oh! It is all right, then," said his wife with an air of inexpressible relief. "The fact is, he has been a good deal annoyed by a report which appeared in a Scotch paper. A cousin of his—almost a namesake—came in for a large fortune the other day, and every one jumped at the conclusion that it was he. He has been overwhelmed with congratulations, and I thought perhaps you had heard the news and that was why you—well—that was why you—you——"

"Loo!" cried Mr. Paradise, in a voice of thunder, after a short pause, during which he grew purple in the face. "It's perfectly disgraceful of you to think I could be such a mean hypocrite! I'm ashamed of you!"

BRONZE-CASTING.

THE history of bronze-casting carries us back to a date which is variously calculated at from 3,000 to 5,000 years ago. At some time within that period the first manufacturers of bronze weapons knocked on the head the old wielders of tomahawks in stone, just as the latter may be supposed on their part to have dashed out the brains of the aborigines who fought with bones and sticks, and just as the bronze-armed warriors were destined in their turn to be evicted by the men of iron swords and lances. A new and instructive light was thrown upon these phases in the history of human warfare by the discovery of the lacustrine dwellings on the shores of the Swiss and Italian lakes. These villages, locally called "palafittes," contain the most interesting vestiges of the Bronze Age, in the shape of implements and vessels which have been preserved in a wonderful perfect condition beneath the mud of the lakes. They were built upon piles extending from the shore to some distance into the water, so that on the disappearance of the inhabitants, great quantities of their utensils were precipitated into the lake, and there remained for twenty or thirty centuries, until dug up by modern explorers, and relegated to the museums of Aix, Chambéry, Milan and other places.

The researches lately made were not, however, successful only in finding the results of the ancient caster's art. They brought to light also some of the actual molds in which the casts were made. At Thonon, in Switzerland, one of such appliances was found, consisting of two flat pieces of sandstone, in each of which the half of a lance-head was carved, so that, by placing one on the other and fastening them together, a complete mold was formed, into which molten bronze could be poured through a hole provided for that purpose. The experiment was actually made; and a modern lance-head was thus produced from a pre-historic mold. From another specimen it would seem that the model had first been cut in soft wood; this had been covered with clay, forming a block, which was then fired or baked, during which process the wooden model was reduced to a cinder. The melted bronze was then poured in; the overflow of the metal brought out with it the charred wood of the model; and, on breaking open the block of baked clay, the object appeared in solid bronze. From the number of molds found in some of the palafittes, it is evident that regular workshops must have existed for the casting of bronze articles. What was the compound used in those remote days for a manufacture which seems to belong to a more advanced period of human history? The relics have been analyzed, and are found to consist of an alloy formed by the mixing together of copper and tin ores. The latter was often accidentally impure, and contained a mixture of other metals, such as lead, iron, nickle, antimony and silver; but the presence of these latter was not, it is believed, due to any set design of the manufacturer, but to the fact that it was impossible, or difficult, to obtain ores containing pure copper and pure tin.

One thing, at any rate, is certain, that no such thing as brass could have been known in early times, inasmuch as zinc, which is the joint compound with copper in producing it, was not known as a metal till the seventeenth century of our own era. This conclusion is now adopted on all hands; and the lexicons which give the old rendering for the classic word *chalcos* had better at once discard that translation in their forthcoming editions. Adieu, therefore, O ingenuous fifth-form boys, to the "shining brass" of your Homeric warriors. The swords, spears and breastplates which you have been wont to describe as brass were not of that metal at all, but of very much the same material as modern penny-pieces. Those amazing triumphs of early art, the ornaments of the Hebrew Temple—the laver standing in front of the altar, the molten sea, forty-five feet in circumference, standing on twelve oxen cast in metal—were not of brass, as so many of us have supposed; and even the brazen serpent would be more properly described as a bronze serpent.

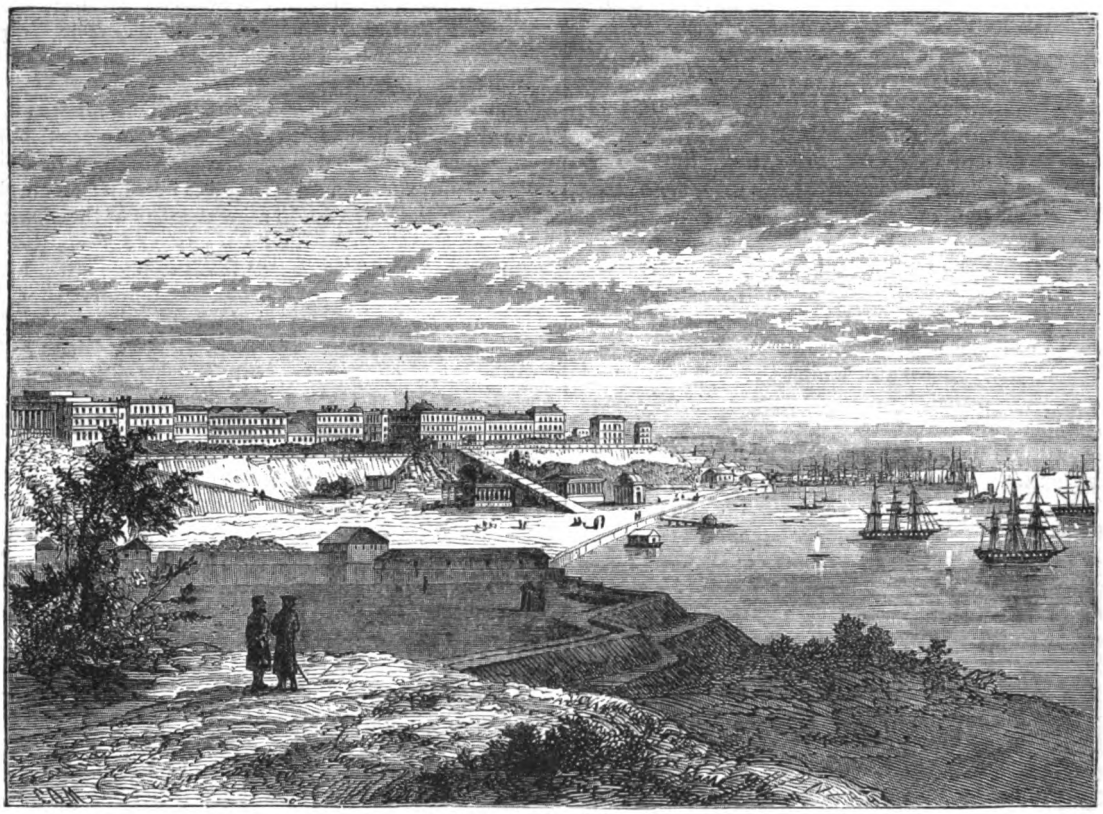
The grand problem in ancient metallurgy which is now dividing the minds of archæologists has reference to the disputed question where bronze-casting originated. On the one hand, we have the Assyrian, Jewish and Egyptian sculptures, showing signs that nearly 4,000 years ago the art was known in Babylon. The most ancient specimens of Assyrian bronze art in the British Museum are three figures, believed to have been made about 2,000 years B.C. which, according to Biblical chronology, would nearly coincide with the date of Noah's death. The Egyptians also used this metal in immense quantities and for every conceivable purpose.

One of the specimens in the British Museum dates from the reign of Thothmes III., 1445 B.C., and there is no reason to suppose that this is the earliest of them in point of date. Both the Assyrians and Jews employed Phœnician workmen to do a great many of their castings; and from this people—the chief navigators of antiquity—a knowledge of the art is supposed to have spread gradually to the European shores of the Mediterranean. Was it through their agency that the art was introduced into Switzerland and among the lacustrine dwellings? Some people think so, but the theory is combated by other authorities, who incline much more strongly to the opinion that the bronze vessels of the palafittes were the result of native workmanship, untutored by external instructors, and point out that the composite metal used is of a very different kind from that employed by the Asiatic workmen. Its peculiarity is the accidental impurity of the tin and the absence of any alloy of lead added of set purpose in order to improve the compound. Now in the Egyptian and Chaldean bronzes there is a very large admixture of lead—so large as occasionally to exceed the proportion of pure tin. If, therefore, the art had been brought to Central Europe by Phœnician traders, it is argued that the metals employed by the lacustrine peoples would have included not mere chance particles of lead, but a fixed and normal proportion thereof added in accordance with the Asiatic practice. Those who support this argument hold that the art originated in the palafittes, and that the tin required for it was brought from the famous tin-mines of Britain.

Casting *en cire perdue* by means of wax fixed round the model, and afterward replaced by the molten metal, is supposed by some critics to have been known to the ancient Egyptians. There are in the British Museum specimens of Egyptian figures which might certainly have been cast in this way, and three statuettes actually made of clay coated with wax, which look exactly as if they had been intended to be used as "cores" in this manufacturing process. But there seems to be no positive evidence on this point, and still less to show that the Greeks or Romans knew of the process, although no doubt they were well acquainted with the use of wax for taking impressions from hollow casts.

The recognized inventor of the *cire perdue* art was Benvenuto Cellini, whose "Perseus," executed for Cosmo dei Medici, is one of the most celebrated specimens known to the history of casting. He covered his model with a layer of wax, and covered the wax again with a mold of earth, leaving small passages or ducts communicating

from the wax skin to the outside air. The application of a strong fire hardened the earth, and at the same time melted the wax, which ran out through the ducts, and left an open space between the inside model or core and the outside cake of baked earth. Into this the molten bronze was run, and when it had cooled, the outer and inner shells were broken up, and the casting remained. Thus each model could only serve for one "impression" in bronze, and the system was abandoned in favor of others, which enabled numerous representations to be taken. The merit of the revival in the art which has now taken place in Brussels is that, by a system of doubling, the model castings may be multiplied almost to any extent, the original model remaining intact, although the core of the casting is each time broken up.



ODESSA, ON THE BLACK SEA.

FROM SEBASTOPOL TO KIEF.

By David Ker.

That celebrated invalid who, hearing that the Russian calendar was twelve days behind that of Western Europe, went to St. Petersburg that he might have twelve days longer to live, would have liked nothing better than a tour from Moscow to the Black Sea in the end of Autumn, to enjoy over again, even so late as October, all the warmth and freshness and brightness of dazzling July. On the sunny terraces of Kertch, amid the soft Italian beauty of Yalta, under the cloudless skies of Sebastopol, with butterflies hovering overhead, and bare-limbed peasants selling huge clusters of ripe grapes, one might well think of the bleak winds and chill, lowering skies, the lighted stoves and double windows, lately left behind in Northern Russia, as mere phantoms of a troubled dream.

But even this pleasing picture has its reverse. Once out of the smooth, landlocked harbor of Sebastopol, the sweep of the northeast wind, keen and *searching* as any Custom House officer, warns you that you are passing the frontier that divides Summer from Winter. The way in which the various races who throng the little steamer meet the situation is a curious study. The Turk pulls his white turban over his broad, swarthy, patient visage, and burrows deeper into his warm corner behind the smokestack. The Tartar rolls his greasy sheepskin tightly around him, and goes comfortably to sleep, with his feet in a basket of cabbages, and his head in a pool of dirty water. The Russian adds a fur coat and cap to the three or four paletots which he has already got on, and peers out of the bristling mass like an owl in an ivy-bush. The Frenchman walks the deck jauntily for about five minutes with the air of one leading a forlorn hope, and then suddenly disappears below; while the Englishman thrusts his hands into his pockets, and tramps doggedly to and fro in the teeth of the wind, with that look of stern resolution habitual to John Bull when dancing a quadrille, or performing any other act of painful duty.

Here sits a Russian merchant, broad, burly, florid, with an air of comfortable solvency in every crease of his double chin, surveying the view with the look of a man who has paid for it, and can think what he likes of it. There figures a stalwart young Westphalian, in one of those amazing caps characteristic of "Young Germany." He appears to be in close attendance upon his sister, one of those plump, melting damsels, with china-blue eyes and molasses-colored hair, who are never to be seen without a portrait of Schiller in their brooch and a handful of prunes in their pocket, and who, after flowing on for a whole evening in a slow, steady, canal-like current of sentiment, will sup upon sucking-pig and apricot jam with the appetite of a lion.

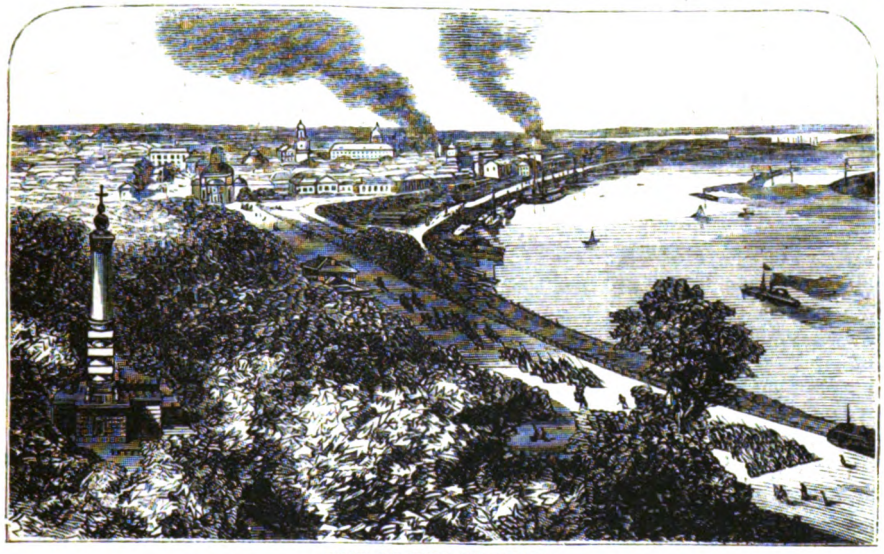
On one side of the quarterdeck appear a group of Russian ladies puffing paper cigarettes, and trying to look as if they enjoyed them; on the other stand some cadets from St. Petersburg, oppressively conscious of the gilt

buttons, and discussing the merits of the new opera loud enough to show all bystanders that they know nothing about it; while the background is filled with a medley of arms, limbs, cloaks, sheepskins — women devouring alternately grapes and salt cucumber, men playing cards with a pack constantly diminishing under the assaults of the wind; Greeks from Taganrog, Tartars from Balaklava, "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics" without number.

"Young lads and stooping elders,
That cannot bear the gale;
Matrons with lips that quiver,
And maids with faces pale."

Meanwhile, our steamer plows its way steadily onward, and we pass in succession the mouth of the historical Belbek, the dark ridge of the Alma looming gauntly against the lustrous sky, and the little cluster of white houses which the Czar Nicholas cursed with his last breath as "shameful Eupatoria"—just at which point we take our final leave of the coast, and strike boldly into the open sea.

SCENE AT KIEF DURING ANTE JEWISH RIOTS.



VIEW OF KIEF, IN RUSSIA.

And now, under the influence of rising wind and tossing wave, the dreaded "Minister of the *Interior*" begins to exact his toll in earnest. The Russian merchant goes through all the evolutions of seasickness with a quiet dignity which imparts a kind of grandeur to the whole proceeding. His worst agonies leave no trace upon that vast harvest-moon visage, and immediately after a terrible paroxysm he looks up smilingly in your face, as if he had just rendered you an important service. The jaunty cadets, on the other hand, are utterly extinguished, and hang limply over the bulwarks, too miserable to care about keeping up appearances any longer.

The young Westphalian, having seen his sister comfortably ill in the cabin, doubles himself up near the wheel, and croons a song (apparently without either tune, sense, point, beginning or end, save to bring in the words "beer" and

EUPATORIA.

"Vaterland" at the shortest possible intervals) with a perseverance betraying his certainty of being taken ill were he to pause for a moment; while the miscellaneous throng on the lower deck pay toll to Neptune with cheerful alacrity, and then return with new zest to their never-ending meal of black bread and watermelon, which, look at them when you will, appears to be always going on.

On landing at Odessa, the consciousness of being in Russia disappears altogether for the time being. It is a town with an Italian front and a French interior, neat, comfortable and uninteresting to the last degree. A number of straight, wide, dusty streets, as much alike as the ruled lines in a copy-book; several tall, scraggy churches, not unlike overgrown coffee-pots; two or three hideous statues, after (and very long after) the classical style; a vast sea-fronting boulevard, on which one may be stifled with dust in Summer and blown off one's feet in Winter, free of all charge—such are the chief attractions of Odessa. In a word, we ask at every turn, "Where are its Russian features?" and echo answers "Nowhere!"

The mist and rain that haunt our railway journey to Krementchug on the Dnieper (where we are to take boat for Kief), matter less inasmuch as there is nothing whatever to see, the panorama of the Russian steppes being conceived by multiplying a billiard-board unlimitedly, and subtracting the cushions. The general desolation culminates at Birzula, where the station is being enlarged to meet the requirements of a new branch line. The black, leaden sky, like a boundless sheet of wet blotting-paper—the long, stright line of rail losing itself in the brooding fog—the half-seen skeletons of the unfinished buildings, surrounded by heaps of bricks and piles of rotting timber — the muddy platform, stained with the impress of countless miry feet—the few sheepskin-clad figures, lounging about like men who have no object in life, all combine to make up a picture which might have driven Mark Tapley himself to suicide.

At Krementchug itself there is little to see, except the immeasurable plank bridge connecting the two halves of the town; nor is the first day's voyage up the Dnieper much more attractive. The steamers are dirty little tubs, overcrowded and overheated beyond description; the native passengers have an objectionable habit of smoking all day with the windows shut, and playing cards all night with four candles burning; and the scenery consists chiefly of sand-banks, which, with the tall, bare trees that bristle upon them, look like an endless perspective of canvas pincushions.

But, once past Kaniova, all this is forgotten. The dark waves of heathy hill, crested with a feathery spray of dancing leaves, which the rising sun touches with living fire; the vast bastions of bare, frowning rock, in whose sides nestle shady little dells heaped with masses of fallen stone, through which tiny rivulets run prattling to welcome Father Dnieper; the endless clusters of wood-crowned islets, mirroring their drooping boughs in the smooth waters below; the quaint little villages, peeping like shy children from amid their encircling forests—all these form a panorama to which no words can do justice.

But all this is nothing to the spectacle which bursts upon us when, sweeping under the mighty bridges that span the river from the Eastern Railway Station to the foot of the fortress-hill, we catch our first glimpse of the "Russian Jerusalem." Far and wide along the crest of the ridge and down its steep sides extends a wilderness of white towers, and golden cupolas, and green domes, and dark monuments, and graceful pillars, and many-colored houses, which, bathed in the short lived splendor of the Autumn sunshine, burst upon the eye in one dazzling blaze of glory.

Kief has indeed had a strange destiny. Originally the seat of Russian Monarchy, it has lived to become the hot-bed of Russian Nihilism; once the chief fortress of a tribe of fierce and warlike savages, it is now one of the most famous centres of learning in Eastern Europe. But to describe, as they deserve, its splendid university and formidable citadal, or the rock-tunneled catacombs that lie beneath its ancient monastery, is a task which cannot be attempted here.

THE CRUCIFIX MADE FROM THE HILT OF THE SWORD OF ALONSO X., IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

In the days of chivalry, many a gallant knight hung up his sword in some favorite shrine, in token of gratitude, to fulfill a vow, or to show that he renounced the world—

> "Glory," he cried, "with thee I've done;
> Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
> To tread fresh pathways now."

But such swords hung rusting in their scabbard, telling to all eyes the use for which they were formed, and recalling the battlefields where they had flashed. But the keen blade of Alonso X. has had another fate. When dying, he presented to the Cathedral of Santa Cruz, in Seville, the sword with which he led his troops to victory at Arcos, Medina, Sidonia, Castellaro, Jerez, and Puerto de Santa Maria. His body was entombed at Seville, but he wished his good sword "to look over to Africa, and show Spaniards the path for their future greatness." In time the hilt of the sword was transformed into a crucifix, by affixing to it the figure of Christ; and, supported on a beautiful Gothic stand, it is still preserved, and is borne in the most solemn processions. Our illustration of this curious work of art is from a photograph by Laurent.

In 1590 Essex captured Cadiz, burned a considerable part of the town, and plundered the Cathedral. It is, however, contended that this crucifix escaped, and it is regarded among Spanish antiquarians as authentic.

MADAME LUNEVILLE.

A Southern Tragedy.

Regardless of her trailing satin and lace, and oblivious of the presence of guests in her mansion, Madame Luneville leant back carelessly in a *fauteuil* in her boudoir. Her ripe, rich beauty was heightened by the crimson of southern roses that flushed her cheek, and by the soft languor that filled her starlike eyes. "He loves me! He loves me not! He loves me!" she murmured at length in an exultant tone, as she broke off the last white petal of a marguerite, and flung the stalk on the floor.

She was a woman of the world, with no lack of intelligence, and reason and sense both warned her that no sentiment warmer than friendliness existed in Louis Grey's breast toward her, yet with a curious superstition that is so often attendant on love, the simple German mode of testing affection appeared to bring her hope and comfort, and with a buoyant heart she rose to perform the onerous duties of hostess.

The darkness of a starless night hung over the grounds of the house, rendering the gloom that pervaded wood and alley almost impenetrable, but the building itself,

from summit to basement, was one blaze of light. The aspect of the place was symbolical of life and death in the curious contrasts that it presented—outside there were shade and mystery ; inside, revelry and music. Beneath the dense foliage of the large trees there reigned the grave poetry of intense solitude, and under the painted and frescoed ceiling was the "world" with its giddy votaries and its insensate pleasures.

Enchanted by the entertainment provided for them, the crowd had no thought for the charms of delicious bouquets and the song of the nightingale, although the trees, heavily freighted with purple and white blossoms, lent their fragrance to the breeze, that, stealing gently through the open casements, kissed the hot brows and cheeks of the whirling revelers.

Two fair women divided admiration that night, and they were Laura Luneville and her daughter Helen. The first, although she was past the positive bloom and freshness of youth, was yet a magnificent sample of her sex. Above the average height, and stately as a poplar, grace was in every curve and movement. Her features were aquiline, and her great almond-shaped eyes, black as night, flashed like jewels, while with a haughty and royal air she appeared to command homage as her due.

Helen, shy and timid as a fawn, seemed desirous of evading the ardent admiration beneath which her lids drooped and her fair young face flushed. Her beauty was in perfect contrast to her mother's, for while Madame Luneville's cheek was blooming with health and strength, that of Helen's was as purely and delicately tinted as a seashell, and her eyes, wondrously soft, were blue as Summer skies.

The excessive reserve of her demeanor, succeeding in dispersing at length the human butterflies that had hovered around her, attracted not only by her loveliness, but by her reputed wealth—for Helen was the sole heiress to the rich property of Luneville, left to her by her father, but with one condition affixed : If she married without her mother's consent, the place, on Madame Luneville's death, was to pass to a distant relative.

Left alone at the far extremity of the ballroom, and almost hidden from view by the glossy leaves of an orange-tree, Helen, absorbed by her own thoughts, scarcely noticed her own isolation, until a man, young and handsome, whose keen eyes had quickly sought her out, approached and begged her to join the valse that was on the eve of commencement.

The girl started visibly, and flushed scarlet up to her delicate blue-veined temples as the familiar voice fell upon her ear. Rising at once in compliance with his request, she placed a cold and trembling hand on his arm, and then, mute and motionless as a statue, she stood arresting her steps, with her gaze fixed anxiously on Madame Luneville, who, at the other end of the apartment, conversed earnestly with an elderly woman of most unprepossessing exterior, but who was sumptuously attired in satin and sheen, with rare jewels sparkling upon her gray hair and withered neck.

To casual observers the lengthy colloquy might have seemed but an excuse for Madame Luneville to enhance her own marvelous attraction by the vicinity of a foil ; but Helen knew her haughty mother was not one to condescend to any petty manœuvres for gaining admiration.

To the strong passions of a Southerner Madame Luneville united the overweening pride of old French descent, and it was impossible that she should have singled out a parvenu for special courtesy unless some weighty motive propelled the action. That motive, wheel within wheel, lay buried in the deepest recesses of her soul, known to none, and understood by none, save one individual, who, crafty and cunning as Reynard, preserved his knowledge intact, and was content to bide his time for revealing it until all was ripe for the scheme he himself had in view.

"Of what is my Helen thinking so earnestly ?" questioned her companion, as he pressed her hand closer to his heart, and with unspeakable tenderness in his glance looked down at her sweet face. "Surely there is no fascination about the Spanish countess ? If it were her son that attracted your eyes, I might be jealous, dearest !"

"Louis," she said, lifting up her piteous eyes toward him, "what I am looking at makes me tremble for us both. I feel sure that it is not without an object in view that Count Andrea has come all the way to this. He has heard that Luneville owns an heiress, and they say he would sacrifice body and soul for gold. What would I not give to know all that was passing between his mother and mine !"

"Darling, your mother will surely have pity upon our love, and will respect the solemn vows we have sworn so often. She dare not sacrifice your happiness to interest, since she knows full well that, were your father still living, your happiness would be his primary care, and *he* would have given you to me, I know. Helen, your mother must know how utterly I adore you ; that if aught arose to separate us my heart would break !"

As Louis Grey spoke he looked unconsciously toward Madame Luneville with soft, appealing eyes.

Her eyes answered him, but there was something in that glance which sent the red blood to his cheek and a thrill of misgiving through his breast.

He had caught fleeting glances of the kind before, and for months past an instinctive desire had urged him to avoid, in as much as lay in his power, the mother of his betrothed.

The strains of music sounded loudly and the dancing increased in intensity, and Louis, taking advantage of the solitude that so often exists in the midst of a multitude, poured passionate protestations into Helen's ear.

Helen dared not answer him by speech or look, for the flashing eyes of Madame Luneville seemed to follow her wherever she went, with a fierce and jealous expression in their dark depths that Helen shrank from without being able to comprehend.

Pale as a lily and dejected, she was on the point of seeking her secluded corner once more, when a lackey, in all the glory of red-and-gold livery, addressed her with a curt and cruel message.

"Madame desires you to retire at once to your own room, mademoiselle."

Helen bent her little head meekly in acquiescence, but Louis, indignant, remonstrated against the peremptory command.

"Helen, the ball is not nearly at its close, and it is offering an insult to your guests to desert them so soon. Your mother is wrong to take advantage of your obedience. Assert yourself, dearest one, and stay."

"No, Louis." As she spoke her rosy lips quivered and big drops filled her eyes. She was very young, and to leave a ball at its zenith, when Louis was by her side, was a keen disappointment. "I must obey ; and something tells me that this is neither the last nor the greatest sacrifice that will be required of me. Good-night."

Louis clasped her hand fervently. This girl, so nearly resembling an angel, loved him and was willing to be his wife. Yet a power — the power of a mere woman — snatched the cup of bliss from his lips, and he was powerless to resist.

"Louis, let me see a smile upon your face before I go; it will give me strength to bear bravely."

Louis looked straight into her eyes and forced a smile. She gave him a shy and loving look in reply, and glided quietly away.

And Louis, heartsick and angry, and hating the music, the lights and the mirth that seemed to mock at him, turned on his heel, and the vigilant eyes of Madame Luneville lost sight of him in the darkness that reigned outside the house.

Count Andrea's game prospered well, and he and his mother prolonged their stay from day to day. The old house became a temple dedicated to Terpsichore and Bacchus, where nightly orgies were held until the gray hands of dawn pointed rebukingly at the pallid faces of the roysterers; and malicious tongues wagged apace that Luneville, forgetful of its dignity, had become transformed into a hostelry, in which jingling instruments and clinking cups resounded from cockcrow to cockcrow.

Madame Luneville, as though she had drunk of the waters of eternal youth and beauty, was the presiding deity guiding the helm of the bark of pleasure, and lavishing brilliant smiles around, so that none detected the stab in her heart when, in the midst of her gayest sallies, she saw Louis, with a pallid face and scornful lips, turn from the noisy group and wander into the sequestered woodland paths, where even the echo of merriment could not reach him.

He trembled within himself, fearing that at last he understood but too well the significance of all her words and actions. Hating the false position in which cruel fate had placed him, he would willingly have fled the spot and the unwelcome favor of his hostess, whose frowns were less to be dreaded than her Circean smiles; but his heart clung to the palatial prison where his darling was immured.

His very soul resented against the trammels laid upon him by the imperious mandate of Laura Luneville, a woman of iron nature, whose will was not to be set aside.

Helen's sweet face was completely denied him, and yet how he thirsted to look upon it again! But, strictly watched by the orders of her mother, the girl was a species of state prisoner in her sumptuous apartments.

At last, one morning, unable to resist her longing for air and freedom, Helen, eluding the vigilance of the servant, stole down to the garden while the hostess and her guests were wrapped in slumber.

Seated near an old marble fountain, Helen fell to dreaming of her childhood's days; then came thoughts of later ones, when she had first met Louis, and learned to love him. Leaning her hot forehead on the edge of the fountain, she wept bitter tears, until a touch on her shoulder made her start and glance up to find her lover by her side.

Louis Grey's face was bright with joy of the unsuspected meeting, but hers was anxious and frightened as he clasped her in his arms.

"Helen, my own! Your mother has done her best to keep us apart, but Heaven has reunited us, you see!" he whispered.

"Louis, leave me, I beseech you! My mother has forbidden me to speak to you, and Heaven will never bless a disobedient child! If she discover that you and I have met, to-morrow I shall be sent to the Couvent du Sacré Cœur, the gray walls of which are frowning on me now," and she pointed to a huge and gloomy pile that reared itself to the left. "And, Louis," she continued, with a piteous quiver on her poor little mouth, "a worse fate than the convent may be in store for me. My mother may force me to accept a husband of her own choosing."

Helen, *his Helen*, belonging to another! The very suggestion froze up the blood within him, and all he could do was to clasp her closer now, and feel that in the *present*, at any rate, she was his.

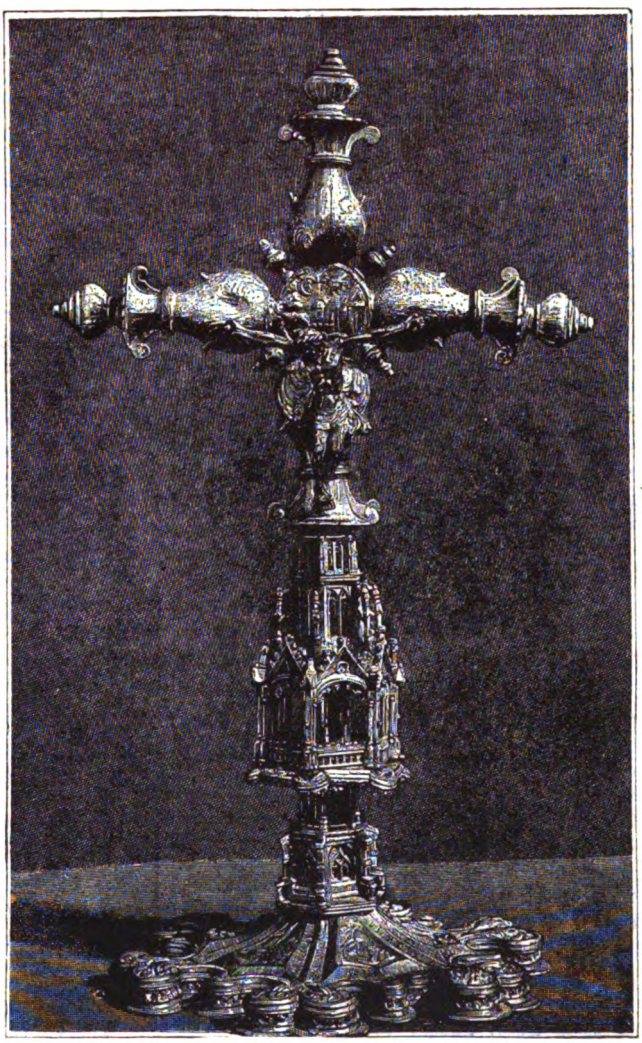
"Dearest one! have I not the right to guard you from all this?" he exclaimed, passionately. It seemed to him, standing there with her heart against his own, her hand in his, that no mortal breathing could have the power to wrest his darling from his grasp.

"No one can protect me against my mother. She has a sacred right over me that none can dispute. Louis, I must obey her, even if my heart breaks!" and laying her head against his arm, she sobbed wildly.

After a few moments she raised her face, all white and wet, like a lily that the rain has beat on, and calling up courage, she said:

"Let us part now. Perhaps the future may bring us happier days!"

Louis bent down and kissed her brow, and then her lips, but his caress brought no color to them. Freeing



CRUCIFIX MADE FROM A SWORD, CATHEDRAL OF CADIZ.
SEE PAGE 350.

MADAME LUNEVILLE.—"SEATED NEAR AN OLD MARBLE FOUNTAIN, HELEN FELL TO DREAMING OF HER CHILDHOOD'S DAYS."
SEE PAGE 350.

herself, she walked hurriedly toward the house, but Louis, mad at losing her so soon, persisted in following her. At last, having gained the vestibule, Helen turned toward him and implored him to desist in his pursuit. Fear was so legibly written on her features, that Louis blamed himself for having added to her distress.

"Forgive me!" he said, soothingly. "I *will* leave you, but as it may be a long, long while before we meet again, let me place this ring on your finger, Helen, in remembrance of our mutual love—an emblem of our everlasting fidelity. For a little while I may lose you, but something tells me that as long as the earth holds your spirit, your heart will be mine, and mine alone!"

His words went straight to her heart, and rendered her for a moment oblivious to the danger of her position. It was Louis, her lover, who knelt before her—the only man who had ever uttered words of tenderness to her virgin ears—the only being in whose presence her cheek flushed and her pulses beat. Not marvelous, then, that she forgot all but him. Stooping over him, she let him place the ring on her hand.

"Louis, you know I love you! Our affection, so true, so deep, can *never* die! Be faithful to me, as I shall be to you, *whatever betides!* I *swear* it, Louis, and see"—her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed like Summer roses—"I seal my oath!" And she pressed her sweet fresh lips to his forehead, then drew back, ashamed of the freedom of her action, and murmuring a final adieu, she hastened into the saloon without glancing to the right or left, until a slight cough attracted her notice, and the sight of Count Andrea arrested her steps.

He was close upon her, and by the strange and ironical smile that curled his thin lips, she guessed at once that he had been an unseen witness of the meeting.

With a bitter and mocking expression on his dark face, and a wicked glitter in his bold, black eyes, he came forward and held out his hand in greeting, and Helen, pale as death, and agitated like a leaf driven by the blast, allowed him to lead her to an ottoman, upon which she sank half unconscious.

Louis, indignant and miserable, was a spectator of the scene from the extremity of the room. From sheer pity and consideration for Helen, his words and actions were hampered, and he was forced to content himself by casting fiery glances at his hated rival.

Count Andrea, instead of returning them, contented himself with taking up a music-book and proposing that Helen should try a new romanza.

The girl accepted the book, and her finger followed the notes mechanically, but her voice refused to do her bidding, and she sat mute and trembling. Silence fell on the trio, but so false a calm could not last long, and, by way of sympathy, a storm burst suddenly outside, and the sky, which had been so blue and smiling, grew leaden and lowering, while the wind that had an hour before gently fanned the golden tresses on Helen's brow shook the huge trees with violence.

Louis, at last beside himself with the covert persecution of the count, strode toward the spot where he sat, and, facing him, said:

"You seem partial to music. Well! tell me what you think of the words of this song."

And he recited in a loud voice verses of an old ditty that ended with "A bragging gallant is a pitiful coward."

Count Andrea rose and drew himself up to his full height, while a deep red flush stained his swarthy face and an ominous scowl knitted his thick brows.

"I see you understand my song perfectly," laughed Louis, mockingly.

The count's accents, naturally unmusical, grew hard and guttural, and his brawny fists clinched tightly together. A bully and a braggart where women were concerned, he yet was not lacking in courage, and he longed to punish the offender who, with a form slighter and weaker than his own, dared so openly to beard him to the teeth.

"I understand the meaning so well that I am impatient to chastise the insolence of the singer."

"Are you?" And Louis, without another moment's deliberation, gave him a blow which sent him reeling backward like a drunkard; but he recovered himself instantly.

Helen, falling on her knees, implored them to desist; but, as though infuriated like wild beasts, they remained deaf to her prayers, and blow after blow crossed over her very head.

Then suddenly two lackeys in gorgeous livery flung open the doors widely, and Madame Luneville, attired in a superb training dress of violet velvet and with priceless ruffles of point lace adorning her neck and arms, entered the room with her usual slow and stately step.

At sight of her the adversaries at once suspended the fight.

She looked from one to another with astonishment dilating her dark pupils.

"Great Heaven! What has happened?" she cried.

"Separate them! For the love of God, separate them, for they will surely murder one another!" sobbed poor Helen, still kneeling on the ground.

"Rise immediately! Your extraordinary posture surprises me beyond expression!" said Madame Luneville, in a severe tone that few could have resisted. "Have you utterly forgotten that the Lunevilles were born to command, and not to beg?"

Helen rose at once and tottered to a chair.

"And now, gentlemen, a few words with you. You seem oblivious of the fact that you are guests here, and that I, your hostess, have ample cause to be offended at your conduct. I believed you to be friends, and I cannot comprehend this sudden animosity."

"Mr. Grey will explain all to you far better than I can do, madame."

And Count Andrea, to better his cause, reassumed his usual suave manner, while Louis, with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes, forgot, in his honest wrath and indignation, the *convenances.*

"I have only to say that it was much against my will that such a scandal should have occurred in any mansion in which I have been the recipient of princely hospitality. I swear to you, madame, on the honor of an Andrea that no tongue has ever dared to arraign, that it was not my purpose to become eavesdropper to a most interesting interview, in which this gentleman betrothed himself with a ring to your fair daughter. And there is the proof of my words."

And he insolently seized Helen's white hand and displayed the trinket.

"Mr. Grey, is this really true?" exclaimed Madame Luneville, and just for a shade her voice quivered and sounded terribly piteous; but gathering herself up, as it were, she stood erect and queenly, scrutinizing Louis with firm, unflinching eyes.

"Scoundrel," cried Louis, "you do not mind adding falsehood to insult! The tale you have heard is false, madame! I met your daughter by chance. I spoke to her—nay, I even protested my most passionate love for her! Oh, madame, what ails you?" for all the rich color had died out from Madame Luneville's cheek.

Ashen-hued, with lips that shook, she clutched the chair nearest her, and leant heavily on it for support.

"Nothing—nothing; go on!" she said, authoritatively, and she hastily pressed her lace handerchief over her brow to remove the great beads that mental torture had brought.

"But my pleading was futile—my passion rejected. Mademoiselle Helen, strong and immovable in her filial obedience, besought me to leave her, and if at length she deigned to accept a trifling gift, it was from sheer pity alone."

"He is deceiving you, my mother!" cried Helen. "It is true that, in obedience to you, I bade him leave me, but I did so with a breaking heart, and I am not ashamed to confess how dearly I love him."

"I know it, girl!" Madame Luneville hissed out, in the desperate anger and jealousy that racked her soul. She felt as though she would willingly crush the form of the daughter kneeling at her feet, in the unutterable despair of discovering that Louis, whom she had long worshiped in secret, was lost to her for ever, and that, in the only child Heaven had given her, lived an envied and detested rival.

Livid, with scorn curling her mouth, and her eyes all aflame, her voice rang out bitterly hard and cruel.

"I guessed your mad folly long ago, but I did not believe that that folly was shared by another!" And she cast a withering look at the recreant who had dared to slight her favor. "I have vainly tried to implant in you the good faith and honor of a Luneville. In former days filial respect was a supreme virtue in the family, and you are the first that has forgotten duty for the sake of less sacred feelings. This man"—and she pointed her patrician finger at Louis—"has neither wealth nor title. He is a mere adventurer, a *nobody*, and no fit mate for my heiress. That gentleman"—and she bowed affably to the count—"has done you the honor of asking you in marriage, and I accord his request. Helen, you *shall* be Countess Andrea!"

"Never, so help me Heaven, while I have life and strength!" cried Louis. "Helen, *my* Helen, one kiss!" and catching the trembling girl in his arms, he strained her to his breast, and pressed her lips fervently.

"And now let us go out!" he said, imperiously, to his adversary, who obeyed the call at once.

Helen dragged herself to a window, and sank insensible on the ground, but Madame Luneville, losing sight of her ordinary dignity, gave a loud scream, and rushed wildly into the grounds, toward the direction in which the antagonists had disappeared.

The lightning flashed vividly, the thunder pealed loudly, and the rain fell in torrents, but, indifferent to the fury of the elements, she ran madly on. At length the clashing of swords resounded close by, and with his head bare, and a weapon stained with blood in his hand, Count Andrea emerged from a bosquet and faced her.

At sight of him Madame Luneville stood breathless and horror-struck. She essayed to speak, but her tongue clove to her mouth, and she glared wildly at him.

"You have killed Louis Grey," she articulated at last.

Count Andrea looked at her and smiled a sardonic smile. He could scarcely bring himself to believe that the terrified woman before him, her rich velvet garment all wet and bedraggled, her long black hair floating over her shoulders, was the haughty queen of fashion and beauty, the proud hostess of Luneville.

"The man whom both you and your daughter love so well is not dead, but dangerously wounded. I have desired my servant to bear him to a cottage."

She grew white as a sheet, and her limbs shook as though palsy had seized them, but a hopeful light replaced the glare in her eyes, and she averted her face to hide its gladness from him.

By that very movement he knew that the tidings that Louis lived had brought her back from the frenzy of despair to a remembrance of the *convenances*.

"And, madame," the count added, with an evil sneer, "when Louis Grey fell to the earth, a woman's name burst from his pallid lips. That name was not Laura."

She raised her head loftily. The color flew back to her cheeks, and with a cry for revenge in her soul she pronounced, in slow and solemn accents:

"Louis Grey may recover, but not before the heiress of Luneville becomes the wife of Count Andrea."

* * * * * *

The wealth that the Spanish count had coveted was his; but his bride slept peacefully in the arms of death.

Helen died on the day of her nuptials.

It might have been that, fragile as a flower, the horror of her fate killed her, or, more terrible still, perhaps helpless and desperate, she flew to the grave as her only escape from a hated life.

* * * * * *

Two months afterward a man, thin and haggard-eyed, prayed earnestly beside a tomb in the chapel belonging to Luneville.

Upon the marble tablet was inscribed:

Here lies
HELEN, COUNTESS ANDREA.
Heaven have mercy on her soul.

STATEN ISLAND.

THE QUESTIONS OF ITS PAST AND OF ITS FUTURE.

BY J. BARNITZ BACON.

WHEN Henry Hudson, in the Autumn of 1609, sailed his ship, the *Half Moon*, round that long spit of land now called Sandy Hook, he beheld to the northward a broad bay, and in the distant vista beyond it two headlands. They rose on each side of a narrow gateway which seemed to open to unknown waters beyond. The eastern height was the boundary of Long Island; the western, a promontory of Staaten Eyland, or Staten Island, so called after the States General of Holland. Between them he sailed up the Great River of the Mountains, which afterward received his name. He was seeking a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Eastern Indies, but when he had reached the site of the present City of Albany, he found that his hope and his quest were vain.

The islands, the shores, and the headlands of the bay which first met his eye, he did not explore, but in the mellow September light they seemed, as he had sketched them, "a goodly land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see." The autumnal glory of that quaint picture did not reveal the shade of destiny which hung over Staten Island, nor the mysterious potency which long kept its virgin soil sacred from human steps. In its earliest estate it was a colossal remnant of chaos, a great boulder, the outpost of the continent, resisting the downward rush of northern waters, and leaving them to flow on either side. It had cooled in bubbles. Throughout its extent there was no great watercourse leading down from its heights. Hills and pools promiscuous alternated without order or connection. In succeeding ages forests and tangled thickets had covered its primeval gauntness, but the wild

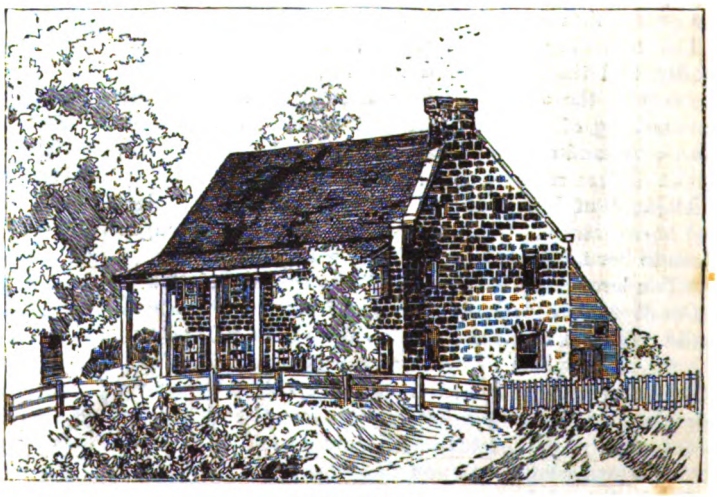
COLONEL BILLOP.

deer alone inhabited the solitudes. The red men avoided to pitch their wigwams beyond its outer shores, for they named it "Eghquous"—the "place of bad woods." The Indians who dwelt on the Raritan claimed it as an outlying possession. They sold and resold it to white men five times within sixty years, and it was not until 1670 that the ax and the plow at length exorcised the evil Manitou of the island's early history.

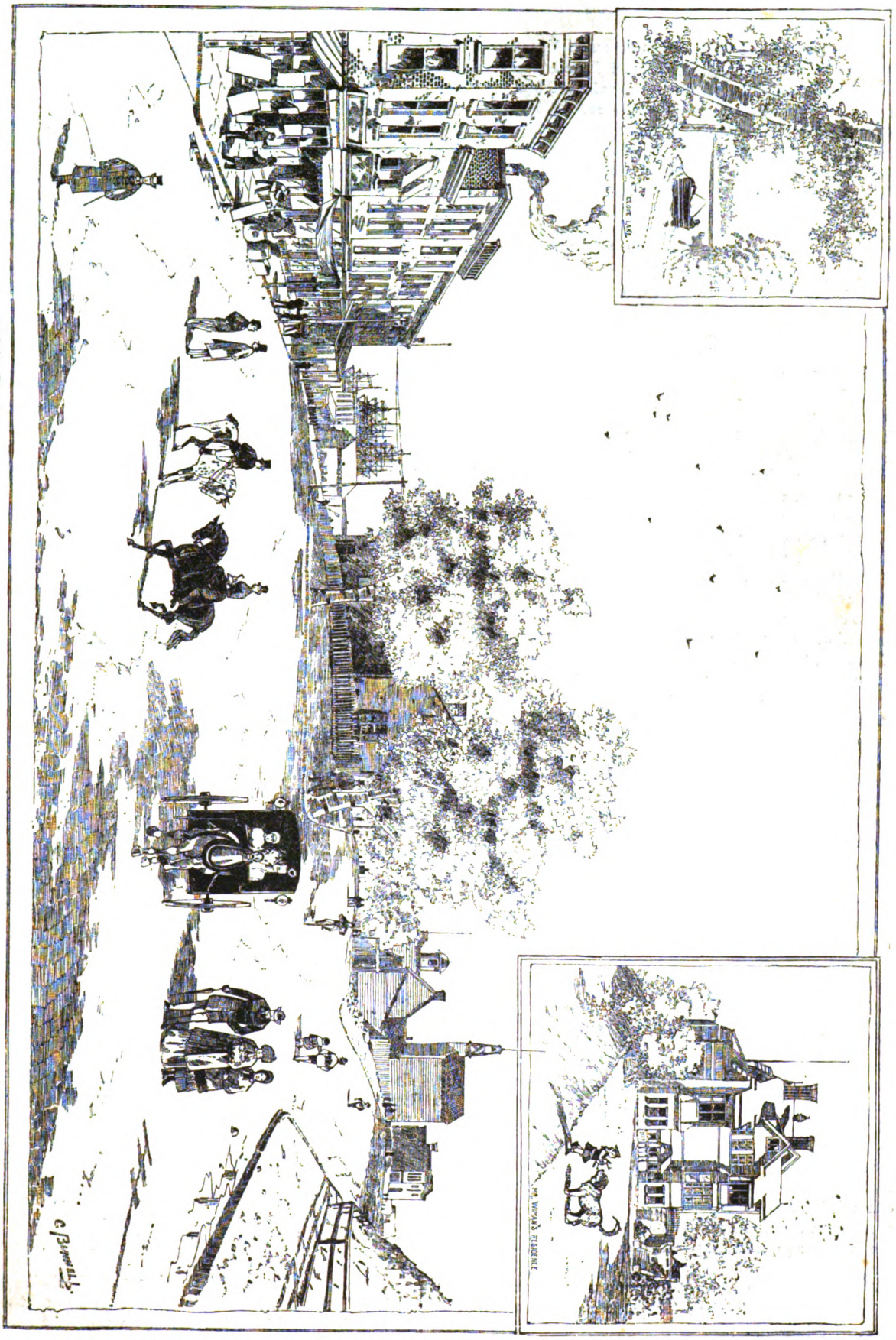
The first grant of the island was made by the Dutch West India Company to Michael Pauw, one of their directors, who also obtained territory adjoining in the present New Jersey, and named his grant Pavonia. His agent was careful to obtain a title from the Raritan Indians, and in 1630 a few adventurous Hollanders made an attempt at the earliest settlement. They chose the promontory of the island overlooking the Narrows, and they named their few thatched dwellings "Oude Dorp," or Old Town. There it was that in 1641 the second Dutch Governor of the New Netherlands, William Kieft, erected the first marine telegraph in America, for the purpose of signaling to the fort on Manhattan Island the arrival of vessels from Holland. Twenty years later Cornelis Melyn obtained the island grant which Michael Pauw had abandoned, and also obtained a title from the Indians. Melyn became involved in disputes with the imperious Director, Petrus Stuyvesant. While the Director upheld his authority in Fort Amsterdam, on the southern point of Manhattan, Melyn fortified himself in a stone block-house on the commanding bluff at Oude Dorp, and there he set up an independent government of his own. He secured an alliance with the Raritan Indians, and made such bold defiance to his opponent, that Stuyvesant was compelled to guard against a possible capture of his person by surrounding himself with a continual body-guard of halberdiers. From the ramparts of his Manhattan fortress he could discern Melyn's block-house, six miles down the bay, holding the gate of the Narrows and intercepting the trade of the port.

The Raritan red men on several occasions devastated the solitary clearings of the island, and blotted out in msssacre the conveyances they had made In the houses of its ruined settlements and in the silence of its hills and swamps the island remained only a weird but beautiful mystery looming up before Manhattan, till 1670. At Albany a deed of that date is recorded, by which the red men finally conveyed to the English governor, Lovelace, "the Island in Hudson's River commonly called Staten Island, but by the Indians now named Aquehonga-Manacknong."

The final Indian ceremony of conveyance was performed by delivering to the white men a sod of the soil and a shrub of every kind except the ash and the alder. The



BILLOP'S HOUSE.



Arrietta Street. Sarah Ann Street. St. Paul's Avenue.

VIEW ON STATEN ISLAND.—JUNCTION OF ARRIETTA, SARAH ANN'S STREETS AND ST. PAUL'S AVENUE.

kettles, beads and cloths received by the red men might be reckoned in present value at one cent for ten acres conveyed.

The Indian then retired, the white man advanced; order and peace were established, at least for a century. Free grants were made to those who would subdue the wild territory of the island. No deeds of record, however, appear in the Clerk's Office of Richmond County of a date previous to 1680, and among the earliest appear the names of Slaight or Slaght, Sprague or Spragg, and Simonson.

In 1679 Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter made an exploring tour around the eastern and southern part of the island. They were representatives of the Labadists, or Christian Communists of Wieverd, in Friesland, and were seeking a new home for their persecuted brethren. Rowing across from Gowanus, on Long Island, they landed near the promontory at the Narrows. After some wandering through the woods, they found the early hamlet of "Oude Dorp," which then numbered five houses, three of them abandoned. Continuing their journey through the forest roads, they came to a later settlement, called New Dorp, the name of which is still retained on the island, though the village has no existence. Thence they kept their way along the "south side," till near the western extremity they found "Le Chaudronnier," the coppersmith, who said he had been a soldier under the Prince of Orange.

From his clearing they turned northward, and journeying still through the woods, they reached the south side of the "Fresh Kills," not far from the present village of Richmond. Unexpectedly they chanced upon another forest clearing, the home of an aged Frenchman, Pierre le Gardinier. He said he had been gardener to the Prince of Orange, that he had served him long, and honest Pierre fairly danced for joy to meet those who spoke French and brought late news from Europe. These wayfaring Labadists write that there were then about one hundred families on the island, English, Dutch and French. The settlements were far apart, and there was yet no church erected, and no church service held.

Soon after that date a number of French Protestant families established themselves on the island, and among them were the names of Androvette, La Tourette, Mercereau, Seguine, Laforge, and others. Their descendants are still thrifty farmers there, but in the island vernacular their names have suffered some alteration, La Tourette being Latratt, Mercereau being Musherow, and Seguine Shegang.

About 1683 the Province of New York was organized into counties, Staten Island being made the County of Richmond, as it is now; and having a population of 200 families.

In that year Colonel Thomas Dongan arrived in New York as the Colonial Governor. From him the City of New York obtained the municipal charter upon which all others have been based, and history has accorded to him the honor of being one of the most liberal and just of the English officials. While Governor, he received an extensive grant on Staten Island, which was named the Manor of Castleton. It embraced the territory along the northern shores, and extended even to the Fresh Kills. He erected an ornate manor-house, which remained there till ten years ago, standing on the Shore Road in West Brighton.

Colonel Dongan lived at his manor house much of his time till 1691. Then he returned to England, and became Earl of Limerick. He died in London, December 14th, 1715, aged eighty-one, leaving no issue. His American estates went to his three nephews, John, Thomas and Walter Dongan. It is worthy of remark that Governor Dongan received his appointment from a Stuart, he was removed from office by a Stuart, and obtained his title as Earl under the reign of King William, of the house of Orange.

Walter Dongan and several of the family are buried in the old graveyard of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, at Richmond. It is somewhat remarkable that the moss-grown headstones of the family face to the west, while all other memorials around them face eastwardly. Walter Dongan died July 25th, 1740, aged fifty-seven.

In this old graveyard of St. Andrew's is the marble monument of Dr. Richard Bayley, who died in 1801. He was one of the most eminent physicians of New York, and Health Officer of the Port. He fell a victim to duty by a fever contracted in the discharge of his office. He was the grandfather of the late Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore.

The point of time to which we have advanced in the history of the island brings us to the singular facts connected with the Billop estate, and the ancient mansion known as the "Billop House." In 1679 a certain Christopher Billop obtained a grant of 932 acres on Staten Island. In 1687 he obtained 1,600 acres additional, the whole grant extending from the mouth of the Fresh Kills to the present Prince's Bay, embracing the western extremity of the island. This was called the "Bentley Manor." Billop was a captain in the English Navy, and commanded a ship called the *Bentley*, after which he named his manor. The late Judge Disosway, an early local chronicler and resident of the island, relates the following tradition in relation to it:

Geographically, Staten Island seems to be a part of New Jersey, being separated from the latter only by the narrow channel of the Kill van Kull. When the Duke of York was made the proprietor of both New York and New Jersey, he disposed of the latter Province by a grant to Lord Berkeley and Carteret. To settle the disputed point as to which Province Staten Island should belong, the duke decided that all the islands in the Bay of New York round which a ship could sail in twenty-four hours should belong to New York. In those days such a feat was a matter of uncertainty. But Captain Billop, in the *Bentley*, accomplished it, and secured the island for his royal patron. For this service the duke granted Billop the manor.

Soon afterward, Captain Billop selected a site for his manor-house on the extreme western point of his estate, on the shore immediately opposite Perth Amboy. There he built the mansion, and there, after two centuries of continued habitation and of historic renown, it still remains in the undecayed integrity of its oak and ashlar. In this mansion he lived with his wife and daughters.

There is an ample wine-cellar under the mansion, and doubtless there was an "old Simon, the cellarer," besides butlers and servants. The island abounded in game, and the waters in fish and oysters. So horses, hounds and huntsmen, boats and sailing-masters, were all needful, and Nature did not stint the means of a generous hospitality. But Captain Billop disappeared from his manor in 1700, and it was said that he sailed for England in the *Bentley*, and was never heard of more. His family remained in the old house, and in possession of the broad acres.

In 1760, the Manor of Bentley and the Billop House were still in possession of the family, but as there had been only daughters, there was no male who inherited that name. To supply this need, a certain farmer named Christopher, or Christopher Farmar, had married one of

the daughters, and become the owner of the house and manor, under the condition that he should assume the name of Billop. A son born to him was named Christopher Billop, thus perpetuating the name of the original grantee.

Upon the landing of the British army on Staten Island, in July, 1776, this son was the representative of the family and the possessor of the estate. In the language of the time, he was a "high-flying Tory," and the leader of the Staten Island Tories. By the royal military authorities, he was made commander of the island militia and colonel of the "new corps" of royalists then raised on the island. His career and the further eventful history of the old manor-house we have yet to relate; and among the remarkable belongings of the latter, is the circumstance that from the beginning it has been occupied by some one who bore the name of Christopher, and so it is at this day.

Up to the opening of the Revolutionary War, the population of Staten Island had grown steadily. In 1712 it numbered 1,279, and in 1770 there were 2,849 inhabitants. But after the landing of the British army it became the scene of frequent hostilities. The royal forces intrenched themselves at various points, extending their posts along the northern shore, and making the village of Richmond, in the centre of the island, and the county seat then as it is now, an important point of operation. The French Huguenots of the island were generally royalists, the Dutch were divided, while the earlier English settlers were patriots. One of the first steps of the royal authorities was to seize all the boats, and to forbid communication with the neighboring shores. The patriots fled, in many cases leaving their families there. The royalists remained to sing "God Save the King." Billop's Tory Corps were the royal police of the island.

General Howe, the British commander, established his headquarters at the "Rose and Crown." This was an ancient stone tavern which stood on the west side of the Richmond Road, opposite the head of New Dorp Lane. It had been a noted rendezvous in previous colonial days. There, in 1760, Amherst had been invested with the "Order of the Bath" in presence of his army. While Howe still held his quarters there, it was the scene where Margaret Moncrieffe met her father, Major Moncrieffe, on her release from detention in New York city as a female spy in the American lines. Very near the tavern was the frame inn called the "Black Horse," where the British grenadiers stood on the porch and received their pot of beer through the window. In 1855 the "Rose and Crown" was demolished to make room for a pretentious modern dwelling, but the "Black Horse" still remains.

In August, 1776, the main British army embarked for the attack on Brooklyn, leaving 4,000 men as a guard on the island. At Richmond there was a company of British regulars and one of Hessians. Foraging parties of the English were detached to raid the neighborhoods of New Jersey, where nearly all the inhabitants were patriots, and in return, the American troops who held that region made frequent attacks on the British posts of Staten Island. This is the story of one of them, as it was related some thirty years ago by a venerable matron, Mrs. Van Pelt, in the home of her childhood, which then stood in the middle of Richmond village, opposite the Presbyterian Church:

In August, 1776, a Hessian drummer named Ernst, belonging to the Hessian company, was quartered in the Van Pelt House. The family were Staten Island Dutch, and patriots. The youngest member of the household was a little girl of three or four Summers, the darling of her home and the pet of the village. So lovely and engaging was the child, that by common consent she was known by the name of "Pretty."

Ernst, the Hessian, had a gentle heart. He had been forced by a mercenary prince into the service of the English. When Pretty, in her artless way, told him of her friends and relatives who were away fighting for liberty, he listened, and loved the little child, and Pretty loved him. He taught her to dance to the rataplan of his drum. In the corner of the room, next to the great fireplace, she was wont to stand on a table, while Ernst, sometimes on his drum, sometimes on the table, rattled off lively airs, to which the tiny feet kept time.

At length, when the Indian Summer came, Pretty began to change. She became sick with fever, grew worse, and the drum and the dance were still. Ernst hung round her pillow in sore anguish. One evening, as the night-shadows fell, with strange presentiment he said: "Pretty will die, and I shall be buried with her."

That midnight came and passed, and as the watchers by her bed saw the day break, an alarm-gun was fired from the intrenchments near the village. The drums beat to arms, and Ernst was forced to leave his little favorite, and add his long-roll to the general alarm. This was at the midnight of October 16th. The alarm was caused by an attack of Americans under General Hugh Mercer, of Virginia, who afterward fell at Princeton. In order to divert the main British army from its march on White Plains, he had planned an assault on the British posts at Richmond with his command in New Jersey. The Pennsylvania Flying Camp and other levies, gathered at Amboy, had crossed to the island, and had reached their positions by the break of day; but the British had been warned, and were on the alert. After a few volleys, the royal troops retreated in disorder, leaving their wounded and prisoners in the hands of the Americans, who, however, intended only a raid, and soon returned to New Jersey. The roar of battle swept through the streets of the village; and as it passed the sorrowing household, the gentle spirit of Pretty departed. When the morning dawned, Ernst, the Hessian drummer, was found dead by the roadside, shot through the heart. They bore them across the road to the burying-ground, and laid them side by side.

Immediately after the battle of Brooklyn it was thought by the royal authorities that the revolted colonies might yet be recalled in their allegiance to the crown, and a messenger was sent to the Congress at Philadelphie, desiring "a conversation with some principal citizens." That body responded by sending a committee of their number, consisting of John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; and young Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina. It had been appointed that they should meet Admiral Lord Howe, of the Royal Navy, and his brother, the General of the Army, at the Billop House, already mentioned. The Committee of Congress started on their journey for that place, and on September 9th, 1776, they stopped for the night at an inn in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Volunteers were then thronging to Washington's army, and the taverns were full. The best accommodation available for Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin was a bed in a chamber but little larger than their couch, without a chimney for ventilation, and with only one small window. This was open, and Mr. Adams, who was an invalid and afraid of the night-air, took care to shut it close.

"Oh," said Franklin, "don't shut the window. We shall be suffocated."

Mr. Adams then said he was afraid of the evening-air. Franklin replied: "The air within the chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without-doors. Open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. You are not acquainted with my theory of colds."

Mr. Adams, who details the conversation, continues: "Opening the window and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church, or any other cold air, and the theory was so little consistent with my experience, that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The Doctor then began an harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together; but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep."

Mr. Adams, in concluding his account, remarks that the Doctor fell a sacrifice at last, not to the stone, but to his own theory, "having caught the violent cold which finally choked him, by sitting for some hours at a window with the cool air blowing upon him."

Proceeding on their journey, they arrived at Perth Amboy and reached the dock near the tavern of the Long Ferry. There they found Lord Howe's barge ready to convey them to Staten Island. And there they also found an English officer, who had been sent over as a hostage for their security. The committee, however, decided to be their own hostage, and took the officer back to the island with them.

As they approached the island, Lord Howe came down to the water's edge to receive them, and, looking at the returned officer, he said: "Gentlemen, you make me a very great compliment, and you may depend upon it, I will consider it as the most sacred of things."

DRUMMER ERNST TEACHING PRETTY TO DANCE.

The ancient manor-house had by this time become an unsafe residence for Colonel Billop, in consequence of Perth Amboy being then held by the Americans. Mr. Adams thus sketches the appearance of the mansion and their reception: "We walked up to the house between lines of guards and grenadiers looking as fierce as ten Furies, and making all the grimaces and gestures and motions of their muskets, with bayonets fixed, which, I suppose, military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded. The house had been the habitation of military guards, and was as dirty as a stable.

GENERAL HOWE RECEIVING DISPATCHES AT THE "ROSE AND CROWN."

But his lordship had prepared a large, handsome room by spreading a carpet of moss and green sprigs from bushes and shrubs in the neighborhood, till he had made it not only wholesome, but romantically elegant, and he entertained us with good claret, good bread, cold ham, tongues and mutton."

Among the incidents of the interview were these: Lord Howe said that he could not confer with the committee

as members of Congress or public characters, but only as private persons and as British subjects. To this Mr. Adams replied, somewhat quickly: "Your lordship may consider me in what light you please, and indeed I should be willing to consider myself for a few moments in any character which would be agreeable to your lordship—except that of British subject." At these words, Lord Howe turned to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Rutledge, and said: "Mr. Adams is a decided character." He made the remark with great gravity and solemnity. The depth of it was not fathomed till some time afterward, when it was learned that the British Commissioners were empowered to grant pardons to such repentant Americans as they might choose—with certain exceptions mentioned, and among these the name of John Adams had been made a "decided" exception.

Lord Howe then said that "he felt for America as for a brother, and if America should fall, he should feel and lament it like the loss of a brother."

In the words of Mr. Adams, "Dr. Franklin, with an easy air and a collected countenance, a bow, a smile, and all that *naïveté* which sometimes appeared in his conversation, and is often observed in his writings, then replied: 'My lord, we will do our utmost endeavors to save your lordship that mortification.'"

The committee plainly declared to Lord Howe that they had no authority to converse with him in any other character than that of a Committee of Congress, and as members of independent States. And Edward Rutledge observed that most of the colonies had lived for two years without government in hope of a reconciliation, but that now they had instituted governments themselves.

This interview at the Billop House between the Old World and the New was an event the result of which was awaited with extreme solicitude by the people of both at that day. With the light of time it rises into the grandeur of a landmark of history. The interview was brief. There was no agreement—no submission—no reconciliation. Independence was maintained.

The war against the colonies was then pushed with vigor by "the two Howes." They determined to hold Staten Island at all hazards. It was a coigne of vantage from which to attack the patriot posts in New Jersey. The royal troops would have only the narrow channel of the Kill van Kull to cross, and success in the military occupation of that State would enable them to separate the Northern Americans from those of the South.

From an early date New Jersey had claimed Staten Island as part of her soil, and, indeed, the claim was continued under the Republic, and not finally determined till 1833. Perth Amboy, just opposite, had long been the seat of the English colonial government of New Jersey, but in June, 1776, the royal Governor, William Franklin, was made a prisoner by the patriot forces, from which time the civil authority of the Crown ceased in that State. A foothold on its borders, however, was necessary, and as the next best resource, the royal Attorney-general of New Jersey, Cortlandt Skinner, was placed in civil and military authority on the island, and made a brigadier of the Tory levies. Staten Island then endeavored to annex New Jersey.

The narrow Kills from Perth Amboy to Elizabethtown, and the territory bordering, became the scene of a military drama for years. The Americans had built a redoubt on the knoll, in the rear of St. Peter's Church, in Perth Amboy, and on the island across from it was a British battery, near the Billop House. On July 24th, 1776, an animated artillery duel occurred between them. Richard Griggs, a volunteer in the redoubt, saw a gay party of red-coated officers regaling themselves in the Billop grove, and when a bowl of wine had just reached the lips of one of them, a ball from the Griggs musket shivered it and the officer.

In the Fall of 1777 the shores of the island opposite New Jersey were guarded specially by the Tory battalions, while the British regulars occupied fortified camps near the "Watering Place," now Quarantine and its vicinity. General John Sullivan commanded the Americans along the East Jersey shores, and he thought it practicable to capture the Tory camps before support could reach them from the regulars. Only six boats could be obtained for the attempt, but with them he carried his forces to the island before day, and surprised a body of royalists, under the command of their Staten Island colonels, Lawrence and Barton. But the Scotch general, Campbell, was found to be advancing in force from the Watering Place. Sullivan's boats could not convey his prisoners, and in his retreat his rear-guard was attacked. A brilliant feat of arms ensued, in which the British loss was 11 officers and 135 privates. In this battle Lieutenant-colonel Edward Vaughn Dongan, son of Walter Dongan, and an officer of the Third Tory Regiment, was mortally wounded.

A more comprehensive expedition against the British on the island occurred in November following. General Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, collected 2,000 men in New Jersey, and requested General Putnam, who commanded at Kingsbridge, to attack the British there, and thus prevent their reinforcements from New York. General Cortlandt Skinner, the royalist brigadier at Richmond, had erected redoubts on the lofty eminence which looks down from the north on the village. Dickinson concealed his object even from his officers until eight o'clock at night, but by three in the morning Skinner had been apprised of it by spies. When the American force arrived at the town Skinner had already thrown his brigade into the redoubts on the hill. An assault was ordered, and for the second time the roar of battle awoke the sleeping hamlet. The flash of musketry and cannon lighted up the valley of the Fresh Kills. The strength of the works on that elevated plateau defied the assaulting Continentals, and Dickinson was able only to carry off prisoners and trophies of battle.

After the battle of Monmouth, in June, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton landed the remains of his shattered army on Staten Island. It became a great military camp. In the following February a party of Tories crossed before day from the "Blazing Star" to Woodbridge, in New Jersey. They were commanded by Captain Ryerse, of Buskirk's regiment. There they captured the American captain, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, a chivalrous officer, "who had distinguished himself not only by his activity and bravery, but by his generosity to prisoners who fell into his hands." The Assembly of New Jersey had just before voted him a sword of honor. His renown as a patriot made his capture most desirable to the Tories of the island, and upon their success he was hastily conveyed to the Provost Prison in New York city—now the Hall of Records. In its dungeons he was subjected to extreme suffering for more than a year.

His neighbors and friends determined on reprisals, and a watch was set in Perth Amboy. The steeple of St. Peter's Church there commanded a good view of the Billop House, and from that point keen eyes waited for Colonel Billop to visit the mansion. At length, on June 23d following, he was observed moving around his grounds. By a bold dash the Americans crossed over and captured him, and he was placed in prison at Wood-

bridge. In November, in consequence of the cruelties inflicted on American prisoners in New York, Billop was removed to the jail at Burlington, with the following order:

"*To the Keeper of the County Jail for the County of Burlington, New Jersey, Greeting:*

"You are hereby commanded to receive into your custody the body of Colonel Christopher Billop, prisoner of war, herewith delivered to you; and having put irons on his hands and feet, you are to chain him down to the floor in a close room in the said jail, and there so detain him, giving him bread-and-water only for his food, until you receive further orders from me, as the Commissary of Prisoners for the State of New Jersey for the time being.

"Given under my hand at Elizabethtown, this 6th day of November, 1778. ELISHA BOUDINOT,
"Com. Prisoners, New Jersey."

This had been the treatment meeted out to Fitz Randolph and other American officers, and accompanying the order was this letter to Billop:

"SIR—Sorry am I that I have been put under the disagreeable necessity of a treatment toward your person that will prove so irksome to you; but retaliation is directed, and it will, I most sincerely hope, be in your power to relieve yourself from the situation by writing to New York to procure the relaxation of the sufferings of John Lesher and Captain Nathaniel Fitz Randolph. It seems nothing short of retaliation will teach Britons to act like men of humanity. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
"ELISHA BOUDINOT."

While these two prisoners remained in confinement, another actor in the drama appeared on Staten Island. This was Lieutenant-colonel John Graves Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers. The regiment under his command were light troops, consisting of four or five hundred infantry, two troops of cavalry, and a pair of field-pieces. Their green uniforms and buff leather breeches were similar to those of the corps of "Light Horse Harry Lee" in the American service. The Rangers had been ordered to occupy the eminence above Richmond village, formerly fortified by General Skinner. The steep, bold bluff rising from the shore of the Fresh Kills made it a natural citadel. Its elevation gave it a broad view, and it was a watchtower in the centre of the island from which beacon fires and signals could guide marauding parties in their course through the neighboring Jerseys. Three redoubts at its top formed a triangle of defense which crowned the broad plateau.

Soon after their arrival Simcoe planned a raid into New Jersey, which Harry Lee afterward said was regarded in both armies as one of the most daring exploits of the war. The object was to destroy fifty American flatboats at Van Vechten's Bridge, on the Raritan. On the night of October 25th, 1779, the Rangers crossed from Billop's Point, and seized the town of Perth Amboy, ambuscading every approach to it. Their infantry, under Major Armstrong, were detached to South Amboy, while the cavalry started westward on a gallop toward the distant flatboats, intending to make a circuit through the country round by way of New Brunswick. At daybreak, they overtook on their route a Justice Crow, or Croes, who said he had been out "sparking." They informed him they were part of Washington's army, in search of some Tories, and kept him with them to keep up the deception. Onward and through Quibbletown the cavalry dashed, to reach the flatboats on the Raritan. It took them forty minutes to burn them, and then they set the neighboring Dutch church in a blaze. At Hillsborough, or Somerset Court House, they also fired the buildings, but there a Jerseyman recognized Simcoe, and a messenger was hastened to New Brunswick to warn the people of the invading enemy. The gathering countrymen followed their course, firing at them as they rode on.

Presently shots were heard in front, and Simcoe began to fear that Lee's Light Horse were intercepting him. He spurred forward to the advance of his hussars, and discovered a party of men concealed in the wayside bushes. He heard the words, "Now, now!" At the instant a volley killed his horse, and left him wounded and unconscious on the road. When he recovered his senses, he found himself a prisoner. Captain Marriner, who commanded the Americans, had saved his life. A boy was about to bayonet him, when Marriner cried: "Let him alone; the rascal is dead enough."

The rear-guard of the Ranger Cavalry had dashed past this ambuscade, and reached the high grounds near New Brunswick. There they found the minutemen of the neighborhood opposing their course, and in the action that followed, Captain Daniel Voorhees, an officer much beloved by the patriots, was killed. The Rangers then made a desperate dash toward the South River, where Major Armstrong was awaiting them, and where they found safety with his infantry. The farmers of East Jersey were infuriated by the death of Captain Voorhees, and to secure Simcoe from violence he was taken to Burlington Jail. As has been told, Colonel Billop was also soon after brought as a prisoner there. Their confinement caused better treatment of the American prisoners in New York, and they were both finally released on the following New Year's Day.

The hill redoubts at Richmond continued to be a central support of British incursions. On June 6th, 1780, Simcoe's regiment formed the advance-guard of the notorious raid on "Connecticut Farms," in New Jersey. The Hessian General Knyphausen for that purpose had assembled five thousand troops at Richmond, and marched toward the Farms. The town of Elizabeth was burned on their route, and in the general massacre and devastation, the wife of Rev. James Caldwell, the revered pastor of the church there, was ruthlessly put to death, and a similar fate soon afterward was the lot of her husband. In Knyphausen's raid, it was also the fate of Captain Fitz Randolph to fall by a volley from the Queen's Rangers.

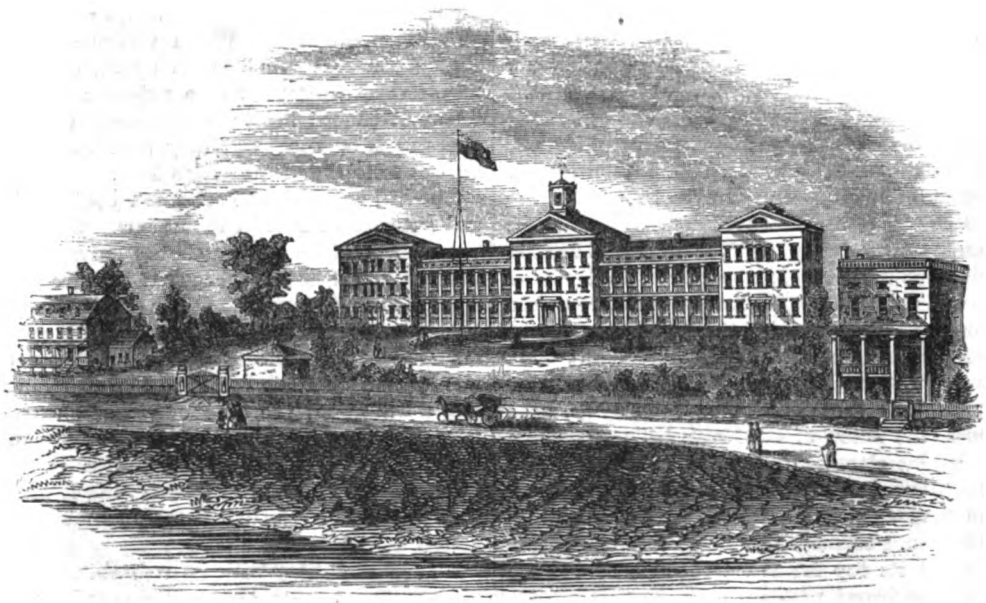
The green hilltop with its redoubts, silent among the cedars, still towers above Richmond; and the Billop House, reverend with two centuries, still shares its lot with human life. They are the sole monuments of Staten Island's Revolutionary history.

The modern history of Staten Island is made up mainly of the extension and multiplication of farms in the interior, and the growth of villages along the shores. New Brighton, Stapleton and Clifton fringe its northern edge, and Tottensville has grown up on the old Bentley Manor. The Watering Place of colonial days is now known as the Quarantine. The stone ramparts of Fort Richmond, a Federal fortification, occupy the promontory which was once the site of Kieft's signal-telegraph and Melyn's block-house. Early in this century Captain Richard Robert Randall endowed a home for aged seamen under the name of "Sailors' Snug Harbor." It is located near New Brighton, and the monument of the founder is an appropriate feature of the grounds. The buildings of the "Seamen's Fund and Retreat" are at Stapleton. It was a State institution, established in 1831, in which sick and disabled sailors received skillful hospital treatment. During the last year the institution has been transferred to the Federal Government. Its last president was Hon. Clarkson Crolius, who was honorably connected with its management for more than thirty years.

The Italian hero, Garibaldi, while in exile, about 1849, dwelt on the island near Clifton, and was engaged in the industry of candle-making. His cottage is still preserved there as a landmark of interest to his countrymen and other visitors.

During the past twenty years iron-ore and kaolin have yielded valuable products from the treasures of the hills, and various manufacturing enterprises have added prosperity to the island, not the least of which have been the large breweries established by German residents.

Staten Island is fourteen miles in length, with a breadth of eight miles at the broadest part, and contains sixty square miles. Its population in 1880 was 40,000, with four Indians representing the original Raritans. It has nearly three times the area of Manhattan Island. It is nearer the ocean than New York city, and its proximity to New Jersey gives it a closer and more available connection with the mainland and the railways leading westward. Such advantages, aided by the advance in bridge-building, may yet realize a dream of the island's future, in making it the site of a great seaport. The twentieth century is likely so to record it, either as an annex or a rival of New York.



SEAMAN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL, STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND.

CAPTURED BY CONVICTS.

A Thrilling Adventure.

It was toward the close of the year 1850 that the ship *Gray Eagle* arrived at Calcutta, from the United States, with an assorted cargo, suited to all classes, from the wealthy merchant to the lowest pariah. She was a fine clipper ship, with superior accommodations for passengers, and was the favorite pet of the owners.

A middle-aged gentleman, by the name of Greene—Captain George Greene—commanded her, and I—Horace Davis—filled the berth of first mate. Captain Greene had informed me that this was his last trip on salt water, and, being pleased with me, he should recommend me to the owners as a suitable and competent person to take his place, for which I thanked him heartily.

The cargo was rattled out in a short space of time, and ballast taken in; everything was in readiness either to get under way or receive another freight.

One morning, the captain informed me that he had accepted a charter from the Government to land a gang of convicts in Singapore, receiving a liberal price per head for each one.

An iron grating had been made which fitted exactly over the main hatch, and was bolted securely to the combings. The for'ad hatch was fastened securely, and the kedge-anchor stowed on top.

Our old crew, sailor-like, had deserted almost the first night of our arrival; consequently, a native Lascar crew had to be shipped in their places, with a "serang," or "tindel," as a sort of head-man or boatswain.

An English gentleman, a widower, with his daughter, had also engaged passage with us, preferring our fine, commodious ship to the narrow, confined limits of the steamer. Our topsails were mastheaded, the anchor was hove short, the passengers were on board; we only waited for our living freight, which at last came alongside in three barges, guarded by a number of Sepoy soldiers. There was about one hundred and fifty of them altogether, and as savage, vicious, villainous-looking a gang as I ever saw collected together. They were made up of Bengalis, Hindoostanees, Sikhs, Thugs, Mahrattas, and a crowd of others. Each one was shackled securely, and as they filed over the side, were compelled to descend to the between-decks, which had been prepared for them.

The order was at last given to heave up; the canvas dropped in huge snowy folds from the yards, and we were soon gliding down the river toward the broad Bay of Bengal.

I had received such an impression from the awful expression that I had noticed on the majority of the convicts' faces, that I loaded my revolver, and a rifle which I had, capable of carrying six shots. These I suspended over the head of my berth, with a quantity of ammunition, in case of need.

Days passed on, and we reached the bay in safety. I saw but little of the passengers; they were very proud and aristocratic—seemingly too proud to notice any one on board, beyond a passing nod, or a cold salutation.

Their name was Clarendon, and the young lady, who was very handsome, was introduced to me as Miss Amy Clarendon.

The prisoners were fed twice a day, the food being lowered to them by means of a basket, to which a line was attached. A small door in the grating had to be opened, while beneath, a crowd of the bloodthirsty villains were waiting to seize on it.

As a general thing, I superintended this part of the duty myself; but as days passed by, and no outbreak or disturbance happened, I gradually became more lax and careless. The second mate, assisted by the carpenter and sailmaker, were finally told to look out for the welfare and comfort of our prisoners, while I attended to the duties of the ship.

One day, as the captain and myself were busy taking the sun, a yell, loud, thrilling, and appalling, rent the air, mingled with cries of pain and oaths.

Turning rapidly in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, I beheld a ghastly spectacle.

CAPTURED BY CONVICTS.—"THE STEWARD AND MYSELF SHOVRD OFF, AND MANAGED TO PLACE A SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THE FIERY WRECK."

Up through the main hatch, a black, howling crowd of demons was pouring, while the second mate, carpenter and sailmaker, lay weltering in their gore by the side of the main hatch. By some unaccountable manner the convicts had succeeded in freeing themselves from their irons, had gained the deck, and now, using the fragments of their fetters as clubs, had killed a number, and were driving the Lascars overboard.

At the sight of blood they were as fierce as a pack of wolves. In half a minute the yelling demons had charge of the deck, and, with a fierce cry, they turned toward the quarterdeck.

"Take to the rigging, Davis!" shouted the captain, as he dropped his sextant; "'tis our only chance."

And, suiting the action to the word, he sprang lightly into the mizzen rigging, followed by a dozen black forms. But, quick as a flash of lightning, a better plan flashed through my brain. I noticed that the steward, who had been standing beside the front doors of the cabin, had swung them to, and bolted them securely on the inside. With a desperate bound I reached the skylight that admitted light to the after cabin; with a crash, I went through, followed by the broken glass and sash. Rushing into the forward cabin I snatched my rifle and revolver; at the same time I heard a heavy fall in the after cabin. Turning quickly, I beheld an immense half-naked savage, with a huge bar of iron poised over his head, and evidently in search of the fugitive who had eluded his grasp. Before I could draw a bead on him, he bounded to one side. I heard the door of a stateroom slide back, followed by a low moan, and a heavy fall.

In an instant I had regained the after cabin, and, to my horror, I saw the form of Mr. Clarendon stretched on the floor, his lifeblood ebbing away from several ghastly wounds inflicted by the Mahratta who stood over him.

At a few paces from the dead body of her father knelt Amy, her hands clasped in prayer. The tiger-like eyes of the savage were fastened on her with an ominous expression; but before he could advance one step toward her, the crack of my rifle resounded through the cabin, and there was one convict the less to encounter.

My heart sank within me, as I gazed for an instant on the form of the half-fainting maiden, and I shuddered with horror as I imagined her in the power of the desperate gang, who were now yelling and pounding at the forward cabin door, trying to force an entrance in that direction.

There was no time to lose, and hastily winding my arms about her waist, I led her to the transom, where two good-sized windows opened, and beneath rolled the blue waters of the bay. I told her to remain by the window, and, if worst came to worst, to leap into the sea. But I assured her that no harm should come to her so long as I was able to fire a shot in her defense.

I now turned my attention to the doors, which the convicts were trying to force.

The steward had made a strong barricade, completely filling up the companionway. I strengthened it as well as I was able. Taking up a position midway between the two cabins, I awaited the attack.

Suddenly, with a crash, the doors fell in, and the black howling crowd of cutthroats were struggling before me, making desperate efforts to clamber over the formidable barricade. I could scarcely hear my own ears from the appalling yells which rent the air. With a united rush they surged up, giving vent to cries of anger and rage at being so long baffled of their prey; and with a steady aim I discharged the contents of my revolver into their midst, and six black bodies lay piled across one another in front of the doors. Five shots still remained in the rifle, and raising it to my shoulder, I fired three times in rapid succession. The convicts stood appalled at the loss and slaughter they had encountered, wavering and vacillating. It needed but one more shot to send them howling and fleeing to the forward part of the vessel.

I made good use of the respite, and reloaded my weapons, and whispered a few encouraging words to Amy. I kept a sharp lookout on the skylight, expecting every minute that they would make an attack in that direction. At last a fierce and prolonged yell announced that some new and infernal project had been hatched in the fertile brains of the devilish throng.

With strained ears and distended eyes I watched for the developments of the new plan. Looking up through the broken skylight, I tried in vain to catch a glimpse of Captain Greene. I could discover nothing of him aloft. I felt that I was alone, and must rely on my own resources for protection.

The steward had locked himself in his room, and was either drunk, or insensible with fear.

Occasionally a savage would flit past the skylight, and a loud tramping overhead attracted my attention. I could see their dark forms clustering round, and fired as well as I was able.

A heavy crash startled me, and glancing in the direction of the forward cabin, I beheld a mass of heavy spars, rigging, etc., which effectually blocked up the entrance.

What the meaning of this strange manœuvre was I could not conjecture. There was no danger to be apprehended now in that direction, and I watched the skylight with the eye of a hawk, as the last loophole of danger.

I heard them dragging something along the deck, and the next instant the bight of a large new hawser fell across the skylight. Bight after bight was piled on, followed by other heavy articles, which they gathered together about the decks. In an instant I saw through the plan. They had decided to fasten me down below, and, as I suspected, would either scuttle or burn the ship, leaving me to my fate, while they escaped in boats.

It was a plan worthy of their infernal ingenuity, and I informed Amy of what I supposed was their intention.

"I am content to die," she replied, "if it will save me from falling into their hands."

Fortunately for us, the convicts never once suspected that a woman was on board.

A rumbling, grating sound suddenly broke upon our ears, penetrating through the door and bulkheads. They were lowering the boats. An interval of dead silence reigned around, and creeping cautiously into the forward cabin, I clambered up on the barricade, and peered through the crevices, where the spars, chains and various heavy articles were piled. I could just see the shadowy form of the last convict disappearing over the side, followed by one long, loud, discordant cry of triumph.

It was now nearly dark, and I could scarcely distinguish an object at any distance from me; but, however, I had seen enough to convince me that it was time for me to be acting, and I hurried back to where Amy was cowering in terror at the last yell of triumph that betokened the farewell of our enemies.

"Now, Miss Clarendon, we have no time to lose. Help me pile some of the furniture here, beneath the skylight, and I will see if I can force my way to the deck."

We were obliged to suspend our operations in order to obtain a light.

The steward I finally succeeded in rousing out from his stateroom, after I had assured him that every convict had left the vessel.

In vain I tried to force a passage. My desperate efforts were futile, and I sank to the floor completely exhausted with my efforts. I knew it was useless to attempt the forward doors. They were even more securely barricaded than the skylight.

As if to add to the horrors and miseries of our situation, a bright flickering flame was suddenly perceptible, that lit up the cabin with a wavering, uncertain light. I knew the meaning of it. They had set fire to the ship in the fore-peak, and, unless some plan could be devised, we should be burned to death.

For some time I was buried in deep thought, when I suddenly bethought me of the windows in the stern.

As quickly as possible I clambered through, and carefully I felt with my feet until they rested on a large eye-bolt, driven into the rudder. Above my head was the carved and ornamented stern, by the aid of which I gradually drew myself up until I was able to clutch the iron railing which encircled the poop. In another second I was on deck, and surveyed the scene before me.

It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air was stirring. Through the fore-hatch a huge volume of flame and smoke was ascending. The foresail and foretopsail were afire, and the flames were spreading rapidly. Everything was lit up with a fearful distinctness. The night was dark and cloudy, while around me, in every direction, were the dead bodies of the convicts, the Lascars, and the white men.

I called aloud for Greene, but no answer was heard; he must have fallen a victim to the ferocity of the pirates. I saw at a glance that it was useless to attempt to subdue the flames. No human effort could arrest their progress now, and by the light of the burning ship I began clearing the skylight of the hawser and stream cable which had been stowed over it. In fifteen minutes the work was

accomplished, and the steward was soon standing by my side. In a few words I bade Amy collect all the stores she could find, while the steward and myself constructed a raft.

We were hurried on in our efforts by hearing the dull roar of the flames as they spread in the narrow walls below. At intervals, along the seams of the deck, between the foremast and mainmast, small tongues of flame were visible, darting up.

With a terrible crash the foremast fell over the side, dragging with it the main-topmast, and all the top-hamper.

An immense pillar of sparks and flame shot up toward the dark, lowering sky.

I worked with all the energy of a man threatened with certain death in case of failure, and at last had the satisfaction of completing a safe, substantial raft, which floated buoyantly alongside. A topgallant studding-sail boom answered for a mast, while a tarpaulin passed muster for a sail.

Amy, in the meanwhile, had not been idle; beneath the skylight she had collected a quantity of ham, bread, etc., which were quickly passed up on deck. I assisted Amy to leave the burning ship, and, lowering a small breaker of water over the side, I threw a last farewell glance around the fearful scene, and slid down the side for the last time. Spreading our sail, the steward and myself shoved her off, and, with two pieces of board, managed to place a safe distance between us and the fiery wreck.

Amy, with a fortitude that surprised me, bore up under the fearful trials and terrors of the situation. Not a murmur escaped her lips as we clung to the raft through the long, weary hours of that night. Drenched through with the pitiless waves, she shrank close to my side, and my heart bled for the poor orphan.

Removing my light flannel coat, I wrapped it about her trembling form, and shielded her as well as I was able from the water and cool night-air.

Daylight dawned at last, and with an eager gaze we looked around the horizon.

To our intense joy, a small steamer was seen approaching, and it proved to be one of the English gunboats that abound in those waters. In twenty minutes we were all standing safe on her deck, and met with all possible attention from the officers, who sympathized deeply with us for the dangers and misfortunes we had encountered.

The commander resolved to land us at Penang as soon as possible, and then go in search of the escaped convicts. We were but a short distance from that port, so he informed us, and at an early hour the next morning we came to anchor off the town.

We were immediately landed, and Miss Clarendon proceeded at once to the hotel, and I, not caring to intrude or pester her with my company, now that she was out of danger, left her, and sought out the American consul, to whom I related all the particulars of the disaster. The English authorities were also informed, and a strong force instantly dispatched to hunt up the villains.

Whether they were ever captured or not I am unable to say, as, soon after, I left Penang, bidding adieu to the East Indies and my profession for ever.

One morning, as I was passing the hotel where Amy was stopping, I was startled by hearing my name called, in a soft, musical voice, that sounded like the music of Heaven. Turning quickly, I beheld at the window Amy, dressed in deep mourning, who, blushing deeply, beckoned for me to advance. I must confess that I loved the wealthy, high-born maiden with all the ardor of a sailor, but had never dared, by word or deed, to make known the passion which burned within my breast. I was met in the ladies' parlor by Amy, and what passed between us at that interview no third person shall ever know. Suffice it to say that Amy's pride—her false pride—had passed away for ever; the fearful scenes which she had so lately witnessed had taught her that true courage and fortitude were, after all, preferable to a title and vast riches.

"QUATTR' OCCHI."

By Susan K. Phillips.

Four eyes—for the rosy glow
  Of the dawning over the sea;
When springing up like a god from his rest,
The great sun flushes the ocean's breast,
And the life and the heart to the new day's zest
  Wake joyous, fresh and free.

Four eyes—for the gloaming hour,
  The soft pathetic light;
When Nature dreams in a golden hush,
When the dusk air thrills to the rivers' rush,
And the lingering gaze wakes the happy blush
  Where four eyes watch for night.

Four eyes—for the magic page,
  Of the poet's ringing rhyme;
To meet as the strain with the heart accords,
And the rise and fall of the measured words
Strikes full and clear on the tremulous chords,
  That Love has strung for Time.

Four eyes—to flash back laughter
  In the season of fearless mirth;
Four eyes—to glisten, and fill, and weep,
As the grain is lost from the ears we reap,
As the gems drop out from the circlet we keep,
  To crown the joys of earth.

Ah me! do they watch, I wonder,
  Those lost eyes brown and true?
Can pitying "painless sympathies"
Dim their peaceful radiance up in the skies.
As they see the weary yearning rise
  In the twins that once they knew?

RODNEY RAY'S REVENGE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE SIDE OF THE SEA.

The scene was grand. The night was perfect. Scarcely a breeze stirred the air or dallied with the waves. The moon was full; the sky was cloudless; the temperature was such as left one no thought of there being either heat or cold in existence.

Far out to sea there was a long, low line of smoke, that, and a shadowy shape which one could call an ocean steamer—or a dream of one. Further still, down on the horizon's very edge, there was a tiny speck of white that one might guess was a sail—or believe was the wing of some seabird, turned aslant under the flood of moonlight—as one pleased.

Half a mile away, down the long level beach, there was a group of merry children enjoying as much of the early evening as was to belong to them, and with all the greater earnestness and zest because it was almost over, and there was to be a whole long night between them and the happy morrow.

Under the blaze of the electric light they dug in the sand, they ran races, they rushed down to meet the incoming waves, and dashed back even faster. They did

all the childish and pleasant things which free and happy hearts could prompt them to do—many things which we older ones (with nerves) blame and scold them for—many things which those of us who are blessed with good health secretly envy them the doing.

A FEMALE REPORTER IN CAMP.

MISS BELOSSY BULK OF BOSTON, the corpulent correspondent of the "Court Circular" (who smells smoke): *"Young man—ah, can you tell me the* maximum *velocity of a ball as it leaves the apertuah of your gun?"*
SEVENTH REGIMENT WARRIOR (who is thinking in another direction): *"It's a 'Minnie' mum."*

Further away there were the bathers.

Further away there were music and dancing.

And the breath of the bounding sea stirred about the loitering man and woman, far from human companionship other than their own, upon the lonely beach. The loveliness and mysteriousness of the night lay all about them and in their hearts. The distant steamer and the almost invisible sail made the night more lonely; the voices of the children came faintly to them with the wash of the waves; the bathers seemed almost as unreal as the figures in a dream and the throb of the music might have been from another and an unseen world. Indeed it might! Blent with the sea's voice and the laugh of childhood, it was almost divine. (In passing, let me hint to some one who seeks fame in the literature of psych-

RODNEY RAY'S REVENGE.—"HE FOUND THE CHILD A HALF-MILE AWAY. 'WHAT'S YOUR NAME?' HE ASKED, AS HE CAUGHT HIM UP IN HIS ARMS."

ology, that he might prove the immortality of the human soul by an argument drawn from music. Did one ever listen, under the moonlight, to the music of a distant waltz, without *almost* remembering something that never happened—never in this world?)

We will go up the beach. The man and the woman are walking there, you remember.

History began with one man and one woman—it will doubtless end so. The last man will die because the last woman loves him, or because she does not.

Rodney Ray has told his story. He has asked his question. He has known, and so has the woman—and for a long time, too—that it would be told some time.

I doubt if he went out with her to-night intending to tell her of his love. He has loved her long—he has loved her earnestly; let no one doubt that. But love must learn patience—it must wait.

But the story has been told, the question has been asked. He had only to feel the night and the music and the near presence of the sea. I had to describe it. The night has done it. Let us hurry now that we may fear all the rest.

Rodney Ray was scarcely a handsome man. He was a bit too stout to be graceful, and his face had more strength in it than beauty ever allows a man. His eyes were gray and clear and bright. His mouth spoke of will and determination. The poise of his head denoted pride. He was evidently an earnest man and a truthful one.

The woman was a vision of loveliness. Tall, dark, full of grace, faultless under the glare of the electric light, in the heated ballroom; perfect in form and complexion by honest daylight.

By moonlight one would have felt justified in any flattering words. I believe that Rodney Ray had just called her an angel.

If he had, her answer was a terrible blow to him.

She looked him straight in the eyes, and told him "No."

His head went down upon his breast. He made no sign of his intense suffering than that. It was as though all life and hope and energy had suddenly been crushed out of him.

The woman tapped her dainty foot impatiently upon the sands.

She stole a hurried, frightened glance at him—a glance he did not see.

She loved power; she loved the power which she had over this man; but there was a doubt in her girlish heart as to whether she had been wise in attempting to use it.

She was not the first woman who had played with a man's heart, and wrecked her own life by doing it.

"You've led me to this," he said, brokenly; "and if you had no other answer than this for me, you had no right to do it."

He raised his head and looked at her. But she was looking at the sand now.

She made no answer.

"It was wicked."

She raised her head.

"It was cowardly to diliberately wreck a man's life as you have done, Miss Della Atherton."

Miss Della Atherton thought two things; first, that her lover didn't understand women, and second that she was very, very angry.

We will agree that Rodney Ray did not understand women; we will agree that he had said what it was no wonder had angered Miss Atherton.

But in this age, when a man does not understand a woman, she is a fortunate one who wins him.

For the rest, an angry woman will ride roughshod over her own heart that she may hurt the one who has angered her. And she will but go the quicker and more bravely, the closer his words have been to the truth.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ray," she said, icily; "but I could scarcely have guessed you intended marriage. Your profession, or calling, or business——"

"Don't!" he cried, sharply, turning away his head.

She paused.

He looked off to the ocean, and let the cool air touch his face.

He wondered vaguely whether she had touched upon the truth in what she had started to say. He felt that he had frittered away too much of his life. Bohemian in all his tastes and habits, he wondered whether it were really that which had cost him the coveted happiness of his life, He could write—a little; he could paint—some; he was a musician—minus the cultivation which evil genius must have, would it do its highest and best.

Poor, as the world goes, he had not come to look upon the use of his powers in the gaining of wealth as a duty to himself, to the world, and to the Power who had endowed him with a grand intellect.

Had it cost him his future? He could not tell. It looked so.

He groaned aloud. He never thought of asking the woman to reconsider her answer, though she was almost praying he would.

"How stupid he was!" she said to herself, forgetting that it would have been no compliment to her to have guessed she was a coquette.

She grew angrier with him. She threw the fact of her fortune in his teeth.

"Perhaps you thought I had enough for both," she said, pointedly.

He looked at her and his face darkened, but he made no answer.

"You blamed me for leading you on," she said, with slow deliberation. "Perhaps you will admit that all is fair with a man who is a mere fortune-hunter."

He turned quickly and caught her by the arm. He meant no violence to her, and never knew that he had done her any.

But she carried the prints of his fingers on her delicate flesh—yes, and kissed them and cried over them—for many a day.

His eyes blazed down into hers.

"I would kill a man who said that to me. Your sex saves you. You know that I am not what you have called me. You know that, Bella Atherton."

He looked away again. The sea was only an unquiet and relentless monster to his eyes now.

Low-lying clouds betokened storm. The childish laughter was gone from the sands. The distant music was only a discordant clang.

The scene was what it had been. The man had changed.

There are those among modern theologians who believe that the soul itself will make its own heaven or hell. Perhaps they are right.

"You have been cruel and heartless," he said, the agony of thorough conviction of the truth of what he said trembling in his tones, "and the knowledge that it is so will help me to outlive it."

She merely bowed her head, as though in approval.

"But the time shall come when you shall regret this night. And when it comes, you shall find it has no end. The sorrow you find then shall be yours in life and in death, and only your grave shall shut it away from you."

She bowed again.

He turned away, and left her there alone. He walked away with long strides, while she stood and watched him, and the dimness of her vision was not from spray nor mist from the sea.

Regret! Yes, from this moment for ever!

And he never guessed it.

One word. One little cry from her. One pause in his rapid, reckless walk. Any of these, and I might lay down

my pen and write "The End" over against their story. But she stood like a frozen form. And he never looked back.

It's the way of the world, alas! It's the way of the world!

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN'S REVENGE.

There are many ways in which the human mind meets trouble and disappointment. Give me a list of a dozen men who have suffered enough to make their futures different from what they else would have been—men who do not outlive their pain—and I will find those men in strangely different places. One, perhaps, will have sought in the winecup for the happiness he lost, and look vainly until the sods of a dishonored grave hide the wild and reckless world he has known from his eyes for ever. Another will spend his life in carrying the truth to the heathen in foreign and unhealthy lands. One will throw himself into the great crowds of our cities. Another will seek seclusion in the wilderness. And so on, for all the differences among men.

It took Della Atherton a full month to learn that Rodney Ray was really gone—gone without another word with her—gone without a message of farewell. I won't begin to tell you the time and money she spent in finding where he had gone. It took both, and she gave them freely. It meant much to her when she learned that he had buried himself in the wilds of Idaho, and was hunting for gold.

She fought with her other self such fierce battles as our two selves can fight; her love and her tenderness and her sense of justice against her pride and her anger.

Could she have seen him, had she even had his picture, I believe she would have won. As it was, she lost. She wrote one letter to him, and destroyed it because it was too short; she burned another because it was too long; this one was too cold; that one was too tender.

It ended by her letting silence fall between them.

Other suitors came—all sorts and conditions of men.

One was persistent. No matter that he was old, and that this woman loved youth; no matter that he had money, and that she despised it because she had been so foolish as to pile it up as a barrier between her and the truest heart she had ever known: no matter that she told him "No!"

He was honest and kindly. He was thoroughly in earnest. He asked again and again. He won, as other men have done, a weary woman's promise, without love or heart in it.

But how was the exile in the mountains, reading of her marriage, to know that?

It was a hard life, that to which Rodney Ray had condemned himself. He rose early and retired late.

He spared himself in no way. He worked in all weathers—he grew rich. He had gold *cached* away in more than one place among the hills.

He would smile quietly to himself as he thought of it all: although he sometimes wondered what the use of it would be, since he had failed to win Della Atherton. Then, again, he would have a feverish desire to have as large a fortune as hers, and would hurry away to his work.

One year there was the news that the woman he had loved was the wife of another! What matter? She was no more dead to him than she had been when he walked away from her that night by the sea, with the glare of the moonlight all about him, and the hateful blare of the dance-music in his ears.

The next year she was a mother. A son had come to her—a boy who would grow up with the face of another man.

I think this hurt him more than her marriage had done.

It was much like the sensation one in a trance would have when the sods began to rattle down upon his coffin.

The third year death came near her. The man who had given her his name and his fortune went down through the silent gates, and left her only fortune and name.

Did she love him? Would she weep over him?

Rodney Ray could not guess. He would never know.

No matter for that. She was nothing to him—less than nothing.

The next year she moved West. A vain man would have—at least wondered! Rodney Ray did not. She came, with money and furniture, and comforts and luxuries, and settled down in the village where he lived. Perhaps to trouble and annoy him, was his first thought—a thought which he put away from him as unworthy and unjust, and which he did not follow with another that was any more to the purpose.

He said to himself that he had conquered his passion; he said that his wound was healed. He gave his words the lie by avoiding the newcomer. He moved further up into the hills and never saw her.

Perhaps she had done all that a woman could well do. Perhaps she would have done more. I cannot tell. The end has left it all unknown.

The snow lay deep in the valleys. There was an icy wind from the mountains. More snow was falling. The sun was set. The brief twilight was almost gone.

"Rodney," said a rich, womanly voice.

Rodney Ray might have wondered why his name had been given to the boy. Or he might not have wondered. I cannot say. There are men who will take a woman at her word, I suppose, and hold to it all their lives long.

"Rodney!"

There was no answer.

"Rodney!"

Her voice was louder and full of anxiety.

Still no answer.

A hurried search everywhere. No boy to be found. Then the mother hurried out to follow the tracks of the little wanderer through the snow. Only three years old, and he had not been gone a half-hour. Surely she must find him.

She ran through the blinding storm, finding his tracks as far as the little footbridge across the mountain torrent. Further than that, nothing certain. No footprints; no trace.

"Perhaps, in God's mercy, because the snow had covered them," she said to a neighbor when she reached the village again.

And the rough old man drew his hand across his eyes, repeated "in God's mercy" in a doubtful way, looked at the hills, and shuddered.

She did not understand him then. There was certainly a mercy in that.

* * * * * *

It was late. It was so late that Rodney Ray was hurrying home, and beginning to look and feel anxious. There was a sound here and there in the forest that reminded him of the music across the sandy stretch of beach the night he went home from Della Atherton, though why such a horrible suggestion should have come to him I can scarcely tell.

Men listen as they feel, I suppose.

He reached his door at last, to find what? A line or

tiny footsteps leading past it! He shut his lips together tighter, increased his speed, and followed the baby's trail.

He found the child a half-mile away.

"What's your name?" he asked, as he caught him up in his arms, and rapidly turned to retrace his steps.

"Rodney," said the little fellow, looking up at him with eyes like Della Atherton's.

Rodney Ray stooped over with a sudden impulse and kissed the boy.

The demon music of the hills rang out not twenty rods away from Rodney Ray and the boy.

The snow fell, the wind blew, the cold increased. And for hours the boy prattled and laughed at the antics of the "pretty doggies," to fall at last into the sleep of exhausted childhood, protected from the cold by the clothes of the man who had found and saved him.

* * * * * *

They found them so in the morning. The wolves had gone home to their dens from their night-long riot of vain endeavor. The child looked up and smiled. He had lain with the coat and vest of Rodney Ray wrapped closely about him.

THE EARLY DAYS OF SPRING.

"Pretty doggie!—see the pretty doggie!" said the child.

The strong man shuddered.

"Oh, Heaven, give me help!" he said, under his breath, as the wolf cowardly, yet because alone, slunk away.

Five minutes later it was evident that they could not reach Rodney Ray's house. There was a steep rock near the path, up which he climbed, carrying the boy with him. By dislodging a huge fragment he made it impossible for either animals or men to follow them unless they had ladders.

Rodney Ray smiled. But it was the smile that never changes—the smile that we always remember best because it comes last. In it was a prayer to the Heaven he had found—in it was thankfulness to the God who had given him the honor of martrydom. No more sorrow, no more pain, no more care.

He had his revenge!

He gave his life for it!

THOSE who are the most distrustful of themselves are the most envious of others.

ENTERING THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME.

ROMAN GARDENS.

ROME is the city of gardens. Where else can we recall such masses of evergreen verdure, such thickness of aloe and lentisk, such groves of umbrageous pines, embowering the vast and stately palaces within the walls.

While the villas beyond their stern inclosure are set in clipped silences of box and yew, and shaded by solemn groves of ilex and bay, others (like the Wolkonsky) are spanned by huge ruins of aqueduct or bridge, ivy-clad, or tangled with roses, and starred with anemone and cyclamen in lavish and lovely profusion. And all alike are vocal with murmurous flow of tinkling waters, and fantastic shapes of Triton and Nereid; the maidenhair mantles the marble basins with its delicate fronds, and the sunshine steals through the boughs, and fancy conjures up the sylvan goat-footed gods, dancing, to wild clash of cymbal and horn, upon the level lawns, while Hamadryads crouch and listen amid their leafy boughs.

The Romans of old time also loved and delighted in their gardens. Pliny, in discursive mood, describes to us minutely his favorite villa near Città di Castello; his box-trees, clipped in the shape of strange animals, as we may still see them in Italian gardens; his terraces, bounded by carefully pleached hedges; his fountains, and the cascade, contrived by careful art to fall into a marble basin; his groves of plane-trees, famed for their delightful shade, and watered with wine instead of water by Roman horticulturists.

By-the-way, Sir William Temple fortifies this theory by his assertion that "this tree loved the liquor as well as those who used to drink beneath its shade"; and this, we may gather from Horace, was no small measure of degree. Moschus, too, in one of his idyls, apostrophizes the plane: "Give me to rest beneath the plane-tree's shade." Pliny seems to have had an ingenious gardener,

for he mentions the box-trees as cut into the letters of favorite names. So in the Doria Pamphili Gardens the name of the beloved and lamented English princess is thus perpetuated. The summer-houses and alcoves he describes exist in every villa-garden, though not the ingeniously contrived supper service, in the shape of a water-fowl, which floated on the surface of a fountain, beside which the guests reclined as round a table!

The Borghese Gardens are on a large scale, precisely of the taste of the Imperial times. The splendid collection of antiques and marbles and statuary diverts the traveler's mind, it may well be, from its sylvan charm and woodland shades—the harmonious music of its fountains, its scented banks of violets and cyclamen, the quaint hippodrome with its turfed seats, where shows are still exhibited. The Borghese is the perfection of landscape-gardening. Deep groves of ilex invite silent contemplation; tasteful groups of ruins please the eye. Long winding drives, so artfully arranged as to seem interminable, are filled with troops of people in holiday attire—soldiers, peasants, and children—a motley crowd. The Roman queens of fashion roll past us in the carriages, lovely and languid, with tresses raven-black, and creamy skins, and level Roman brows; and beside them caracoles the tall and scented cavalier upon his prancing steed, in tight raiment and tightest of yellow gloves. He recognizes the lady of his *devoir*, and reins up, hat off, with a flash of almost lurid brilliance in his dark eyes, and meets his destiny like a man.

Presently down the long avenue scarlet liveries announce the equipage of the pearl of Italy, Queen Margaret, with her mobile features and sweet intelligent looks, as she bows right and left to the undemonstrative crowd. The sunshine flashes on the ilex-leaves, the waters sparkle in the rays of light, the Tritons, with puffed cheeks, blow laborious and silent conches in honor of the lady of the fountains, whom, as Browning will have it,

> "Fifty gazers do not abash,
> Though all she wears is some weeds round her waist
> in a sort of sash."

But we must leave the Borghese, and climb the waste and vineyarded Aventine, one, perhaps, of the most fascinating spots in Rome, wilder in old days than now it is, and the abode of the Sabine forest-gods. It was here that Numa, the wise king, managed to snare the forest-fauns by mingling honey with their crystal spring, which things, it may be, are all allegory. Tatius, the Sabine ruler, lies buried somewhere here, amid the slopes and steeps; and we may chance upon the mighty masonry of the Tullian Wall, with its vast ranges of level stones; and all the space around was covered once with the temples of all the gods, to be replaced by churches as many, and convents, erected upon their ruins.

For instance, the Church of St. Sabina has appropriated the site and the stately marble columns set up in honor of the gods. The great St. Dominic once abode in the adjoining convent, and planted a certain orange-tree, still vigorous and green, and covered with flowers and fruit. Hither, too, fled St. Thomas Aquinas, pursued by his mother's tears and lamentations to the very door of the monastery; and within the walls of the church St. Gregory read his famous Homilies; for the building dates from the fourth century, as an inscription in mosaic testifies. St. Sabina lies beneath the altar. On a little pillar in the aisle we see a smooth and polished touchstone, once, so our guide informs us, flung by the devil at St. Dominic. And it was within this convent's very walls that St. Dominic and his monks found one day their kitchen empty and themselves sore hunger-driven, until the blessed angels came to their aid and rescue, as we may see for ourselves in Murillo's beautiful presentment of this miracle, within the Louvre.

And in later days, St. Raymond of Penaforte dwelt in this convent, and walked in this garden of lemons and olives, and gazed with thoughtful eyes at old Rome lying beneath the hill, circled by Tiber's winding wave.

Hard by is the priory-garden of the Knights of Malta, where the great Pope Hildebrand spent his boyhood; while below this again, in the steeply descending cliff overhanging the Tiber, is the imagined site of that Cave of Cacus, where the bulls stolen from Hercules were safely hid. For in Rome verily the ends of the world are upon us, and nothing is too remote, too awe-inspiring, too legendary, to find a local habitation and a name. But upon our reverie intrudes Ampère, who soberly warns us that Cacus was most likely a mere brigand, and Recaranus an able-bodied shepherd; but we refer our readers to the eighth book of "Æneid."

Still descending the hill, among the gardens and the walls we come upon the Church of St. Prisca, which is said to occupy the site of Aquila and Priscilla's house, "who were tent-makers." St. Prisca, a virgin of thirteen, was flung to the beasts, who refused to harm her, and she was martyred by beheading. Tradition tells us that she was baptized by St. Peter himself in the ancient font within the church; and in the crypt there is a beautiful Corinthian column, which doubtless once served to support the Temple of Diana, which stood upon this spot, as we know, in the time of Pope Eutychianus, 280 A.D. circa.

It is strange to reflect that the Garden of the Vestals behind the circular Temple of Vesta or Hestia (fire) is still a garden, somewhat waste and desolate, it is true. A secret passage—recently opened—leads from it into the temple, by which the sacred band could enter unobserved, and relight, if need were, the fire ever burning on the altar of the earth-goddess, from the sunray which streamed through the open roof of the building, now, need we say, a church, and dedicated to St. Maria Liberatrice.

The scent of China roses recalls—how vividly!—the sunny morning spent in St. Sylvia's Garden, the mother of the great Pope St. Gregory, and where, as a child, he doubtless played his boyish games. It is now inclosed in the Camaldolesi Convent grounds, together with a huge fragment of the Tullian Wall. And it is close to the great range of marble steps of the church adjoining, whence Gregory sent Augustine to convert the British Isles. Few spots can be more redolent of august memories to the English-speaking races, touched to such tremendous issues as they were by the great results of that day's mission.

Full of interest and charm, though of a later and a different character, is the garden of St. Onofrio's Convent, whither Tasso, wearied out by this world's strife, came to breathe his last; and where one sees his room, much, indeed, one would think, as he left it, with his crucifix and his inkstand and other of his relics carefully preserved in it.

The oak he planted still flourishes, and spreads umbrageous arms over the little turfen amphitheatre where St. Philip Neri, gentlest of saints, loved to assemble and teach the little children he delighted to gather round him. In the little dim and picture-adorned church of the convent Tasso was wont to hear his daily Mass; and there, beneath its stones, he sleeps, quiet and sad. Lonely and calm and quiet is the whole place, bathed, as the writer saw it, in mellow golden light, and shadowed by

tall cypresses, pointing, a solemn finger, as it were, upward into the dazzling and radiant sky. "Good God!" cried St. Bernard, in one of his writings, "what pleasures dost Thou ordain for man, thus to feed his eyes with variety of plants, thus to comfort his misery, and fill his ears with that so sweet and various harmony of birds!" "Birds," says Ælian, "which so sweetly sing, that voyagers, enchanted, as it were, with their heavenly music, forthwith forget all labors, cares and griefs.

When we leave the Coliseum, and skirt the base of the Palatine, we may see above us the Gardens of Adonis, now belonging to a convent, where the brave and gentle St. Sebastian, beloved of painters for his beauty and his youth, encountered his first martyrdom for the Christian faith, being fastened to a tree and shot at with arrows. And did we not afterward see one of those arrows carefully preserved in his church on the Appian Way? And is not this garden, where once they lamented for Adonis (the Tammuz of the Sacred Writings), still a garden, fragrant and perfumed with roses and orange-blooms?

And the Palatine Hill, with its many memories and mighty ruins, is a garden now, full of aromatic shrubs and beds of flowers; although amongst them it is ours to trace the stones of Roma Quadrata, marked by the plow of Romulus, to inclose his cattle and herds and bands of freebooting companions. Below, on the slope of the hill, still stands a heathen altar on its original site, with the inscription, "Sei dio seu divæ sei." And it was "restored" one hundred and twenty years before Christ, and then replaced a much older one upon the same spot, for "Roma ante Romulus fuit."

Here upon this very spot was the Idæan mother Cybele worshiped with abominable rites. Hither, as Tertullian, and St. Augustine in his "Civitate Dei," both inform us, the vestal Claudia drew the vessel containing the shapeless stone idol up Tiber stream with her girdle simply, after it had grounded at the foot of Aventine. And on this flowery slope, so Ampère tells us, the Sabines had built a temple to Victory before Romulus drove his steers upon the sacred hill, and long before his straw hut, such as the shepherd folk still inhabit on the Campagna, was kept and venerated as a relic (though burnt more than once, it is true) as late as the time of Plutarch.

And amid these shattered ruins, so ponderous and so vast, Nero poisoned Britannicus, and Commodus was poisoned by Marcia; and who knows how many more such crimes were perpetrated on these gardened slopes, where, if we may believe Virgil, Evander received Æneas flying from Troy, before, as one may say, Rome was Rome?

The Ludovisi Gardens, widely ranging and richly planted, offer as their proud contribution to Roman heritages Guercino's beautiful fresco of the Dawn driving her horses up the pearly slopes of heaven. The light of the newborn day is upon her face; the faint breeze gently lifts her hair; flowers are scattered beneath her chariot wheels. Before her speed the flying Hours, bearing their unknown gifts to men:

> "The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good,
> The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill."

Behind the car, the beautiful Genius of the Day, bearing the torch, occupies one of the alcoves of the summer-house. Opposite sits a woman with a book on her knee, a sleeping child beside her, and around her flit the wide-winged birds of night.

The gallery of statuary boasts the Ludovisi Juno, colossal, stately, divinely fair. Silence reigns upon her parted lips; the calm of majestic repose rests on her serene and level brows. Hers "that large utterance of the early gods," which, when she speaks, will compel us to silence. In the ampler æther, amid which she is wont to dwell, what knows she of our world of petty woe, where, as old Hesiod puts it, "by day as well as by night, diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men." But of all these her colossal loveliness knows nothing, save "that the gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," and time is one. Such is the Ludovisi Juno. But who that has ever visited the Villa Albani can, if he would, forget that fragment of Greek sculpture there, so jealously preserved—that bass-relief, I mean, of Mercury withdrawing Eurydice from her husband's arms? Words can give no idea of the tender grace of the attitudes, of the truth, the nature, the pathos of these figures. Her hand rests upon his shoulder; his clasps hers with such a passion of affection that the messenger of the gods, though he relaxes not his grasp, yet by a slight movement of his entwining arm expresses that he gazes not all unmoved upon their tender and entrancing farewell. This fragment should be, if it is not, the despair of the modern world, as it is truly one of the most consummate triumphs of genius and art.

But the Doria Pamphili Gardens summon us to gather cyclamen and hyacinth amid their shades and waters and groves and lawns. This was once the Garden of Galba, and upon the green and level lawn still stands a little heathen altar, representing the Pius Antoninus Imp. sacrificing to his household gods. No sod here is ever turned or soil removed, but fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, busts, and *cippi* or funeral urns, are brought to light; and the *columbaria* are singularly interesting and perfect. In a square chamber approached by a stair and a door are the many niches, each of which contains in its pictured urn the ashes and half-consumed bones of some dead and gone Roman of Imperial time. The walls are ornamented with graceful arabesques of bird and flower and genii and fruit. A group of dwarfs disturbed in their antics by a crocodile advancing from a lake is curiously grotesque. In an instant we are transported back some twenty centuries as we linger over the sharply cut and graceful inscriptions to the *conjux dulcissime*, or the loved and lamented *filii et filiæ* of those long-past days. Within a single recess several *cippi* are not unfrequently accommodated, with praiseworthy economy of space. It is said that extensive catacombs range from these princely gardens to Rome, of which the view, seen through the stems of the pine and ilex groves, is one of the most delightful imaginable, and prompts one to exclaim, with Shelley:

> "O Rome!* O life! O time!
> On whose last steps I climb,
> When will return the glory of your prime?"

But we must hasten on, and pass by in silence the unseen glories of the Farnesina Gardens and the silent spaces of the Vatican, where His Holiness takes his quiet drive or saunter, and dwell for one instant on what is *not* a garden, but a grove, and called Egeria's, beyond the walls of Rome, albeit modern archæology will have none of it, and is fain to place the spring otherwhere, or just outside the Garden Wolkonsky.

But here we have surely the very spot. The mystic silence of the shadowy grove, the ruined temple (now a church), and the crystal stream, with its three alcoved founts covered with dripping fern and maidenhair, where the peasants come in a sort of rustic procession, bearing

* "O world! O life! O time!"

THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA ADRIANI, ROME.

on their heads huge copper vessels, which shine in the falling evening light like burnished gold. The broken statue of a river-god reclines beneath the central arch of the ferny grot, and contemplates with pondering mien the roll of the centuries and the changes they bring to Rome, while the crystal spring fills and overflows his urn—

> "Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
> Of spouted fountain floods,"

where, like Akenside's river-goddess,

> "Lulled by the murmur of my rising fount, I slumber."

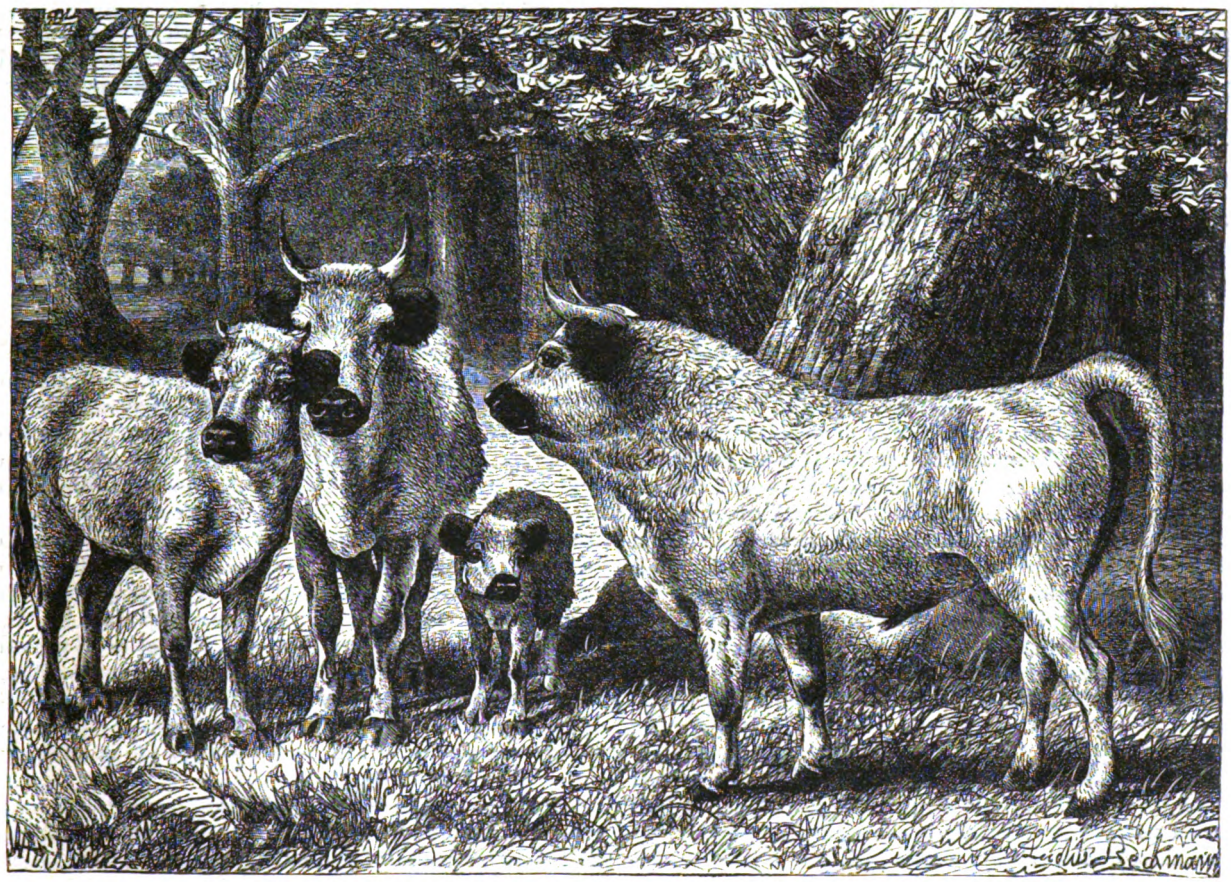
But the place is so eerie, so solitary, the shade of the ilex-grove so mystical, that one quite conceives the charm that drew the Ausonian sage day by day from his Aventine dwelling to his faunhaunted grove, where

> "Hollowing one hand against his ear,
> To list a footfall ere he saw
> The wood-nymph, stayed the Ausonian king to hear,
> Of judgment and of law."

Egeria's "lone, secure retreat," indeed! And here, as Numa sat, he heard, or seemed to hear, the wild cries of the sylvans in the shadowy woods beyond, and voice of Picus or of Pan, or stealthy step of satyr, crushing

> "The chestnut husk at the chestnut root."

And there we leave him, steeped in curious contemplation, and bid farewell to all the garden loveliness of Rome, which we have feebly striven to portray, "though half the tale is left untold," and conclude this paper with Lord Bacon's stately praise of a garden in his "Essays." His is to be not less than thirty acres in extent, and "royally ordered," and no cost spared, for he writes for "great princes," to whom such is but a small matter; and he disposes it with wild heath, with turf lawns, and with a flower-planted pleasaunce; and all to be encompassed with "a stately arched hedge" of ten foot high, and alleys "spacious and fair," and in the midst "a fair mount," and a vast fountain "some forty foot square, with fine pavement about it." And this he styles a "princely garden," as indeed it is, and so full-set with flowers sweetly scented, that even at this distance of time we seem to inhale their perfume, and hear the grave Chancellor discoursing sweetly, as he goes amid the turfen plots, of garden glories, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall.



SCOTCH WILD CATTLE.

ORIGIN OF OUR DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.

By Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.

Apart from the interest naturally attaching to the domestication of the different animals which man has chosen to live with him and minister to his wants, the investigation into the time when he first adopted each, and the manner in which they gradually became tame, is of great importance in tracing the early fortunes of the human race. Civilization went hand-in-hand with man's obtaining animals to subdue the ground and supply him with more conveniences of living. Thus a study of the domesticated animals and their origin demands a study of the early inhabitants of Europe, of those primitive cave-dwellers and dwellers in houses supported on piles driven into the lakes, who have been revealed to us by science as the immediate ancestors of historic man. An inquiry, therefore, into the origin of domestic animals compels us

to go back to very early days in the world's youth, when Europe was much of it covered with a perpetual ice-sheet, and extinct elephants, cave-bears, rhinoceroses, and the like, roamed its trackless forests, and reared their young where now stand the proudest capitals of the world.

When America was discovered no animal had been domesticated by the Indians, except the dog at the north and the llama at the south; no bird, except the turkey in Mexico. All our ordinary domestic animals and fowls descend from stock introduced from Europe. The bones, the tools of stone and bronze, and the like, found in the mud of lakes where were men's dwellings in those pre-historic times, or in the barrows where his tribesmen laid him at rest, will greatly help these investigations. Again, bones and other remains of the domesticated cattle of hundreds of years ago are not unfrequently at the present day found in peat mosses and similar localities, which are useful in these inquiries. Just as the precious translucent jade, which is so eagerly prized both by primitive and civilized man, must have been brought into Europe from China, so the earliest glimpse we can obtain through the dim haze of long distant ages into the history of our domestic animals leads us to think of the tribes of wandering Tartars who at present inhabit the great deserts of Northern and Central Asia, and of the wandering Arabs of southern and warmer climes, who all adopt the nomad life, and take their domestic animals with them from place to place.

These thoughts led inquirers to a still remoter antiquity, and they see the first travelers from the cradle of the human race finding their way, after the dispersion of mankind, into Europe. The home of primitive man was doubtless somewhere on or near the plateau of Pamir, whence a stream or streams of migration descended upon Hindoostan on the one hand and toward Europe on the other. Traveling westward and south of the Caspian, in all probability, our ancestors made their way through Armenia and Asia Minor, and so over the Bosphorus near Constantinople. It is not difficult to imagine these early folk, with wonder-stricken eyes, lighting upon the sunny regions of Greece and Italy, and at once determining to rest from their toils amidst myrtles and fruitfulness. It were easy for those who pushed still further west to the pillars of Hercules, and then north till they were confronted by the white cliffs where now stands Dover, to cross the intervening straits, just as daring barbarian navigators impel their canoes at the present day from their homes in one Polynesian island to another, and as America itself was peopled long ages before Columbus, by means of voluntary exiles or storm-driven refugees carried to its north coasts from Asia by Behring's Strait. Naturally but few domestic cattle would accompany these early pioneers of civilization; they would gradually domesticate and improve the breeds of such animals as they found useful amongst the indigenous inhabitants of the district. Thus the dog, as we now know it, might well spring from several or many wild types, and the European, or rather Asiatic, sheep be crossed with an American representative of the *Ovidæ*.

Inasmuch as a man in a hunting society preceded man as a tiller of the ground, one of the earliest animals which he might be supposed to domesticate would be the dog. Next would come the horse. At least, such would be the order did we trust our own ideas of what would happen in the infancy of civilization. But how dangerous such *à priori* modes of reasoning are may be seen in this case by calling to mind that in the Homeric poems, long after men had dwelt in settled societies and founded cities, the horse is never employed to help man in hunting. All through the battles before Troy the horse is never ridden by the Greeks. It seems that men had not yet discovered how to ride it, for it is regarded as a beast of burden, useful only for drawing the heroes' chariots. In like manner, elephants were probably never used by the natives in India from which to hunt tigers until the last century, when Europeans showed Orientals their value against a tiger's charge. It is probable, however, that mammals were domesticated before birds. Barnyard fowls, peacocks, and the like, are luxuries in the eyes of a race emerging from savagedom. The presumption is, that of animals, the first, or one among the first to be tamed, was the dog, and to its history, therefore, we shall first address ourselves.

The great question with regard to the dog is one which the vast diversity of its breeds naturally suggests: is it descended from one wild ancestor, such as the wolf, or from several? At the earliest known historical period several breeds are found existing, very unlike each other, and closely resembling those which we possess at present. A glance at any illustrated book on the Assyrian and Egyptian remains will show this. "But long before the period of any historical record the dog was domesticated in Europe. In the Danish Middens of the Neolithic, or new stone period, bones of a canine animal are embedded," and it has been ingeniously argued by Mr. Darwin that these belonged to a domestic dog, for a very large proportion of the bones of birds preserved in the refuse consists of long bones, which, on trial, it was found dogs cannot devour. The North American Indian dogs at the present day are like North American wolves; Eskimo dogs, too, resemble the Arctic wolves. In Europe many Continental shepherd-dogs closely approximate in appearance to the wolf. The wolf must therefore be deemed the parent of the dogs of the West. As for Eastern dogs, they may well have sprung from the jackal, so common in hot countries. In the Scriptures dogs are generally spoken of with loathing and contempt. Much pains have been taken in these investigations by Mr. Darwin, and he considers that several species of wolves and jackals must be regarded as the ancestors of the dog, unless we are to accept Professor Huxley's dubious hypothesis of the dog having, like the horse, a still more remote ancestry, which must be sought for in the dry bones of tertiary rocks.

Curiously enough, the habit of barking, which is almost universal with domesticated dogs, does not characterize a single species of the family in a wild state. It is said, too, that when dogs relapse into a savage state they lose their habit of barking. Climate, again, appears to modify the forms and dispositions of dogs. It is for this reason that English hounds, when sent out to India, rapidly decline both in bodily constitution and characteristics, while bulldogs lose their pluck and ferocity after two or three generations, and even their underhung jaws. It is curious, too, how long the dog retains the habits which tell of his wild ancestry. Thus, however well and regularly fed he may be, he often buries, like the fox, any superfluous food; and he never lies down deliberately on the hearth-rug without first turning round and round, as if to trample down sufficient grass to form a bed, just as his far-away ancestors used to do in their native forests.

It has long been known that the domestic cats are not sprung from the wild cat indigenous to this country, but came from some Eastern stock, and was brought over here from Europe. Cats were early domesticated in the East, as is proved by their mummies found in Egypt. Some have fancied from the very name Puss (*quasi* "Perse") that they came to us from Persia. These Egyp-

tian feline mummies belong to three distinct species of cats of which two are still found both wild and domesticated in parts of Egypt. We do not possess so many breeds of the cat as of the dog, but different types of it exist in different countries. Thus the Manx cats are tailless. In the Malay Archipelago the cats have short tails, about half the ordinary length, often with a sort of knot at the end. In several countries the cat has run wild. In New Zealand it then assumes the streaky gray appearance of the cats belonging to the Highland shepherds. The story of Dick Whittington also seems to point to the foreign origin of the cat, while the singular and excessive penalty attached to killing the king's cat by the ancient Welsh laws strengthens the inference that it was highly valued as a precious animal.

The origin of the horse is lost in antiquity. Remains of this animal in a domesticated condition have been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings belonging to the Neolithic period. It can withstand great cold, but becomes stunted in islands and on mountains. Neptune produced the horse from the earth by striking it with his trident, said the Greek myth; this looks as if that animal had been transported to Greece by sea. No truly wild horse is at present known to exist; the wild horses of the East are commonly supposed to be sprung from escaped animals, and those in America to be descendants of the horses brought over by the Spanish conquerors, the bones of the original horses of this country in a remote geological age being found in a fossil state. The Normandy farm-horses and those which draw the London drays exemplify the power of careful breeding in improving this animal, for horseshoes, supposed to be Roman, have been found in the west of England, which must have belonged to horses not much larger than Dartmoor ponies.

As for the donkey, there is no doubt of his having sprung from the wild ass still found in Abyssinia. The donkey, too, varies greatly in size and appearance. In Western India, where it is used as a beast of burden, it is not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, "being generally not more than from twenty to thirty inches high."

Coming now to pigs: Two parents of all the European pigs are described—one, the wild boar; and the other, a Chinese porcine variety. The wild boar has a very wide range. It became extinct in England only in recent times. Sir T. Cumberworth, a Lincolnshire knight, when making his will, in 1450, leaves his "bor sper" to a friend as naturally as might a captain quartered in Bengal, and the wild boar is found in all the intervening countries. Pigs descended from it were kept by the Swiss lake-dwellers. The Chinese are particularly careful of their pigs, and will not even suffer them to walk from place to place. Few animals vary so much in appearance according to their different breeds. In the central islands of the Pacific Ocean a singular breed is described of small size, humpbacked, with a very long head, short ears turned backward, and a bushy tail not more than two inches long. The Thersites of pigs must surely be sought in this breed. Tails, however, are appendages with which pigs can easily dispense. We knew a horse which bit the tail off every pig which haunted the fold-yard in which he was kept, and they were none the worse for the mutilation, being able "to roll their prurient skin" in mud, and so do without the organ which is so useful to cows and horses for driving off flies. There is much more difference between a well-bred Berkshire pig and a wild boar than between the wild horse and a modern racehorse. Occasionally solid-hoofed swine are found. Some pigs, more especially those of Normandy and Ireland, exhibit curious tassel-like appendages, which hang from the corners of the jaws. What their use is, or whence derived, it is impossible to say.

Just as our dogs and pigs are the descendants of more than one wild form, so cattle fall under two great divisions: the humped kind, inhabiting tropical countries, and the common non-humped cattle. The humped cattle may be seen domesticated at least 2,000 years before Christ on the Egyptian monuments. They have many different characters at present from the ordinary breeds. They grunt rather than bellow, "seldom seek shade, and never go into the water and there stand kneedeep, like the cattle of Europe." They have run wild in parts of India, and can maintain themselves in regions infested by tigers. They are best known to us in the form of the sacred Brahmin bulls which walk about Eastern streets, and which it is the height of impiety to drive away from favorite spots or in any way to molest.

Turning to the humpless breeds, at least nineteen well-marked varieties are found in Great Britain alone, only a few of which are identical with those on the Continent. By examining the fossil remains of European cattle, two chief types are found, one of which, of great size and ferocity, existed as a wild animal in Cæsar's time, and could never be tamed, even if taken young. According to some, this variety is now found in a half-wild state at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland. The other kind was of small size, and had a short body, with small horns and fine legs. This was introduced into Great Britain as a domesticated animal at a very early period, and furnished food for the Roman legionaries quartered there. It was also very common in Switzerland during the existence of those races of men who used polished stone weapons, and is probably the variety of which Herodotus speaks, which was confined in the Scythian lake-dwellings, and fed on fish caught from a trap-door opening on the lake. The little Welsh and Highland cattle of the present day are believed to have descended from this form of the ox. Another species (*Bos frontosus*), with a high protuberance in its skull, was in all probability the ancestor of the Scottish Lowland black cattle with their high foreheads. The cattle in this country, bred from imported stock, sprang from these two types, the large and the small variety, to which this last is closely allied.

The Park of Chillingham is mentioned in the year 1220. Many will remember Sir Edwin Landseer's fine picture of its cattle, painted not long before he died. These animals are white, with the inside of the ears reddish-brown; the hoofs are black, and the horns white, tipped with black. At certain times they are very dangerous to strangers. Several other British parks, notably that at Cadzow, in Scotland, either have, or had until lately, the same breed. When oxen escape and become wild on desert islands, it has been noticed that the ears of their descendants almost always turn reddish and their skins white, like these oxen.

Returning to the British breeds, the chief differences between Shorthorns, Herefords, Alderneys, red Devons, and the like, must be familiar to all lovers of country sights. It is very perplexing, however, to assign reasons for these types and their constancy. Each district is wedded to its own variety, and carefully selects the best specimens of it for breeding. Then, again, climate and food doubtless affect these varieties in no inconsiderable degree. In South Africa there are many distinct and equally curious varieties, almost each tribe possessing oxen with different characteristics. Selection, climate, and crossing, as has suited man's caprice, will perhaps account for them all.

Of the more useful domestic animals, sheep and goats yet remain to be treated. From a very early period sheep have been domesticated. The Swiss lake-dwellings have disclosed remains of a small kind, with thin legs and

MASTIFF (ASSYRIAN).

horns like a goat. This species differs somewhat from any now known. Sheep, like cattle, possess many distinctive features, horns or their absence, longer or shorter fleeces, and the like. Our different common varieties are admirably suited for their own localities, and it is curious that they will not succeed in France. Even in some parts of England it has been found impossible to keep certain kinds of sheep. As for the ancestors of our domestic sheep, it is impracticable to trace them. Authorities differ very considerably on this point. We believe that the Ovis Ammon (or wild sheep) of Chinese Thibet is the parent of our sheep. The Big-horn (or wild American sheep of the Rocky Mountains) is closely allied to this. And in Europe lives a wild sheep much smaller than any of these, known as the "Moufflon," or "Musimon"; it inhabits the highest mountains in Corsica and other islands of the Mediterranean.

MUMMY OF EGYPTIAN CAT.

"In Switzerland, during the time of the lake-dwellers, the domestic goat was commoner than the sheep, and this very ancient race differs in no respect from that now common in Switzerland." It has certainly come, like so many other domestic animals, from the mountains of Asia, where a wild goat (*Capra ægagrus*) yet lives. The differences in size, length of horns, etc., among domestic goats, are very great, but the animal reverts to wild life with much facility, and has been known in Scotland in a very short time to become as suspicious and fleet of foot on the mountains as a red deer, so that it had to be stalked and shot with a rifle. Indeed, it has there been recommended as a substitute for deer. No really wild goat, however, is found in Europe. The animal came in with the men who first settled on the Continent from Central Asia.

One more quadruped remains: the rabbit, so frequently

KING'S CHARIOT (ASSYRIAN).

kept by boys. It is descended, there can be no doubt, from the common wild rabbit, but is much modified by confinement, selection, difference of food, and similar conditions. Hence come all those monstrous forms of the ears which are termed "lops" and "half lops." The rabbit was early domesticated, and the changes it is capable of undergoing may be estimated from the fact that an English lop-eared rabbit has been exhibited which weighed eighteen pounds, whereas a wild gray rabbit weighs only about three and three-quarter pounds. In 1869 another lop-eared rabbit was shown whose ears measured from the tip of one to the tip of the other, twenty-three and one-eighth inches in length, and five and one-half inches in breadth. The length of ears in a wild rabbit is seven and five-eighth inches. When tame rabbits of any color are set free they generally revert to the original gray of their ancestors. Most of the larger breeds possess larger heads but lesser brains than do wild rabbits, thus showing that disuse of any special need to exercise the brain results in dwarfing that organ, as it does in so many other cases. But on the other hand, the food supplies of a nation may be largely increased by the great size to which domesticated rabbits will grow, and of course this is the main object in domesticating them.

GREYHOUNDS (EGYPTIAN).

To turn now to the common birds which have been reduced to subjection by man, and taught to stay near his abode : Perhaps pigeons first invite attention. When their variety, curious habits, and fantastic appearance, are duly considered, from the fantail, the pouter, the carrier, the Indian tumbler (which turns somersaults on the ground), the English tumbler (which tumbles somersaults in the air), and many other singular varieties, it is at first scarcely credible that they should all have sprung from one ancestor, the common blue-rock pigeon of our maritime cliffs; yet so it most certainly is. Careful selection and breeding produced all these widespread divergencies. A voluminous literature about the pigeon has sprung up both in European and Oriental languages, and an immense body of observations on it has been accumulated by fanciers, as Mr. Darwin says, "for some 5,000 years." These breeders all find that the white tail-feathers of the wild rock-pigeon are continually reappearing in their most careful strains. Nature will maintain her own color and fashion. From this and other indications there can be little doubt that in the pigeon which darts out of the sea-caves at the approach of a visitor, in the northern parts of Great Britain, the origin of all the varieties may be seen.

ASSES (EGYPTIAN).

HEAD OF CHILLINGHAM BULL.

Similarly the ancestry of all our domestic fowls may be traced from the jungle-cock of Northern India (*Gallus Bankiva*). Every one is familiar with the surprising differences between black Spanish fowls and Dorkings, Polish fowls with frizzled crests and the diminutive bantam; yet all these are produced, and have been produced from the same wild fowl of the Indian jungles. Remains of the fowl have been found among pre-historic relics and extinct animals, but it is not named in the Old Testament or figured on the ancient Egyptian monuments. It apparently reached Europe in a domesticated condition somewhere about the sixth century B. C. Julius Cæsar found it in Britain on his arrival. This helps us to form a mental picture of the westward migration of the human race, and we may add a touch to it from a sight which was visible in Sutherlandshire in the Summer of 1879. A colony of gypsies was traveling with one cart, which contained several old women sitting comfortably on bundles of straw ; kettles and pots were hung underneath the cart. the men walked by the side, and on the rails of the cart sat in great tranquillity, beside the women, five or six fine hens—the poultry-yard of the wandering tribe. But a more sober watcher of the progress of the band might portray to himself that after some such homely fashion did the progenitors both of these people and their poultry travel to us all the weary miles which lie between Europe and the Himalayas.

GEESE (EGYPTIAN).

Our ducks are descended, without a doubt, from the common wild duck, which has a wide geographical range, from this country to Bengal. All country folk are aware that wild and tame ducks will breed together, and that birds so bred from the wild ones are much better for the table than ordinary barnyard ducks. It is singular that young ducks, even when bred from the eggs of wild birds, often suffer when allowed to go into water at a tender age. We have known one duckling thus put into its native element when about three days old, and suffered to swim. Kindness killed it, and it died of the immersion. This is said, however, to be a

well-known difficulty in rearing young ducks. On the other hand, in a wild state, they take to the water at once, and that with perfect impunity.

The next inmate of the poultry-yard which calls for attention is the goose. It is manifestly sprung from the common wild goose (*Anser ferus*), which is often and easily tamed at present. The goose was domesticated in Homer's time, and was kept in the Capitol at Rome as being a bird sacred to Juno. It once saved the city under critical circumstances, as all will remember. As the goose arrives at a goodly size and flavor by nature, domestication has not been put under requisition to produce many varieties, so that this bird has been singularly little changed from the earliest date of its being kept by man.

The peacock comes from the jungles of India, and is another bird which has scarcely varied under domestication, except that white or piebald specimens are not uncommon, just as pheasants vary at times. Perhaps the plumage of our tame peacock is rather thicker than that of the wild bird, but no other differences between the two can be discovered. "Whether," wrote Mr. Darwin, "our birds are descended from those introduced into Europe in the time of Alexander, or have been subsequently imported, is doubtful."

The turkey is, of course, a misnomer. It is descended from two parent forms, the Mexican variety and the wild turkey of North America. These latter birds have been frequently domesticated during recent years. The guinea-fowl is another curious misnomer. It inhabits extremely arid districts in Eastern Africa, and has scarcely varied at all under domestication, except that the plumage becomes either paler or darker in color. The parent bird is the *Numida ptilorhynca*. The guinea-fowl even now cannot be reared in a damp climate, and loves to lay its eggs away from home in exposed situations, choosing by preference those facing the east, doubtless from some inherited predilection for its old desert life.

One or two remarks may be made in conclusion, though our space will not admit of canary-birds, pheasants, gold-fish, and other household pets, being discussed. The history of our domesticated animals, as we have reviewed it, seems to point out that man tamed for his own purposes, first the dog, next the pig, then the ox. This, too, is Professor Rolleston's views. After the primal gift of these creatures to man, the fact that they have so largely improved under his fostering care shows that the conveniences, and even the luxuries, of life are not grudged to man any more than the necessaries. But this gift does assuredly not authorize any manner of cruelty, neglect or thoughtless usage of the lower animals. He who is most impressed with the long ancestry of our domestic animals, with the benefits they confer on us, with their engaging habits and beautiful forms, is the least likely to behave cruelly toward them. They demand, in return for the benefits they give us, kindness, humanity and consideration. As with care animals are capable of improvement by man, so he who acts cruelly toward them, himself retrogrades in the rank of creation—

> "Puts off his generous nature, and to suit
> His manners with his fate, puts on the brute."—*Cowper.*

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men. Seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

HAILSTONES.—About nine or ten years ago I observed (says Mr. Matthew Hedley) that the form of hailstones was altogether different to what I had in my earlier days been taught to assume. I had always been under the impression that they were spherical, in fact, minute blocks of frozen ice—frozen rain-drops. On the occasion of my enlightenment, I was in a field when a heavy hailstorm took place. This admitted of my seeing more perfect specimens than if I had been in the street, or on a public highway, as there was less probability of their being broken in their fall. The enormous size of the stones first attracted attention, but upon examining them, it was also found that they were conical, with a smoothish rounded base. The sides of the cone were striated toward the apex. Many of the cones had broken apices, but sufficient was left to indicate their complete form. Those which were perfect began to melt first at their apex, the portion last to melt being the rounded base. It is believed that this peculiar form is due to the nucleus (a frozen ice particle) passing from the upper portion of a frozen cloud or fog. In its descent it overtakes and adds to itself other ice particles; these form the originating elements of the hailstone. By continued accumulation of particle and pressure on the edges of the base, they begin to round, until eventually it partly turns over and forms the commencement of the cone, which is a rapid process. There is much assumption in this theory, but there is evidence of its practicability from the smoothness of the base, the striæ of its sides, its conical shape, and the melting of the apex (the last formed part) before other portions. The firmness of the hailstone is proportionate to its size. The larger, the firmer, and the harder its base is to its apex, the larger, the heavier, and the greater the speed it will travel through the cloud. The size, to some extent, infers the depth or density of the cloud through which it has passed, perhaps both. The conical shape of the hailstone is well known, having been seen by other observers. Since first seeing it I have often pointed its shape.

THE THEORY OF NITRIFICATION.—The production of nitrates in soils, and in waters contaminated with sewage, are facts thoroughly familiar to chemists. It is also well known that ammonia, and various nitrogenous organic matters, are the materials from which the nitric acid is produced. Till the commencement of 1877 it was generally supposed that this formation of nitrates from ammonia or nitrogenous organic matter was the result of simple oxidation by the atmosphere. In the case of soil it was imagined that the action of the atmosphere was intensified by the condensation of oxygen in the pores of the soil; in the case of waters no such assumption was possible. This theory was most unsatisfactory, as neither solutions of pure ammonia, or of any of its salts, could be nitrified in the laboratory by simple exposure to air. The assumed condensation of oxygen in the pores of the soil also proved to be a fiction as soon as it was put by Schloesing to the test of experiment. Early in 1877 two French chemists, Messrs. Schloesing and Müntz, published preliminary experiments, showing that nitrification in sewage and in soils is the result of the action of an organized ferment, which occurs abundantly in soils and in most impure waters. The entirely new view of the process of nitrification has been amply confirmed both by the later experiments of Schloesing, Müntz and Warington. The evidence for the ferment theory of nitrification is now very complete. Nitrification in soils and waters is found to be strictly limited to the range of temperature within which the vital activity of living ferments is confined. Thus nitrification proceeds with extreme slowness near the freezing-point, and increases in activity with a rise in temperature, till thirty-seven degrees are reached; the action then diminishes, and ceases altogether at fifty-five degrees.

IT seems indubitably to be the truth that ordinarily for the genesis of a whirlwind the two chief promoting conditions are: first, a region of diminished barometric pressure, this diminution of pressure being, it may be presumed, due to rarefaction of the atmosphere over that region by heat, and sometimes, further, by its condition as to include watery vapor; and secondly, a previously existing revolutional motion, or differential horizontal motion, of the surrounding air, such revolutional or differential motion being not necessarily of high velocity at any part. The supposed accumulation of air rarefied by heat or otherwise, for producing the abatement of pressure, may, the author supposes, in some cases extend upward throughout the whole depth of the atmosphere; and in some cases may be in the form of a lower warm lamina, which, somehow, may have been overflowed or covered by colder air above, through which, or into which, it will tend to ascend: or the lower lamina may in some cases be warmed in any of several ways, and so may get a tendency to rise up through the colder superincumbent atmosphere. On this part of the subject the author believes there is much scope for further researches and advancements, both observational and considerational;—that is to say, by encouragement of a spirit toward accurate observation; and by collection and scrutiny of observed facts and appearances; and by careful theoretical consideration founded on observational results or suppositions.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DIALS FOR WATCHES.—In view of the more or less probable demand for 24-hour dials, the minds of watchmakers will doubtless be exercised in regard to the best means of meeting it, both in the rearranging of existing watches and the making of new ones. To many the matter will present no difficulty, but there are more to whom possibly a few suggestions will be of value. The simplest form of alteration is naturally to add to existing dials a separate circle of hours within the present circle, placing 13 under the 1, 14 under the 2, and so on

round to 24. The advantage of this is that no alteration of hands or motion-work is requisite; still, although it would answer the purpose, we should scarcely consider it a perfect example. It will be considered preferable for the hour-hand to make its circuit once only in the 24 hours, and to have the 24 hours in one circle. In this case it will be an advantage to show the figure 12 (noon) at the top of the dial, and the 24 at the bottom, so as to avoid the seconds interfering with that section of the dial which is mostly observed, viz., the midday hours. To prevent crowding of figures, it would be better to paint the hours in Arabic rather than Roman, as they would take less room; also to introduce within the hours a circle with a dot accurately marked at each hour, so that there should be no mistake as to what hour the hand is indicating. As regards the motion-wheels there is of necessity the disadvantage, except in the case of the largest watches, of having to employ a comparatively small canon pinion. Of course, where it is practicable to do so, the existing canon pinion should be retained, but it will frequently be found that it will involve the employment of larger hour and minute wheels than the watch will admit of, and a new entire set of works will be needed.

It may be as well to point out that in preparing dials for the new method of counting the hours of the day, the 24th hour should be marked 0, for the minutes of the first hour of the day will be treated without reference to the hours of the preceding completed day; for instance, 32 minutes after midnight will be spoken of as naught 32, and written thus: 0h. 32m., following the notation long in use by astronomers. Roman characters present a very crowded appearance in the high numbers, and they will, at all events in watch-dials, doubtless give place to Arabic, or other numerals, which are very suitable, and have a good effect.

A distinguished amateur horologist proposes to solve the difficulty by dividing the period from midnight to midnight into twelve hours, thus making the duration of each hour twice as long as at present. This would really be adopting the practice of the Chinese as far as the length of the hour goes. Their day, however, begins at one hour before midnight.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Mrs. Brown says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

Mark Twain once gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed, "Lecture on Fools. Admit one."

It is remarkable how far things can be seen in the Arctic regions. The North Pole is a splendid place for the ice site.

"I wonder," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them sae weel; for my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies e'er I saw."

"How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. "I'm not old at all," replied the little man; "I am almost new."

A teacher said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied; "if *I couldn't catch her!*"

"No, sir!" thundered an irate father—"no, sir! My daughter never can be yours!" To which the young man quietly replied: "I don't want her to be my daughter; I want her to be my wife."

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with the young lady in that country.

A photographer in a country town was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get your photograph after you have left your measure?"

Speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, a political orator said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another.

"What caused your little boy's illness?" asked an ingenuous mother of a mother whose little son was very ill. "He was climbing a ladder," said the lady, "and lost his equilibrium." "Poor little fellow!" said the sympathetic listener. "Do buy him another; he'll be more careful next time!"

A man rushed up to a woman looking in a shop-window, and grasping her by the arm, angrily exclaimed, "Come on—I'm tired of waiting for you." Then, noticing he had made a mistake, he drew back with, "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I mistook you for my wife." "I thought so," she answered, with a scornful sneer, and passed on.

Purely Intellectual.—"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation," murmured a provincial maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of the proprietor and editor of a country paper, "your own mental faculties for tools and the whole universe for a workshop! Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the staff," said the editor.

When a man's coat is getting a little old, it may be turned. The older his brain is, the less excuse there is for its being turned.

A Frenchman who recently died directed in his will that the sum of $5,000 should be given to the "wounded in the next war with Germany."

Austere Pedagogue to Small Boy—"Boy, you speak very indistinct. Don't your friends tell you so?" *Small Boy*—"No, sir; they are not so rude."

A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way I retire to my closet and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

At a school examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate said it was "a machine for raising water." Another said it was "something that happened to a man after death."

A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, but I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears because no one was there to see him, boldly replied, "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself; and I do not intend ever to see myself doing a mean or dishonest thing."

"Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," the latter answered; "they can cheat me as to their piety, but they can't as to their learning."

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them appear to be good book-keepers."

A French gentleman, who supposed he had mastered the English language, was sadly puzzled one day when a friend met him and asked, "How do you do?" "Do vot?" "I mean—how do you find yourself?" "Sair, I never loses myself." "But how do you feel?" "Smooth—you just feel me."

A Pullman palace-car porter having lately refused to admit a lady's pet rabbit to a car, his attention was directed to a small turtle carried by another passenger, with the query why a rabbit should be excluded and a turtle admitted. "Cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs," was the porter's emphatic answer, "but a turtle is an insect!"

A man having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way out of sight, but, unfortunately, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said he, "and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it!"

A pretentious sharper, calling at the house of an acquaintance, seeking to ingratiate himself by paying court to the little boy of the family, said to him: "Come here, my little man. When you're grown up, what are you going to do?" "I sha'n't do what pa says you do." "What's that, my little man?" "He says you do your creditors, and I sha'n't do my creditors."

A confirmed old bachelor was out at a social gathering the other evening, where he was so unfortunate as to become seated behind a party of vivacious young ladies. Conversation turned upon athletic subjects, when one pert young miss inquired: "Mr. Brown, what is your favorite exercise?" "Oh, I have no preference; but just at present I should prefer dumb belles," was his rather curt reply.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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A STUDY.—FROM THE ORIGINAL BY X. A. BONG.

CARMEN.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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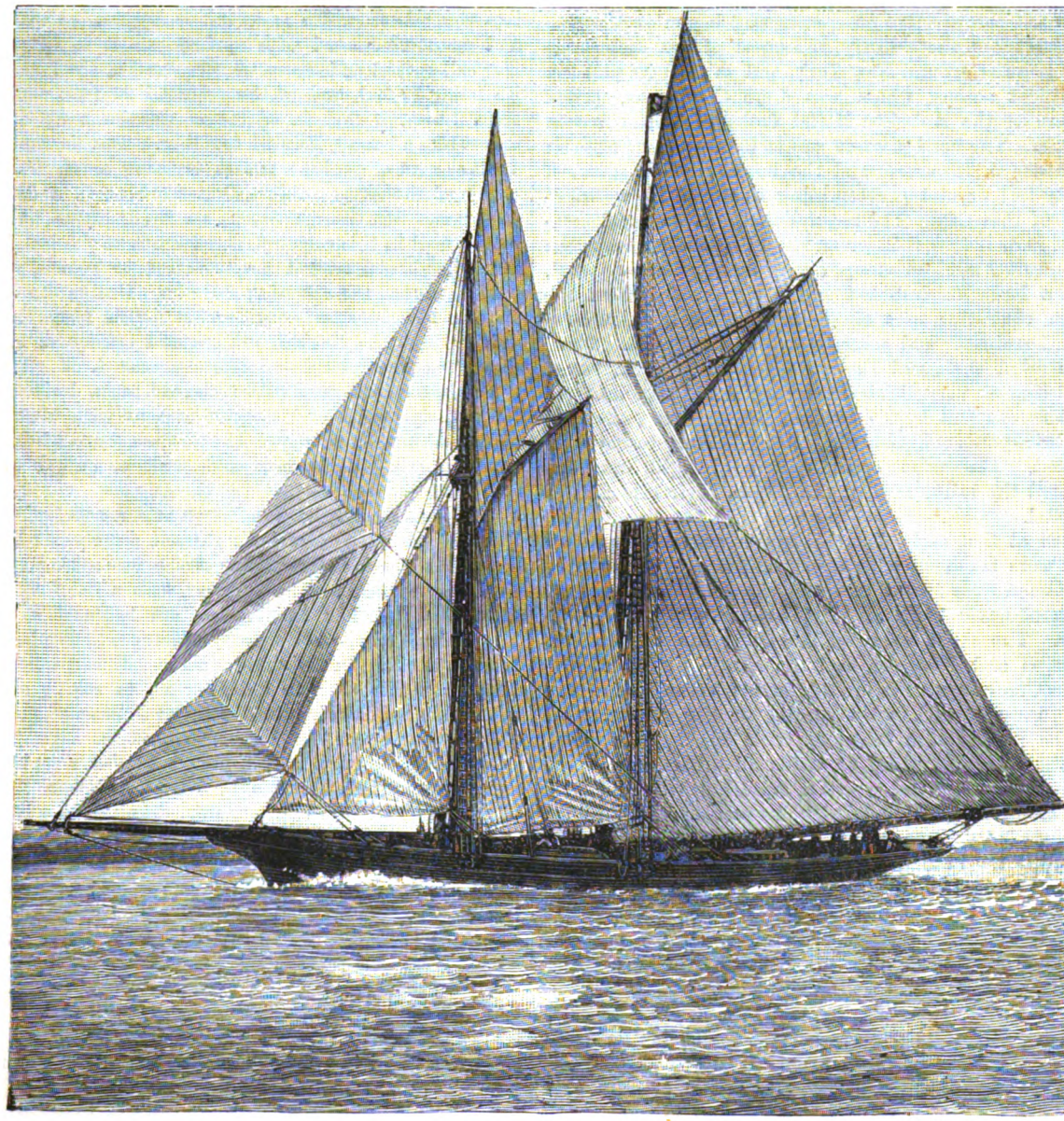
YACHTS AND YACHTING IN AMERICA.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

THE old adage "that there is nothing new under the sun" may be true in most cases, but yachting at least would seem to be an exception. Boats and vessels of various kinds have been used for pleasure from time immemorial, but we need look back little over a century to find the first sailing-craft built and used exclusively



THE YACHT "MIRANDA," FASTEST ENGLISH SCHOONER.

for purposes of amusement. The galleys of the Greeks and Romans, the gondolas of old Venice, and the royal barges of a later period, were all pleasure-craft, but none of them can be properly termed yachts. The earliest hints we have of anything resembling the modern yacht date from the seventeenth century, when a small sailing-vessel was kept in Holland for the exclusive use of William of Orange, and another (also of Dutch build) was sailed by Charles II. on the Thames. The Cork Water Club, formed in 1720, was, as its name indicates, devoted to boating; but it was not until a hundred years later, in 1815, that the first yacht club, the Royal Yacht Squadron, of Cowes, England, was organized.

Yachting is a sport that can flourish only in times of peace and security, and as it is an expensive amusement it is not possible in a new country. The unsettled condition of the United States in the early part of this century, when a naval war was probable at any time, opened the broad and inviting field of privateering to those bold spirits who found their pleasures afloat, and the exigencies of a new country impoverished by several wars, and with an experimental form of government, were not conducive to any form of sport. With the new era of peace and comparative prosperity that began in the second quarter of the century, the sport of boat-sailing became popular around New York, and in 1840 its patrons, prominent among whom was John C. Stevens, united in forming the Hoboken Model Yacht Club, the first in America. The headquarters was at Commodore Stevens's boathouse in Hoboken, and the boats were all small, of twenty feet or under, resembling in model the working-craft of that day. The requirements of our local commerce had, before this, given rise to a peculiar craft, the light-draft American sloop, a very broad, shallow vessel, with a large centreboard and a rig derived from the Dutch, consisting of a single large jib, a high, narrow-headed mainsail, and sometimes a small topsail. These boats owed their stability entirely to their great beam, and being of very light draft, they could run into the small creeks and bays on which the hayfarms, sawmills and brickyards whence they derived their traffic were situated. The same consideration of light draft influenced the sailor men of the day in their selection of a model.

Even at that early day the deeper waters about New York were taken up with docks and shipyards, and the yachtsmen were forced to seek locations which the small depth of water rendered valueless for commercial purposes. The shoal coves of Hoboken, the mud-flats of Pamrapo and Bayonne, and the classic waters of Gowanus Creek, were the cradles in which the infant fleet were nursed; with what results on the future craft may be plainly seen to-day in their descendants. Two essentials were required to which all others were sacrificed—light draft and speed in smooth water—and both were attained in the model since known derisively as the "flatiron," "skimming-dish," or "sandbagger." These boats, varying in length from fifteen to thirty feet, have a proportion of two to two-and-one-half beam to length, with a depth of hold equal to one-fifth of the beam. In the forty-five or fifty years that they have been popular, they have developed into very fast boats in light winds and smooth water, and are found all along the coast. A modern New York racing-boat of this class would be 27 feet long, 11 feet 6 inches in beam, 18 to 20 inches draft, mast above deck, 38 feet; boom, 40 feet; bowsprit outboard, 22 feet; and would carry 1,400 feet of sail. Her crew would number eighteen to twenty men, each provided with several sandbags, to be piled to windward on each tack. These boats are known on the Delaware River as hikers, being rigged as catboats, with one sail only, and were also common in Boston waters. Rigged either as described or as catboats, their sail being reduced if they were not intended for racing, this type of craft was common in all American waters, and at an early day took a prominent place in our yachting. About New York, the veteran Captain Bob Fish, of Pamrapo, was famous as a builder of catboats, while just across the bay, in Brooklyn, was Penny Bridge, celebrated for the "jib and mainsail" boats built there, and also as the home of some of the best handlers of these craft.

The period from 1840 to 1850 was peculiarly an era of experiment.

Commodore John C. Stevens, a member of the celebrated family of engineers and inventors which has done so much to advance the mechanic arts in America, turned his attention to yachts, following up the theories of extreme beam and light displacement based on the successes of the open boats; and in 1848 built the sloop *Maria*, a craft still famous in yachting annals. This yacht was 110 feet on deck, 26 feet 8 inches beam, and drew but 5 feet 3 inches of water. She was fitted with two centreboards, the main one being loaded with lead and counterbalanced with springs, so as to lift easily. Her sail-spread and spars were enormous, the foot of her jib being 70 feet, and of the mainsail 92 feet, while the main boom, 3 feet in diameter, was built up of long staves like a barrel, hooped together. At this time, too, another man of genius was also devoting much time to a study of the same subject, but working in a different direction. Mr. George Steers, an Englishman, but long established in this country, and famous as the builder of fast pilot-boats, turned his attention to yachts, and in 1851 produced the schooner *America*. Unlike the *Maria*, she was a keel-boat of considerable depth, resembling in this respect the English cutters and schooners of that date; but beyond this all likeness ceased.

The latter craft were still of the old form, derived from the trading-vessels and revenue-cutters, with bluff bows and fine runs, or what was then called "cod's-head and mackerel-tail," while their sails were so cut as to bag and hold the wind.

The idea of a long fine bow was no novelty, having been suggested by Mr. Scott Russell some years before, but to Mr. Steers is due all the credit for making a practical success of it. The *America*, with a deep body and great deadrise, her midship section being of a "peg-top" form, had also a long easy entrance, her widest part being well aft. In rig she was no less different from the English yachts than in hull, her masts raking sharply aft, and her sails being cut to sit as flat as was possible.

In the same year the *America* crossed the Atlantic, and entered, on August 22d, a match of the Royal Yacht Squadron around the Isle of Wight. Fifteen English yachts, schooners and cutters started in a light wind, but the *America* soon took the lead of the fleet, winning easily. Her subsequent career is well known; sold to an English yachtsman and rebuilt in England; then, in the hands of another Englishman, sent to the Southern States to carry dispatches for the rebels, where she was sunk by the United States. Raised again some time later, she was refitted by the United States, and used as a training-ship for the cadets at the Naval Academy; and finally she was sold to her present owner, General B. F. Butler, who altered and rebuilt her, but has never raced her.

The result of the *America's* success was to give a new impulse to yacht-building, and schooners became the

fashion. The small open boats were still largely used, but the favorite craft was the large schooner, the large sloops at that time being but few in number. Although the *America's* victories were due mainly to her good seagoing qualities, her snug rig, and were won with a keel, the lessons she taught were ignored, and false deductions were drawn from the speed of the shoal-draft fleet, the result being that the latter were taken as models for the new fleet of yachts built about this time. A few keel-schooners were built, but the majority were but enlargements of the open "skimming-dish" both in model and rig, a type that has proved speedy in smooth water and under certain conditions, but is also dangerous and uncomfortable as seagoing craft. The development of this type was also favored greatly by a length rule, the measure of size being mainly length over all, thus encouraging a shoal, beamy boat, with little or no overhang to the stern.

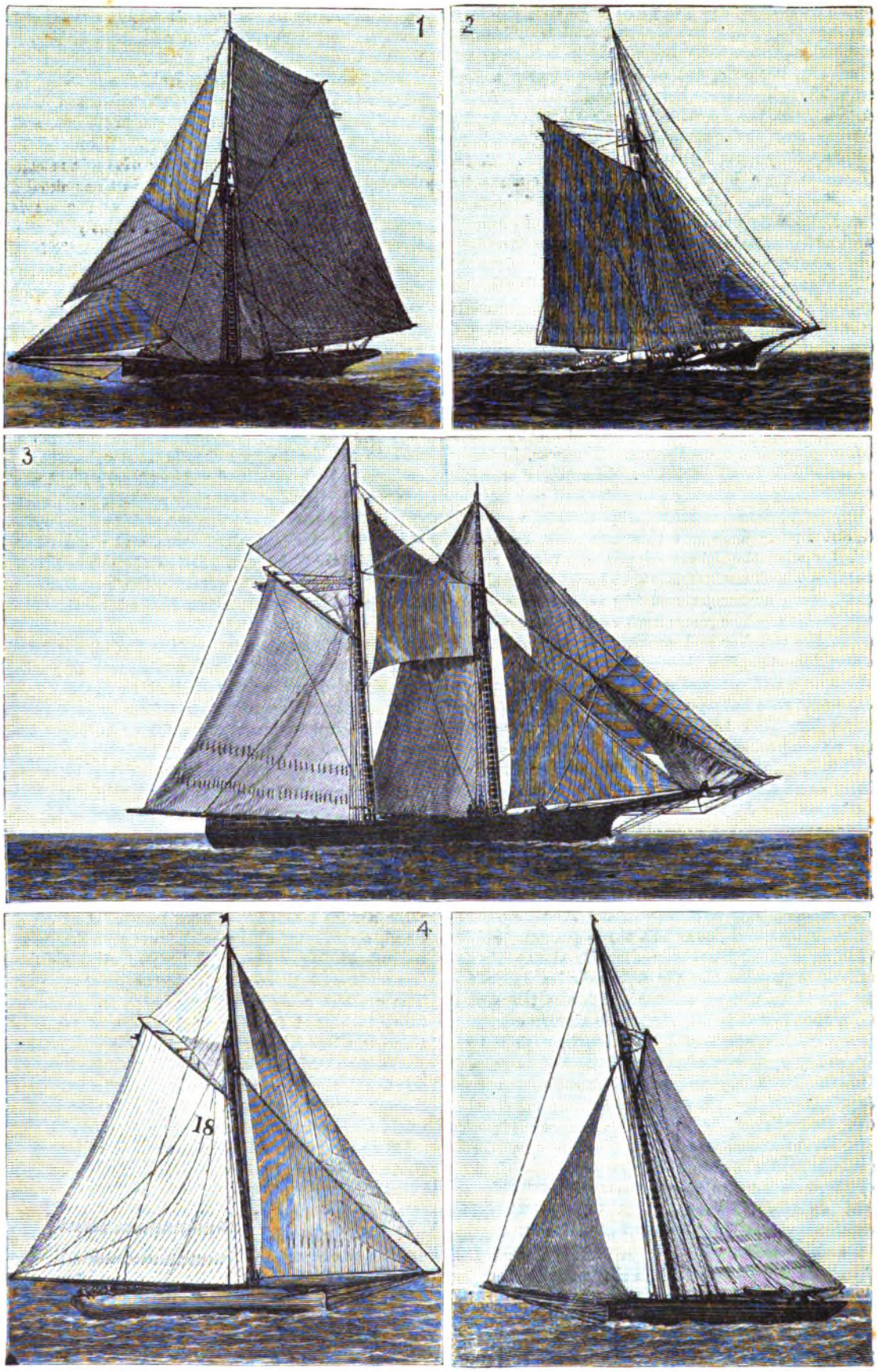
With the increasing wealth of the country yachting grew rapidly, clubs were formed, numerous races were held every year between the small centreboard craft found in all our waters, and a large fleet of fine schooners hailed from New York or Boston. The war, however, dealt a serious blow to yachting. Men were occupied with sterner business, and for five years had neither time nor money for pleasure, during which time the sport increased but little. This lost time was more than compensated for with the return of peace. Wealthy men, with fortunes which enabled them to build and maintain large craft, were numerous, and big schooners soon became the fashion. The years 1865 and 1866 saw a great increase in the number and tonnage of our yacht fleet: the *Palmer*, *Dauntless*, *Eva*, *Alarm*, *Phantom*, *Halcyon*, *Idler*, *Vesta*, *Fleetwing*, and many others. In the latter year was the great ocean race between the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, from New York to Cowes in mid-Winter, won by the former yacht, adding to the fame of American schooners, and leading to the construction of new craft. Four years later came a return race, from Queenstown to New York, between Mr. James Ashbury's schooner *Cambria*, an English vessel, and Commodore Bennett's *Dauntless*. Unlike the previous race, this one, over which the yachting world on both sides of the Atlantic was excited to the highest pitch, was sailed in mid-Summer, starting on July 4th. The *Cambria* arrived first, winning the race of some 3,000 miles by only one hour and three-quarters, neither vessel having sighted the other after the start. During the next three months the *Cambria* sailed a number of races in American waters, among which was the second contest for the *America's* Cup, in which sixteen schooners started, and which was won by the *Magic*, with the old *America*, sailed by a crew of naval officers and seamen, in fourth place. The following year, 1871, another schooner, the *Livonia*, built by Mr. Ashbury during the Winter, came over for a trial. She sailed six matches against the *Columbia*, *Dauntless* and *Sappho*, winning but one. These races made schooner racing still more popular, and many new vessels were built. The *Columbia*, *Magic*, *Resolute*, *Tarolinta*, *Sappho*, *Mohawk*, *Tidal Wave*, *Clio*, *Meta*, *Atalanta*, *Enchantress*, *Madeline*, *Dreadnaught*, *Wanderer*, *Peerless*, and *Comet*—most of them built between 1870 and 1873—made up a fleet that in size and numbers has never been equaled in America.

The next challenge to race for the Cup came from a new quarter. In 1876 a centreboard schooner, the *Countess of Dufferin*, was built in Cobourg, Canada, by Captain Cuthbert, a local builder, and challenged for the Cup in the name of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. She sailed to New York by way of the St. Lawrence River and Atlantic, arriving in July, and in August sailed two races with the schooner *Madeline*, in both of which she was decisively beaten. She has since been sold, and is now the *Countess*, of Chicago.

Meanwhile the sloop class had been growing rapidly, in answer to the demands of many yachtsmen, who desired something more than the open-sailing boats, and yet less costly than the large schooners. Like the latter, the sloops also bore ample evidence of their relationship to the open boat and trading sloops, in their shoal draft, extreme beam, low sides amidships and great height at ends, and the high mainsail and short gaff, the diminutive topmast and big jib, all derived directly from the old North River working-sloop. Although keelboats and metal ballast had been tried at times, they were for many years condemned by our yachtsmen, and were practically unknown, all the boats having centreboards, and being ballasted but lightly, stone, or at best scrap-iron, being considered good enough; while in many details of sails, rigging and equipment they were equally defective. The fashion of the day demanded two qualifications, speed in smooth water and accommodations for owners and guests, and to these all other details were subordinate. These ends were both obtained. In ordinary light weather the boats were very fast, but they paid for such speed by the disadvantge that they were not able to cope with any sea, being, as a rule, wet, dangerous, and when compelled to reef, difficult to handle. Below they were fitted up in an elegant and expensive manner, the requirements of the naval architect being often limited by the demand for large cabins and staterooms, magnificently furnished saloons, and ample quarters for the steward and galley.

With such a fleet the nobler features of yachting were lost sight of, racing was limited to the calm weather of Summer, cruising meant merely a trip through Long Island Sound, or perhaps a week or two spent on board a yacht anchored at some watering-place, and yachtsmen delighted in gilt buttons and lace, but were content to leave all knowledge of their craft to sailing-masters and builders. There was no place in yachting for the man of limited means, who was content to amuse himself with real sailing on board a small ship of his own. The owner of the big schooner or gorgeous sloop looked down with contempt on the man who sailed his own yacht, alone or with a friend or two of like tastes. And on the other hand, open-boat sailing, with its concomitants of danger, ballast-shifting, and a total lack of cruising qualities in the craft, offered no charms to the amateur yacht-sailer. The craft at his disposal were also few in numbers, and mostly ill-fitted for their purpose, and for a long time there was but little encouragement offered that class of yachtsmen which now forms so important an element of our fleet—the amateur tar whose little ship is his home during the season, who sails her in all weathers, and cruises everywhere along the coast in Summer.

The speed attained by the shoal yachts led to the idea that they were not only invincible, but superior in all respects to every other type of vessel, and by confirming the popular ideas as to light displacement, centreboard, and sloop rig, effectually shut the door to experiment and improvement. During all the years that had passed since their defeat by the *America*, British yachtsmen had not been idle. The lessons of that famous craft were studied carefully, and at once put into practice. The yacht fleet was remodeled, the bluff bows of the old schooners were cut open and lengthened, the new theory of the wave-line was investigated and practically tested; and the laws of floating bodies and other more intricate problems of naval architecture were studied long and



1. THE CUTTER "BEDOUIN." 2. THE "GRACIE." 3. THE SCHOONER "MONTAUK." 4. THE "CROCODILE."
5. IRON SLOOP "MISCHIEF."

carefully by such eminent scientists as Scott Russell, Rankine and Froude. The old ideas and theories gave place to new, and the designing, building and racing of yachts received a fresh impulse.

The rule of measurement in use bore very heavily on beam, while depth was entirely untaxed, the result, of course, being that each year yachts became longer, deeper and narrower, but still, under the rule, of the same nominal tonnage. This process continued year by year, until, with the system of construction and ballasting then followed, no further advance was possible, the loss of stability due to narrow beam being greater than the gain from increased length and size. Stopped in this direction, the ingenuity of designers and builders sought out a new expedient. While the narrow and deep type was retained, the method of ballasting was entirely altered, the weight being taken from the inside and transferred to a new and lower position under the keel, while lead was substituted for iron, at an increased cost, but with a great gain in weight. This change opened out an entirely new field to the designer, and was the beginning of a new era in English yachting. The lowering of the weight gave additional stability, which was still further increased by greater weight of ballast carried.

Beginning with a few tons of iron outside, the change has gone on, until at last a limit was apparently reached last year in the *Irex*, a cutter eighty-one ft. long, with a keel of seventy-two tons of lead. This change necessitated others: the freeboard, or height of side above water, was increased, and an entirely new system of construction became necessary to withstand the strains of heavy spars and lead keel. In England, as in America, yacht-building had followed the same methods and rules of proportion as ordinary ship-building. Vessels were heavily framed, wooden treenails being used as fastenings even in craft of small size, thus necessitating heavy timbers, while knees, deadwoods, and similar parts, were proportioned as for working vessels. The main characteristics of this system, even now too common in America, were the size rather than the quality of the pieces used, and the lack of suitable fastenings. The narrowing process that British yachts underwent made it difficult, and

GEORGE STEERS, BUILDER OF THE "AMERICA."

finally impossible, to find grown or wooden floor-knees, such as had always been used, sufficiently sharp to suit the new boats, so by degrees iron ones were substituted. In order to get as great a weight as possible under the keel, the narrow and deep keel in use for ages in all vessels was rejected, and a flat one put in its place, those in some modern yachts being two to three feet wide and but one foot deep. These keels rest on a mass of lead of their width, and three to four feet deep, and on this foundation is built up a framework of a great number of seemingly small pieces, but all thoroughly tied together and fastened with copper bolts.

Among the finest systems of construction is that designed by Mr. John Harvey, and used at his yard at Wivenhoe. The floors are of angle iron, around which lead is cast, giving weight and strength; the frames are double sawn, and between each pair are one or two steamed timbers. To this frame is fastened the skin, composed of two thicknesses of planking, with canvas laid in marine glue between them, the whole being fastened with copper rivets. By such a method as this great strength is obtained with a light hull, allowing the weight to be concentrated in the keel. In rig the cutter differs no less than in model and build from the American sloop. Her sails are of hemp instead of cotton; in place of one large jib hoisted on a stay, with a fixed bowsprit, is a small jib, set flying, the bowsprit being fitted to run inboard in bad weather, the jib, of which four sizes are carried, being shifted from a smaller one. From the masthead to the stem is a forestay, on which is set the forestaysail, a triangular sail, similar to a jib. The lower mast is much shorter, and stepped further aft than in the sloop, and the mainsail has a longer gaff, while at its foot, instead of being laced fast to a boom, it is loose, being stretched by the lower corners. The topmast is much longer than in a sloop, and a larger topsail is carried, the mast being so fitted as to be lowered from the deck, thus reducing the weight aloft in bad weather. Besides these features, are many minor details, which differ entirely from American practice.

While British yachts had been improving for the twenty years preceding the races of the *Columbia* and *Livonia*, it was not until after that time that the changes mentioned were made, the *Vanessa*, the most famous of the early yachts of the new type, dating from 1873.

During the decade from 1871 to 1881 no international contests took place, but British and American yachts were becoming more different each year. The former were all keel-boats of large displacement, fifty per cent. of which was lead ballast, mostly on the keel. Their proportion of length to beam was about five to one, or even more, and their draft was equal to the beam. In model they presented a straight stem, high sides and very long overhang aft, with a flush deck and no cabin-house, as in our craft. The rig showed the housing bowsprit with three or four jibs of various sizes, the huge topmast also fitted to house, and a topsail to match, the sails being of heavy hemp, with loosefooted mainsail. Strongly contrasting with them in every way were the American sloops, all of light displacement and heavy build, with centreboards, inside ballast (in a few instances of lead, but oftener iron or stone), a proportion of length of two-and-one-half or three beams, a depth of twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the beam, low side, great sheer to deck, a high cabin-house over half the length of the boat, a fixed bowsprit raking upward, a high mast and small fixed topmast, one large jib and a high, narrow-headed mainsail, both of light cotton, the latter laced to the boom.

The yachts of the two countries differed at this time as they never had before, the sloop standing as a representative of light draft, small displacement, extreme beam, and light sails, while the cutter embodied the opposite principles of deep draft, heavy displacement, narrow beam, lead keel, and heavy canvas. For some years previous, a few American yachtsmen had been watching the turn of affairs abroad, and the development of the modern cutter, with deep interest, and some had cautiously ventured to built similar boats. The *Vindex*, an iron cutter, was built in 1871, and the *Volante* in 1877, but both were of the old type, and attained little prominence. About 1878, a heated discussion of the merits of the two classes of yachts was begun in the public prints, and carried on earnestly, both sides defending their favorite craft with a warmth that showed them to be thoroughly in earnest.

In 1879 and 1880, several small cutters—the *Muriel*, *Yolande* and *Leila*—were built in New York, and late in 1881, the first large one, the thirty-tonner *Oriva*, designed by Mr. John Harvey, was launched. The constant agitation of the cutter question had already worked many changes in our yachts; reforms in model, ballast and rig were noticeable, and in Boston and Eastern waters, quite a fleet of small keel-boats had grown up, and became very popular. It was when the controversy was at its height that the news was received of the intention of the owner of the *Madge*, a famous ten-ton cutter of Scotch build, to send her to America, and in August, 1881, she arrived in New York on board an ocean steamer. Much surprise was created by the appearance of the strange little craft, so different from anything known here, and many dismal auguries of failure were heard on every hand. Her length on water-line was but 38 feet 9 inches; but on deck she measured 46 feet 1 inch, thus having over seven feet of overhang in the shape of a long, tapering counter. Her beam was but 7 feet 9 inches, while her draft was 8 feet, and at this depth she carried eight tons of lead. Her rig was equally new, th short mast being stepped apparently in the middle of her length, while the topmast looked as long as the lower mast. Her races in New York were sailed under the direction of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, an organization composed entirely of amateur yachtsmen, and devoted to the encouragement of Corinthian sailing.

The first race was on September 27th, 1881, when the *Madge* defeated easily the *Schemer*, a fast centreboard sloop, 36 feet on water-line, 14 feet 5 inches beam, and 3 feet 4 inches draft. In this race the *Schemer* sailed with very little ballast, two tons having been removed from her previously; but she was badly beaten, even when before the wind, with centreboard raised. Following this, the *Madge* defeated the *Wave*, a sloop 38 feet 7 inches long; then the *Mistral;* then the *Schemer* again, and in the fifth race sailed over, as no sloop appeared against her. In all of these races the *Madge* won without the time allowance she was entitled to from the other boats, beating them from start to finish. Going from New York to Newport, she sailed three races, winning one each from the *Wave* and *Shadow*, and being beaten once by the latter, a very fast Boston sloop.

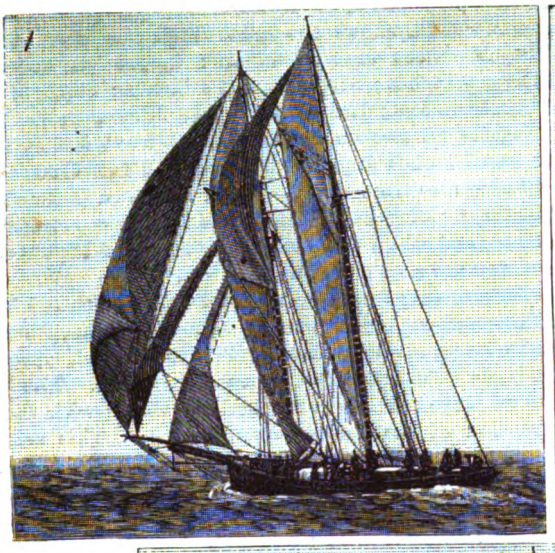
Following close on these races was another contest for the *America* Cup, the challenge being from the same quarter as the previous one in 1876. The challenging boat, *Atalanta*, was a centreboard-sloop of the American type, designed and built by Captain Cuthbert, of *Countess of Dufferin* fame, at Belleville, in Canada. She was brought to New York through the Erie Canal, and

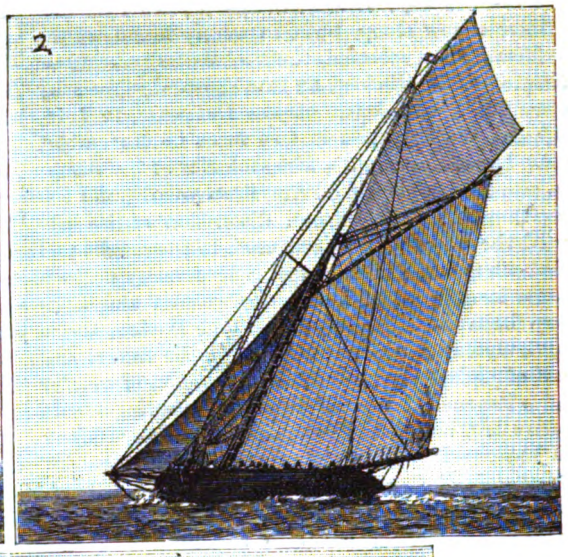
arrived in October, 1881. As the result of a series of trials been the *Mischief*, *Gracie*, *Hildegarde*, and *Pocahontas*, the latter a new sloop, built expressly to defend the Cup, the *Mischief* was selected, the *Pocahontas* proving an entire failure. The *Mischief*, an iron sloop, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and built on the Delaware, in 1879, easily defeated the Canadian in two races in November, and the third was not sailed. The victories of the *Madge* exerted a powerful influence on American yachts, and following as they did the thorough discussion of the subject, turned the attention of yachtsmen to the merits and defects of both types, with the result that many important changes have been made. Many cutters and keel-boats have been built in New York and Boston, and a great improvement has been wrought in the model and equipment of yachts generally in the direction of greater safety and a lessened danger of capsizing, handiness, safe and effective rig, and better seagoing qualities. Many who still oppose firmly the thorough English cutter, have nevertheless changed their minds on many important points, as the alterations in their boats testify. The popular idea of yachting has also advanced with the improvement in the craft, cruises and long voyages being common where once they were scarcely known, and the yachtsmen of to-day, as a body, are characterized by a higher standard of seamanship, a more thorough knowledge of their craft, and a much more general love for sailing and racing and a neglect of the merely luxurious features of the sport, than was common twenty years ago. Since the *Madge's* advent in our waters, the cutter fleet has increased by the addition of the *Bedouin*, *Ileen*, *Wenonah*. *Medusa*, and many smaller yachts, and the battle between them and the sloops has been very interesting, the cutters (at first with all odds against them) gaining each year, until in the past season their score of victories exceeds that of the sloops, the record of the *Bedouin* showing eight races won out of nine sailed, being ahead of any previous performance of American yachts, while her prize-money for the season was over $2,000. The latest and most extreme boat of the cutter type is the *Ileen*, a forty-tonner, built in 1883, at New York, from the designs of Mr. Harvey. This craft is a fine example of the newest English cutter, her beam being only 11 feet 6 inches on a water-line of 65 feet, while her length on deck is 78 feet. Her draft is 11 feet, and she displaces 80 tons, of which 30 tons is in her keel, and 13½ tons inside, all her ballast being lead. In spite of her narrow beam she has proved a comfortable cruiser, making a voyage to the West Indies last year, going there from New York in the Winter. Several efforts have been made to combine the best features of the cutters and sloops in a medium type of boat, to which the name of "compromise" has been given. These craft are wide, and have centreboards, but are much deeper than the old sloops, and of heavier displacement, some having a lead keel, with a slot in which the centreboard works. In rig they are a cross between cutter and sloop. The *Valkyr*, *Athlon* and *Thetis* are all of this type, but though moderately successful, they are as yet inferior to both of the other types in speed.

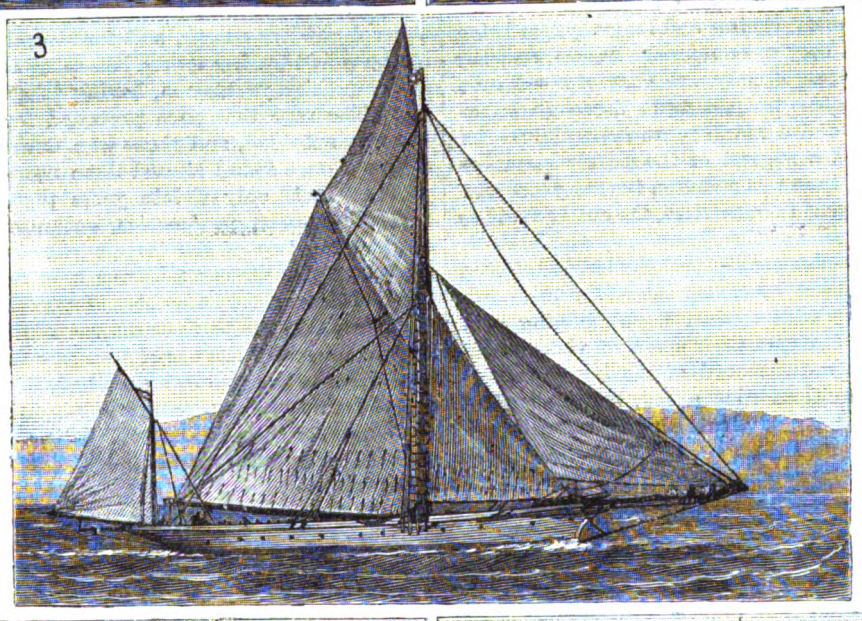
Turning to the old favorites, the schooners, the list is headed by the *Montauk*, a centreboard-boat modeled by Mr. Phillip Elsworth, and built in 1882, and the *Fortuna*, a keel-schooner, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith. Both of the boats have won the reputation of being very fast, while they have also made long cruises at sea. Next to them comes the *Grayling*, a light-draft vessel, chiefly noted for her capsize in New York Bay in her first season. The *Montauk* represents the latest advance in American schooners, being the fastest centreboard-vessel in the fleet, and a comparison of her with the fastest English schooner, the *Miranda*, shows the great difference now existing. The *Montauk's* dimensions are: length on water-line, 94 feet 8 inches; beam, 25 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 8 feet 10 inches; draft, 8 feet. The *Miranda*, a keel-boat, measures 86 feet on water-line; 18 feet 7 inches beam; 12 feet 7 inches depth of hold, and 12 feet draft, the rig differing also from the *Montauk's*, as shown in the sketch. Schooner-racing has of late years been less popular than of old, and while there are many of the old flyers on the list, few are now found in the races.

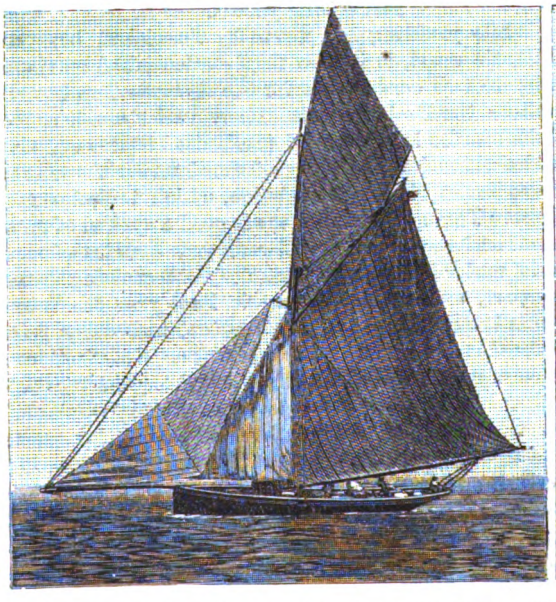
The cruising fleet has been materially increased by the addition of such vessels as the *Intrepid*, *Norna*, *Norseman* and *Gitana*, all keel-boats, and known as well abroad as in home waters, besides others of less note. The building of large schooners reached its climax with the construction of the *Ambassadress*, in 1877. This schooner was built by David Carll for Mr. William Astor, and was originally a centreboard-boat, but in 1881 she was altered to a keel. Her extreme length is 146 feet, beam 28 feet 2 inches, and draft 12 feet 8 inches. The *Ambassadress* has never figured as a racer, and for several seasons past she has been laid up, her owner, like many others of the older and wealthier yachtsmen, having taken to steam-yachting. The rage that once prevailed for large schooners has now subsided, and those who desire the luxury and elegance once found aboard them now own large steam-yachts. It is only of late years that these craft have become common in America, but now they are found everywhere, two of the largest steam-yachts afloat, the *Atalanta* and *Nourmahal*, having been designed and built here. Much might be written of this class of yacht, but space confines us to the sailing-craft. With the steam fleet has come in the use of iron as a material for building, either in the composite method, in which the frames are of iron and the planking of wood, as in the steamer *Radha*, or for both frames and plating. The *Vindex* was built of iron in 1871, and the *Mischief* in 1879, while of the steam fleet, the *Namouna*, *Polynia*, *Yosemite*, *Utowana*, *Viking*, *Corsair*, *Stranger*, and many others are built entirely of the same material. Last year the first American steel yacht, the *Nourmahal*, was launched, and this material promises eventually to supersede both wood and iron for steam and sailing yachts.

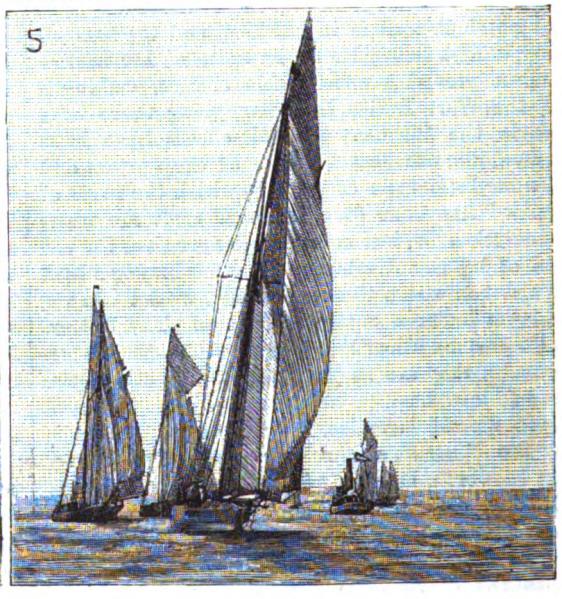
While yachting has naturally flourished best on the Atlantic coast, it is also firmly established on the lakes, whence two contestants for the *America* Cup have come, and on the Pacific coast. Many yacht clubs are established in the lake ports of the United States and Canada, and a union has lately been formed under the title of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, which includes most of them. This association has adopted a system of measurement and racing rules, and each year a series of races are held under its management, the fleet cruising from port to port, and racing at each. Last year the round included Toronto, Oswego, Kingston, and other ports on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The boats on the lakes were all of the old centreboard type, but of late the cutter has found a foothold there too; the value of depth for their open waters has become better known to the yachtsmen, and already a marked improvement in their craft is visible. San Francisco has also a large fleet of yachts, mostly schooners and yawls of the centreboard type. The latter rig is derived from England, and outside of San Francisco is little known in America. The sails carried are three, a mainsail and jib, as in the sloop, the boom of the former being cut off about at the rudder-head, just aft of which is stepped a second mast, on which



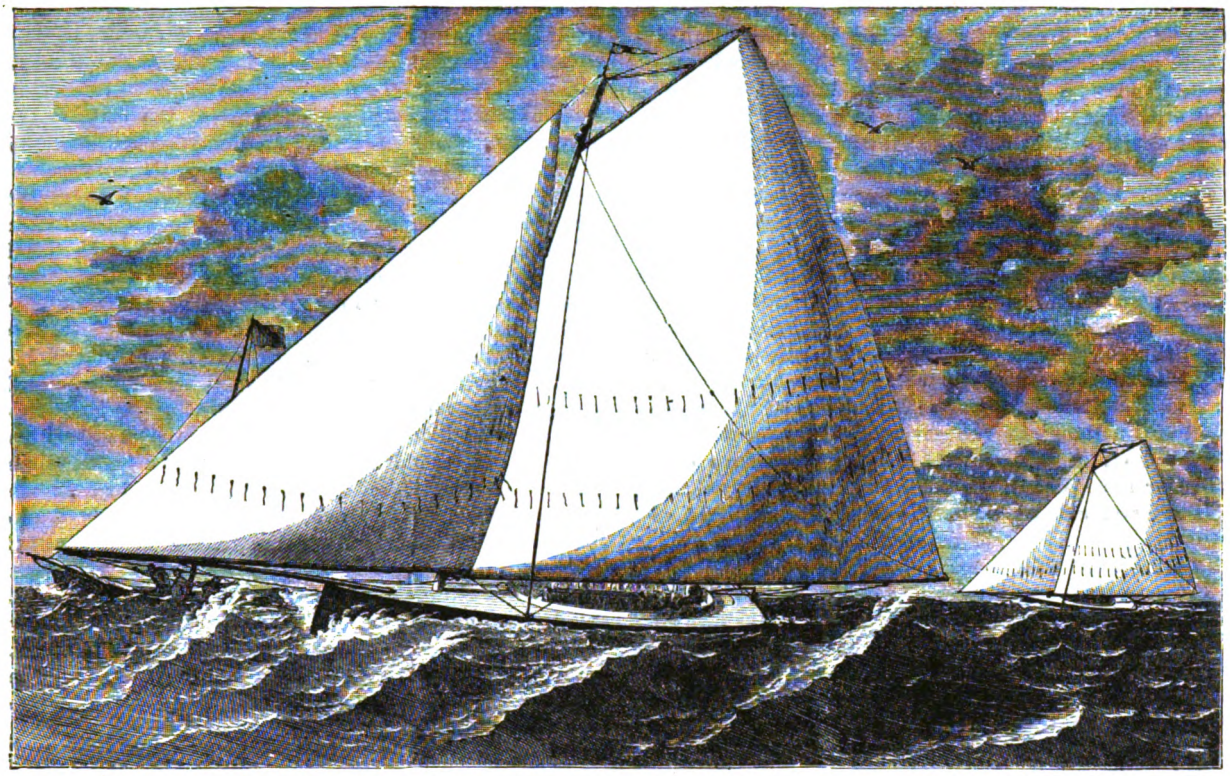




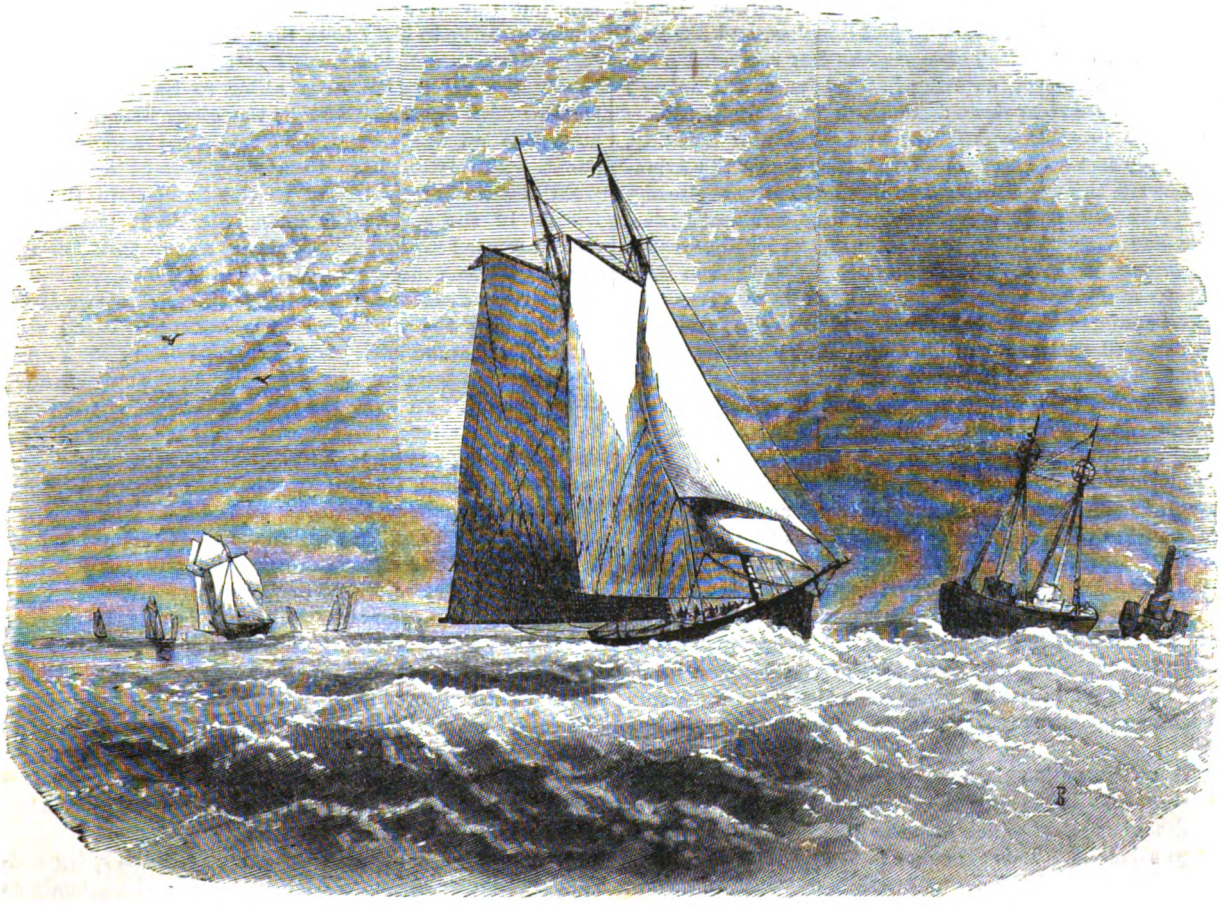




1. THE SCHOONER "GRAYLING." 2. THE "SILVER STAR." 3. THE YAWL "WENDUR." 4. THE CUTTER "MAGGIE." 5. THE CUTTER "ILEEN."



RACE BETWEEN THE YACHT "MATTIE" AND THE YACHT "MARTHA," IN 1868.



THE "COLUMBIA" AND "LIVONIA" IN THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE OF 1871.

a small lug-sail, called a mizzen, is set. In English yawls the double head-sails are used instead of a jib. With this rig reefing is an easy matter in any weather. Full sail, main, mizzen, jib and topsail, may be carried, or the mainsail may be stowed and the boat handled under jib and mizzen, a great convenience in working to moorings when shorthanded; or the yacht can be worked as a cat-boat, under mainsail only. In reefing, the mainsail can be reached from the deck, making the work easier. In England the yawl is popular not only as a cruiser, but for racing, such well-known names as the *Jullanar*, *Lorna*, *Florinda* and *Wendur* being among the first on the list of winners. The latter is a new yacht, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, and built of quarter-inch steel, and has raced very successfully for two seasons. This rig is well adapted to many of our cruising-yachts now rigged as sloops or schooners, as the long boom of the sloop is dispensed with, giving an easier and more comfortable rig; and on the other hand, the disadvantages of the schooner are avoided, the mizzenmast of the yawl being well aft and out of the way, while the mainmast of a schooner, especially if of a small size, interferes greatly with the room in the cabin.

The coming season promises to be a notable one on this side of the Atlantic. There is little doubt but that two if not more yachts will come from England to sail for the famous old trophy so long retained here. The first one to challenge will in all probability be the *Genesta*, an eighty-ton cutter, built in 1884. This vessel, designed by Mr. Beavor Webb, an English yachtsman and naval architect, is of the most advanced style of cutter. She is of composite build, with frames of steel and wood planking, and her builders have availed themselves of the latest improvement in rig and outfit. Her length on water-line is 81 feet, beam 15 feet, draft 13 feet 6 inches, and her lead keel weighs 60 tons. This year she has captured a fair proportion of prizes, entering in 34 races, and winning 7 first and 10 second prizes, amounting to nearly $4,000.

Another possible competitor is a yawl now building, nearly 100 feet on water-line, and a race across the Atlantic between the two is already talked of for next Spring. Besides these, a smaller cutter, of 47 tons, or about 65 feet water-line, is now building at Southampton for Mr. George H. Warren, who brought out the cutter *Maggie* from England several years since, and raced her here. She will also be ready in the early Spring, and it is expected that she, too, will challenge for the Cup. The prospect of the advent of these racers in our waters has awakened American yachtsmen to the urgency of the case, and already they are discussing ways and means to meet the challengers.

Our present fleet of sloops number nothing large enough to meet the *Genesta*, as the largest are but seventy feet, and the odds would in most weathers be in favor of the boat. In this emergency several plans have been proposed, one of them being to build a sloop of the so-called compromise type, a centreboard-boat, both wide and deep, with a centreboard and lead keel. Another plan is to build a large steel sloop, somewhat of the *Mischief* type, to be converted into a schooner after the races are over, as so large a sloop would be useless for any purpose but racing.

Still another plan is to change one of our fastest schooners into a sloop for these races, afterward restoring the schooner rig, in which case the *Grayling* would probably be selected. This schooner is 81 feet long on water-line, 23 feet beam, and draws but 5 feet 9 inches. As a sloop she would no doubt be very fast in light weather, but her spars would be large and difficult to handle. Should the Cup be won by an English yacht, it will only be after a hard struggle, as our yachtsmen will make every possible effort to defend it as it should be; and whatever the immediate result, the ultimate one will be of benefit to us. The races themselves will awaken a fresh interest in yachting throughout the country, not only among yachtsmen, but among others, whose main interest is in the international feature of the contest.

The entire subject of yachts and yachting is brought into greater prominence, and the various questions involved are debated in the yacht clubs and in the public press, and experience shows that an era of improvement and renewed activity in yacht-building always follows such a contest. A comparison of our boats with such totally different craft will bring out the good and bad points of each to their mutual benefit. Should the challenging craft be the victor, and the Cup so long held here be treated to an Atlantic voyage, the result, disappointing as it would be to our pride, would be to stimulate our designers, builders and yachtsmen to a further study of the intricate and, as yet, imperfectly solved problems of naval science. The type of yacht that will be popular in American waters for some years to come will depend largely on the result of the coming races, and it is too early yet to foretell what it will be. A sweeping victory for the cutters will create a demand for similar boats, while a victory for the centreboard-yacht will insure the further development and improvement of our favorite type.

A comparison of American yachting to-day with that of twenty, or even ten, years ago, shows an improvement in every way. Yachtsmen have been taught to realize that size and cost are not the true standards of comparison, but that more sport can be had from a sloop or cutter of forty to sixty tons than from a schooner of four times the size, and at a small fraction of the expense, and to-day the reputation as a sailer to be gained in the smaller craft by far outweighs the glory which was once attendant on the ownership of a large and gorgeous yacht. The latter have to a great extent disappeared from our sailing-fleet, and at the same time the first friends of the early yachtsmen, the open boats, have also decreased rapidly in popularity as the taste for sailing has become more general.

The rules in favor of fixed ballast instead of sandbags, and limiting the number of the crew, are being more generally adopted each year, and the demand for a cruising-yacht has brought out a type of boat once unknown in our waters. In every bay and harbor along the coast, on the larger rivers, and the great lakes, are found little craft of various models, keels and centreboards, sloops, cutters and yawls, fitted up to accommodate two or three persons, and manned by a host of amateur tars, who live and cruise in them during the season, from April to November, as far as their time permits. Boston has hundreds of such craft; New York has more every year, and they are common everywhere. Small in size, being from eighteen to thirty feet long, they are as complete in every detail as the largest yachts, and many of them are fitted, in model and rig, for long voyages.

A keel-boat of this class, of twenty-five to thirty feet on water-line, will have a main cabin with berths for two; head room which allows a man to stand erect; a forecastle, with stove, china-closet, icebox, and berth for a man; and if of thirty feet, an after stateroom is often found, provided with two berths, aft of which is the sail-locker. Similar accommodations are found on boats as small as eighteen feet, in which two can live in comfort and cruise in safety, enjoying to the utmost the true

pleasures of yachting. To-day, no man need stay ashore because he is unable to invest some thousands every year in a large yacht. An outlay of anywhere from $500 to $3,000 will make him master of a perfect little ship, in which, alone with a friend, or, for the larger sum, with two or three and a crew of one forward, he may cruise at will along the entire coast; and every year more are availing themselves of these advantages. The presence of this fleet is the most encouraging feature of American yachting, and the one in which we are most ahead of the yachtsmen of a generation ago. It is a vast training-school for yachtsmen, and every season members are graduated from it to the larger craft, and from it are the crews drawn to man the latter on their cruises and races. Established on this foundation, American yachting must grow and prosper, retaining permanently the place it has thus far deservedly taken at the head of all outdoor sports.

BEYOND THE HAZE.

A Winter Ramble Reverie.

The road was straight, the afternoon was gray,
  The frost hung listening in the silent air;
  On either hand the rimy fields were bare;
Beneath my feet unrolled the long, white way,
Drear as my heart, and brightened by no ray
  From the wide Winter sun, whose disk reclined
  In distant copper sullenness behind
The broken network of the western hedge—
  A crimson blot upon the fading day.

Three travelers went before me—one alone—
  Then two together, who their fingers nursed
  Deep in their pockets; and I watched the first
Lapse in the curtain the slow haze had thrown
Across the vista which had been my own.
  Next vanished the chill comrades, blotted out
  Like him they followed, but I did not doubt
That there beyond the haze the travelers
  Walked in the fashion that my sight had known.

Only "beyond the haze"; oh, sweet belief!
  That this is also Death; that those we've kissed
  Between our sobs, are just "beyond the mist";
An easy thought to juggle with to grief!
The gulf seems measureless, and Death a thief.
  Can we, who were so high, and are so low,
  So clothed in love, who now in tatters go,
Echo serenely, "Just beyond the haze,"
  And of a sudden find a trite relief?

A HANDSOME PRODIGAL.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

As Felix Arden turned into the Regent's Park, his hands in the pockets of his shabby velveteen painting-jacket, and his chin sunk on his breast, he considered that he had the right to believe himself the most miserable man in existence; for, only that morning, Luther Manning had told him that unless he discharged his debt of honor within twenty-four hours, he would be publicly branded as a swindler and cheat.

"You know well enough where you can get the money," Manning had said. "Go down to Riverside Abbey by the next train and see the old lady."

But Felix had answered with an oath that he would die sooner. His poor mother! How often he had made her heart ache by asking her to give him money to pay such debts as this! And he knew with what difficulty the sums she gave him were obtained. But where was he to get the money if not from her? And Manning was a man who would keep his word. He had pretended to be the young painter's friend until the pretense had ceased to benefit him, and now he would scruple at nothing which would injure him whom he had tried to pull down to his own level.

Felix had been wild from his youth up, impatient of control and hard to manage. His mother, a weak woman of singular beauty, had made a second marriage almost solely for his sake, hoping much from a stronger influence, and desirous of giving her handsome boy the benefit accruing from Mr. Darrow's wealth. But from the very beginning Felix and his stepfather had been at swords' points.

The mother soon saw that her marriage had been a mistake, but it was too late to rectify the error. She did her best to keep peace, but failed miserably, and in the end her son had gone, and had been told never to enter Riverside Abbey again.

Felix went to London, of course, confident that he would find no difficulty in achieving both fame and fortune, and anxious to convince his irate stepfather that could live and prosper in spite of his frown.

Felix's handsome face and elegant manners soon procured him an engagement at a first-class theatre, where, however, being a novice on the stage, he was assigned to only minor *rôles*, and given a salary which barely sufficed to keep him in bread and butter.

But he was not discouraged, and having always had a talent for painting, which his mother had made many sacrifices to cultivate, he soon established himself in a small studio in St. John's Wood, where he spent all his leisure hours working away at his canvas, and dreaming of a future in which he should be able to patronize the wealthy owner of the Abbey.

After a time, as he found work to do for various dealers, he left the theatre, and devoted himself entirely to his art.

But in an evil hour he met Luther Manning, a gambler and sharper, who covered his wickedness with a very thick cloak of respectability. He had offered to show Felix something of the world, and had shown it to him to his cost, for Felix was soon seen almost as often as Manning in the gambling-saloons, and became infatuated with gaming.

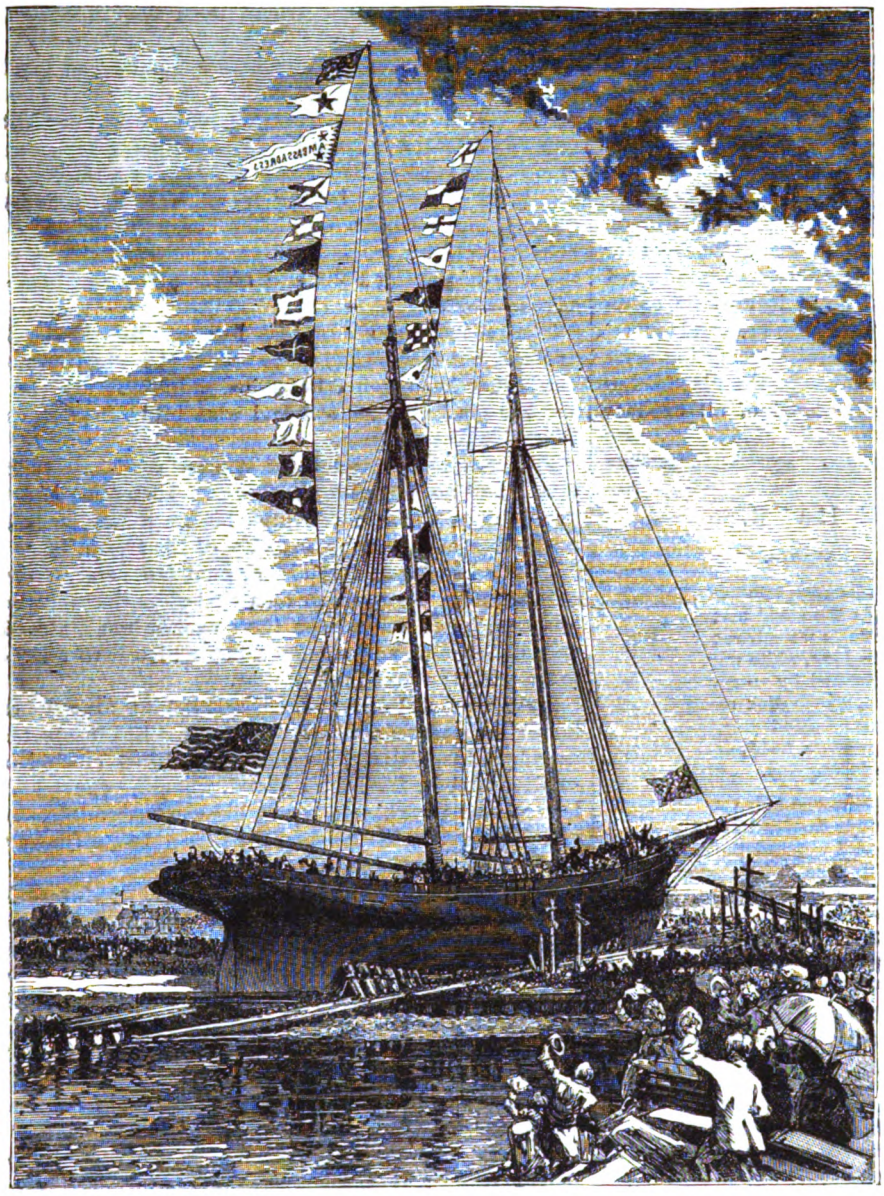
He was a reckless player, too, while Manning was always cool, and understood thoroughly the art of fleecing his victims. He soon won from the young artist the small sum with which his mother had provided him on leaving home, and now Felix was in his debt to the amount of one hundred pounds.

This fact oppressed him terribly, and after Manning's threat of exposure he found it utterly impossible to settle himself to work, and had come into the Park hoping the fresh air would relieve the headache which had tortured him all day.

Without glancing about him, thinking only of the trouble into which his folly had led him, Felix threw himself on one of the seats near the broad walk, and abandoned himself to painful reverie.

He did not see how he was to avert the fate which was hanging over him. And, if publicly branded a cheat and a scoundrel in all the places he was accustomed to frequent, he might bid adieu to all hopes of fame and fortune in his native land. There would be only Australia or America left for him. And his mother?

His keenest suffering was on her account. How should he tell her of his disgrace. He wished with all his heart that he had never met Manning; the acquaintance had not been to his credit or profit in any way.



YACHTS AND YACHTING IN AMERICA.—LAUNCH OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S "AMBASSADRESS." SEE PAGE 385.

He was thinking in this strain, and anathematizing his bad luck, when something scintillating at his feet caught his eye. He stooped and saw the toe of one of his boots rested on a diamond ring.

With an exclamation of surprise he picked it up.

The diamonds, eight in number, were set in the form of a cross, and there was no mistaking their value and purity; they were evidently of the first water.

"To whom can this belong?" thought Felix, as he turned the ring over and over in his hand. "And how careless to lose it here! It must be worth a hundred pounds, if it is worth a shilling!"

A sudden thought struck him, and his face flushed.

Here in his hands were the means to pay off his debt, to release himself from Manning's chains. The debt once paid, he would cut himself off for ever from the associates who had tried to ruin him. He would begin life afresh, and give his mother reason to be proud of him.

His fingers closed lovingly about the ring, and he started to his feet; but, as he did so, the thought came to him that he had no right to buy his freedom by the disposal of a thing he had no just claim to.

It was clearly his duty to advertise for the owner. He sank back on his seat again, and buried his face in his hands.

"Hello, Arden! I was just on my way to your domicile. Lucky I came through the Park. It saves me a climb up those confounded stairs of yours."

It was Manning's voice; and Felix raised his head and looked at him steadily as he remarked:

"You were coming to see if I had the money ready for you, I suppose?"

"What wonderful intuition!" laughed Manning, who, in the presence of his debtor, invariably dropped his suave manner. "Yes; that was about the size of my errand. Well, what have you to say to me?"

In a fit of desperation, Felix drew the ring from his pocket. The temptation to release himself from this man's cruel persecutions was greater than ever.

"Will this satisfy you?" he asked. "It is worth fully over one hundred pounds."

"I'm to take your word for it, I suppose?"

"Yes; but you are a judge of diamonds, I believe. Answer me — will this square my account with you?"

"Well, I'd rather have the money, of course; but since I suppose that it is out of the question, I'll take this instead. Yes, it's square. Here's your I O U," taking a paper from a plethoric pocketbook. "I knew you'd see reason, and run down to the Abbey. Sorry to press you so hard, my boy, but business is business, you know, and I've a family to look out for. I hope this little incident won't prove any interruption to our friendship?"

Felix made no reply, and Manning, seeing how dark his countenance had grown, concluded to leave him alone. So, with a sarcastic bow he walked away, inwardly jubilant at having secured the ring, for he did not doubt that Felix had obtained it from his mother.

Felix sat for some time longer on the bench, thinking over what he had done, and then he turned his steps slowly homeward.

But as he reached the gate of the park, two ladies came toward him from the direction of Albany Street.

One was young and fair, with a frank, earnest face, which impressed the young artist favorably at the first glance.

The other was elderly, with a kind, gentle countenance, and soft gray hair arranged in puffs, and surmounted by a very fashionable bonnet.

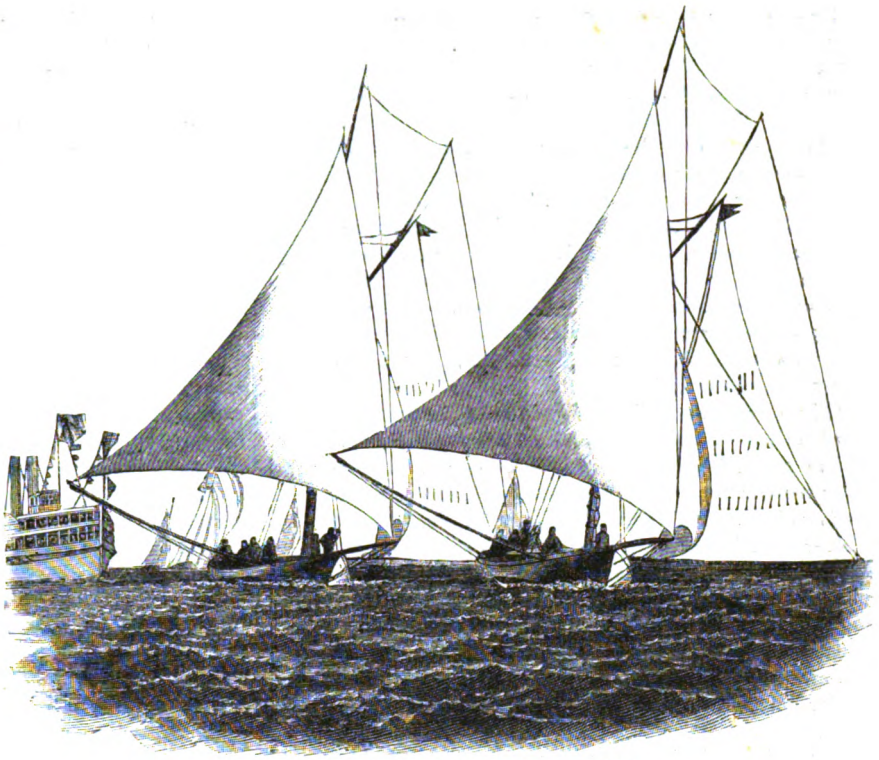
Both were richly dressed, and appeared to belong to the aristocracy; but on the face of the younger was a look of keen anxiety and distress.

As Felix was passing her with a glance of admiration, she suddenly stepped forward and hesitatingly stopped him.

"Pray excuse me," she said. "But have you seen or heard of any one finding a diamond-ring in the park this afternoon? I lost one here a couple of hours ago. I must have drawn it off with my glove, and did not miss it until just now."

"You lost it in the park?" asked Felix, whose feelings at this moment may be better imagined than described.

"Yes; it was a very valuable ring — a gift from my father, who is dead. Oh, do you think I will find it?" clasping her hands, and the tears starting to her eyes.



"VIXEN" AND "REGINA"— REGATTA OF 1879.

"Why, my dear, how can the gentleman answer such a question," said the elderly lady, in a tone of reproof. "Of course it has been found by some one, and search is almost useless. Your best plan is to advertise at once," and with a courteous bow to Felix she drew the young girl away.

Feeling more wretched than ever, Felix returned to his studio. He would have given ten years of his life to have had the ring still in his possession, so great would have been his satisfaction in restoring it to its owner. He fairly loathed himself when he reflected that a dead father's gift had gone to pay a gambling debt.

THE RACING YACHT "MADGE."

"There's two gentlemen waiting to see you, sir," said the charwoman of the modest establishment where he had rooms, as she met him in the lower hall on his entrance.

His visitors proved to be Jack Harkness, a young man of literary tastes, whom he had rather neglected of late, and a portly, middle-aged gentleman whom Felix had never seen before.

"Well, old fellow," said Jack, in the cordial way for which he was noted among his acquaintances, "here you are at last. I've brought Mr. Leroy to see that last effort of yours, and as you were out, and the woman didn't know when you'd be in, I took the liberty of showing it to him," and then Felix noticed that his picture of "Undine" was on the easel.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Leroy, who was decidedly pompous and self-important. "And I like it. I've built myself a big house, and set apart one room for an art-gallery. I'm something of a *connersure* in art, and knowing my young friend Harkness was hand-in-glove with all the painters, I thought his help would be something worth having."

Felix could scarcely repress a smile at the old gentleman's peculiar pronunciation of the French word; but he bowed courteously, and said he was indebted to Mr. Harkness for bringing him such a patron.

"I like this 'Undine,'" continued Mr. Leroy, with a nod toward the picture. "May I ask your price for it, Mr. Arden?"

"Twenty-five pounds," answered Felix, with trembling lips.

His heart seemed to stop beating as he waited for the rich man's reply. He knew his picture was fully worth the price; but it was larger than he had ever received for any of his works.

"Done!" said Mr. Leroy, as he drew a checkbook from his pocket and walked toward the table, on which lay

pens, paper and an inkstand. "I'm a man of few words, and I never haggle over prices. If you'll keep the picture for me until to-morrow, I'll send for it. Good-day, sir; some time I may give you another call. Mr. Harkness, are you going back with me?"

"I think not," said Jack. "I want to stay and take supper with Arden. It's only fair he should treat, you see."

"Jack, you are the best friend I have!" burst out Felix, as the door closed behind Mr. Leroy. "I don't deserve your kindness, either."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jack. "I'd have done as much for any one I liked; and you know I always admired that picture of yours, Arden. I was glad enough to give you a chance to sell it. Twenty-five pounds ought to keep your pot boiling pretty well for some time to come."

"It's a godsend just now," said Felix. "I was down to my last shilling."

"Mr. Leroy made his money in soap," continued Jack, "and he knows about as much of art as a baboon. But, all the same, I wouldn't impose a poor picture on him, and give his more intelligent acquaintances a chance to laugh at him. He's a good-hearted fellow, in spite of his bluster and brag; and he's never cut my acquaintance, no matter how much out of elbows I've been. I think he rather respects my position as dramatic critic on the *Morning Quill*, and he frequently consults me on matters where his knowledge is at fault."

While Jack was rambling on in this strain, Felix sent out for beer, biscuits and chops, and the repast was soon ready.

Jack did ample justice to it; but Felix could not eat. In spite of his strange good fortune in selling his picture, he was heavy-hearted, for the incident of the diamond ring still preyed on his mind. He was conscious of a sense of relief when Jack at last left, and he was alone, and able to indulge his gloomy thoughts unnoticed.

"I *must* buy that ring back," he thought, "and mother is the only person to whom I can apply for help. I'll make any promise she wants, if she will only manage to get the money for me somehow or other."

He resolved to lose no time in making his appeal, and therefore left London early the next morning. He sent his mother no notice of his coming, trusting to luck for the chance to see her.

It was dusk when he reached Coltburg Station, and he went to the nearest hotel, ordered supper, and engaged a room.

The Black Crow was a snug, old-fashioned hostelry, kept by old servants of one of the county families.

They knew Felix well, and liked him for the sake of his handsome face and pleasant manners; so they gave him a warm welcome, and set before him the best their larder could afford. They were full of curiosity as to his errand at the Abbey, for they knew of the estrangement between him and his stepfather; but of course they asked no questions.

"There'll be a big party at the Abbey to-night," said Mrs. Forster, as she followed the young man to the door, where he stood for a moment looking out on the quiet street.

"Ah, indeed," said Felix. "I didn't know Mr. Darrow was fond of such gayety."

"This is given to please Miss Edith, his ward. I suppose you've heard of her, sir?"

Yes, Felix had heard of her. His mother's letters had been full of praises, during the past six months, of the young orphan heiress who had fallen to the care of her Uncle Darrow.

But Felix had never had any curiosity concerning her. It was his private opinion that no one in any way connected with his stepfather could be worth knowing.

It was a clear, calm, bright night, and as Felix left the hostelry, he struck into one of the lanes which intersected a richly-wooded tract of country extending behind the village.

He wandered on in the rich moonlight, wondering how he would make a chance to speak to his mother, and if he would succeed in obtaining the money.

He did not think Manning would be apt to dispose of the ring again, and of course he would be glad to exchange it for a hundred pounds cash down.

"Then I will advertise for the young lady who lost it," said Felix to himself, as he came in sight of the Abbey gates.

There were a great many carriages waiting at the lodge, and he slipped among them unperceived by any of the coachmen, who were drinking beer with the lodge-keeper.

As Felix walked up the broad, graveled road, the sound of music was borne to his ears, and as he reached the terrace he saw that the grand reception-room of the Abbey was filled with elegantly dressed ladies and handsome men.

All the windows were open, for the night was warm, even though the month was September, and nothing was lost to his view.

The heart of the prodigal swelled with bitterness as he saw his stepfather moving about among his guests the personification of self-satisfaction and triumph, and then the young man caught his breath in a quick sigh as his eyes fell upon his mother.

Mrs. Darrow stood before one of the long mirrors, talking to a gentleman. She was richly dressed in violet satin, and on her wrists, in her ears and at her throat, sparkled costly jewels. But there was an expression of weariness on her face, and Felix thought her strangely pale.

As he looked at her, longing to speak to her, and recalling the old days when they had been all in all to each other, in spite of the perpetual heartache his follies gave her, a young girl, dressed in white satin, and with pearls about her snowy throat and in the meshes of her dark hair, came from an inner room, and laid her hand on Mrs. Darrow's arm, saying something which appeared to Felix like a request.

"By George!" he ejaculated, under his breath, as the girl turned her face fully toward the window before which he stood. "The owner of the ring!"

Immediately he was seized by a longing to make one of that merry company, and he ground his teeth as he thought that his own folly had made such a thing impossible.

His own recklessness had cut him off from such scenes as this, from the privilege of clasping in friendship the hand of this pure young girl, whom he had defrauded of the gift of a dead father.

As he thought over these things, the opportunity to make his presence known to his mother came to him in a most unexpected manner.

Mrs. Darrow, leaning rather heavily on the arm of the gentleman with whom she had been talking when the young girl spoke to her, left her station by the window and came out on the terrace.

Felix, stepping behind a thick cedar-bush, heard her say:

"There, I feel better already! The rooms are very close."

"Let me bring you a glass of water," said her companion; and before Mrs. Darrow could remonstrate he had gone back into the house again.

Felix lost no time.

"Mother," he said, stepping out from his ambush, "don't be frightened. I want to speak to you for a moment."

"Felix! Oh, my boy, my darling! What a risk to run! Suppose your father should come and find you here!"

"Suppose he should," said Felix, shrugging his shoulders. "What would he do to me? Annihilate me on the spot, I suppose. But, mother, we have no time to waste in talking of him. I want a chance for a few minutes' quiet talk with you. Excuse yourself in some way, and come to me in the arbor as soon as possible."

"I will try to do so," whispered Mrs. Darrow. "There, go at once, or you will be seen. Major Hooker is coming."

Felix sprang down the terrace and disappeared in the direction of the arbor just as the gallant major reached the spot where Mrs. Darrow was standing.

She was trembling so violently that, as she took the tumbler, she spilled the water over her dress.

"You are ill, Mrs. Darrow," said the major. "Let me call your husband."

"No! no!" she cried, almost wildly. "But I would like to be alone a few moments. Will you excuse me, major? And pray do not speak of my illness to any one —least of all to Mr. Darrow. He is so easily alarmed about me."

The major bowed in acquiescence, and expressed a hope that she would be better soon, and returned to the ballroom.

As he entered the house, Mrs. Darrow walked quickly down the terrace-steps, and in another moment was in the arms of her son.

"How glad I am to see you again, even in this clandestine manner, my boy!" she murmured, kissing him repeatedly.

"I don't deserve that you should be glad, mother," said Felix, in a tone of genuine remorse, "for I have come on the old errand."

"You mean that you want money again," said Mrs. Darrow, in a low, sad voice. "Oh, my son, when will there be an end to your demands upon me?"

"I promise that if you will give me seventy-five pounds now, I will never trouble you again," said Felix. "But I must have that amount. I would not ask for it if it was not absolutely necessary."

"Seventy-five pounds!" repeated Mrs. Darrow, in dismay. "Oh, Felix, how am I to get such an amount? You know that I have sold every piece of jewelry I dared to part with, and I am in constant fear that Mr. Darrow will notice that I no longer wear the diamond earrings which went to pay your last debt, two months ago. How am I to raise seventy-five pounds?"

Felix was silent.

"But I will see what can be done," continued Mrs. Darrow. "You know that I will do my best. You are staying at the Black Crow, I suppose?"

Felix nodded.

"Remain there until you hear from me," said his mother. "I will let you know something, one way or another, by to-morrow night. And now, my boy, I must leave you. I may be missed if I stay here longer."

"I suppose I must let you go," said Felix, kissing her. "Oh, mother, if only we were living together, as in the old days."

"Don't speak of them!" said Mrs. Darrow, quickly. "You know it was for your sake—for your sake alone—that I contracted a second marriage. I thought to make your path in life easier by means of Mr. Darrow's wealth. It was a mistake. I found that out long ago. But I should be happy; yes, quite happy, but for my separation from you, Felix. If you could only turn over a new leaf and become friends with Mr. Darrow. Then I should be perfectly satisfied."

"Don't ask impossibilities," said Felix, with a harsh laugh.

"You don't realize how hard it is for me to be forbidden all communication with you," sighed the mother, "and to see you only by stealth. Your name is never mentioned at the Abbey; and Edith Armstrong does not even know that I have a son."

"Was it Edith Armstrong who spoke to you before you came out?" asked Felix, with sudden thought. "The young girl in white satin and pearls?"

"Yes; did you see her? Is she not lovely? She is a great comfort to me. But she spends a great deal of her time in London with Mr. Darrow's sister, Mrs. Baldwin. But I *must* go now, Felix. Good-by, my darling!" And pressing one last kiss upon his forehead, she hurried away.

"So it is to Edith Armstrong, my stepfather's ward, that I am to return the ring," meditated Felix, as he turned his steps toward the village. "How strange a thing is Fate!"

Time hung very heavily on Felix Arden's hands the next day; and when noon came and still no message from his mother had reached him, he grew very impatient. But there was nothing for him to do but wait. He did not like to venture in the vicinity of the Abbey again. Taking his sketching portfolio—without which he never went anywhere—under his arm, he repaired to the wood as soon as he had eaten his midday lunch, thinkthat he might find in work a panacea for his restlessness.

He soon became absorbed in a sketch of a moss-grown bank, on the edge of the wood, and was not by any means pleased when interrupted by footsteps coming along the path near which he sat. But when he looked up and saw that the intruder on his peace was Edith Armstrong, his feeling of annoyance gave way to one of keenest pleasure and satisfaction.

Edith recognized him at once, and being warm-hearted, impulsive and caring little for ceremony or rules of etiquette, she stopped, saying, with a bright smile:

"I see you recognize me; and so perhaps it is as well that I should take this opportunity to apologize for stopping you in the park the other day. My aunt scolded me for doing so. But my distress must be my excuse."

"You are entirely excusable, under the circumstances," said Felix. "Did you advertise, as your aunt advised?"

"Yes; but I am so much afraid that I will never see my ring again!"

And her eyes filled with sudden tears, which she dashed away with a smile.

"I feel sure you will," said Felix, with an earnestness that seemed to surprise her; and then, as he saw that she was about to pass on, he added, hurriedly: "Perhaps you would like to look at my sketch."

"Oh, are you an artist?" asked Edith, taking the sketch from his hands. "How you would laugh at my poor attempts at drawing! But Aunt Baldwin wants me to take lessons, and insists that I have talent. To please her, I am to enter on a course of instruction in London next month."

"I wish I could be your teacher," said Felix, boldly.

"I would be only too glad to have a pupil." Edith blushed.

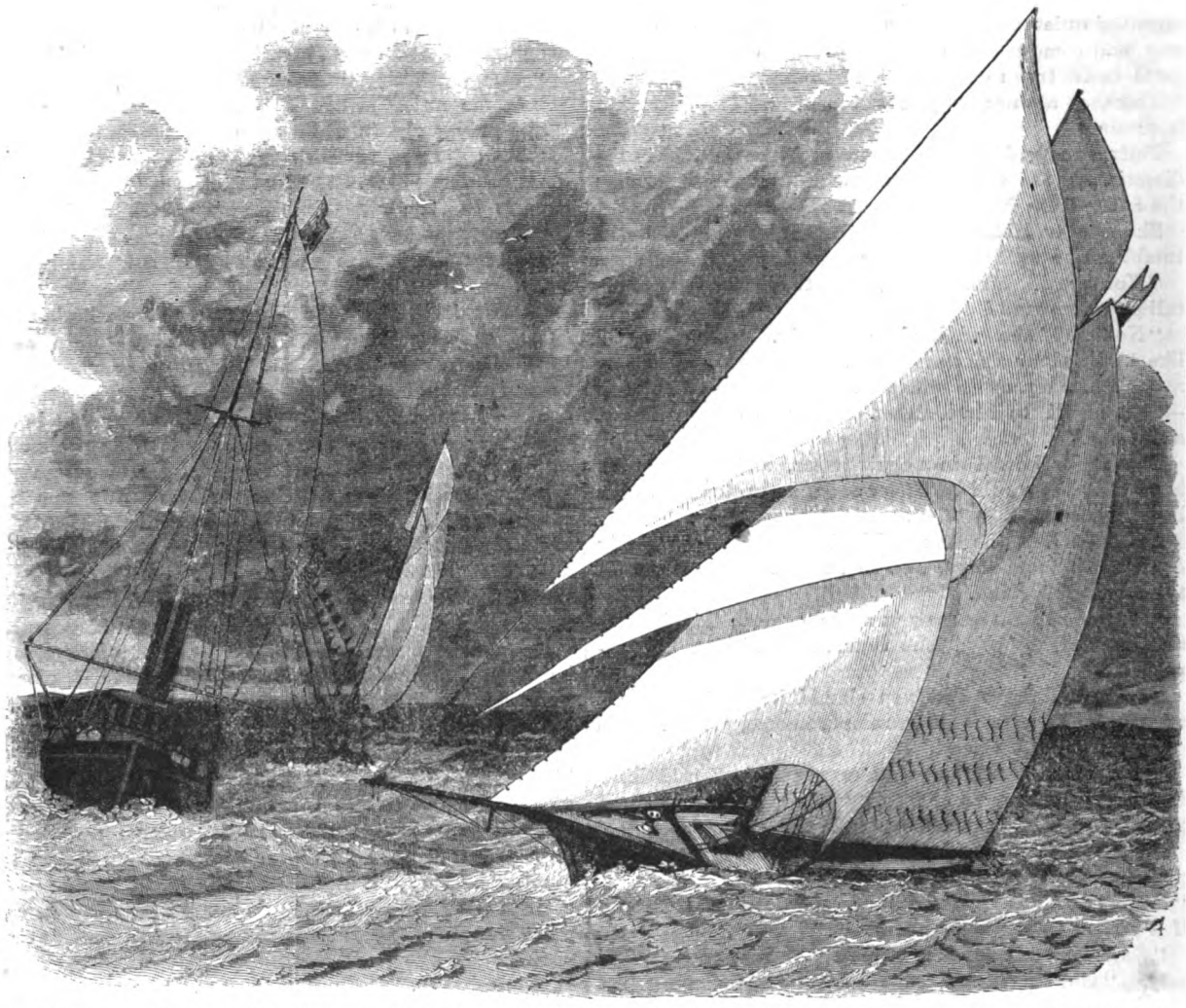
"I do not know," she said. "I will at least ask my aunt about it."

"Then I will give you my address," said Felix.

Drawing out his note-book, he tore a leaf from it, and scribbled hastily, "Felix Arden, Hyacinth Villa, St. John's Wood."

"Thank you," said Edith. Then, with a smile and a bow, she continued on her way.

Mrs. Darrow thought her husband's niece more than usually bright and happy that evening.



YACHTS AND YACHTING IN AMERICA.— THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA CUP"— THE AMERICAN IRON SLOOP-YACHT "MISCHIEF" WINNING THE FIRST RACE WITH THE CANADIAN SLOOP-YACHT "ATALANTA," NOVEMBER 9TH, 1881.— SEE PAGE 385.

"My dear," she said, "your dissipation of last night had apparently no effect on you. I expected you to feel completely worn out, you danced so much."

"My walk did me good, perhaps," replied Edith. And then, for some reason which she did not try to explain even to herself, she blushed vividly.

The day following his meeting with Edith, Felix received a note from his mother, inclosing the seventy-five pounds for which he had asked.

"I obtained the money from Edith," wrote Mrs. Darrow. "Fortunately for you, she received yesterday her half-yearly allowance, and was quite willing to lend part of it. I shall save religiously until I can pay her back. Of course, I told her nothing. But her look of surprise when I made my request cut me to the heart. Though she asked no questions and made no comments, I feel sure she thinks me wickedly extravagant and deceitful. By the love you bear me, Felix, do not subject me to such a trial again."

"And it is with Edith's own money that I am to buy back her ring," muttered Felix, as he laid down the note. I wonder if she will ever know how it was spent?"

Manning took it for granted that Felix had won the money by gaming, and thought it a little "soft" in him to expend it in regaining the ring; but Felix's manner was so cold and haughty that the gambler did not venture to ask him any questions.

But, happy as he was again to have the ring in his possession, Felix did not return it to Miss Armstrong. For some reason, which was a secret between his heart and himself, he retained it in his own keeping.

Some intuition told him that Edith would contrive to obtain her own way about the drawing-lessons. And he was not mistaken. One pleasant day in November she appeared in his studio with her aunt, and engaged him as her teacher.

Then began the happiest period of the young artist's life. Three times a week he called at the stately mansion in Belgravia, and spent an hour at Edith's side. Mrs. Baldwin complacently knitting, and often dozing in an easy-chair not far away.

The end may be imagined; Felix discovered that his

A HANDSOME PRODIGAL.—"'OH, YOU ARE AN ARTIST?' ASKED EDITH, TAKING THE SKETCH FROM HIS HANDS."
SEE PAGE 395.

happiness was bound up in Edith, and one day, during the temporary absence of Mrs. Baldwin, he asked his fair pupil to be his wife.

Edith's answer was a burst of happy tears, which utterly ruined the crayon sketch on which she was engaged at the time; and with her head on Felix's breast she acknowledged that she had loved him since the first hour of their acquaintance—or believed she had.

Felix was not a dishonorable man, whatever his faults were, and when Mrs. Baldwin returned he lost no time in acquainting her with the state of affairs, and confessed his relationship to the inmates of the Abbey.

"I fear it is useless—utterly useless for me to attempt to obtain Mr. Darrow's consent to our union," he said to Edith; "but I will go to Riverside Abbey to-morrow, and see him about it."

"I will be of age next month," said Edith; "and can do as I please."

"No, my darling," said Felix, taking her in his arms, "rebellion will only injure our cause. We will treat Mr. Darrow with the respect he deserves as your guardian and uncle, and let him know of our engagement at once, whatever the consequences."

"Mr. Arden is right," said Mrs. Baldwin; "but I do not think my brother will absolutely refuse his consent when he knows that the matter meets with my unqualified approval," and she beamed kindly on the young couple. "If you are willing to trust your cause to me, I will go down to the Abbey to-morrow, and see what can be done."

Of course Felix and Edith were only too glad to have her undertake the disagreeable mission, and though she encountered a terrible storm when she made it known at the Abbey, she finally won Mr. Darrow's promise that he would offer no obstacle to the marriage, though he declared that he could not approve it, and believed that Edith would rue it in dust and ashes.

But, as he became convinced that Felix had actually reformed and was winning fame in his art, his prejudices against him grew less. He prided himself on being strictly just, and therefore made his wife's heart glad by assuring her that, should her son continue to maintain a pure and honorable life, his past should not militate against him, and he should be welcome to the Abbey whenever he cared to visit it.

The wedding took place in January, at St. George's, Hanover Square, and never had a happier or handsomer couple knelt before that fashionable altar. That evening as Felix and his bride stood on the steamer which was bearing them across the Channel—for they were to spend their honeymoon in Paris—he drew a little box from his pocket.

"I haven't given you my wedding-present yet, darling," he said.

"I didn't know you had anything for me," said Edith. "What is it?"

Felix put the box in her hands, and his face grew strangely sad as she opened it.

"Oh, Felix! a ring! and just like the one I lost!" cried the young wife. "How strange!"

"It *is* the one you lost, my dearest," said Felix; and then, with his arms about her, watching every varying expression of her lovely face, he made his confession. Who can doubt that he obtained a full and free pardon.

It is computed that Mr. Gladstone has delivered fourteen miles of printed speeches since he began his public career.

FEATS OF ENDURANCE BY ARAB HORSES.

The renowned Algerian chieftain Abd-el-Kader declared that if the true Arab horse ever treads upon plowed land, he diminishes in value, and he illustrated the idea by the following story: A man was riding upon a horse of pure blood, when he was met by his enemy, also splendidly mounted. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing of reaching him, the pursuer in anger shouted out: "I ask, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on land?"

"He has worked on land for four days."

"Very well—mine never has; and, by the beard of the Prophet, I am sure to catch you."

Toward the close of the day the horse that never labored was the victor; and as the rider of the degraded horse sank under the blows of his enemy, he said:

"There has been no blessing upon our country since we changed our coursers into beasts of burden and of tillage. Has not God made the ox for the plow, the camel to transport merchandise, and the horse alone for the race? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God" (T. B. Thorpe).

And if the Arab horses are capable of doing the amount of work stated in the following tale (which comes from one of the French generals in Algeria), they ought to be highly prized: With regard to the great distances accomplished by the horses of the Desert of Sahara, instances may be quoted which will appear incredible, and the heroes of which are still alive (1863), if witnesses were wanted to confirm the truth of the story. Here is one of a thousand which was told to me by a man of the tribe of Arbâa. I give his own words:

"I had come into the Tell (a most fertile district—the granary, in fact, of the Sahara) with my father and the people of my tribe to buy corn. It was in the time of the Pasha Ali. The Arbâa had had some terrible quarrels with the Turks, and as it was their interest for the moment to feign a complete submission in order to obtain an amnesty for the past, they agreed to win over by presents of money the Pasha's suite, and to send to himself not merely a common animal, as was customary, but a courser of the highest distinction. It was a misfortune, but it was the will of Allah, and we were forced to resign ourselves. The choice fell upon a mare, 'Gray Stone of the River,' known throughout the Sahara, and the property of my father. He was informed that he must hold himself in readiness to set out with her on the morrow for Algiers. After the evening prayer my father, who had taken care not to make any remark, came to me and said, 'Ben-Zyan, art thou thyself to-day? Wilt thou leave thy father in a strait, or wilt thou make his face red?'

"'I am nothing but your will, my lord,' I replied. 'Speak, and if I obey not your commands, it will be because I am vanquished by death.'

"'Listen. These children of sin seek to take my mare in the hope of settling their affairs with the Sultan—my gray mare, I say, which has always brought good fortune to my tent, to my children, and the camels; my gray mare, that was foaled on the day that thy youngest brother was born! Speak! Wilt thou let them do this dishonor to my hoary beard? The joy and happiness of the family are in thy hands. Mordjana (such was the name of the mare) has eaten her barley. If thou art of a truth, my son, go and sup, take thy weapons, and then at earliest nightfall flee far away into the desert with the treasure dear to us all.'

"Without answering a word I kissed my father's hand, took my evening repast, and quitted Berouaguïa, happy in being able to prove my filial affection, and laughing in my sleeve at the disappointment that awaited our sheikhs on their awakening. I pushed forward for a long time, fearing to be pursued, but Mordjana continued to pull at her bridle, and I had more trouble to quiet her than to urge her on. When two-thirds of the night had passed, and a desire to sleep was growing upon me, I dismounted, and seizing the reins, twisted them around my wrist. I placed my gun under my head, and at last fell asleep, softly couched on one of those dwarf palms so common in our country. An hour after I roused myself. All the leaves of the dwarf palm had been stripped off by Mordjana. We started afresh. The peep of day found us at Souagui. My mare had thrice broken out into a sweat, and thrice dried herself. I touched her with the heel. She watered at Sidi-Bou-Zid, and that evening I offered up the evening prayer at Leghrouât, after giving her a handful of straw to induce her to wait patiently for the enormous bag of barley that was coming to her. These are not journeys fit for your horses," said Ben-Zyan, in conclusion, "for the horses of you Christians, who go from Algiers to Blidah—thirteen leagues—and then fancy you have done a good day's work."

This Arab had done *eighty leagues* in twenty-four hours (Berouaguïa to Souagui, thirty-one leagues; Sidi-Bou-Zid twenty-five leagues further on; and lastly, Leghrouât, twenty-four leagues beyond that); his mare had eaten nothing but the leaves of the dwarf palm on which he had lain down, and only once had been watered, about the middle of the journey; and yet he swore to me by the head of the Prophet that he could have slept on the following night at Gardaya, forty-five leagues further on, had his life been in any danger.

Another Arab, Mohammed-Ben-Mokhtar by name, had come to buy corn in the Tell after the harvest. His tents were already pitched, and he had opened a business communication with the Arabs of the Tell, when the Bey, Bou-Mezrag, "father of the spear," fell upon him at the head of a strong body of cavalry, to chastise one of those imaginary offenses which the Turks were in the habit of inventing as pretexts for their rapacity. Not the slightest warning had been given; the razzia was complete; and the horsemen of Makhzen gave themselves up to all the atrocities customary in such cases. Mohammed-Ben-Mokhtar thereupon threw himself on his dark bay mare, a magnificent animal known and coveted throughout the Sahara, and perceiving the critical nature of the situation, at once resolved to sacrifice the whole of his property to save the lives of his three children. One of them, only four years old, he placed on the saddle before him, and another, aged six or seven, behind him, holding on by the troussequin, and was about to place the youngest in the hood of his burnous when his wife stopped him, exclaiming, "No, no; I will not let thee have this one. They will never dare to slay an infant at its mother's breast. Away! I shall keep him with me. Allah will protect us." Mohammed-Ben-Mokhtar then dashed forward, fired off his piece, and got clear of the *mêlée;* but being hotly pursued, he traveled all that day and the following night, until he reached Leghrouât, where he could rely upon being in safety. Shortly after he received intelligence that his wife had been rescued by some friends he had in the Tell. Mohammed-Ben-Mokhtar was still alive, and the two children he carried are spoken of as two of the best horsemen of the tribe.

And why should I look for evidence to establish these facts? All the old officers of the Oran division can state how, in 1837, a general, attaching the greatest importance to the receipt of intelligence from Tiemcen, gave his own charger to an Arab to go and procure the news. The latter set out from Château Neuf at four o'clock in the morning, and returned the same hour on the following day, having traveled seventy leagues over ground very different from the comparatively level desert.

FRIEDRICH-WILHELM I., SECOND KING OF PRUSSIA.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Until within the generation now living, the merits of Friedrich-Wilhelm I. have been greatly underrated. Macaulay devotes a few pages to him in his elaborate paper upon "Frederick the Great," representing him as a coarse, ignorant, miserly brute, more than half a madman. Carlyle may be said to have rediscovered Friedrich-Wilhelm. He was the first to show, at least to English readers, that this King deserves to rank in the same line with his grandfather, the Great Elector, and with his son, the Great King of Prussia. It is not too much to say that without the preparatory work of Friedrich-Wilhelm, the work performed by Friedrich the Great could never have been achieved.

Friedrich-Wilhelm, son of King Friedrich I., of whom we have already spoken, was born in 1688. At the age of eighteen he was married to his cousin Sophia-Dorothea, daughter of George-Louis, Electoral Prince of Hanover, who was in time to become King George I. of England. We get only occasional glimpses of the Crown-Prince during the lifetime of his father. Just before his marriage, in 1706, and again three years after it, in 1709, he was present with the Prussian troops in the War of the Spanish Succession, serving under Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy; being present at the famous Battle of Malplaquet, September 11th, 1709, a day of which he kept the anniversary as long as he lived. He got some good ideas of soldiering, and especially of what an army should be. During the later years of his father's life he had something to do with the actual administration of the Government, with which he was in nowise satisfied. Most of all was he displeased with the lavish expense of the Royal Court and Household. So much money wasted upon lackeys, useless functionaries, empty show, and the like, which should have gone to the maintenance of an army; for he could not fail to perceive that if the little Kingdom of Prussia—with less than a million and a quarter of population—was to maintain her position among the Powers of Europe, she must do it by fighting; or, what might be better, by being always ready to fight if need were. In fact, so well was the Prussia of his day ready to fight, that King Friedrich-Wilhelm, during his reign of twenty-seven years, never had real occasion to engage, upon any considerable scale, in actual war. But he kept his thoughts locked up in his own breast. There is nothing to show that a single human being dreamed what manner of a king he was to prove himself.

King Friedrich I. died February 25th, 1713, under

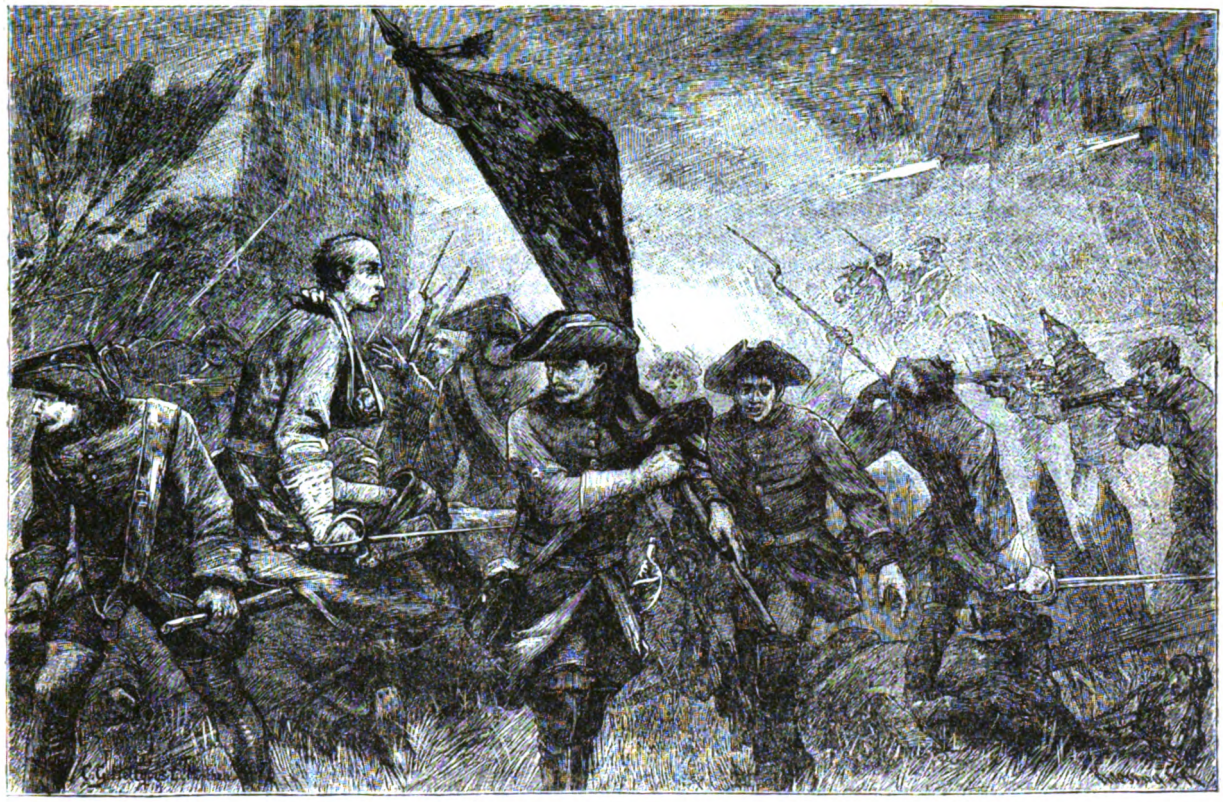
what circumstances has already been told; and Friedrich-Wilhelm, now in his twenty-fourth year, acceded to the throne. He was of middle stature, rather stout even then, and before he had passed middle age he grew to be very portly. His forehead was high enough and well-shaped; cheeks full and rather puffy; eyes large, gray and keen; nose insignificant and rather stumpy; hair fine and flaxen, though he wore a wig after the manner of the time (while Crown-Prince, he had worn the full court wig, which was gradually replaced by the small round wig, his own natural hair carefully tied up behind in a queue); complexion naturally florid, but well browned by exposure to the weather, especially in the chase, of which he was inordinately fond to the last; movements quick and alert; always carrying a stout stick, which he had the habit of using upon the backs of all sorts of persons when he thought they needed it, or when the humor took him. Taken all in all, King Friedrich-Wilhelm's personal aspect was far enough from kingly—rather that of burly country squire.

FRIEDRICH-WILHELM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.

The eyes of Friedrich I. were scarcely closed when the new King gave unmistakable proof that a new order of things had begun in Prussia. The splendid Court establishment was summarily broken up. Chamberlains and pages, lackeys of high degree and low degree, Swiss guards and French guards, were dismissed in swarms. A thousand saddle-horses had been kept in the royal stables, or were supposed to be kept there, and due rations of corn and hay drawn for them. Friedrich-Wilhelm at once reduced the number to thirty saddle-horses, and a few more for draught. The gold and silver plate and other furnishings of the royal palaces were sent to the mint to be melted up and coined into money. He went over, item by item, the whole list of pensioners, striking out three-fourths of the pensions altogether, and reducing the remainder to the very lowest sums. In like manner he went over the household and administrative expenses—went over the list three times in two months—intent upon saving even if it were only half a thaler. He found that these expenses were set down at 276,000 thalers; he cut them down to 55,000, one-fifth of what they had been. The salaries of all public officials were reduced to a third or a quarter of what they had been, and those officials who were thought necessary to be retained had to do twice their former work, and were assured emphatically that the King's eye was upon them, and no shirking of work would be tolerated. One may imagine the howl of objurgation which went up from all official circles when the public crib was thus closed, and the irrevocable fiat went forth: No work, no pay; and very little pay for very much work.

But with the army it was very different. Not many years before, while the Crown-Prince was with the army under Marlborough, a couple of English officers fell to discussing in his hearing how large a standing army the King of Prussia could keep on foot from his own resources, and without subsidies from other Powers. "Perhaps 15,000," they thought. Friedrich made hot reply: "Yes, 30,000." When he came to be King he more than made his words good. He found the army at his accession to number thirty-eight battalions of infantry and fifty-three squadrons of cavalry; he raised the number almost at once to fifty battalions and sixty squadrons. He gradually increased the strength of the Prussian army, until in the end it numbered more than three times 30,000: 72,000 field-troops and 30,000 in garrison.

The young King took counsel with nobody. He was his own minister, his own general, his own drill-sergeant. Not long after his coronation he wrote, probably in reference to some question from the already famous "Old



THE DEFEAT OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN AT STRALSUND.

Dessauer": "Tell the Prince Leopold of Dessau that I am Minister of Finance and Field-marshal of the King of Prussia." The ambassadors of other Powers became puzzled and alarmed at the proceedings of Friedrich-Wilhelm. The Saxon ambassador wrote: "He will be a terrible and dangerous neighbor, but under him his states will prosper." "He is worse than Charles XII.," sighed another. The Dutch ambassador, mindful of the many grievances which Brandenburg and Prussia had against the United Netherlands, wrote forebodingly: "The very worst is to be feared from this monarch of Prussia, whose whole love, according to his own words, belongs to the soldiers."

THE CHILDREN OF FRIEDRICH-WILHELM I.

Indeed, when Friedrich-Wilhelm come to the throne nothing seemed more probable than that he would be led or forced to take up arms. The War of the Spanish Succession was dying out, and it was probable that the Spanish territories would be portioned out among the Allies. Friedrich-Wilhelm's demands were certainly moderate. As compensation for the sacrifices which his father had made, he merely claimed the little district of Obergeldern, bordering upon his own Clevish provinces, and upon the Netherlands. The Hollanders opposed

this violently; they were averse to having the Hohenzollerns strengthen themselves, ever so little, upon their borders. The Court of Vienna, too, was morbidly jealous of Prussia, though ready to make use of her in any time of need. They averred that they would lose a hundred thousand men before this upstart kingdom should have her way in this matter. But it was not long before the Treaty of Utrecht (April, 1713) put an end to this War of the Spanish Succession, and Prussia got this bit of territory with its 50,000 inhabitants.

But the Northern War was smoldering fitfully. Of this war, which makes such a figure in the histories of the time, all that need here be remembered is that the knight-errant King, Charles XII. of Sweden, was at war with Czar Peter of Russia, with the King of Denmark, and with Augustus of Saxony, who had been elected King of Poland; that Charles, carrying the war into Southern Russia, had been signally defeated at Poltawa, in 1709, and had ever since been in Turkey, trying to engage the Ottomans in war against Czar Peter. Meanwhile, Russians, Poles and Danes had been doing more or less fighting in Swedish Pommern, which of right belonged to Brandenburg, unless indeed the old *Erbverbrüderung* claim had become outlawed. But just now, if Prussia should take a decided part in this war, her power would turn the scale. Stettin, the principal stronghold in Swedish Pommern, was threatened by the Russians. Finally, the Swedes proposed that the King of Prussia should take provisional possession of Stettin, holding it as neutral territory until there should be a final and definitive peace. The Russian Czar saw in this an ominous alliance between Sweden and Prussia, and to forestall this, he offered to make over his claim in favor of Friedrich-Wilhelm, if he would pay 400,000 thalers to reimburse the expenses which had been incurred.

The agreement was ratified by all parties directly concerned. Friedrich-Wilhelm paid the money and took possession of Stettin and most of Vor-Pommern, the Swedes, however, holding on to a portion, including the port of Stralsund.

But no sooner did Charles XII. hear of this, than he repudiated the whole transaction. On Old-Hallowmas Eve, November 11th (New Style), he suddenly made his appearance at Stralsund, accompanied by only two attendants. He had ridden over steppe and wilderness, past town and city from Turkey through Hungary, Austria and Pommern, and was ready to do battle in his old fiery wont. If he should succeed, it would go hardly with Friedrich-Wilhelm; if he should prove unequal to his enterprise, the Swedes would be driven for good and all out of Pommern and to their own side of the Baltic. At the close of April, 1715, Friedrich-Wilhelm formally declared war against Charles XII. Before he set out he issued a singular farewell order to his three ministers, or rather, chief-clerks. They were to keep a sharp watch over all subordinates. They must write to him, if necessary, but not otherwise. They must not pay out a kreutzer to anybody except what the books show to be due; they might consult the Queen in important matters; if any extraordinary case for payment should arise, she must sign the order; but "except her and the Privy-Councilors, no mortal is to poke into my affairs." The order concludes: "And as I am a man, and may be shot dead, I command you and all to look out for Fritz, as God shall reward you." Fritz, now three years old, is the one whom we are to know as Friedrich the Great. "And I give you all—wife to begin with—my curse, that God may punish you in time and eternity, if you do not, after my death, bury me in the vault of the Schlosskirche. And you shall make no fuss on the occasion. On your body and life, no celebrations and ceremonials, except that the regiments one after the other fire a volley over me. I am assured that you will manage everything with all the exactness in the world, for which I shall ever zealously be your friend as long as I live."

The campaign fairly begun about the middle of July, when the King of Prussia, with 40,000 men, approached Stalsund, defended by Charles XII. with 10,000. The force of Friedrich-Wilhelm consisted of 20,000 Prussians, 16,000 Danes and 4,000 Saxons. Among the Saxon officers was Colonel von Seckendorf, whom we shall meet again as the Austrian ambassador at the Court of Berlin. The siege lasted five months, and was reckoned a notable feat of war on both sides, the Swedes making desperate sallies. Leopold of Dessau, with a small force, crossed in Danish boats to the Island of Rügen, drove off the few Swedes, hastily intrenched himself behind stout palisades and a ditch, and lay down upon his arms. In the gray dawn of the next morning, Charles XII. crossed over with 4,000 horse and eight cannon, not expecting to encounter any intrenchments. He dashed furiously against the palisades, was wounded, but still directed the assault from a litter. Before day had fairly broken he was driven off, leaving four hundred dead and all his cannon behind him. Another month followed of desperate attack and defense of Stralsund. Work after work fell into the hands of the besiegers, and the final storming might come at any hour. On the 19th of December, Charles XII., yielding to importunity, left Stralsund. A Swedish frigate was lying in the roadstead, a mile away. The water was frozen over, and the ice had to be cut so that the little boat in which he embarked could pass, under fire of the Danish batteries, which were trained upon it. Even then he would leave no orders for the surrender of Stralsund, though everybody knew it to be inevitable; and it was formally completed four days afterward.

This six months' war was the only one in which Friedrich-Wilhelm was ever engaged. But the capture of Stralsund did not bring the Northern War to an immediate close. Charles XII. vanished into Scandinavia, planning and attempting wild schemes for three years more. He came to his end in the trenches of Frederickshall, in Norway. That he was assassinated is evident. He was found leaning against a parapet, dead from a pistol-bullet which had passed through both his temples. Whether this assassination was at the instigation of the Swedish officials in Stockholm, is not so certain. Not many months after (February, 1720) was concluded the Treaty of Stockholm. Russia retained the region of Finland, which she had won from Sweden, and Peter the Great founded his new capital of St. Petersburg amidst the Finnish marshes. Friedrich-Wilhelm gained—and indeed seems to have asked—no new acquisition of territory, but merely a confirmation in the possession of Stettin and that portion of Vor-Pommern which he already held provisionally, and by way of pledge for moneys paid. That part of Vor-Pommern lying north of the little River Peene, including Stralsund, Griefswald, and the Island of Rügen, was given up to the Swedes, and remained in their hands for another century, until the new arrangements of the political map of Europe, after the overthrow of Napoleon. But the gain to Prussia was very considerable. That was attained for which the Great Elector had so earnestly striven, and which had twice been wrested from his grasp. The kernel of Pommern, and the most important commercial and military positions, were now an integral part of the Kingdom of Prussia; and the trade of Brandenburg could from

henceforth reach the open sea without let or hindrance. But the successes of Prussia—or, rather, of Russia and Prussia—against Sweden, had brought another phase upon the political aspect of Northern Europe; a phase which threatened much for two or three years (1717-1720). The Swedes and the Poles had for a long time held the supremacy in these regions; but Russia was now rapidly coming to the front. Sweden was thoroughly disposed of even before the death of Charles XII.; and Russia was stretching her arms across Poland, even into the heart of the German Reich. The growing power of the new Hohenzollern Kingdom excited more and more the jealousy of the Houses of Habsburg and of other German princes, especially of the Elector of Saxony, who held the almost empty dignity of King of Poland, and of the Elector of Hanover, who had since 1714 been King George I. of England, and who seems to have thought more of his German Electorate than of his British Kingdom. It seems clear enough that the welfare of civilized Europe demanded that a stop should be put to the advance of a semi-barbarous state, such as Russia was a century and three-fourths ago, whatever it may since have become. It certainly seems strange enough to us that these Germanic princes did not perceive that the surest way to restrain Russia was to enter into a firm league with Prussia. That they did not do this is to be explained by the rooted jealousy of the old rulers against the new Kingdom which had sprung up by their side, and even threatened to overtop them.

At all events, early in January, 1719, Austria, Saxony and Hanover are said to have entered into a league for the dismemberment of the Prussian Kingdom. By this, Preussen was to be restored to the Suzerainty of the King of Poland—that is, to Saxony; Hanover was to have the Prussian possessions in Westphalia and on the Rhine; to the House of Hohenzollern was thus to be left only the old Electorate of Brandenburg, which would then be reduced to the position of a minor German principality, virtually controlled by the House of Habsburg.

Such a plan had been talked of in these Courts for two years before the league was agreed upon. Friedrich-Wilhelm learned more or less of it; but in the information which came to him, truth and falsehood were mingled inextricably. Toward the end of 1717, a certain Johann Clement, a Hungarian adventurer, who had been employed as a secret diplomatic agent by various princes, turned up at Berlin, and worked his way into the confidence of Friedrich-Wilhelm. He had documents, genuine or forged—most likely both—which professed to set forth the details of a conspiracy in which several magnates of the Prussian Court were implicated. The King was to be imprisoned; the Crown-Prince, a child of five or six years, was to be brought up a Catholic, and placed upon the throne under the regency of Austria, and so on. The upshot of the matter, so far as Clement is concerned, was that the King began to suspect him, and he slipped away to the Hague; was inveigled back to Prussian territory, and flung into prison, where he lay seventeen months, and was finally executed, April 1720, with two of his accomplices. The great conspiracy, whatever there was of it, came to nothing; but for those three years it embittered the life of Friedrich-Wilhelm, and embroiled him in more than one angry dispute with Austria and Saxony, and led him to enter into closer relations with Russia, since he believed that elsewhere he had only enemies to deal with. It may indeed be fairly questioned whether the reports of this great conspiracy had any better foundation than the loose talk which was current in the Court circles of Vienna, Dresden and Hanover, where hatred of Prussia was certainly rife enough. If the reader will bear dates in mind, he will note that the winding up of this miserable affair is coincident with the treaty of Stockholm, which secured Pommern to Prussia and Finland to Russia.

During the first two years of his reign, Friedrich-Wilhelm was able to devote himself mainly to the internal affairs of his Kingdom. For the next five years he had mainly to look out for foreign affairs, which he did with good success upon the whole. But foreign politics were not to his liking. They were, he said, "only knaveries and villainies, which disgust me and keep me away from more important matters." The thing of which he was primarily most desirous was to increase the population of his Kingdom where there were large tracts which had been depopulated by the almost continuous wars of the last century. Since the Peace of Westphalia the ravages of war had been in a good degree repaired in Brandenburg and the Rhine Provinces. But Preussen, especially the eastern or Lithuanian half of it, where war and pestilence had raged during the latter years of Friedrich I., was in a pitiable condition. The King issued circulars, announcing to Germans, Swiss, Hollanders, and French, that here was abundant room for agriculturists, craftsmen and peasants; that immigrants should receive assistance for their journey, donations of building material and implements, facilities for acquiring lands and building-sites, besides exemption from taxation for a term of years. The result was that a tide of immigration set in, and within a few years the population increased from 440,000 to more than 600,000—about forty per cent. Frugal as he was, he had always money to lay out for such purposes. He laid out here, says his biographers, "tons of gold."

He used sometimes to grumble a little at the outlay which he thus incurred. "If I had never had Preussen," he once wrote in his uncouth German, "I should have been richer, and all my affairs would stand better than nowadays. Preussen is ruining me out and out; it's eating me up." But he nevertheless went on laying out his money, and with the result, as he says: "The peasants in this land begin to get along well everywhere; they have such bread as tastes good to me, and in their huts look well and thrifty; one finds there platters, bacon and meat; the people also look stout and fat."

To improve the industrial condition of the Kingdom was the great aim which he kept steadily before his eyes. Marshes were drained, canals dug, highways constructed, new post-routes established, and manufactures fostered; and it was not long before the woolens and linens of Prussia became articles of export. The royal domains were so managed as not only to bring in a considerable revenue to the Crown, but also to produce great public advantage. At Königshorst, in Brandenburg, was the model establishment for cattle-raising and the production of butter and cheese; at Trakehnen, in Preussen, was the great national stud-farm for the improvement of the breed of horses for the entire Kingdom.

Friedrich-Wilhelm's idea of government was the strictly paternal one. He was the father of his people, and it was his business to see to it that everybody did his duty—"his cursed duty, *seine verfluchte Schuldigkeit*," as he roughly phrased it; and idleness was one of the worst breaches of duty. His appearance in the street, cane in hand, was the signal for the flight of all lazy loungers. Any one whom he caught was apt to be sharply questioned: "Who are you, and what are you about? Look me straight in the face!" If the answers were not satisfactory, the admonition, "Home with you,

and find something to do," would most likely be enforced by a sharp hit over the shoulders. The very huckster-women in the market must keep their fingers busy. "They shall not," he ordered, "be making monkey-faces, but be spinning wool and flax, or knitting and sewing." He was much intent that the towns should be well-built up; and the rapid growth of Berlin and Potsdam was owing in good part to his arbitrary order that all well-to-do burghers should put up comfortable dwellings of such kind as he should direct. Remonstrance was of no avail. "*Der Kerl hat Geld, soll bauen*—the fellow has money, shall build," was the all-sufficient reply, from which there was no appeal. An answer put to the point was sure to put the choleric King into good humor. "Who are you?" he asked a threadbare young man whom he saw lounging about the streets of Potsdam. "A candidate in Theology, your Majesty." "Where are you from?" "From Berlin, your Majesty." "Ah, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, too many of them are; but I know two exceptions." "Two exceptions! and who are they?" "Your Majesty and myself." The King lowered his cane, burst into a hearty laugh, asked a few more questions, sent the poor candidate to the proper ecclesiastical authorities, who examined him, reported favorably, and the King appointed him to a chaplaincy.

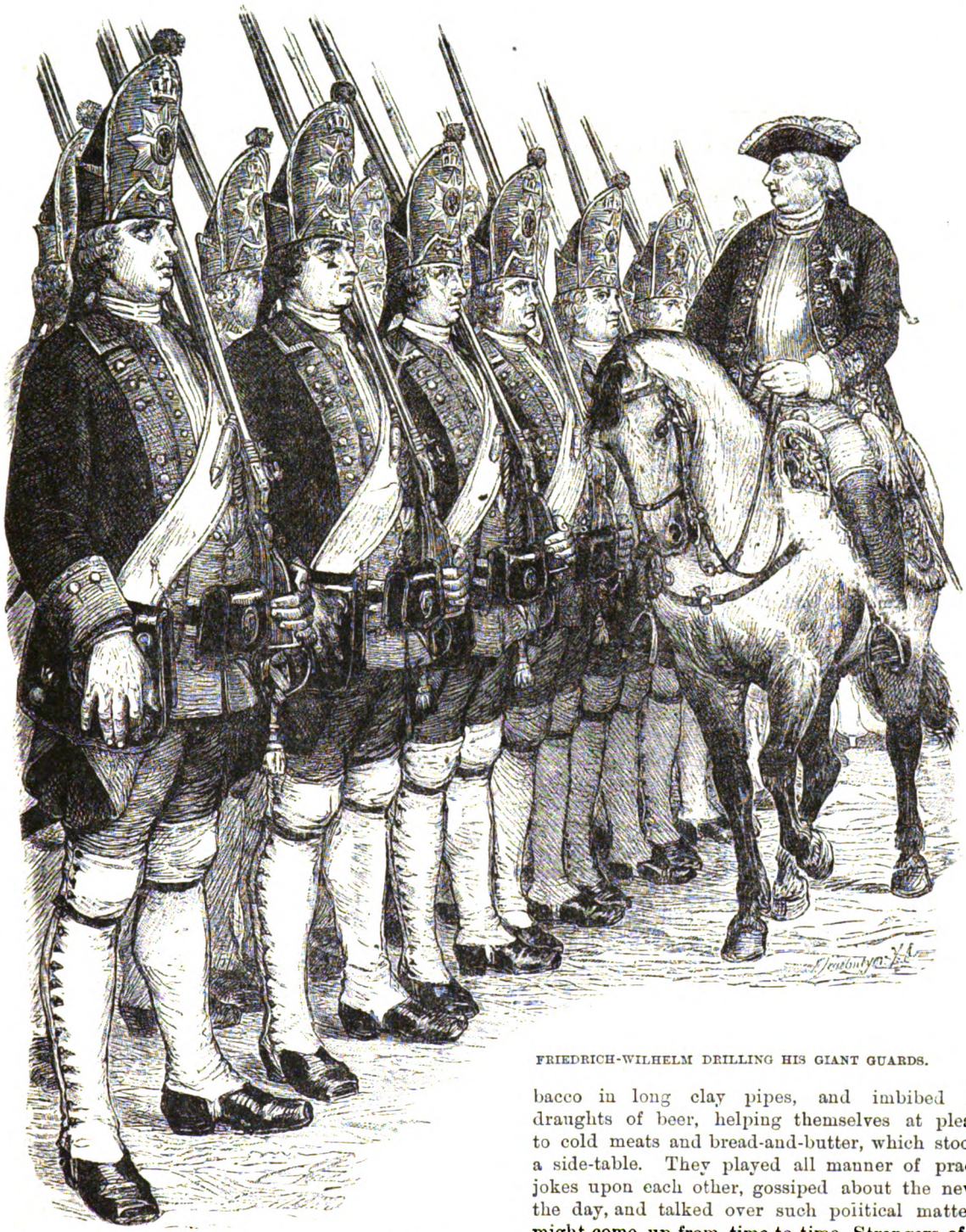
SOPHIA-DOROTHEA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Friedrich-Wilhelm was a despotic ruler in the strictest sense of the word; but the aim of his despotism was to promote the welfare of all orders of his subjects. From the first he found himself in sharp conflict with the *Jünkenthum*, or "Squirearchy" of the various provinces of his Kingdom. For although the consequence of the provincial "estates" of former times had been pretty thoroughly broken down, yet the nobles and principal burghers still held on to privileges detrimental to the general weal. The various municipal administrations were mainly in the hands of a few families, who looked only to their own advantage and to that of their kindred. In the country districts the nobles and the Jünkers had everything their own way. By one means and another they had managed to secure for themselves an almost entire exemption from the land-tax, the main source of revenue for the Kingdom. The King imposed this upon them, and they set themselves fiercely against such an "innovation." The Magdeburg Ritterschaft lodged a formal complaint with the Kaiser as the head of the Reich. The nobles of Preussen clamored for a Provincial Diet in order 'to prevent the ruin of the whole land." The King persisted, and scrawled to his Council a curious *Notatta* or memorandum, written with the most sovereign contempt of grammar, and almost every third word misspelled; but which, says his latest biographer, may serve as the motto of the whole method of his ruling: "I come to my end," writes Friedrich-Wilhelm, "and establish the Suverenitat, and set the crown firm as a rock of bronze; and let the gentlemen Junckers blow about their Provincial Diet. One lets them folks blow, when one to his end comes." He carried his point, but he kept a sharp look-out for these gentry; and woe to any one of them who took it upon himself to carry matters with a high hand. Years afterward, Herr von Schlubhut, a nobleman of Preussen, and a high dignitary in those regions, appropriated to his own use a large sum of money which the King had designed for his Salzburg colonists. Friedrich-Wilhelm was wroth, and threatened the peculator with condign punishment. Schlubhut replied loftily that "it was not good manners to treat a gentleman of Preussen in that way; he would make good the missing money." "I'll have none of your rascally money," burst out the King, and ordered the gentleman to be hung upon the spot.

Friedrich-William had scarcely acceded to the Crown, when he set himself seriously at work to cleanse the administration of justice from the abuses which had crept into it. "I desire," said he, "that justice shall be administered in all my lands, speedily, impartially, and with clean hands, alike for rich and poor, high and low. I condemn also that damnable zeal which, when our own interest is in any way involved, takes that for a mask."

And he at least laid the foundation for a "constant and permanent Law of the Land" in all civil proceedings. He kept the sharpest eye upon every department of the administration. Every official was directly responsible to him. "We are Law and King, and can do what we will," he said. The old Privy Council was more and more modified, until it came to be a Ministry or Cabinet, in the present acceptation of the term. The whole financial administration was intrusted to a "General Directory," the King reserving to himself the presidency of the body, "In order," as he said, "to give it so much more lustre, authority and emphasis."

The much-talked-of Tobacco Parliament of Friedrich-Wilhelm was really nothing more than a club where he gathered around him his cronies—generals, statesmen, and some more or less wise men of letters, who served partly as readers, and partly as butts for the company. In fine Summer evenings the Parliament was wont to meet on the steps of the royal residence, wherever it might happen to be; but in each of the palaces there was a regular smoking-room, plainly fitted up, where the jolly company sat till late at night, smoked Dutch tobacco in long clay pipes, and imbibed huge draughts of beer, helping themselves at pleasure to cold meats and bread-and-butter, which stood on a side-table. They played all manner of practical jokes upon each other, gossiped about the news of the day, and talked over such political matters as might come up from time to time. Strangers of note who happened to be passing Berlin were quite sure to be invited to these royal "free-and-easys," where a good deal of public business was gone through in quite an informal manner.



FRIEDRICH-WILHELM DRILLING HIS GIANT GUARDS.

For the Fine Arts and the higher departments of culture, Friedrich-Wilhelm cared next to nothing; he could see little use in them. But he was keenly alive to the advantages of common-school education. He was, in fact, the originator of the Prussian system of compulsory education, by which even the humblest are forced to acquire at least the fundamental elements of learning. In East-Preussen alone he erected more than a thousand new schools; and to the provincial authorities, who at first showed little inclination to carry out his plans in this respect, he wrote: "This is nothing, if the poor land in barbarism. If I build up and improve the country, and yet make not one good Christian, all that helps me nothing." He was indeed almost as fond of personally inspecting the common schools as he was of drilling his regiments.

There was no lack of rough and harsh traits in the system pursued by Friedrich-Wilhelm; and it must be conceded that it could be only a temporary one—a stepping-stone for something better. Prussia under his rule was half a barrack and half a training-school for bringing up burghers and peasants into a more productive husbandry of their industry and resources. By his military system and his common-school system, to which all classes were subjected, he awoke in his people strong aspirations for an ideal aim in life. An observant contemporary wrote of the Prussian monarchy: "Here is the High School of Order and of the Art of Economy, where great and small govern themselves after the pattern of their Chief Ruler." And, says his biographer: "This is the great merit of his, which may be ranked side by side with the most famous military achievements of his predecessors and his successors. And, beyond this, the stern 'Prussian discipline,' working far beyond the boundaries of the Kingdom, becomes a prototype for every portion of the German Reich."

To the formation and maintenance of the military power of his Kingdom, Friedrich-Wilhelm devoted a great part of his labor and fully three-fourths of the revenues of the state. When he came to the throne the army numbered a little more than 38,000 men; he at once increased it by nearly a fourth, and at his death the army numbered 83,500—nearly as many as the Imperial House of Austria could bring into the field. This army was trained as thoroughly as could possibly be done in time of peace. There were in the world no other troops who could march with such speed, manœuvre with such regularity, or fire with such rapidity and precision, as the Prussian infantry. Their chief drill-masters were the King himself and his friend, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau—already known as "the Old Dessauer"—the one in the camp near Potsdam, the other upon a meadow near Halle. The correspondence between the King and the Prince shows with what zeal both of them devoted themselves to this work. Nothing was overlooked which could bear upon the training and equipment of the troops. This keen watchfulness created that famous army with which Friedrich the Great was to withstand the half of Europe arrayed against him.

In the military system of Friedrich-Wilhelm every Prussian, of every rank, was "born to arms." The whole monarchy was divided into "Cantons," or conscription districts. Nofione not physically incapable was exempt from levy, excepting those indispensable for the cultivation of the soil or the various branches of civic industry: those who were "settled in life"; the eldest son and heirs. All other persons—burghers and peasants, retainers of the nobility, and denizens of the royal domains, were alike bound to do service. The young fellow upon whom the lot fell from time to time gayly put on a red neckcloth, stuck a green bush in his hatband, and marched to the camp. In the camp or in the garrison he was trained to obedience and the careful performance of his military duties; and when he returned to his native village or the farmhouse of his father, he was a well-taught man, to whom old and young listened with deference as he recounted the gallant deeds which his regiment had performed in the old fighting days at Hochstädt or Turin or Stralsund; or depicted the grim "Old Dessauer," the general whose bluish complexion looked "as though the gunpowder of his battalions was yet sticking in him"; or the vigorous King, "for whom nobody could do enough in the way of military precision, and who beat them all at it." Friedrich-Wilhelm did away entirely with the old vicious system according to which the commander of the army appointed only the colonels of the regiments, and all the subaltern officers were named by the colonels. He was the first to declare that the appointment of all officers, from ensign up, belonged to him alone; "for thus only could he provide reliable and capable leaders for his soldiers." Practically the officers were appointed from among the young nobles; and this proves the great means for winning over that body, who had heretofore been refractory. The King set the seal of his sanction upon the military profession by always wearing the uniform of the army. He was the originator of the usage now prevalent among princes, of discarding the splendor of courtly attire, and assuming the plain military frock as the dress appropriate for them.

In respect to the army, Friedrich-Wilhelm had one whim, of which quite too much has been made. He had an inordinate fancy for recruits of enormous stature. One who saw his regiments upon parade would get the impression that they were made up of giants; and such indeed were the front ranks of every company. Enough of such giants could not be had by fair means, even though his crimps and recruiting agents pervaded every quarter, not only of Prussia, but of neighboring countries. He undoubtedly more than winked at the scandalous tricks of these functionaries at home and abroad; and bitter recriminations were cast at the outrageous means which they employed to pick up any tall fellow whom chance threw in their way. Still the case is not quite so bad as it is represented. Many of the offenses charged against these Prussian recruiting officers are sheer inventions, and many more are greatly exaggerated. And, moreover, Friedrich-Wilhelm shared in this matter in a common hallucination of his time, when it was thought that men of overgrown stature were the ones for soldiers. It was not merely in Potsdam, but also in Dresden, Hanover, and other capitals, that battalions of such giants were to be seen—the front ranks at least of which were made up of such giants, not a few of whom were got hold of by means quite as questionable as were employed by or for the King of Prussia. Still Friedrich-Wilhelm's famous regiment of "Potsdam Giants" is an indubitable fact. It numbered 2,400 men in all, divided into three battalions, of which two were always on lifeguard duty at Potsdam, the other being on drill at Brandenburg. The shortest man of them measured close upon seven feet; not a few of them more than eight; the tallest one was reputed at nearly nine feet. They came from all countries. The Czar of Russia sent to his good friend of Prussia a present of a hundred or more every year—a most royal and acceptable gift. The portraits of every one of these tall fellows were painted, and not a few of these portraits are still to be seen. There was James

Kirkham, the "Irish Giant," an altogether ugly fellow, as his portrait shows, to get whom safely to Potsdam cost the frugal King no less than £1,200—equivalent to some $25,000 in our day. He, it is said, got leave to go back to Ireland, with an ample supply of money, in order to bring back his brother, whom he represented as being much taller than himself. The King never saw him again; but—so runs the story—the cunning fellow was wont to climb the Hill of Howth, turn his back in the direction of Potsdam, and salute the King of Prussia with a gesture the reverse of respectful. There was "Giant Macdoll" also from the Emerald Isle, taller even than Kirkham, whom Friedrich-Wilhelm is said to have ordered to marry a young woman, the tallest in the Kingdom; but by some accident or other, the bride turned out to be not the tall young woman, but a decrepit old one of the same name. There was "Jonas, the Norwegian Blacksmith," for a long time the very tallest of them all. But in time a taller was found in Hohmann, a native Prussian, who towered so high that a very tall man—no other than Augustus "the Strong" of Poland and Saxony—was not able to reach up to the crown of his head, and proportionally stout—"a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone"; and who was made *Flügelman*, "fugleman," or file-leader of the Potsdam Guards. It is worthy of note that one of the first acts of Friedrich the Great, upon coming to the throne, was to disband these Potsdam Giants, of whose regiment he had been made major at the age of fifteen.

But how could the little state of Prussia, with its 2,500,000 inhabitants, maintain such a standing army, which, making every allowance for the foreigners in it, must have contained not less than a sixth of the males of military age? In the first place, the army was a very inexpensive one in proportion to its numbers. The pay of a private soldier, exclusive of his rations, was only three or four cents per day; and the pay of the officers was proportionally meagre. Then more than nine-tenths of the public revenue was expended for the army. Five-sixths of it was set apart for the maintenance and equipment of the troops, and the erection of fortifications. Of the remaining sixth, one-half went into the military chest, to form a reserve fund for future emergencies of war, should such arise. Thus only one-twelfth of the revenue was expended upon the civil administration in all its departments. Thus not only was there no lack of money for the army, but when Friedrich the Great came to the throne, he found the castle-vaults filled with barrels of specie ready for his use.

The domestic life of Friedrich-Wilhelm was marked by many sorrows. Queen Sophia-Dorothea inly chafed at the rigid parsimony of her home, and contrasted it with her former life at Hanover, although she never ventured openly to set up her own will in open resistance to the iron will of her husband. Yet there gradually grew up a kind of tacit opposition between them, especially when their children began to grow up. These misunderstandings were aggravated by the political circumstances of the time. Her father, the Elector of Hanover, had ascended the throne of England as King George I. The Queen of Prussia and her sister-in-law, Caroline, wife of the Prince of Wales—in time to become King George II. of England—had set their hearts upon a double marriage between their respective children. Frederick of England was to marry Wilhelmina of Prussia; and Friedrich, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, was to marry the Princess Amelia of England. Thus, in time and according to the natural course of things, a Prussian Princess would be Queen of England, and an English Princess would be Queen of Prussia. Nobody could see anything but good in such a double marriage; and in fact it was tacitly agreed upon between the two Courts before any of the parties had fairly entered their teens. It would be long to tell how this promising scheme finally fell through. It is enough to note that when George II. came to the English throne, he—or perhaps rather his Ministers—were insufferably arrogant toward what they looked down upon as the upstart Kingdom of Prussia, and Friedrich-Wilhelm finally broke off the whole negotiation, thereby dashing the hopes of his children, who had looked upon their marriages as the means of deliverance from a mode of life which had become intolerable to them.

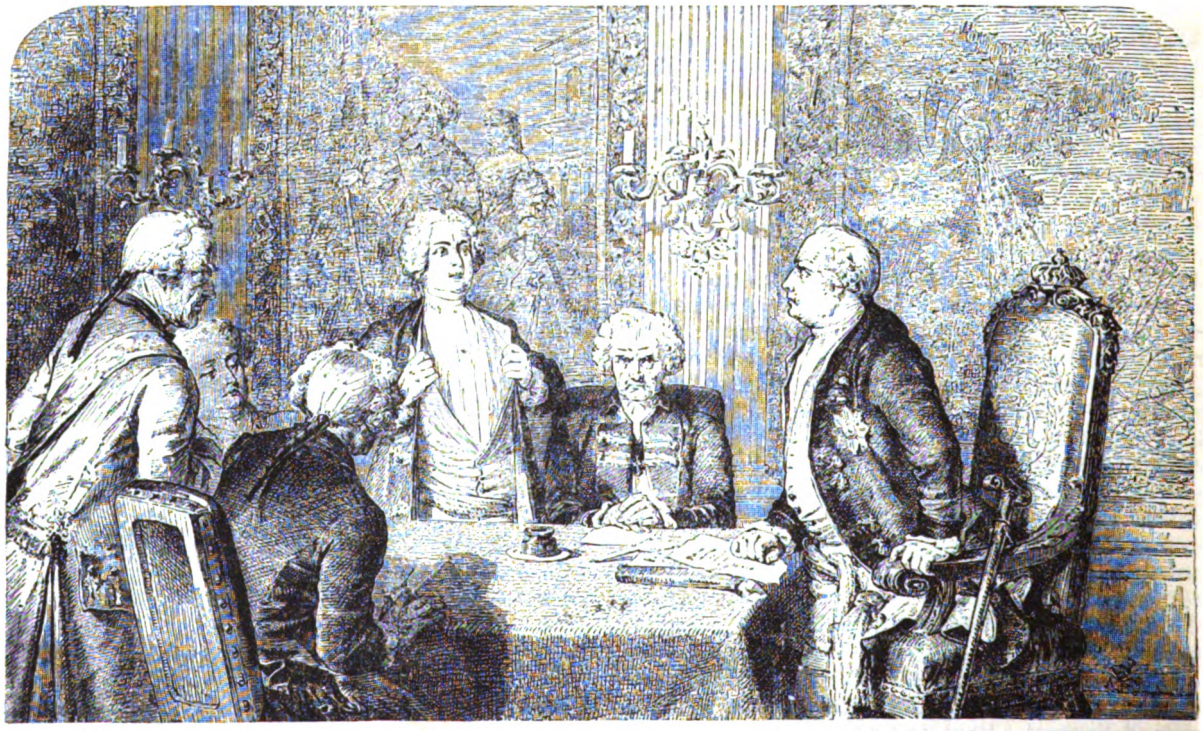
The Crown-Prince Friedrich was approaching manhood when this English match was broken off. He had not grown up at all after his father's wish. He wearied of the dull routine of his life, and longed for something different. He gave himself up to reading French poetry and philosophy, and would have liked to learn Latin. He made verses, and played the flute; and, in short, to use his father's words, "was driving at nothing but nonsense."

In 1728, when he was sixteen, his father took him with him upon a visit to the profligate Court of Dresden, ruled over by Augustus "the Strong," Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. We dare only hint at the unspeakable vileness of that court. Enough to say that the sovereign himself was the father of three hundred and sixty illegitimate children, and that, if historians are to be believed, among his numerous mistresses were daughters of his own. The young prince did not escape the foul contagion of Dresden, and after he had been hurried back to Berlin, he kept up his evil ways. Friedrich-Wilhelm was scandalized at the conduct of his son, loaded him with reproaches, and beat him furiously with his own hand. The prince resolved to escape from what he styled his "slavery," and entered into secret negotiations with the emissaries of the British Court.

In 1730 an opportunity seemed to present itself for making his escape. His father had taken him with him upon a journey to Upper Germany. They arrived at Manheim, whence the prince hoped to be able to slip over the French frontier, and make his way to British territory. He had gained over two young officers—Lieutenants Kerth and Katte—to assist him in his flight. The plot was betrayed to the King; the prince and Katte were arrested; but Kerth managed to make his escape. The wrath of Friedrich-Wilhelm knew no bounds. His son was an officer in the Prussian army: his meditated flight made him a deserter, and so amenable to military law. He ordered him and his accomplice to be tried by court-martial. The court sentenced Katte to imprisonment for life for meditated desertion, but refused to act upon the case of the prince, declaring that it was the province of the King himself to decide upon this matter.

For a time it seemed that the life of the prince was doomed. Justice demanded his execution, and the King, as father of his people, thought that he had no prerogative to spare the life of his guilty son. His most trusted councilors intervened as best they might. "If Your Majesty desires blood," said one, "then take mine. You will not get that of the Crown-Prince so long as I can speak." The King was sorely troubled. He called to mind the stern maxim, "Let justice be done though the world perish." He sought for passages in Holy Writ which might serve to show him his duty. He wandered by night sleeplessly from chamber to chamber of the palace, or sought by long drives to tire himself out, so that he might gain some repose for head and heart. Finally he

THE CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH'S FIRST EXPERIENCE IN WAR.



THE COURT-MARTIAL.

made up his mind that he might as King spare the life of his son; but he must be subjected to severe punishment, "in order to crush, soften and change his heart."

But for his accomplice Katte there was to be no mercy. The court-martial had indeed sentenced him only to perpetual imprisonment, because he had been arrested before he had fully completed the act of desertion. So much the more must he, the King, in virtue of his own absolute authority, impose the extremest penalty. "Unless this be done," said he, "His Majesty can never after rely upon any officer of the army, or upon any public servant." To the sentence of death, he added, emphatically: "It is very grievous to His Majesty, but it is better that he should die than that justice should go out of the world." Katte was beheaded almost under the eye of the prince, who had not been told of his own reprieve, and apprehended that his turn was now come. He swooned away, and when he came to consciousness, he was confronted by a clergyman, who recommended him thereafter to submit himself to the will of his lord and father. In time he was released from imprisonment, and set to work in a subordinate position in the Office of War and Public Domains at Küstrin.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH-WILHELM I.

Friedrich-Wilhelm lived seven years after this terrible affair, and before he died became wholly reconciled with his son, who did not fail to profit by the lesson which he had received. But the story of those years, as far as the prince is concerned, belongs properly to the life of Friedrich the Great.

Until near the end of his reign the relations between Friedrich-Wilhelm and the Imperial Court were in the main amicable rather than hostile. Kaiser-Joseph I. died in 1711, and, mainly through the zealous support of Prussia, his brother, Charles VI., was elected to succeed him. By the Treaty of Utrecht, the so-called "Appanages" of the Spanish Kingdom, namely, Belgium, Milan and Naples, had been given to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and for a time this great Power endeavored to carry matters with a high hand in the German Empire. The King of Prussia had, as he said, to "stand constantly on guard" to meet the aggressions which were made or threatened against the Protestants, and in 1725 he joined France and England in an armed alliance to act, in case of necessity, against Austria and Spain. Just at this time, the old question of the Jülech-Berg succession came up anew. It had been settled in the time of the Great Elector that, in case of the failure of the Pfalz-Neuburg line, the House of Hohenzollern should come into possession of these duchies. That contingency was apparently close at hand, for Charles-Philip, the last male of the line, was childless, and well advanced in years. The House of Habsburg had at this moment special reasons for being on good terms with that of Hohenzollern. The Imperial Court sent as Ambassador to Prussia the Count von Seckendorf, an experienced diplomatist and brave soldier, who had been favorably known to Friedrich-Wilhelm a dozen years before at the siege of Stralsund. Seckendorf was not long in gaining the entire confidence of the King of Prussia, and of several of his most trusted Ministers, to whom he gave assurance that, when the time came, the Kaiser, his master, would see to it that the claims of the Prussian sovereign upon the Jülech-Berg territories should be recognized against all opponents.

The secret of all this was that Kaiser Charles needed the aid of Prussia to secure the execution of his plan for preventing the division of his hereditary dominions after his own death. He had no son living, and had given up all hopes of having a male heir. He had before this drawn up the ordinance styled the "Pragmatic Sanction," settling the succession of his entire dominions in a new manner. They should all of them descend, undivided and undiminished, to his eldest daughter, Maria-Theresa, and to her heirs, to the exclusion of all other claimants whomsoever. There were other persons who, as the laws then stood, had plausible claims upon one part or another of the Austro-Hungarian territories, and it was clear to all men that there was no assurance of the execution of the Pragmatic Sanction unless the assent of all the Great Powers of Europe could be secured for it. Finally, at the close of 1728 was concluded the "Perpetual Berlin Covenant" between Prussia and Austria, by which, among other things, it was agreed that the King of Prussia should be ready to give his military support to the rights thus secured to the daughter of the Kaiser. Charles VI. expressed himself as perfectly satisfied that Berg at least should be made over to the King

of Prussia, to which Seckendorf added, with a rough oath, that "when the heritage should fall in, should there be a dozen Pfalzgraves at Düsseldorf, the capital of Berg, the Kaiser would feel himself bound to send them all packing." This train of events took place while the question of the double marriage alliance between the Houses of England and Prussia was in abeyance, and the close concord between Austria and Prussia was kept up during all the troubles between Friedrich-Wilhelm and his son, with which indeed the intrigues of the Austrian Court had no little to do.

But no sooner had the assent of the European Powers to the Pragmatic Sanction been secured, than it became evident that the Imperial Court had no intention to keep its promises in regard to the Duchy of Berg; but were rather resolved that it should not come into the hands of the House of Hohenzollern. Still Friedrich-Wilhelm could not bring himself to believe that the Imperial Court would be false to the engagements into which it had entered, and in consideration of which it had secured such important aid from Prussia. His eyes were not fairly opened to this duplicity until 1736, when Maria-Theresa was married to Duke Francis of Lorraine, and he was not even notified of the marriage. Upon this occasion he wrote to the Crown-Prince Friedrich: "The fear of our arms is gone; they dare to despise us." He had by this time come to be fully aware of the great merits of his son, and one day, pointing to him, said, significantly, "Here is one who will avenge me" The Imperial Court had in the meantime entered into an agreement with France, Holland, and England, all of whom were jealous of any strengthening of Prussia upon the Rhine. Early in 1738 all these Powers presented an identical note to the Court of Berlin, demanding that the King of Prussia should submit the entire Berg-Jülich matter to friendly arbitration, and should not in the meanwhile take possession of any part of the disputed territory. This was in effect a menace of war, unless he would yield his pretensions. Friedrich-Wilhelm blazed out in unwonted wrath. To his Ministers he said: "I will do what Wallenstein did, when he reverently kissed the Imperial order, and then flung it into the fire." He returned an answer to the joint note, peremptorily refusing to enter upon any negotiations upon the proposed basis. For a time a general war seemed inevitable. But all the Powers—especially Austria, which was now engaged in an unfortunate war with the Turks—had so many other affairs in hand that they could not spare the men necessary for a war with a new enemy so well-armed as Prussia was. So the peace remained unbroken during the brief remainder of the life of Friedrich-Wilhelm. But he foresaw that an end would in time come to the hollow concord between Austria and Prussia. "After my death," said he, "the House of Brandenburg will abandon the Kaiser and his house, and will form another party; for the House of Brandenburg must pay back what has been done to it."

Friedrich-Wilhelm was approaching his end. In the Spring of 1740 he was carried from Berlin to Potsdam. The Crown-Prince went with him, and was brought into closer intimacy with his father than he had ever before been. "God has shown me great mercy," said the King, "in giving me such a noble son. I die contented, since I leave behind me such a worthy son and successor." Friedrich-Wilhelm lived less than two months after being taken to Potsdam. He died May 31st, 1740, at the age of fifty-two, having reigned twenty-seven years. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, Thou art my portion in life and in death."

Friedrich-Wilhelm left to his son a task which he himself thus characteristically sets forth: "The Great Elector brought to our House its beginning and its true prosperity; my father acquired the royal dignity; I have put the country and the army in order. Upon you, my dear successor, it devolves to maintain what your fathers have begun: to secure the pretensions and the lands which belong to our House by God and by the law." How that son accomplished this task, and in a far wider sense than his father ever dreamed, remains to be shown when we come to relate the history of "Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great, King of Prussia." And Frederick the Great could never have dreamed of the height to which the House of Hohenzollern would attain in less than a century after his death.

FLOWER NIRVANA.

By J. J. Britton.

The flowers, could they speak, would they sooner be gathered,
Tied in a bouquet, or worn in the hair,
Or set by the roseate fingers of maidens
In billowy hollows of bosoms fair,
Or left with their kindred, fanned by the swaying
Of branches green, where the shadows are playing
There by the brook, by the hedge-rows there?

Nay, surely, I think, could they utter their yearning,
Death in the maidenly bosom were best.
To heave with the heaving of passionate burning,
Pressed when a lover's light lips are pressed.
For chill is the cloistral calm of the meadows,
With drift of the rain and dapple of shadows,
Hard is the grip of the wooing west.

But soft is the sleep with the bosom beneath us,
Flutter of wishes and tremor of sighs,
When life and its fervor goes beating around us;
Quiver on lips when the sweet word dies.
And warm is the blush that is born of the trouble,
The joy, half sorrow, when Fate runneth double;
Warm are the tears from the dear dark eyes.

"ON TRIAL."

By Laurence Germaine.

"Good-by, mamma—dear, dear mamma!" And the tears I have repressed all day begin to flow.

"My child, my Alma, don't cry so! Don't think for a moment that I wish to force your inclinations—only remember, if you should happen to like Mr. Higgins, how delighted I should be."

"Horrid old gallows-bird!" I sob, brokenly, while mamma laughs at the palpable injustice of this epithet.

"Come, darling," she says, "there is only one man in this carriage. Here's your bag and your novel. I must go now. Are you comfortable? Stop crying as soon as you can, or he will notice. Good-by, dearest child."

And she hurries off through the crowded station, and presently the train puffs away with us, and I still sit weeping weakly, miserably.

I'm going to Higsdene—oh, what a horrible name for an estate! Might as well be Pigsdene—pigs-pen! I am going there on trial, exactly as they send goods from the shops, or housemaids from the employment offices—to be kept if I suit. I devoutly hope I sha'n't suit; but I suppose there's no doubt of it.

At this point I give a final sniff, dry my eyes, and sit upright, only to find my fellow-traveler gazing respectfully at me.

"What are you staring at?" I snap, rudely and boldly,

and then am shocked to think I have addressed a stranger.

I do not usually object to the tribute of admiring glances, but just now I am conscious that my eyes are red and my cheeks tear-stained.

"I have observed your distress," he begins, and I notice that he is tall and young, with a fair skin, dark-blue eyes, and hair and mustache almost golden, which yet do not make him look effeminate, but rather like a handsome young Norse god.

"Oh, if Luke Higgins were only the least little bit like *him!*" I think, wistfully.

"I have noticed that you were unhappy."

"Not at all, thank you," I say, politely.

"Perhaps you are on your way to a house of mourning?" he suggests, timidly.

"Quite the contrary, I assure you," is my smiling answer.

I only wish I were going to Luke Higgins's funeral. I have never been averse to a harmless little frolic of any kind, and now the thought darts into my head to amuse myself by describing my entertainers to this stranger. I give a little hysterical laugh, and lift a pair of mischievous black eyes to my companion's.

"I'll tell you all about the house I am going to if you care to listen," I say.

Of course he declares his anxiety to hear, and I plunge immediately into my subject.

"The house has not a book in it."

"Impossible!"

"And the servants are much more intelligent and well-bred than their employers."

"Good gracious!"

"The hostess is so immensely large and ungainly that she reminds one of an educated elephant; she usually wears a purple silk gown with some kind of scarlet wrap."

"Go on," murmurs my hearer, faintly.

"The host is her son; he is thin as a living skeleton, and his clothes flap and flutter about him like a flag round a staff."

"Have they money?"

"Oh, yes! But they have only just got it; they don't know how to use it at all."

"Wouldn't it be a pleasant task to teach them?" my companion asks, lightly.

"No; for they are even more arrogant than ignorant, more vain than you can imagine. It does not enter their heads that they have anything to learn."

"Good Heaven! Why are you going to visit such a den of horrors?" the young man before me asks, impulsively.

"That is one question too many," I say, with a blush.

And then a sudden horror of my recklessness comes over me. Closing the conversation hastily, I catch up a book, and try to forget that I have been so mad as to tell my affairs to an utter stranger, even though he *does* look a thorough gentleman. What would mamma say?

I blame myself severely, and do not glance again at him.

Other passengers get on and off, but at last we are again but quite alone. It is a rainy afternoon, and the dusk falls so early, that by four o'clock we find ourselves debarred from reading.

The yellow-haired young Viking, however, seems resolved not to force me into conversation, for he gazes absently out at the trees flying past us. Presently I utter an exclamation that makes him turn and regard me inquiringly.

"What is it?" he asks.

"Why, that woman who left the train at the last station forgot her basket."

"By Jove, so she did, though I don't see how she came to forget such a monstrous affair as that. I will leave it with the porter to be sent back when we reach Clodenia."

"Clodenia!" I say, with a start. "Are you going there?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes," I answer.

And then I relapse into silence, regretting more than ever my rash confidence.

I soliloquize on my indiscretion and general unworthiness, until something makes me spring from my seat in an agony of nervous terror. He rises also, and asks again:

"What is it?" this time, however, with considerable excitement.

"Oh, didn't you hear it?" I say, clasping and unclasping my hands frantically.

"I certainly did hear *something*," he admits.

But before he can proceed the mysterious noise smites our ears again above all the roar and rumble of the train—a long, low, strangling wail.

"This carriage is haunted. Some one has been murdered here!" I cry, wildly.

The gentleman catches my hands, and tries earnestly to reassure me.

"A third time!" I gasp, almost too frightened to speak.

My companion's eyes are wandering quickly round in search of a clew. At last something arrests his gaze, and my terrified eyes read in his face a strange embarrassment.

"*Is* it a ghost?" I murmur, anxiously.

"It's something at once less horrible and more troublesome than a ghost," he says, with a nervous laugh and flush.

I loosen my clutch of his hands, and he stoops over the basket left by the woman. Gently, gingerly, he removes the woolen shawl from the top, and reveals—a baby!

As soon as the light and air strike the little thing it ceases to cry, and blinks contentedly up at us its deliverers.

We stare at each other, and then at the infant; then again our eyes meet, and we burst into a hearty laugh. When it has subsided, the gentleman says:

"You look more alarmed than ever."

"I am," I reply, truthfully "What if it should cry again—should get hungry—should have a spasm?"

"Don't worry," he said. "In three minutes we shall reach our destination, and the creature cannot do itself much harm in that time."

"And then shall you try to find its wicked mother?" I inquire.

"No," he says, thoughtfully. "She would only abandon it again, or perhaps kill it."

I give a little shudder.

"So I shall find some good woman to place it with, and let the matter rest."

"I shall be very anxious to learn how you dispose of your charge," I remark.

"You shall certainly be informed," he replies. "May I not call on you at Higsdene? For I have gathered that you are going there."

"No," I say, with a burning blush. "If you know anything about the place, you know that I cannot ask any one there."

"Very well," he says, resignedly. "I shall contrive to see you somewhere. But if I am not to meet you at your friend's, you must permit me to introduce myself. My name is"—a long pause—"Alger—Frank Alger."

"And mine——" I begin, then stop abruptly.

He bows in acknowledgment, and we sit gazing at the baby, which has gone quietly to sleep.

It is a plump and pretty baby, perhaps two months old, with a rose-leaf skin and downy yellow hair.

"Dear little thing! Do you know, Mr. Alger, they say

THE THREE FRIENDS.

"Don't be afraid," he says, smiling. "It seems to me you are afraid of everything."

"I'm glad you think so!" I laugh. "I have been bolder to-day than I ever was in my life before. My name is Alma Sheldon."

if you kiss a baby the first time you see it, anything you wish will be granted!" I observe.

"For the sake of getting the Koh-i-noor I would not risk waking the child now," he declares.

"But I would," I say, stoutly; and, kneeling, press a

"ON TRIAL."—"GENTLY, GINGERLY, HE REMOVES THE WOOLEN SHAWL FROM THE TOP, AND REVEALS—A BABY."
SEE PAGE 414.

soft kiss upon the baby's forehead, wishing the while—against all likelihood—for a happy visit at Higsdene.

Then I sit upright and decorous, while the train creeps through the little town and stops at the station.

"Good-by. Get out first, and get safely out of sight before I follow," says Mr. Alger.

And I say good-by hastily, and hurry across the platform into the Higginses' carriage.

As I am driven along through the heavy rain, I wish once more that my prospective host were a little more like Frank Alger.

When we reach Higsdene I am shown to my room, and thence, after some repairs to my toilet, to the drawing-room.

Mr. Luke Higgins and his mother are awaiting me. Every evil thing about them appears to me intensified since I saw them last—six weeks ago. They are in a very bad temper, as I perceive at once.

"Luke is vexed that he did not go the station to meet you," his mother pants forth, breathlessly. "But he does hate putting himself out at all."

"I will excuse him," I say, graciously, thankful that the fates have spared me a *tête-à-tête* drive with him.

She stares at me a moment.

"Oh, it's not on your account at all—you could not have reasonably expected the carriage *and* an escort. But dear Luke has missed an opportunity of doing himself a benefit."

"How so?" I inquire, with languid interest.

"I'll tell you," Luke says, gloomily. "Our neighbor, Sir Francis Fauriel, has not been down to his estate since I leased this property two months ago; but he came down on the train to-night. Now, you see, if I had been at the station I could have left you to drive home alone, while I should have gone with Sir Francis to Fauriel Towers. We should have been like brothers by this time."

"Oh, you know him, then?"

"Not at all; but report says he is a magnificent young fellow, and of course we are kindred souls," Luke says, with perfect gravity.

"Young, handsome, wealthy noblemen," I assert—not that I know much of the habits of this class—"do not pick up associates at the railway stations."

"Of course not," says Luke, quite uncrushed. "That's why I feel so badly. Of course he would scorn the vagabonds and vulgarians who would naturally throw themselves in his way. But if *I* had been there he would have gladly availed himself of the company of a man of learning, wit and refinement."

As he thus sums up his excellences, he gives a hideous leer of satisfaction.

"And so you are, Luke," says his mother, fondly.

At dinner he commits a hundred breaches of etiquette; the very servants sneer, and I am the only one of the trio whom they treat with respect.

The Higginses have not yet acquired the authority or the liberality proper to their improved station, and even I, economical as mamma and I are forced to be, find little to tempt me at the repast. I rejoice when the long rainy day is at last ended.

At breakfast next morning Luke is more sallow, skinny and altogether unlovely than ever I have seen him, besides being still out of sorts. His mother informs me that he has again been disappointed in seeing Sir Francis.

"You surely have not called upon him already?" I exclaim. "It is only nine o'clock. I wonder you did not expect to find him in bed."

"I did expect to," he says, coolly. "I intended to go straight to his room and have a good talk with him before he got up. But the servants said he had been out shooting for two hours."

"Glad of it!" I say, inwardly, fervently hoping his noble neighbor may long continue to give him the slip.

After breakfast I go out for a walk, and the astute reader will not be surprised that the moment I am out of sight of the house I meet Mr. Alger, who walks with me all the morning. He has a great deal to tell me concerning the infant we discovered, and asks me to choose a name for it.

"Come out this afternoon and tell me what the little lady's name is to be," he proposes.

"I cannot make an appointment with a gentleman," I say, primly, leaving him very much cast down and abashed; but all this does not prevent me from coming out in the afternoon—though I am very much ashamed of my conduct—to tell him that the baby's name is to be Sylvia.

Two weeks pass by, far more swiftly because of these frequent meetings with Mr. Alger. They are unmarked by any gayeties, for the Higginses are too parsimonious to exercise hospitality, and in fact they have no neighbors to offer it to. One event occurs, however; I see Luke get into a rage.

The occasion is this: the fifth time he calls at Fauriel Towers his card is returned to him bearing these words: "Sir Francis Fauriel does not desire to enlarge his acquaintance, and requests the cessation of Mr. Higgins's visits."

The incensed Mr. Higgins naturally proceeds to "take it out" of his servants and his mother when he reaches home. But I fly out of the house in dismay, and meeting Mr. Alger, recount the incident to him, at which he is immoderately amused.

On the fifteenth day of my visit Mrs. Higgins and I are sitting in the drawing-room before the fire, which is unusually bright, as I myself have just had the temerity to ring for coals. I am working silken poppies, red and golden, on silver-gray plush; my hostess is knitting a coarse blue sock. Her vast bulk impresses me with amusement, not unmixed with a certain vague terror. She breaks a brief silence by saying, portentously:

"Well, Alma, my darling boy has made up his mind."

"About what?" I ask, in perfect innocence, for I have entirely abandoned the preposterous idea that Luke Higgins would dare dream of marrying *me*.

"Oh, my dear, as if you didn't know!" she says, with her husky, gurgling laugh. "You are a lucky girl, Alma, to have won such a prize."

Suddenly I comprehend, and flush an angry red to the roots of my hair.

"Of course Luke could have his choice from all the girls in the kingdom—money, beauty and birth," she goes on, complacently. "But we do not think he is exactly throwing himself away, for you are a dear little thing, Alma."

"Thanks," I say, ironically.

"Christmas will be about time for the marriage," she remarks, "and we think it had better take place here, as your mother's house is so small and shabby."

"You are altogether dispensing with my consent," I say, folding my work deliberately.

"Oh," she purrs, "we are tolerably sure of that! No young woman with ten times your advantages could afford to refuse him."

I sprang to my feet in a perfect rage. If she were not so fat that I hate to touch her, I believe I should fly at her and strangle her.

"Let me tell you that I *do* refuse him—that I utterly

loathe the thought of marriage with him!" I say, vehemently. "Of course I cannot remain here after this—I shall go home to-morrow morning. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Higgins." And I sweep away to my own room with an angry and miserable heart.

Once there, I dissolve in tears, which pleasing occupation amuses me till five o'clock, my chief annoyance being that I must go without a farewell word to Mr. Alger.

Then I work diligently to remove all traces of grief, in which I succeed by six, at which hour a housemaid brings me a meagre repast, over which I dally until seven. Then, for the hundredth time, I declare that I am excessively bored, and, as a last resort, proceed to dress myself.

This operation is concluded by eight, and I stand arrayed in my richest evening-dress—a garnet satin, heavily embroidered in chenille and garnet beads, the work of my own hands. Then Vanity whispers loudly, "Go down and dazzle those creatures. Make them even more regret what they lose."

I act at once on this suggestion, the more readily since I am chilled to the bone. Though it is now mid-October, there is no fire in my room.

I enter the drawing-room rather timidly, but am reassured by finding it empty. Throwing myself into an easy-chair before the fire, I amuse myself with some periodicals for more than an hour.

At last I realize that a feeling of vague uneasiness has been growing on me all the evening, till it amounts to a positive terror; and I shiver all over when the door opens to admit Luke Higgins.

"Good-evening!" I say, bravely. "I was just intending to ring and inquire for Mrs. Higgins and yourself."

"My mother has retired to rest," he says; "but I shall be happy to enliven your solitude, if agreeable to you."

This speech is unwontedly modest and polite. I am still puzzling over it, when a housemaid enters the room without the formality of knocking.

"The coachman has returned," she says, with a significant glance at me; "and he is to go for Mrs. Higgins at nine to-morrow morning."

"Idiot! I told you to say nothing about it!" exclaims Luke, angrily; and the girl hurries away.

During the short silence that follows I am almost too anxious and terrified to speak; but at least I manage to say, quietly:

"Am I to understand that Mrs. Higgins is not in the house?"

"Such is the fact," he replies, sullenly, and with a sinister expression. "But I didn't intend you to know it to-night. I don't want you to worry over it and lose sleep."

"But why is she not here?" I demanded.

"Simply because we wish to humble you a little. To-morrow morning, when the servants whisper and point at you, when they have spread all over Clodenia the information that it matters nothing to you whether the lady of the house is at home or not, you will be more willing to listen to my suit; you will even beg me to marry you and lift your name above reproach."

"Thanks, infinitely, for unfolding all your little plans in time to prevent them," I say, with a cool, insolent laugh, though my brain is whirling at their treachery.

"I don't know what you mean by preventing," he says, savagely. "I intend to marry you, that's all, and you will be more ready than I when this gets out."

I pick up my white cashmere shawl!—I dare not go to my room for a heavier wrap, lest he should become desperate and lock me in—and leisurely fold it round me. Then I cross the room with great dignity, my head held very high, to one of the French windows.

"What are you thinking of?" exclaims Luke. "Surely you will not dare go out at this late hour?"

"Thanking you for your hospitality, I will bid you a good-evening," I say, calmly, and then I quickly fling wide the window, step out, and suddenly parting with deliberation, run like a deer across the lawn—run till I am faint and breathless, and can run no more.

Then I lean against a tree, my limbs trembling, my heart beating madly.

"Alma! Alma!" a voice calls, and some one comes swiftly up to me. "My poor darling!—don't cry so!"

For at the blessed knowledge that it is Frank Alger who has pursued me, I begin to sob violently, and the next moment—I shall never know whether it is his doing or mine—my head is on his breast and his arms are closely clasping me.

I tell him all my story, and he confesses tenderly that he has been looking at me through the window for the last hour.

"But what will become of me?—where shall I go?" I moan, helplessly.

"Cannot you trust me to take care of waifs and strays after my brilliant success in the case of little Sylvia?" he asks, laughing. "I will conduct you to the very woman who has charge of her—the noblest woman I know."

"And who is she?" I ask, with a jealous pang.

"My mother," he replies, softly.

"Oh!" I say, and slip my hand within his arm.

We walk briskly for perhaps an hour, but I am so happy, the way does not seem long.

At last we enter a large house, and my lover leaves me a moment in a fine old hall.

I see in a mirror that I am looking my very best in my shining dark-red dress, my cheeks rosy red, my big black eyes soft with joy. Presently Frank reappears, and conducts me to a stately, sweet-faced lady.

"My son has told me about you, and I am delighted to see you," she says, cordially; and then, as Frank moves away to push some armchairs to the fire, she adds, "I only hope the attraction is not alone on my boy's side."

"Oh, madam," I murmur, "from first to last it has all been so shameful! I blush to think how I have spent hours with him unknown to my mother or any one else, and in what a disgraceful way we became acquainted! Why, we were never introduced!"

"That is easily remedied," she laughs. "Frank, dear, come here!" and as he comes she says, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, "Miss Sheldon, allow me to present my son, Sir Francis Algernon Fauriel!"

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON.

If it were only as an example of how capricious fortune can be, the history of Emma, Lady Hamilton, would attract the curious in biography. But, apart from this, her name is indissolubly connected with that of England's greatest naval hero, Nelson. For that reason it can never be forgotten. She was the offspring of poor parents, and was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1764. Her father, Henry Lyon—a laborer, it is asserted—died while she was still an infant. His widow then removed to Hawarden, in Flintshire, where she managed to support herself and her little Emma. Rags, bare feet, and hard fare, were the child's portion; and one can imagine her romping with her village companions, little thinking what experiences awaited her in the dim future.

Her childhood fled. At thirteen she entered the service of Mr. Thomas, the local apothecary, as nursery-maid. After three years (by some accounts, unhappy ones) she left her situation. She had often heard of London, its wonders, its attractions; and Londonwards her thoughts were now directed. Accordingly, we find her next at Blackfriars, attending on the children of Dr. Budd, a physician attached to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The scene was presently changed. Tired of Blackfriars and the young Budds, she obtained a situation as general drudge at a fruiterer's shop in St. James's Market—an open space of ground long since built over, lying between Pall Mall and King Street. She was now between seventeen and eighteen, and extremely beautiful. Her beauty, too, was of a superior sort, which hard work could not alter. A lady, coming one day to the shop where she was employed, was so struck by her appearance that she offered to take her into her service. The offer was accepted. Emma's duties in her new place seem to have been light. She had learnt to read, and her many leisure hours were passed in devouring the silly romances then in fashion, which formed the favorite intellectual aliment of her employer. Of an evening she went often to the play—for her a scene of enchantment. Her power of mimicry was astonishing, and she could imitate to the life all the actors and actresses she saw. She had also an accurate ear for music and a fresh voice. Her fellow-servants thought highly of these gifts; her mistress regarded them less favorably. The mimic was dismissed.

CHARITY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 434.

Emma Lyon next appears as servant at a tavern frequented by a Bohemian multitude of actors, artists and hack authors. Here she received enough attention and flattery to have turned fifty heads. It was, however, the

PORTRAIT OF LADY HAMILTON.— FROM THE ORIGINAL BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

performance of an act of pure good nature that first led to her wandering from the path of virtue. The war between America and England was now raging. A Welsh youth of her acquaintance was one fine day impressed into the service, and detained on shipboard off the Tower. On hearing of this, she at once presented herself before Captain (afterward Admiral) John Payne, under whose superintendence recruiting was carried on, and entreated him to obtain her friend's release. The captain was bewitched by her beauty, and granted her prayer conditionally. Her scruples, if she had any, were overcome. She became his mistress. Their connection did not last long. We follow her now to Up Park, in Sussex, where she lived for a short time under the protection of Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, an enthusiastic fox-hunter. She shared his taste. Mounted on a thoroughbred mare, she galloped across-country with all the skill and courage of Diana Vernon herself. When the day's sport was over, she would entertain Sir Harry and his rollicking bachelor friends with theatrical mimicries and tavern jokes. She and her baronet spent money recklessly—so recklessly, indeed, that hospitable Up Park had to be closed. Together they repaired to town, where they soon after separated, not apparently on the best terms.

If we are to believe the author of her memoirs (an abusive book, published after her death), Emma Lyon's next experiences were very degrading. Be this as it may, at the close of 1781, she had found a new protector in Mr. Charles Greville, a son of the first Lord Warwick. Greville appears to have been deeply enamored of his companion, and there is reason for supposing that he contemplated marrying her some day. He was, however, painfully conscious of her defects of education. Masters were engaged, therefore, and under their instruction she made progress, in singing especially. She was joined about this time by her mother, the widow Lyon, who, for some reason or other, on arriving in town, took to calling herself Mrs. Cadogan, while Emma styled herself Mrs. Hart.

Early in 1782 Emma sat for the first time to Romney, the portrait-painter. From so lovely a face the artist could not but derive inspiration. He painted her in every variety of character, as Iphigenia, Cassandra, Calypso, Joan of Arc—even as St. Cecilia! It was whilst thus posing for Romney that she acquired that power of attitudinizing for which she became, later on, so famous.

At the end of six years Greville had fallen into pecuniary difficulties. His circumstances had never been flourishing; but now his debts had increased to an alarming extent, and his creditors were waxing troublesome. His Emma, too, was disposed to be extravagant. What was to be done? It naturally occurred to him that Emma, on the training of whose voice a round sum had been spent, might start as a professional singer. His maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton, K.B., a wealthy widower, was British Ambassador at Naples. Might not Emma proceed thither, to receive the necessary finishing lessons in the land of song itself, and under the paternal eye of Sir William? Besides, she was the very person to represent to the Ambassador his nephew's necessitous condition, and ask his assistance. This scheme was to the fancy of all whom it concerned. Sir William was consulted and approved of it. Mesdames Hart and Cadogan were enchanted. Under the escort of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the artist, who was returning to Italy, they made the journey to Naples in safety toward the close of 1787, and settled at a lodging taken for them near the Embassy.

Shortly before Mrs. Hart's departure from England, a portrait of her seated at a spinning-wheel had been completed by Romney. It had been painted to the order of Greville; but he was too poor to pay for it. In a letter from him to the artist, explaining his position, occur these sentences:

"There are circumstances which force the natural bias of characters, and render it prudent to change the scene of action, to train them to necessary sacrifices. The separation from the original of the Spinstress has not been indifferent to me, and I am but just reconciled to it, from knowing that the beneficial consequences of acquirements will be obtained, and that the aberration from the plan I intended will be for her benefit."

In another letter to the same correspondent, written later in the year, he remarks, "I heard last week from Mrs. Hart. She desired me to tell you that she hoped to captivate you by her voice next Spring." The Spring arrived, but with it no Mrs. Hart. She, indeed, had pleaded Greville's cause with his uncle so irresistibly, that the uncle had fallen in love with her. In course of time, Greville was informed that, if he gave up all claim to Emma, his debts would be paid. He was not in a position to hesitate. A bargain was thereupon struck between uncle and nephew, whereby the former obtained Mrs. Hart encumbered by her mother, while the latter started free of debt.*

Sir William Hamilton was son of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and nephew of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton; his mother, too, was a Hamilton of the Abercorn branch. His blood was therefore unquestionably blue. He had married a Welsh heiress named Barlow; but she, at this time, had been dead six years, and had left no family. As a diplomatist he was not remarkable. He was an antiquarian, a naturalist, and a person of educated tastes generally. His researches near Naples enabled him to form a collection of vases, bronzes and medals, now to be seen in the British Museum. He is known as an author by his "*Campi Phlegræi;* Or, Observations on the Volcanoes of the Two Sicilies." The rules of Neapolitan society were lax enough to allow of Sir William's making no secret of the character of his connection with Mrs. Hart. They were seen everywhere together. Madame Le Brun, the French artist, a refugee from her own troubled country, was at Naples in 1790. She mentions them both in her "Souvenirs":

"I received a visit from the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, who wished that the first portrait I took at Naples should be that of his mistress, Mrs. Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton. I painted her as a 'Bacchante,' reposing on the seashore, and holding in her hand a cup. Her lovely face was very animated. She had an enormous quantity of beautiful chestnut hair, which, when loose, completely covered her; thus, as a 'Bacchante,' she was perfect."

According to Madame Le Brun, the Ambassador, when ordering this picture, chaffered for a long time over the price. He ended by giving her 2,400 francs; but sold the picture afterward in London for three times that sum.

The following year (1791) Mrs. Hart was taken to England by Sir William, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his patrician relations, had determined to marry her. She had profited much by her residence abroad. Her singing was equal to that of any operatic *diva*, she spoke Italian fluently, and French well enough. Her attitudes after classical models, and her dancing of the tarantella, were beyond praise. In addition to all

* It has been said that three children, whom Mrs. Hart had borne to Greville, also fell to Sir William's share by this arrangement. If such children really existed, they must have been left in England. There is nothing to show that Mrs. Hart had them with her at Naples.

this, she was in the full blaze of her beauty, while her naturally open manners had acquired a sort of polish that enhanced their charm. London society was moved to its centre by the arrival of such a paragon. Her old acquaintance, Romney, was in ecstasies, and wrote of her to his friend Hayley in the following terms:

"She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses everything both in singing and acting that ever appeared. Gallini (then managing the Italian Opera) offered her £2,000 a year and two benefits if she would engage with him; on which Sir William said pleasantly that he had engaged her for life."

Putting all other work aside, Romney busied himself at a fresh series of portraits of the "divine lady," as he called her. He painted her again as Cassandra, and in divers other characters. He was troubled, however, at what he imagined to be her change of manner toward himself. She, once so friendly, had become, he thought, haughty and distant. In his distress he applied to Hayley, who wrote for him a short poetical remonstrance to be administered, if needful, like a composing draught. It ran thus:

"Gracious Cassandra! whose benign esteem
To my weak talent every aid supplied,
Thy smile to me was inspiration's beam,
Thy charms my model and thy taste my guide.

"But, say! what cruel clouds have darkly chilled
Thy favor, that to me was vital fire?
Oh, let it shine again, or, worse than killed,
Thy soul-sunk artist feels his art expire."

The "soul-sunk" Romney had no occasion to use these verses. When next Mrs. Hart appeared, she was as cordial as of old. Soon afterward (on the 6th of September, 1791) she was married to Sir William Hamilton at Marylebone Church, she at the time being twenty-seven, and he sixty years of age. The bride immediately expressed her desire to be presented at Court; but the Queen (Charlotte) refused to receive her. She derived some consolation for this slight from the reception accorded her at the Tuileries, for Sir William and she stopped for some days in Paris on their way to Italy. Marie Antoinette, who probably knew nothing of Lady Hamilton's previous history, granted her an interview, it is said, and intrusted her with a letter—the last she wrote—to her sister, the Queen of Naples. The new Ambassadress, on reaching Naples, where she felt far more at home than in England, strove hard to gain the good opinion of everybody. In this she succeeded by the exercise of circumspection and tact. Within a fortnight of her arrival we find her dining at the Palace of Caserta, where the Neapolitan Court were then staying. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Malmesbury. In a letter to her sister, Lady Elliot, Lady Malmesbury mentions this meeting:

"Lady Hamilton really behaves as well as possible, and quite wonderfully, considering her origin and education. The Queen has received her very kindly as Lady Hamilton, though not as the English Minister's wife; and I believe all the English here mean to be civil to her, which is quite right."

It is scarcely likely that Maria Caroline, Queen of Naples—the purity of whose life is not above suspicion—was prejudiced to any great extent against Lady Hamilton. At all events, such prejudice, if it ever existed, was overcome. Lady Hamilton won for herself by degrees the Queen's full favor, and ended by becoming her most intimate friend. Naples, in 1792, was the most ill-governed kingdom in Europe, which is saying not a little. The King's disposition was puerile and vacillating. He disliked business, and cared for little but sport. His spirits were elevated or depressed in proportion to the amount of game he slaughtered while on his shooting expeditions.* The Queen has been credited with "great understanding and high spirit." She was also imperious and greedy of pleasure. The Prime Minister was an English Baronet, Sir John Acton, who, owing his position entirely to her Majesty's favor, was obedient to her orders in everything. "The vilest and most impudent corruption," says Southey, "prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest."

The successful progress of the French Revolution, now in full career, caused the Court of Naples a shock compared to which an eruption of Mount Vesuvius would have been as nothing. Two giant dangers presented themselves. A large and influential Republican party (ready to welcome any change whereby the existing odious form of government might be overturned) menaced the kingdom from within; while the new French Directory, bent on revolutionizing all Italy, bullied it from without. In this state of affairs, the Neapolitan Court trusted implicitly to the assistance of England, whose one object then was to check the growing power of France. The Queen, of course, made known her troubles to Lady Hamilton, and the two exchanged diplomatic secrets without reserve.

It was in September, 1793, that Captain Horatio Nelson, commanding H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, arrived for the first time in the Bay of Naples. He had been sent thither by Admiral Lord Hood with dispatches for Sir William Hamilton relating to the recent surrender of Toulon to the British forces. Sir William, in his short official interview with Nelson, formed a high opinion of the future hero. He told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a "little man, who could not boast of being very handsome; but who would one day astonish the world." During his stay at Naples, Nelson received the most flattering attentions from the King, Queen, and Acton. He lived with the Hamiltons, and his hostess was all kindness, both to him and his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, at that time serving under him as midshipman. "She is a young woman of amiable manners," wrote the captain to his wife in England, "and does honor to the station to which she is raised." It is known that Nelson's animating sentiment, next to loyalty to his sovereign, was detestation of the French. In this Lady Hamilton fully shared, and with ardent interest she watched his career. Providence willed that she should contribute, in a great degree, to his after successes. The battle off Cape St. Vincent (1797), in which Nelson bore a brilliant part, is distinctly traceable to her. It happened thus:

The King of Spain, Charles IV., wrote privately to his brother, the King of Naples, in that year, stating his determination to drop his alliance with England, and make common cause with France. The Queen of Naples got hold of this letter, and showed it to Lady Hamilton, who, of her own accord, sent a copy of it to Lord Grenville, then Minister for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain. The movements of the Spanish fleet were strictly watched in consequence; and a battle ensued, whereby the power of Spain at sea was effectually crippled. Sir John Jervis

* Sir William Hamilton often accompanied His Majesty on these expeditions, and he kept Lady Hamilton informed of what went on. "No sport again," he wrote on one occasion; "the King has no other comfort to-day than having killed a wildcat, and his face is a yard long. However, he has vowed vengeance on the boars to-morrow." The next bulletin is somewhat brighter: "The King has killed nineteen boars, two stags, two does, a fox, and a porcupine. He is happy beyond expression."

ONE OF LADY HAMILTON'S ATTITUDES.

was created Earl St. Vincent for his services, while Nelson was made a Rear-admiral of the Blue, and a Knight of the Bath.

Soon after, circumstances drew Emma Hamilton into still closer relations with Nelson. Early in 1798 a French fleet of 250 sail started from Toulon, conveying the young and rising general, Napoleon Bonaparte, and a large army. Its destination was not known; but a descent on Malta, or possibly Sicily, was apprehended. At the same time the language of the French Envoy at Naples (Garat) became so overbearing, that Sir William Hamilton could only liken it to that of a highwayman. Certain members of the Republican party—Jacobins, as they were called—were then in prison on a charge of treason. Garat insisted that they should be released; and so cowed were those with whom he had to deal that he gained his point.

The Queen, as she saw dangers thickening around her, felt that English aid must be invoked. At her instigation Lady Hamilton wrote to Nelson and to Lord St. Vincent (who commanded in the Mediterranean), representing the state of affairs. Her letter to Nelson is curious as being one of the first, if not the first, that she addressed to him; and as showing the forcible epistolary style she used.

"We have still," she writes, "the regicide Minister here, *Garrat*, the most impudent, insolent dog, making the most infamous demands every day; and I see plainly the Court of Naples must declare war, if they mean to save their country. The Jacobins have all been lately declared innocent after suffering four years' imprisonment, and I know they all deserved to be hanged long ago, and since Garrat has been here, and through his insolent letters to Gallo, these pretty gentlemen that had planned the death of their Majesties are to be let out on society again. In short, I am afraid all is lost here, and I am grieved to the heart for our dear charming Queen, who deserves a better fate. . . . . I trust in God and you that we shall destroy these monsters."

Her letter to Lord St. Vincent was still more urgent, and elicited from his lordship the following gallant, but not over-cautious, response:

"The picture you have drawn of the lovely Queen of Naples and the Royal Family would rouse the indignation of the most unfeeling of the creation at the infernal designs of those devils, who, for the scourge of the human race, govern France. I am bound by my oath of chivalry to protect all who are persecuted and distressed, and I would fly to the succor of their Sicilian Majesties, was I not positively forbid to quit my post before Cadiz. I am happy, however, to have a knight of superior prowess in my train, who is charged with this enterprise, at the head of as gallant a band as ever drew sword or trailed pike."

The knight alluded to was Nelson. He had been selected to pursue the formidable French armament, and his secret instructions enjoined him to "take, sink, burn and destroy it," if he could. The exciting chase began at once. The English fleet proceeded to Malta, then to Alexandria, then to the Syrian coast; but no French were to be seen. Chafing at his ill-luck, Nelson made sail for Sicily, and anchored at Syracuse. But here a difficulty arose, which, thanks entirely to Lady Hamilton, was overcome. Fresh provisions were urgently needed by the fleet; unless the ships were enabled to victual and water where they were, they would have to run for Gibraltar, and abandon the immediate pursuit of the French. Nelson sent a messenger to Sir William, begging him to obtain the royal authority for his being supplied. Sir William did his best, but without success. By a treaty of peace then existing between France and Naples, no more than two English ships-of-war could enter any Neapolitan or Sicilian port. The King and his ministers met in Council to discuss the matter; but, not daring to break with France, refused Nelson's request. Meantime Lady Hamilton, anticipating this refusal, ran off to the Queen, and implored her passionately to authorize the supply of the fleet, since the safety of the kingdom depended on immediate action. Marie Caroline hesitated for some minutes; but finally to the other's dictation, wrote and signed this order:

"To all Governors of the Two Sicilies—to receive with hospitality the British fleet, to water, victual, and aid them."

When Lady Hamilton triumphantly handed him this order, Captain Trowbridge (Nelson's messenger on this occasion) assured her that it would "cheer Nelson to ecstasy." And so it did. The necessary supplies obtained, the admiral wrote these grateful lines to the Hamiltons:

"22d July, 1798.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: Thanks to your exertions, we have victualed and watered; and, surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and, be assured, I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress. HORATIO NELSON."

He sailed next day, and in consequence of information received, directed his course straight for Alexandria, where he found the enemy's fleet collected. He attacked it at once and annihilated it, in an engagement known as

the Battle of the Nile. The news of this glorious victory reached Naples a month afterward. Lady Hamilton had long been in a state of anxious suspense as to the possible result of the expected sea-fight; and now, when the joyful intelligence was communicated to her, she fell to the ground, it is said, "like one who had been shot." She, however, soon appeared in her open carriage, in company with Captains Capel and Hoste, who had brought the news, and paraded the main streets. Encircling her forehead was a white *bandeau* embroidered with the words "Nelson and Victory." The populace quickly caught her enthusiasm, and greeted the party with hearty *vivas*. The shattered *Vanguard* herself, bearing the admiral's flag, entered the bay a fortnight later. Many persons then at Naples have recorded the mad excitement her appearance caused. A whole flotilla of boats and small craft went out to meet her, with bands of music and emblematic banners. Sir William and Lady Hamilton led the way in their state barge, and were hailed, as they swiftly approached, with a salute of thirteen guns:

"Alongside came my honored friends," writes Nelson to his wife. "The scene in the boat was terribly affecting. Up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, 'Oh, God! is it possible?' she fell into my arms more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights—when alongside came the King. The scene was in its way as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his 'Deliverer and Preserver,' with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me *Nostro Liberatore*."

Nelson had been badly wounded at the Battle of the Nile, as, indeed, he had been in several previous engagements. His general health, too, was seriously shaken by all he had gone through. He sorely needed rest. This he obtained under Sir William's roof. Lady Hamilton nursed him so tenderly that a week after his return he was able to take part in a splendid *fête* which she gave in honor of his birthday. Eighteen hundred guests were present. Complimentary mottoes appeared on wall, pillar and curtain. At the banquet which closed the festivities, the hostess showered blandishments on the hero at her side in a manner so marked as to rouse the ire of Josiah Nisbet, who addressed some highly indecorous remarks to his stepfather. He had to be removed by his brother-officers. Nelson next day forgave him, at the instance of Lady Hamilton herself, she being of opinion that the young man had probably drank too much wine.

Lady Hamilton was now no longer a sylph in form. She had become fat. Here is her portrait, sketched by the impartial pen of Sir Gilbert Elliot:

"She is the most extraordinary compound I ever beheld. Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful; she is all Nature and yet all art—that is to say, her manners are perfectly unpolished; of course very easy, though not with the ease of good-breeding, but of a barmaid; excessively good-humored, and wishing to be pleased and be admired by all ages and sorts of persons that come in her way. But besides considerable natural understanding, she has acquired, since her marriage, some knowledge of history and of the arts; and one wonders at the application and pains she has taken to make herself what she is. With men her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere, and I was wonderfully struck with these inveterate remains of her origin, though the impression was very much weakened by seeing the other ladies of Naples."

Such was the woman who seemed a very goddess to the simple-minded, loyal-hearted conqueror of the Nile. Henceforth Lady Hamilton influenced all the great admiral's actions. It is only just to say that she used her influence with him in the interests of the Neapolitan Royal Family, whose troubles and difficulties she sincerely pitied.

The admission of British ships into the port of Syracuse, and the aid there rendered them (the work, as has been shown, of Lady Hamilton), was a breach of treaty, and was on that score protested against by the French Envoy. His protests were at first neglected. The French, however, were already in possession of Rome, and were prepared to march on Naples. Nelson advised the King to break at once with France, and, if possible, follow up his own signal success at sea by a similar one on land. His advice would probably not have been taken if it had not been for Lady Hamilton, who urged it on the Queen. Her Majesty was thereby convinced. Thereupon Garat and his staff were summoned to depart at twenty-four hours' notice, and war was declared.

Naples prepared to strike the first blow. In little more than a month an army of 35,000 men was raised. There being no native fit for the position, the command of these troops was given to an Austrian officer, General Mack. Mack, though full of confidence, was really a poor strategist. Before marching northward he treated the Royal Family to a mock battle, in which his manœuvres were so clumsy that he and his forces were routed by their pretended opponents. "This fellow does not understand his business!" exclaimed Nelson, who witnessed the unpromising performance. The King and his eldest son went north with the army; but fortune refused to smile on them. The French, it is true, evacuated Rome on the approach of the enemy; but they returned in force. At the first skirmish the Neapolitans deserted in crowds—the rest fled. The Queen, who was Regent

LADY HAMILTON AS HERMIONE.

during the King's absence, fired off daily notes to Lady Hamilton. In one of them she writes:

"There has been no actual battle; but our troops are behaving as badly as possible, which afflicts and kills me. Great Heaven, what a disaster! I am deeply afflicted by this intelligence, and expect every day to hear of something more horrible."

Her prognostications were none too dark. The King returned to his capital in hot haste, to announce that all was lost. The situation was critical. The French were advancing on Naples, which already (owing to the lowest of the populace having been intrusted with arms) was in a state of semi-anarchy. Lady Hamilton recommended their Majesties to fly to Sicily; Nelson's flagship, she represented, lay ready to convey them there, and Nelson himself was a tower of strength to which they could trust. Her advice was followed.

The projected departure of the Royal Family, had it been known, would have been opposed by the Jacobins, who longed to see existing institutions abolished by the advancing French, as well as by the *lazzaroni*, who were loyal at heart, and prepared—if their sovereign remained in their midst—to rally round him. Neither Nelson nor Sir William Hamilton thought it prudent to appear at Court, as their movements were now jealously watched by the Jacobins. It was Lady Hamilton who undertook to make all the arrangements for the flight, since her constant presence at the palace, being nothing new, excited no suspicion.

"Like a heroine of romance," says Southey, "she explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage leading from the palace to the seaside; through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture and other property to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships."

On the night of the 21st of December, 1798, Nelson, with three officers and two boats' crews fully armed, landed and proceeded to the palace, which was situated almost at the water's edge. Under his escort the King and Queen, with their numerous family and attendants, were conducted to the arsenal, and conveyed in boats to the *Vanguard*. There they were joined by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the latter having stolen away from a ball, which she attended in order to mislead society as to what was going forward. In the course of the following day all foreigners desirous of quitting Naples were received on board other ships, English, Neapolitan, or Portuguese. On the 23d the fleet stood out to sea. The weather at first was fair; but it quickly changed. A furious gale swept down on the *Vanguard*. Her topsails were rent to ribbons, and, overladen as she was with royal treasure, she rolled heavily. The state of body and mind to which the fugitives were reduced was pitiable. Lady Hamilton moved from one to the other, soothing and encouraging them as best she could. The King's youngest son, Prince Albert, a child six years old, was so prostrated by sea-sickness that exhausted nature refused to rally, and he expired in her arms. At length Palermo was reached, the *Vanguard* being so disabled that she had to be towed into port.

That the heart of Marie Caroline should overflow with gratitude to Nelson and Lady Hamilton, after the service thus rendered to her and hers, was only natural. The former she addressed as "our brave savior," while in her letters to the latter she subscribed herself "Your tenderly attached and grateful friend."

After the King's flight the French entered Naples, which was declared a Republic under French protection. Meantime the city was blocked from the sea by a small British squadron; while Cardinal Ruffo, Vicar-general of the Royalists, who had been commissioned by the King to resist the French, raised a rabble army in the southern provinces and marched on the capital.

On getting there he found the Fortress of St. Elmo, which commands the entire city, in possession of the French. The two smaller forts, Nuovo and Uovo, commanding the anchorage, were garrisoned mainly by Republicans. All three forts were summoned by Ruffo to surrender; but refused, meaning to hold out till a French fleet, now expected, had come to their relief.

While her husband's fair dominions were thus seized by foreigners and rebels, the Queen of Naples underwent great anxiety. She was subject to attacks of neuralgia, and, to still the pain, took opium in increasing doses. This would relieve her for a time; but when the effect had worn off she would give way to transports of anger. At the end of five months the chance of her ever returning to Naples seemed as distant as on the night she had fled. It was still, of course, to Lady Hamilton, and through her to Nelson, that she and the King looked for aid. Nelson, indeed, though it cost him a pang to leave Lady Hamilton, was now constantly at sea, on the lookout for a fresh French fleet, that had broken the blockade at Brest, and entered the Mediterranean. He had concentrated his forces off the Island of Maritimo, and was awaiting reinforcements there, when the following letter recalled him to Palermo:

"THURSDAY EVENING, June 12th, 1799.

"I have been with the Queen this evening. She is very miserable, and says that although the people of Naples are for them in general, yet things will not be brought to that state of quietness and subordination till the fleet of Lord Nelson appears off Naples. She therefore begs, entreats and conjures you, my dear lord, if it is possible, to arrange matters so as to be able to go to Naples. For God's sake consider it and do! We will go with you, if you will come and fetch us. Sir William is ill; I am ill; it will do us good. E. H."

There was no resisting such an appeal as this, coming from the quarter it did.* A few days later Nelson, intrusted by the King with unlimited powers, sailed for Naples in the *Foudroyant*, with an imposing escort of seventeen sail of the line. Sir William and Lady Hamilton accompanied him. On arriving off Ischia he heard that the rebel occupants of Forts Uovo and Nuovo (influenced plainly by the approach of a hostile instead of a friendly fleet) had capitulated with Ruffo, naming terms highly favorable to themselves. On learning what the terms accepted by Ruffo were, Nelson pronounced them "infamous," and annulled the capitulation at once by signal. Instant and unconditional surrender was demanded from the smaller forts; while the French in St. Elmo were given two hours to decide whether they would deliver up that fortress, and allow themselves to be shipped to France, or face the cogent argument of powder and shot.

Ruffo was a man whom Nelson had cause to distrust. His treating with the rebels at all was contrary to the orders of the King. He came on board the *Foudroyant*, to protest against the breach of treaty. A stormy discussion ensued between him and Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton acting in turn as interpreters; but Nelson's resolution remained unshaken. The occupants of

* Earlier in the year Lady Nelson, who had heard from her son, Josiah Nisbet, of the growing intimacy between her husband and Lady Hamilton, wrote to Nelson inquiring when she might expect to see him home. In replying, he said: "Good Sir William, Lady Hamilton and myself, are the mainsprings of the machine which manages what is going on in this country. We are all bound to England, when we can quit our posts with propriety."

Uovo and Nuovo, ignorant of what had taken place, were soon after removed from their strongholds, and conveyed on board the several ships of the British squadron, there to await the orders of the King. As St. Elmo determined on holding out, a detachment of seamen and marines, under command of the gallant Trowbridge, landed and prepared to storm it.

The most notable among the rebels was Prince Francesco Caracciolo, a man of noble birth, who held a high command in the Neapolitan navy. He had enjoyed the fullest confidence of the King, and when the Court fled to Palermo, the year before, he had accompanied it. On learning afterward that a Republic had been established at Naples, and that the property of absentees would be confiscated, he returned there—ostensibly to avoid such a penalty. He soon, however, appeared serving under the Republicans. He took command of their gunboats, which, by his orders, fired on the Neapolitan frigate *Minerva*—but a short time before his own flagship. On the approach of Ruffo and his hosts he retired into Fort Nuovo; but escaping thence, when the advent of the British fleet was announced, he hid himself in the mountains. He was captured and brought on board the *Foudroyant*, a prisoner with hands bound. He was there, by order of Nelson, tried by the commodore and five senior officers of the Neapolitan navy, on a charge of rebellion against his lawful sovereign. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm of the *Minerva*. Through one of the officers of the *Foudroyant* he asked Nelson to allow him a second trial; or, failing that, to sanction his being shot instead of hanged. Both requests were refused. In his extremity, he bethought him of Lady Hamilton, and the same officer went in search of her, in the hope of getting her to intercede for the prisoner. But Lady Hamilton, it would seem, kept purposely out of the way. The sentence on Caracciolo was carried into effect the same evening.

Nelson has been severely blamed for his conduct on this occasion. It has, in the opinion of many, left an ineffaceable stain on his character. Yet it must be remembered that he had the King's authority for suppressing the Rebellion in his own way. He beheld in Caracciolo a traitor, and, if only as an example, allowed him to receive the punishment he deserved. To what extent, if at all, he was influenced by Lady Hamilton it is impossible to say. She was acting under orders from the Queen, and the Queen was in favor of no half-measures.

Just after the departure of Nelson and the Hamiltons for Naples, Her Majesty had received a copy of the terms of capitulation already referred to. This copy exists, with indignant marginal notes against each clause in her own handwriting. She forwarded the annotated document to Lady Hamilton, together with a letter, from which a sentence or two may be quoted:

"The rebel patriots," she writes, "must lay down their arms, and surrender at discretion to the pleasure of the King. Next, in my opinion, an example should be made of some of the principal ringleaders; after which the rest must be transported, under pain of death if they return into the dominions of the King."

Article 5 of the treaty, in which the rebels reserved to themselves the choice of "retiring to Toulon," or of remaining without molestation to themselves or their families at Naples, especially enraged her, and she closes her letter to Lady Hamilton with these explicit directions:

"Finally, my dear lady, I recommend Lord Nelson to treat Naples as if it were an Irish town that had broken out in a similar rebellion. It matters little how many are transported to Toulon. The acquisition of some thousands of scoundrels will not make France any the stronger, and we shall profit by the riddance Such rebels deserve to be sent to Africa or the Crimea. It is a kindness to send them to France. They deserve to be branded, that others may not be deceived as to what they are. I recommend to you, therefore, my dear lady, the utmost firmness, vigor and severity; our influence and peace in the future depend on it; our faithful subjects desire it."

Thus instructed, it is not surprising that Lady Hamilton refrained from interceding for Caracciolo. The stories that she insisted on his destruction; that she watched his execution with a telescope from the deck of the *Foudroyant;* that she had herself rowed around the *Minerva*, to enjoy the sight of his body swinging—all of which her detractors have been careful to disseminate—are wholly untrue. With all her faults, there is nothing to show that she was of a cruel nature. On the contrary, for several succeeding weeks she worked hard at obtaining from the Queen pardons, or mitigations of sentence, for the many prisoners who sought her intercession. *

After the fall of St. Elmo, Gaeta and Capua, and the expulsion of the French from Neapolitan territory, Nelson and the Hamiltons returned to Palermo, where honors and rewards awaited them. Nelson (already a baron in England) was created Duke of Bronte in Sicily, and given an estate valued at £3,000 a year. The King also presented him with a diamond-hilted sword. As for Lady Hamilton, she received a miniature of the Queen set in diamonds, with the motto "*Eterna Gratitudine*"; "two coach-loads of magnificent dresses, and a richly-jeweled picture of the King." Sir William, too, was not forgotten. He and his wife between them got presents to the value of £6,000. †

Their Majesties gave a *fête champêtre* to celebrate the recovery of their kingdom. In the palace garden had been erected an open pavilion called the Temple of Fame. In the temple were three wax figures rather larger than life, representing Lord Nelson, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The wax Sir William was leading forward the wax Nelson (in full uniform and covered with Orders) to receive at the hands of the wax Lady Hamilton—in the character of Victory—a laurel wreath.

"Before the steps of this temple," says Pettigrew, "their Sicilian Majesties, with all the Royal Family, stood ready to receive the three illustrious characters thus represented; and on their approach, after publicly embracing them, the King, with his own hand, took the laurel wreath from the wax figure of Victory, and placed it on the head of the real hero, who wore it during the whole of the entertainment.

The Hamiltons were also crowned with wreaths—Sir William by the King and his wife by the Queen. It would have been strange if the heads of people so ostentatiously honored had not been a little turned. The "famous *tria juncta in uno*," Sir William called the party ever after. Each flattered the other in the openest

* Lady Hamilton wrote to the Queen informing her of the death of Caracciolo, and of the restoration of something like order at Naples. "You, my good friends, have performed prodigies," says the Queen, in a reply full of expressions of thanks. On the back of this reply there is the following characteristic note penned by the recipient: "This from my friend whom I love and adore. Yes; I will serve her with my heart and soul; my blood, if necessary, shall flow for her. Emma will prove to Marie Caroline that an humble-born Englishwoman can serve with zeal and a true soul, even at the risk of her life."

† It must be remembered that the Hamiltons, in their devotion to the Royal Family, had sustained severe losses. When they left Naples the previous year, their house (full of property which could not be replaced) was broken into by the mob, and stripped of its contents.

ATTITUDE OF LADY HAMILTON, BY REHBERG.

manner. Poor Lady Nelson in England was quite forgotten. Letters from her husband became rarer and rarer, till they ceased altogether. Meantime the Court, deferring its return to Naples, where executions were proceeding with unrelaxing severity, broke out in a round of gayeties. In these Nelson joined, led on by the enchantress Emma.

The part taken by Nelson and his friends in Neapolitan affairs was disapproved by the Home Government. Sir William, to his surprise and annoyance, was recalled from his post in 1800. Nelson had already got leave to return to England on account of ill-health; he was mortified, too, at having been superseded by Lord Keith, as well as at divers admonishments he had received from the Lords of the Admiralty for disregarding their instructions. The Queen of Naples was in despair at the prospect of losing such powerful supporters.

As she was anxious, for political reasons, to proceed to Vienna, Nelson gave her, her three daughters, and her younger son, a passage in the *Foudroyant* as far as Leghorn, where he struck his flag. Here the Queen was delayed a whole month, in consequence of the defeat of the Austrians by the French at Marengo, which made traveling northward by the route originally fixed on dangerous for her. Nelson and the Hamiltons, who had promised to see her safe to her journey's end, remained with her. Suddenly a report got about that not only were the victorious French marching south, but that they had reached Lucca, only twenty-four miles off. Upon this the townspeople, prompted to valor by the presence of Nelson among them, broke into the arsenal and seized every weapon it contained. They surrounded the palace in a dense mass, clamoring for Nelson to lead them against the French. The Queen was terrified; but Lady Hamilton was equal to the occasion. Presenting herself on the balcony, she addressed the people, reproving them for their hastiness, and declaring that Nelson absolutely refused to hold any communication with them till the arms they carried had been returned to the arsenal. Her speech was heard with applause, and the crowd with swords sheathed made off for the arsenal.

The Queen took the opportunity of going at once on board one of the English men-of-war in harbor. She landed again, though, at midnight, while the men of Leghorn were snoring, and set out for Florence. The *tria juncta in uno* followed her next day. From Florence they all proceeded to Ancona, where they embarked in two Russian frigates for Trieste. At length they reached Vienna. The Emperor and Empress of Germany (son-in-law and daughter of the Queen of Naples) gave Nelson and the Hamiltons a most cordial reception. The Viennese vied with one another in showing them attention. The were entertained for four days by Prince Esterhazy at Eisenstadt, the composer Haydn, *capelmeister* to the prince, giving a performance of his oratorio, "The Creation," during their stay. Lady Minto, then English Ambassadress at Vienna, mentions them in a letter to her sister, Lady Malmesbury. She says:

"I don't think Nelson altered in the least. He has the same shock head and the same honest, simple manners; but he is devoted to *Emma*. He thinks her quite an *angel*, and talks of her as such to her face and behind her back; and she leads him about like a keeper with a bear. She must sit by him at dinner to cut his meat, and he carries her pockethandkerchief."

LADY HAMILTON AS A SIBYL.

When it came to parting with Lady Hamilton, to whose good offices she felt that she owed her crown, if not her life, the Queen of Naples was much affected. She offered to settle on her friend an annuity of £1,000; but this Sir William would not allow, alleging that the acceptance of such a gift by his wife might be misconstrued at home.

The rest of the journey

LADY HAMILTON.—FROM A PAINTING BY ROMNEY.

through Germany was one continued ovation. The Archduke Charles did the honors of Prague to the travelers. Dresden was the next point reached. Here they were met at dinner, at the house of the British Envoy, Mr. Elliot, by an English lady, who has treated them to some sharp adverse criticism.

"Lady Hamilton," writes this lady in her journal, "is bold, forward, coarse, assuming and vain. Her figure is colossal, but—excepting her feet, which are hideous—well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne. The shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head and her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes bright-blue with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud, yet not disagreeable. Her mother, Mrs. Cadogan, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honor of Lord Nelson sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailor's way, with 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' and a bumper, with the last drop on the nail, a ceremony I had never heard of or seen before."

The writer also comments severely on Lady Hamilton's greediness at table, her love for champagne, and her excessive avidity for presents, which she usually obtained "by the common artifice of admiring and longing." Lord Nelson, with his stars and glory, the colossal Lady Hamilton, with her attitudes, songs and good-humored bluster, were enough, one would have thought, to gratify the curiosity of Mr. Elliot's guests; but Sir William bore his share in the general entertainment. He was nearly seventy years of age, and had been so ill at Trieste a short time before, that the doctors thought his case a bad one; yet now it appears "he performed feats of activity, hopping around the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air."

After spending eight days at Dresden, the travelers started down the Elbe in two monster barges fitted with rooms. Mr. Elliot accompanied them to the point of embarkation, and the following (according to the lady whose journal we have been quoting) was his account of what there took place:

"The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, acting, dancing and singing. Lady Hamilton's French maid began to scold about some provisions which had been forgot in language quite impossible to repeat. Lady Hamilton herself began bawling for an Irish-stew, while her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn."

It is not surprising that Mr. Elliot should have felt a sense of relief when these noisy people had gone. "Don't let us laugh to-night," said he, addressing his assembled family; "let us all speak in turn, and be very quiet."

On arriving in London, Nelson met a chilling reception from his wife. She seems to have been an excellent woman; but the knowledge that her husband's affection was now another's had soured her temper. One morning at breakfast, when he had been dwelling at unconscionable length on the perfections of "dear Lady Hamilton," she burst out with pardonable petulance, "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." They separated by mutual consent soon after. Lady Nelson went back to live with her father-in-law, and Nelson sought again the genial companionship of the Hamiltons. Yet, enslaved though he was, he could not long remain idle.

Early the following year (1801) he joined the fleet at Plymouth, and in March sailed as second in command to Sir Hyde Parker, to settle matters with the Danes and their allies off Copenhagen. It was during his absence at Plymouth that Lady Hamilton drove up one morning to a house in Little Titchfield Street, Marylebone, bringing with her a female child some three weeks old. A certain Mrs. Gibson, a nurse, lived at this house, and to her Lady Hamilton intrusted the infant, promising her handsome remuneration for rearing it. Two years later, this child was christened at Marylebone Church, receiving the names Horatia Nelson Thompson.

In recording her baptism in the parish register, the date of her birth was (intentionally, no doubt) misstated. Mrs. Gibson had charge of the little Horatia for four years, during which time Lady Hamilton constantly came to see the child, or had the child brought to her. Nelson, too, when on shore, used often to come and inspect Horatia, and, according to the nurse, "played for hours with her on the floor, calling her his own child." That he indeed was the father of Horatia there remains no doubt, though he chose to write of her at the time as his "adopted daughter," or "little charge," and to make mystifying allusions to a non-existent individual called Thompson as her male parent.

The question as to who the mother can have been has given rise to much discussion. The world has, of course, assigned that distinction to Lady Hamilton; and, in spite of divers proofs to the contrary brought forward by Sir Harris Nicolas, and similar protestations on the part of Lady Hamilton herself—to whom truth was of little account—the world appears to have been right. Pettigrew, in the appendix to his "Life of Nelson," may be credited with having set the question satisfactorily at rest.

While on service in the Baltic, in 1801, Nelson purchased, through Sir William, a residence called Merton Place, in Surrey It was a pretty little property, and Lady Hamilton exercised all her ingenuity in improving and embellishing the house, against his return. Her embellishments were not in the best taste—at least they did not appear so to Lord Minto:

"Not only the rooms," he writes, "but the whole house, staircase and all, are covered with nothing but pictures of her and him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval actions, coats-of-arms, pieces of plate in his honor, the flagstaff of *L'Orient*, etc.—an excess of vanity which counteracts its own purpose."

To Nelson the idea that a home, prepared and inhabited by the friends he best loved, awaited him in England, cheered him through many worries and anxieties. "Have we a nice church at Merton?" he inquires of Lady Hamilton, with a *naïveté* that provokes a smile. "We will set an example of goodness to the under parishioners!" It was at Merton that the Hamiltons heard of their friend's victory at Copenhagen, and it was there that they welcomed him when he came back. From that time the house was always full. A needy aunt, and cousins of Lady Hamilton, who had cropped up since her return from Italy; Nelson's brother, sisters, and their families, were guests for weeks at a time. People from town, principally of the theatrical world, arrived in hosts to dinner. The hospitality was profuse; the festivities often boisterous.

In April, 1803, Sir William Hamilton died. His pension of £1,200 a year died with him. By his will, he bequeathed his Welsh estates to his nephew Greville, charged with a jointure of £700 a year to his widow. This appeared a meagre income to Lady Hamilton. She petitioned the then Prime Minister, Mr. Addington, for

the continuation of her husband's pension to herself in full, on the strength of the services she had rendered to the British fleet in 1798. Nelson used all his influence in support of her petition, as did other friends. Her claim, it would seem, was admitted; but nothing was done. A month after Sir William's death, Nelson was appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, and was absent from England for two whole years. In order to render his beloved Emma's circumstances as easy as possible, he settled on her, before starting, an annuity of £1,200, to be paid in monthly portions. For one with Lady Hamilton's notions of comfort, no fortune would have been adequate. In the course of 1804 she kept open house at Merton, and incurred heavy expense in making unnecessary additions and alterations. Her natural kindliness made her an easy prey to the many who chose to live on her bounty. Meantime Greville was backward in paying her annuity, and her chance of obtaining a Government pension seemed at an end. She bemoaned the state of her affairs when writing to Nelson; and he, while counseling economy, consoled her in these words:

"If Mr. Addington gives you a pension, it is well; but do not let it fret you. Have you not Merton? It is clear—the first purchase—and my dear Horatia is provided for; and I hope one of these days that you will be my own Duchess of Bronte; and then a fig for them all!"

When Nelson did at last return to Merton, in August, 1805, it was but for a brief period—some three weeks or more. Early one morning intelligence arrived that the combined French and Spanish fleets, of which he had been in hot pursuit for the past ten months, were at Cadiz. Here was the chance for which he had been longing! Should he offer his services at once, or enjoy a while longer the rest he had so well earned? He was pacing up and down a path in the garden, thinking what he should do, when Lady Hamilton approached him. She asked why he seemed uneasy. On hearing his reply she urged him at once to offer his services. "They will be accepted," she said, "and you will gain a quiet heart by it. You will have a glorious victory; and then you may return here and be happy." Her voice was enough. "Brave Emma!" he exclaimed; "good Emma!—if there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons. The Admiralty gladly accepted his services. No name in the "Navy List" carried one-quarter the weight that his did.

The following night Nelson left "dear, dear Merton," for Portsmouth, where he hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*. Four days later he writes to Lady Hamilton from off Plymouth:

"I entreat you, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up. We will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment."

The impediment thus slightingly mentioned was, of course, Lady Nelson. She was the innocent obstacle to Lady Hamilton's becoming the lawful sharer of Nelson's titles, honors, and rewards, present and future. On the 21st of October, just before commencing the action in which he lost his life, the hero of so many victories drew up a sort of codicil to his will. In it he enumerates the services which, in his opinion, entitled Emma Hamilton to a reward from the Government, and adds:

"I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, a legacy to my King and country, trusting that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson. These are the only favors I ask of my King and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle."

Soon after, as he lay dying from a mortal wound, his thoughts flew back, amidst the roar of cannon and din of conflict—to Merton. "Take care of dear Lady Hamilton," he murmured to Captain Hardy, who knelt beside him; "take care of poor Lady Hamilton." Just before losing consciousness he repeated his earnest injunctions—this time to the chaplain. "Remember," he said, "that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country."

The death of Nelson was a grievous blow to Lady Hamilton, though her sorrow was of a loud, impetuous sort, not always the deepest.

"My heart is broken," she writes to Mr. Rose. "Life to me now is not worth having; I lived but for him. His glory I gloried in; it was my pride that he should go forth; and this fatal and last time that he went, I persuaded him to it."

The world could afford her but scant sympathy. Her name was held in disfavor in high places. Those who had found it convenient to seek her acquaintance while Nelson was alive remembered now that there was an injured Lady Nelson, whose place she had usurped. There were some on whose gratitude she really had claims; but they turned their backs on her, now that she could no longer be of use to them. Nelson's clergyman brother, the Reverend William, had, in his days of obscurity, been helped by her in a variety of ways. He and his wife were as often with her at Merton as at home; his children he confided to her care. He used to address her as his "best and truest friend," and begged of her to watch, on his behalf, for "vacant prebends of six hundred a year with good houses." He favored her with a list of certain aged deans, into whose shoes he was prepared to step. After his brother's death, this mean personage, for whom the battle of Trafalgar had won an earl's coronet and ample wealth, received the codicil written on board the *Victory*. He said nothing about it at first, fearing that Lady Hamilton might be provided for out of the sum which Parliament was expected to grant to the Nelson family. The joyful news that £120,000 had been voted for this object reached him as he sat at dinner at Lady Hamilton's table. He then, but not till then, produced the codicil, and pushing it toward her, told her she might do with it as she pleased. She had the document registered next day at Doctors' Commons.

There were one or two influential persons prepared to assist her if they could. Mr. George Rose, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, stands first. Himself a personal friend and admirer of Nelson, he considered that compliance with the hero's dying entreaty was binding on Ministers. He busied himself in advocating her claims, first with Pitt (whose illness and death prevented his taking the matter up), and afterward with Lord Grenville—the "cold-hearted Grenville," as the indignant applicant herself called him.* But his efforts were without result. In the end, both he and Canning (who was equally desirous of serving her for Nelson's sake) were obliged to deny her their further support, in consequence of some false statements respecting them which she had introduced into a memorial addressed to the Prince Regent.

Meantime, counting no doubt on having her services some day suitably rewarded, she lived far beyond her means, which, though much narrowed, would have sufficed for any prudent person. The monthly allowance made her by Nelson had ceased at his death. There

* Lord Grenville, it will be remembered, was Foreign Minister at the time that Lady Hamilton was instrumental in bringing about the victories of Cape St. Vincent and the Nile. His plea for ignoring these services now was "the length of time that had elapsed since their performance."

remained her Hamilton jointure, and the interest on £4,000, which Nelson had wisely tied up for Horatia.

In 1808 it became necessary to part with Merton. A valuation of the house and its contents was made; but the sale of these, it was thought, would not cover the amount of her debts. She implored that wealthy old rake the Duke of Queensberry, who had honored her with his senile attentions, to purchase the property; but this he was not prepared to do. *

"Do try for me," she pleads, "for you do not know how limited I am. I have left everything to be sold for the creditors, who do not deserve anything; for I have been the victim of awful mercenary wretches, and my too great liberality and open heart has been the dupe of villains."

At length five gentlemen, anxious to help her, came forward with funds for her immediate necessities. Merton and her effects were assigned to them as trustees, with power to sell at such time, and in such manner, as might seem to them most advantageous. This arrangement afforded her but short relief. Her creditors pursued her wherever she went, at Richmond, at lodgings she took subsequently in Bond Street, and at Fulham, where she had taken refuge with her friend Mrs. Billington, the actress.

Presently she found herself in the King's Bench Prison. It was to a kind-hearted stranger, Alderman Joshua Smith, who provided the necessary heavy bail, that she owed her release thence, after ten months' incarceration. During that period her private papers had been seized, along with other property which she had left in Bond Street. Of these a certain number, including Nelson's letters to her, were published—without, it is said, her knowledge or consent—and rapidly bought up. She was now once more at large; but liberty was useless without security. A report that some unsatisfied creditors were waiting to have her re-arrested forced her to put the sea between herself and them. Accompanied by Horatia, she embarked secretly, one Summer's evening in 1813, at the Tower, and "after three days' sickness at sea," arrived at Calais. She took up her abode at a poorly furnished house in the Rue Française. She wrote thence to Mr. Rose, praying him, if her own claims were out of the question, at least to urge those of Horatia Nelson* upon Government.

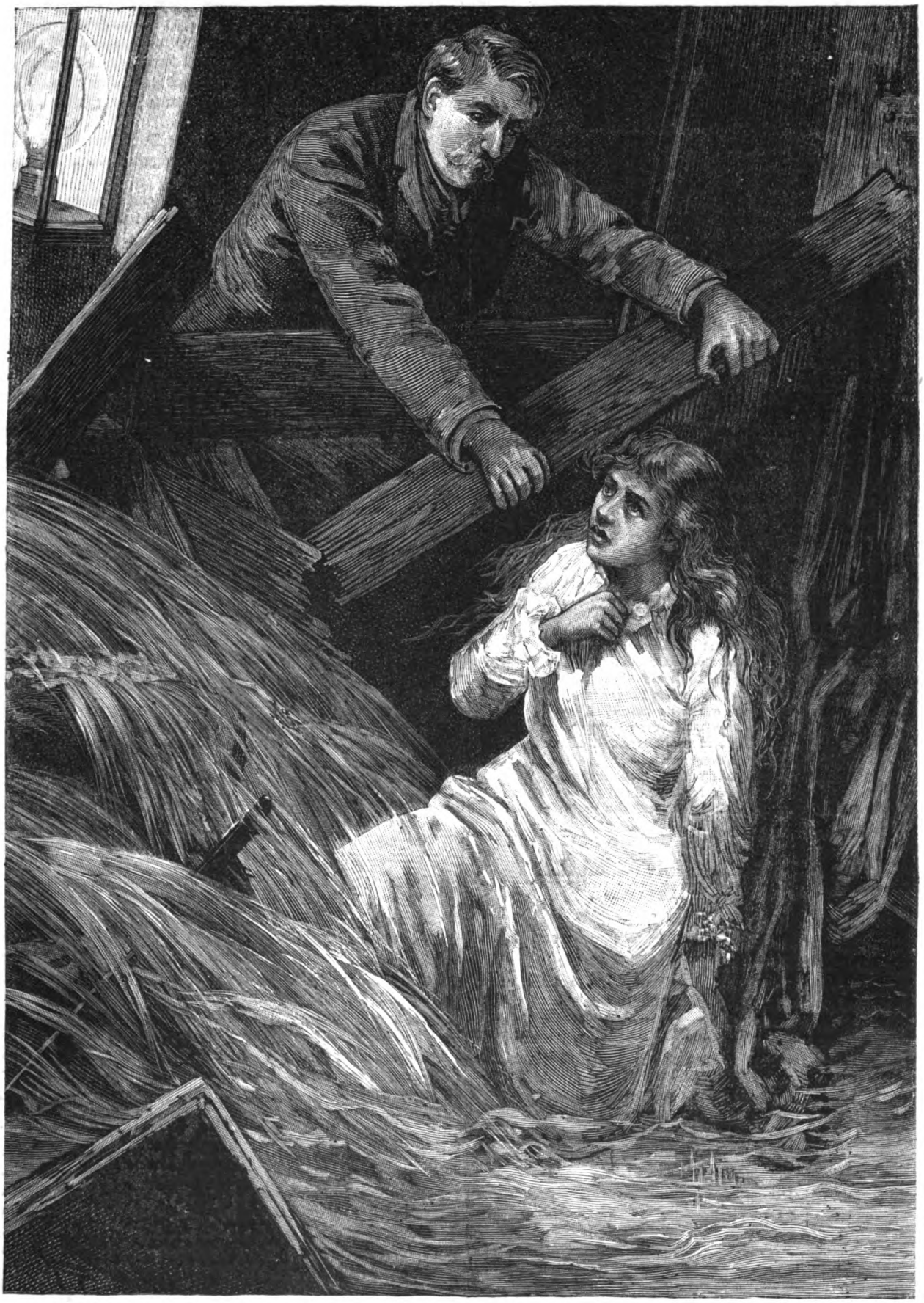
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, AS IT WAS IN 1800 AND WHEN LADY HAMILTON WAS MARRIED THERE.

As the Winter of 1814 drew on she was sometimes in absolute want. She had for some time been threatened with dropsy, and the disease now declared itself, rendering her incapable of any exertion. An English lady named Hunter was just then living at Calais. She was in the habit of ordering a little coarse meat daily at a butcher's for a favorite dog. The English interpreter, a certain M. de Rheims, finding her one day thus engaged, made the following appeal in Lady Hamilton's behalf: "Ah, madame, I know you to be good to the English; there is a lady here that would be glad of the worst bit of meat that you provide for your dog."

Mrs. Hunter after this supplied the sick woman with many comforts, not allowing her to know whence they came. Lady Hamilton for long fancied that she was indebted for them to M. de Rheims; but hearing who had sent them, she expressed a wish to see her benefactress and thank her. Mrs. Hunter accordingly visited her, and found her very ill, and growing feebler every day. The still beautiful Emma Hamilton was, in truth, approaching that goal whence there is no returning. On the 15th of January, 1815, she passed away. Her coffin

* The Duke of Queensbury, who died in 1810, left a will formally executed; to this were appended twenty-five codicils, all of them incomplete. By one of these codicils he left Lady Hamilton £500 a year. Lengthy Chancery proceedings between legatees followed, and were not concluded till after her death. She was in no way benefited therefore by the duke's thought of her.

* In 1822 Horatia married the Rev. Philip Ward, Vicar of Tenterden, in Kent, and died his widow, March 6th, 1881.



ASKED BY TELEGRAPH.—"I COULD SEE HER, KNEELING JUST BEHIND THE BROKEN DOOR, HER BLUE EYES FULL OF AGONY AND FEAR, HER BLONDE HAIR FLOATING IN A GOLDEN TANGLE ALL ABOUT HER FACE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

was a plain deal box with no inscription; over it was drawn a substitute for a pall made by Mrs. Hunter "out of a black silk petticoat stitched on a white curtain." At Mrs. Hunter's request (there being no English Protestant clergyman in Calais) a half-pay officer of Dragoons read the burial service over her grave. The place of burial was a piece of ground outside the fortifications, which had once been a garden attached to the house inhabited by the bigamist Duchess of Kingston. It had been consecrated, and was used as a public cemetery for some time afterward. It has since been converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of its graves remain.

That Lady Hamilton should have ended her days thus is regarded by some with indifference, as being only what she deserved; by others, with a feeling akin to indignation. Lord Brougham was of opinion that it would have been an "insult to the country" had Ministers allowed her to share in the rewards given to Nelson's relations. There are many, though, less stern in their judgments, who regret that England, while exhibiting a pompous and profuse gratitude to the departed hero, should have left his last solemn request unheeded.

CHARITY.

CHARITY! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease·
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

ASKED BY TELEGRAPH.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

I STOOD in the wide hotel-office, and shook myself vigorously. I desired to rid myself of the crisp, dry snow, which lay in little ridges and drifts all over my thick, rough overcoat. I desired to be rid of the icy breath of the Winter "blizzard" which had been shrieking all about me, chilling my very blood for the hour just past, while I walked from place to place on business that must be done.

Freed from the clinging snow, freed from the biting breath of the storm-king, freed a little from the fearful cold which had seemed to chill me to my very bones, I stepped across the room and inscribed my name on the register. I prided myself on my name—what man does not?—and on the way in which I could write it. I believe it looked well as it stood out in well-shaded letters on the page, "Walter Duncan, New York."

The clerk glanced at the name, then turned and handed me a telegram.

"It came more than two hours ago," he said; "but all the trains are late, and I suppose it is not strange that it is here ahead of you."

I made no answer. I was young then. Business had not yet made me familiar with daily or hourly telegrams, as it has since. A message stood to me in those old days as a sign of coming evil, and I stood turning the unopened envelope over and over in my hand in the helpless way in which every one has seen the same thing done again and again.

"W. Duncan, Windsor Hotel, St. Paul," was the address, and I read it over and over again with a strange fascination.

I had neither wife nor child, so it could mean to me nothing of the horror which it might have meant to many of those sitting or standing near me. But my dear mother—my darling sister—my heart stood still as I thought of them.

I opened the envelope, my hands all a tremble, and a silent prayer on my lips. I read the line or two which was scrawled on the paper.

The revulsion of feeling was too great for my dignity; I sank into a chair with a sigh of thankfulness, and laughed at the utter absurdity of the matter.

"BOSTON, *March 12th*, 1883.
"W. DUNCAN, St. Paul: Would you marry Walter? MOLLIE."

That was the message.

And the message was a poser.

I had no acquaintances in Boston. I knew no one named Mollie. I knew no other Walter than my humble self; and, while I had never seen a woman for whose love I had the slightest desire, I modestly believed that when I should find my "twin soul" she would "marry Walter," and do it gladly!

Did you ever receive a telegram of an unexpected character from a perfect stranger? If you have, you can follow my fancies and doubts. If you never did, you have one strange sensation left you to learn, one keen emotion left you to experience.

A letter has something of the personality of the writer in it. His letters are large or small, well formed or the opposite. Youth and old age write differently. I feel that honor and truth shine out on the written page in a way that wickedness may vainly try to counterfeit.

But what of a telegram? What of my telegram? There was nothing in the writing, scribbled by a boy who gave no more thought to the question he wrote than he had given all day long to the reports of markets, murders and missing men and money?

It was evident, of course, there was some mistake about the telegram. The probability was that it was not for me at all, although I had been on the road for four years, selling drygoods by sample, and had never had the good fortune to meet any other W. Duncan than myself.

There was evidently some great crisis in Mollie's life, whoever Mollie might be, and I almost regetted the absence of name and address, which rendered any answer on my part impossible.

I fancied that my twenty-five years of life had given me enough of worldly wisdom to make my advice of value. "Follow the dictates of your heart"; "Do as your tried and true friends advise you"; "Do not let those who cannot understand your feelings influence you unduly"; these and a dozen other pieces of sage advice came into my mind. Never mind that they were not original; never mind that they were not consistent, one with another. The first had the true telegraphic brevity, and was the safest—because the vaguest—and sounded the best, I thought. But to address "Mollie," in Boston, was rather too indefinite.

And yet——

The poor thing evidently needed advice. Then my mood changed. Advice—but of what kind?

Should she marry—or not marry—Walter, because of love, or because of money? Would the advice she sought have a marked effect in the stock market, or would it affect the demand for rope ladders, closed carriages, and farm-board up among the windy hills of New Hampshire or Maine? Possibly Mr. Duncan was a gentleman who took interest in his domestics. Very likely Walter was his coachman and Mollie his cook. On my soul, the writing looked like it, and I almost tore it up. But no, the writing was that of the boy in the telegraph-office, and the puzzle was as great as ever. Talk of the Sphinx! H'm! That famous riddle-propounder never had the opportunity to fool with electricity!

Another possibility suggested itself—I am too modest to admit that it was other than a possibility, although some men might have considered it more than that. I had read of cases in which letters had got into wrong envelopes, and of various other strange changes brought about by carelessness and confusion. Could it be that an inquiry *about* me had inadvertently been addressed *to* me? True, I knew no Bostonians and no Mollies. But then——

Well, kind reader—and patient one—I went to my room with my mind full of the telegraphic question which had fallen so strangely across my path of life.

I laid the buff bit of paper on the table near my bed, and one of my latest waking memories is of hearing a stray whiff of the wind of the sultry night—a lost breath of the forces of storm and desolation—a chilling bit of blizzard's self—which had stolen into my room, I could not tell now, shake and rustle this mysterious creature born of desperate need, no doubt, and carried by the sensitive wire half across a continent.

I slept. I dreamt, as a matter of course. My dream was as strange as dreams usually are.

A waste of waters—a crashing wreck—darkness indescribable! A sudden gleam of fire—frantic cries for aid! A woman just at hand that needed help, but who was beyond my reach. A tiny handkerchief—a handkerchief with a cruel stain of blood upon it, and with the name of Mollie Duncan in the corner; then—morning!

Chapter II.

Morning, and a bright one. The air was as calm as though the icy wind had not been heaping up snow in the paths of all trains from Manitoba to Milwaukee all night long; the sun was as warm and bright as though he had not to shine on more than one victim of night's wrath, and cold before he set upon the wide and treeless prairies of Dakota.

I dressed quickly and went down-stairs. A belated train had just arrived, and some of the tired travelers were coming into the hotel-office.

One man, a strong, sturdy, manly-looking fellow, wrote his name on the register as I passed. The clerk called him by a very familiar name."

I pressed up and looked at the page. "W. Duncan, Boston," was what met my eye. I followed the gentleman, and laid my hand upon his arm.

I am an impulsive man, and I acted upon impulse then.

"Ought Mollie to marry Walter?" I asked.

I regret to have to say that Mr. W. Duncan, of Boston, made a remark which would not look well in print—he certainly did.

You would have admired the *vigor* of what he said, but vigorous language does not always bear too close inspection.

"What do you mean by your question? What do you know of Walter or Mollie?" he asked.

I briefly related the history of the telegram and asked Mr. Duncan to smoke, hoping to hear something of the story which I felt sure lay beneath the message I had received.

My desire was speedily gratified.

"You are entitled to the knowledge of what so strange a message means," he said, slowly, "and I will explain to you. Mollie is my sister. Walter is her cousin. He has been an invalid from his birth—never well for a month at a time during all his thirty years of life. He is good as an angel, kind and true and pure and gentle. My sister is a noble and a beautiful woman? Is it any wonder he loves her? She does not love him—that is, not as a wife should love her husband; but she loves no one else. So, when the doctors, just a few days ago, decided that his life depended on her answer—I know of this, for one of them wrote me—this girl, this mere child, this little woman, with all the possibilities of a loved and loving womanhood before her, gave serious thought to the question of perfect self-sacrifice. She—— What is it, man?" he concluded, suddenly.

I had risen. I could feel the tears filling my eyes. My heart was beating under the tiny telegram in my diary as it had never beat under the look or the word of any woman. The cramped chirography of the message seemed to have dropped away. I saw the great, true womanly soul behind it at last.

I looked straight into the eyes of the man opposite me. I laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"She ought to marry him," I said, and then turned away my head.

He did not answer me a word. The lines in his face deepened and strengthened, and an ashen pallor crept slowly across it to his very lips.

I pitied him—a man who surely loved his sister better than anything else in all the world, and who had never learned the glory of martyrdom, or the beauty of self-sacrifice. I pitied him as he reached out his hand and clasped mine—a strong clasp, the stronger for his silence. I pitied him as he turned to go, still without a word.

I watched him leave the hotel. Then I went slowly up to my own room. I felt that I must be alone.

I wondered how a man would feel under sentence of death. I looked forward toward manhood and old age. I saw myself lonely and unloved in a world of love and companionship. I wondered who would follow me to my grave when I should be done with the air and the sunshine.

And all the time my breath was coming quick and hot across my parched lips. All this time my heart was beating at a new and furious rate.

I shook myself vigorously. But there was something now of which I could not rid myself as I had shaken away the snow and cold last night.

I pitied Mr. W. Duncan, of Boston. As for his sister, I—I——

Well, I pitied Walter Duncan, of New York, too!

Chapter III.

When the house for which I worked decided to send me to Europe on business it was a great and a genuine relief. Possibly I might find enough pleasure, aside

from business duties, to help me forget the woman who had doubtless married her cousin Walter long ago. Try as I would, I could not banish her from my thought, unknown to me as she was, while I rode over the familiar routes of travel, and did the business of a commercial traveler in the old-time way.

So I went gladly, fearlessly, thoughtlessly. It is wisely ordered that the issues of life and death are concealed from us. It is a proof of the goodness of God that we are allowed to be careless and thoughtless in the face of the most stupendous changes which fate can bring.

We had been five days at sea. The night was dark as night ever was since God first said "Let there be light," ages and ages ago. Thick clouds covered the sky. Not a glimpse of moon, or star favored the officers or crew.

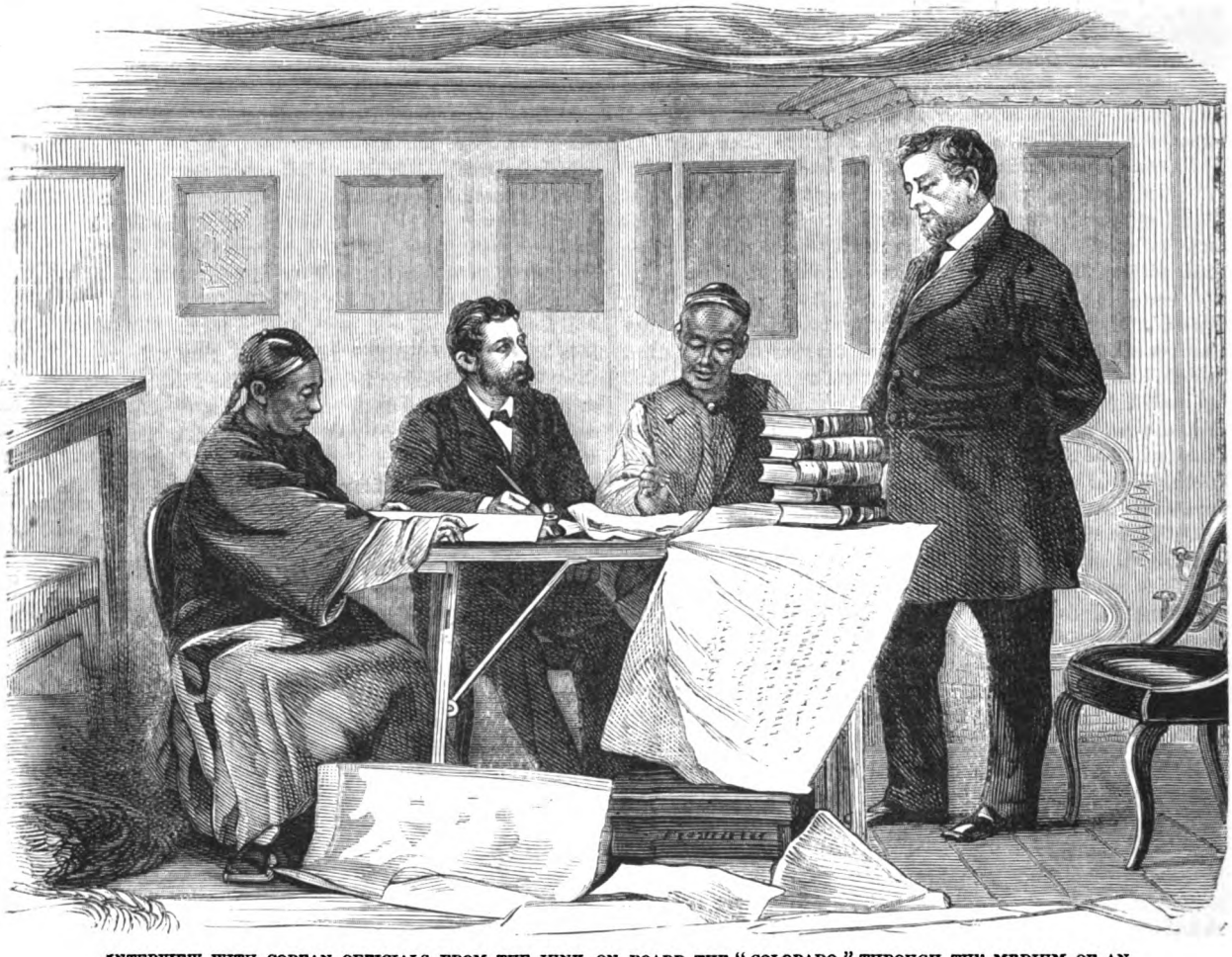
But the sea was smooth and calm. No storm, save a feeble drip and drizzle of rain, was about us. And the great engines beat with a long steady rhythm that was pleasant to listen to—or, perhaps, I should rather say to feel.

Suddenly there was a crash. I had not yet retired—or, "turned in," as I possibly ought to say—and I started for the deck at once.

It took little time and less questioning to learn the worst. The dim form of the vessel which had dealt the death-blow to our own gallant craft showed like the ghost of a ship through the fog and rain, for a half-minute, and was gone. Who they were who manned her; what they believed or feared; what their own needs or their own danger might have been, I do not not know and never shall. But they had cut our own vessel in two, and had gone away without any attempt at giving us help.

There was no attempt to use the pumps. There was no use in that, under the circumstances, and God knows there was no time to do what would be useless. The crew worked swiftly, under perfect discipline and with scarcely a word. The only thing that could be done was to get out the boats and use them, and do it in a hurry.

I stood a little apart, watching to see if there was anything I could do. But as the first, the second, a third boat had left the vessel, filled with passengers, everything done in the most perfect way, there seemed no chance for me to lend a hand without running the risk of hindering more than I could help.

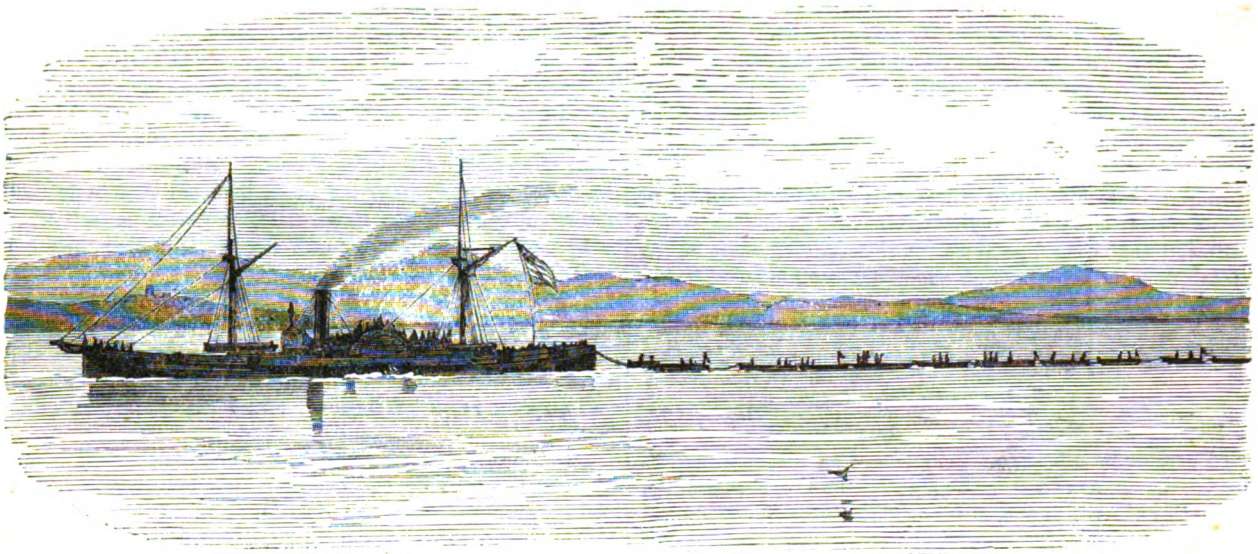


INTERVIEW WITH COREAN OFFICIALS FROM THE JUNK, ON BOARD THE "COLORADO," THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF AN INTERPRETER.— SEE PAGE 439.

All at once I heard a faint cry from below, so faint indeed that I listened for it a second time before I was certain what it was—a woman's cry, a cry of agony and depair.

I dashed down the stairs. Nearly all the lights were out. But I found the place from which the cry came, even in the half-darkness which pervailed.

There was a woman in one of the staterooms, one which had been crushed in and wrecked by the vessel which had struck ours, and she was prisoned in such a way that she could not get out unaided. I could see her kneeling just behind the broken door, her blue eyes full of agony and fear, her blonde hair floating in a golden tangle all about her face. One arm hung useless at her



U. S. S. "MONOCACY" TOWING BOATS WITH COREAN TROPHIES.

side, broken beyond a doubt, and the blood was dripping slowly from a wound on her shoulder.

I caught the door, and pulled and struggled with it. It was a terrible struggle, but I won at last. I broke away the door, I tore aside the last bit of timber which blocked my way, I caught the fainting woman in my arms and dashed up the stairs. I plashed ankle-deep in water as I crossed the cabin-floor, but, as though that were not bad enough, there was a smell of smoke and a gleam of fire from one of the ruined staterooms as we passed it. It was to be a contest between the two destroying elements, instead of an easy and unquestioned victory for the power of the sea.

I reached the deck, my lovely burden in my arms, only to find that the absent had been unmissed, and the silent had been forgotten.

The way of the world, perhaps; the way of a world in which smiles dry the tears of mourners before the grasses cover the grave they fell upon—the way of the world, the way of the world.

But it was very terrible to find the last boat gone—to find ourselves alone—to see the ship settle slowly, while we could feel the deck growing hot beneath us. I secured some pieces of wreckage, and fastened them together with bits of rope. It was not much that I made—a labor of five minutes, or possibly of ten; it was nothing that would keep the drenching sea from us; it was nothing on which we could carry food, even if we could have gotten at a stock of food to carry.

It was something which would keep us from death by drowning until we could go more slowly down to death by starvation, possibly.

I cast the frail, small raft overboard, I took the dainty little woman in my arms, and let myself down by means of a rope. I pushed off from the doomed vessel.

The flames burst through the deck of the sinking steamer after a little, and by their light I could see the bravery and heroism in the pale face of the beautiful woman sitting beside me.

They lighted up the sea for a long distance all around.

COREAN OFFICIALS.

They tossed and quivered in the rising wind, and threw fantastic shadows across the sea and over us.

But there was not a boat nor a sail in sight.

The vessel gave a great plunge. The flames leaped up higher and brighter than they had been before for the moment, only to go out in utter darkness as the ship went down headforemost.

But as they went out I looked down at the hand of the woman whose life I had saved.

A blood-stained handkerchief was tightly clasped by her nervous fingers, but a fluttering corner told me the whole story in one single second.

I had found Mollie Duncan!

Chapter IV.

I had found Mollie Duncan. Doubtless she had married Walter months ago. Very likely he was in some one of the boats near us—some one of the boats which had left the ship while I was busy with her rescue.

He was probably mourning her as dead even then. Let him mourn.

I knew I loved her; and so that I could only die with her, he might call her wife, and weep for her when it was all over; what cared I for that?

If we lived—ah, well! men have lived with broken hearts, and found work and duty very good things for dulling the memory of a regretted past.

If we died, we should die together, and I should hold her in my arms until the sea gave up her dead.

We said little. She was too weak and full of pain. I was—I fear I was too happy.

I could not set her broken arm properly, but I managed to bind it up so that it hurt her less than it had. Then we floated in the silent darkness for hours.

"Do you suppose your husband was saved?"

I asked the question with a great effort; but I felt that I must talk with her on this subject.

"My husband? I do not understand you. I have no husband.

"I thought you married your cousin, a Mr. Walter——"

I paused; I had to. I had never heard his other name.

She turned away her head.

How anxiously I waited for what she would say next! How I loved her! How certain I felt that I had loved her before I ever saw her! How firmly I believed that a subtle something had spoken from her soul to mine in that brief telegram—a subtle something that had told of the truth and goodness of her nature before I had ever even heard her praises from her brother's lips! How glad I was that she was unmarried!

And yet—suppose she had sent her cousin to his grave? Should not goodness rather have chosen love's martyrdom?

"What do you know of Walter Evans, or of me?" she asked.

"Very little," I said, honestly; "but I hope you may tell me more."

I could feel her eyes upon me, but in the darkness she could see but little of my face.

"It isn't much," she said, quietly; "it is only a little story. My cousin loved me. He was a good man. I loved no one else. The doctors said he would live if I married him; I gave him my promise. It seemed, for a little time, as though they would be right, for he grew better; but it was only the last fitful flicker of the flame of life. He fell asleep one evening, a week after I had promised to become his wife, a week before the time when we were to be married, my hand firmly clasped in his hand. I sat in silent reverie for a long time. Suddenly I fancied his hand was cold; it was very cold, like a lump of ice. I rose to listen to his breathing. I could not hear it; the clothes above his breast did not stir. His heart was still; it was all over. He was dead!"

Silence again until dawn came and the clouds drifted away. And with the dawn we saw a sail—a sail that came nearer. Our sorrow and danger had been but for a night.

* * * * * *

I don't like to exasperate any reader by telling a story which claimed their attention under false pretenses. And I am not sure that starting out to tell a love story and making it *all* preliminary and *nothing* story is quite fair.

But the story of my courtship is prosaic enough, whatever be thought of the events which led to it, and I'll not trouble you with the details of it. Promptness in beginning it, for I began to make love to Miss Mollie Duncan before we had finished breakfast on the morning of our rescue; vigor in the prosecution of it; brevity; these elements chiefly characterized it.

* * * * * *

I've never told my wife when I fell in love with her.

I heard her tell a few of her friends not long since that she believed it was during our night on the raft.

I think it was not then, but I don't know what she would say regarding the probability of a man falling in love with a telegram—or with a woman behind it, and I'm not sure I could make it plain to her.

It was a glorious Autumn night, the moon full, the sky brilliant with stars, that the third scene of my life-story was acted out.

I stood beside the woman I loved. I opened my diary. I took out a little slip and laid it before her. It was the telegram I had received the previous March.

She read it with a smile, and looked up into my eyes. Something she saw there made her blush, and she looked down in confusion.

I touched the paper.

She looked up again, shy, but frank and brave and honest.

"Would I marry Walter? Yes, indeed I would."

And she did.

THE HEIGHT OF WAVES.

Many experiments have been made to measure the height of waves in all conditions of weather. One authority goes as high as sixty-four feet, and another as low as five feet, giving it as his reason that the penetrating power of wind cannot reach below that depth. Of this philosopher it may be presumed that he was a martyr to sea-sickness, and that he must have contented himself with making his calculations in his study. On the other hand, a height of sixty-four feet is almost as absurd, though it is more in correspondence than five feet can possibly be with our conception of the altitude of the majestic surges which roll under the impulse of storms of wind along the surface of the great ocean.

It is true that the earthquake wave has been known to rise sixty feet; yet surges of this kind are happily scarce, since when they occur they are not only in the habit of razing whole towns upon the coast line where they break, but of carrying some of the vessels they may encounter at anchor in the neighborhood to the distance of a day's walk inland.

Practical experience, however, will look with suspicion upon most of the scientific theories touching the altitude and velocity of the waves. Professor Airy's table couples speed with dimensions, and, as a sample of his calculations, it may be shown that a wave one hundred thousand feet in breadth will travel at the rate of 533.90 per second in water that is ten thousand feet deep. This is possible, but it is difficult to accept such conclusions as exact. At all events, there is nothing more deceptive than the height of waves.

The tallest seas in the world run off Cape Horn, where, whether the wind blows east or west, they have a holiday ground within a belt of eight or ten degrees that compasses the globe without the intervention of a break of land. Any man who has run, say, before a strong westerly gale, round the Horn, will know the magnitude of the seas which follow his ship.

Viewed from the stern, when the vessel sinks in the trough, the oncoming sea that is about to underrun the ship, and lift her soaring to the flying heavens, will seem to heave its rushing summit to the height of the mizzen-top; but when the summit is gained by the observer, and the waves viewed from there, it will then be seen that those crests which from the deck looked a long way up, will now appear to be a long way down. It is a common shore-going phrase that the seas run mountains high. The idea implied is not very generally accepted by sailors, though the term may be sometimes used by them for convenience. The truth is, if waves were as tall as they are popularly supposed to be, no ship could by any possibility live in them. They are lofty to the fancy, because at sea they are usually surveyed from low freeboards. To a spectator on a steamer, with a six foot height of side, an Atlantic or Pacific surge would necessarily appear as a mountain compared to the aspect it would take from the deck of an old line-of-battle ship, with a thirty foot dip, or from one of those lofty, glazed, castellated structures which in former times took six months to jog soberly from the Thames to the Hoogly.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SLEEPER.

About the beginning of the year 1738 a woman named Elizabeth Alton, who had been servant to a curate who resided near the town of Mons, in France, when about thirty-six years of age, grew extremely restless and melancholy. In the month of August in the same year she fell into a sleep which lasted four days, notwithstanding all possible endeavors to awake her. At last she awoke naturally, but became more restless and uneasy than before. For six or seven days, however, she resumed her usual employment, until she fell asleep again, which continued eighteen hours. From that time to the year 1753, which is fifteen years, she fell asleep daily about three o'clock in the morning, without waking until about eight or nine at night.

In 1754, indeed, her sleep returned to the natural periods for four months, and in 1748 a tertian ague prevented her sleeping for three weeks. On February 20th, 1755, M. Brady, physician to Prince Charles of Lorraine, went to see her. About five o'clock in the evening he found her pulse extremely regular; on taking hold of her arm it was so rigid that it was not bent without much trouble. He then attempted to lift up her head, but her neck and back were as stiff as her arms. He hallooed in her ear as loud as his voice could reach; he thrust a needle into her flesh up to the bone; he put a piece of rag flaming with spirits of wine to her nose, and let it burn some time, yet all without being able to disturb her in the least. At length, in about six hours and a half, her limbs began to relax; in eight hours she turned herself in the bed, and then suddenly raised herself up, sat down by the fire, ate heartily, and began to spin. At other times visitors whipped her till the blood came; they rubbed her back with honey, and then exposed it to the sting of bees; they thrust pins under her finger-nails; and it seems that these experimentalists consulted more the gratifying of their own curiosity than the recovery of the unfortunate sufferer.

BEHIND THE DAHLGREN HOWITZERS IN COREA.

A Naval Officer's Story.

The capture of the Corean forts in the Han River in 1871 by the United States naval battalion, though but little known, was one of the most brilliant feats in the history of our navy. It is strange that so little has been written upon this expedition into an utterly unknown country. Perhaps never in the minor wars in which our forces have been engaged were plans more carefully made and more splendidly carried out. The line of forts were on crests or promontories overlooking the greatest of Corean rivers. The land approaches, over a practically roadless country, terminated in steep hillsides more fit for claws and wings to scale than men in navy brogans. Yet they were all captured by our forces, as the following narrative from a participant shows in detail.

The Coreans had treacherously fired on our survey-boats a few days before, and Rear-admiral John Rodgers, in command of the fleet, resolved on chastisement. Ten days were given the authorities for apology, but as none was forthcoming, the dogs of war were unleashed.

"It is strange," said my informant, a naval lieutenant, "to think what a revolution of feeling one hostile shot works in a man. It often changes the coward into a brave, and the tender-hearted and peaceable person into a warrior whose bloodthirsty instincts surprise himself. It fires the most stolid with a consuming love of glory.

"This was the spirit that animated us from the moment the Coreans fired on us in the river. We thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night. It was 'revenge and glory.' We thirsted and hungered for it. Some felt fearfully solemn at the idea of killing a man, others were full of sternest joy at the thought of sighting such noble game.

"Ten beautiful June days were allowed by the admiral to elapse, in order that the Coreans might make due apology; and then, all being ready, we left the anchorage at 10 A.M. on the 12th of June. Our force consisted of seven hundred and fifty men in nineteen boats and three steam-launches, the *Palos* towing the boats, and one launch going ahead for soundings. We were all ready for work. We had one hundred and five marines, seven pieces of howitzer artillery, a hospital corps, a party of sappers and miners, with plenty of ammunition and provisions.

"Our men were equipped with blankets and kettles for camping. We were to go some miles into an utterly unknown country, capture a whole line of forts, run the risk of being gobbled up by a mob of Coreans, or of having one or more outlying parties cut off. There was sure to be danger enough to make the work spicy. Our adjutant and commander of the landing party was W. Scott Schley, of whom everybody knows now since his

COREAN MAGAZINE IN THE MARINE REDOUBT, AT KANGHOA ISLAND.

Arctic exploit in the rescue of Greely and his suffering companions."

"Quite a contrast, that hot day in Corea to the icebergs inside the Polar Circle?" I suggested.

"Yes, it was hot. Our landing was on Saturday at half-past twelve, under a broiling sun. The boats dropped their tow-lines, and we pulled for the shore. We had to land so as to take the fort in the rear, but the landing-place was of the worst sort—soft river mud, into which the men sank to the knees. I was in charge of two howitzers, one from the *Alaska* and one from the *Colorado*. I was assigned the extreme left wing of the advance-force.

"I shall never forget that tug and wade through the mud-flat in which our men stuck till their shoes, gaiters and even trousers were torn off. The guns, loaded as they were, were nearly buried in the ooze. One stalwart sailor offered to carry a howitzer if we would unship it. He tried it, but, though strong enough, owing to treacherous footing, he had to drop it, and in an instant it sank out of sight. It was loaded, too."

"What did you do?" I asked.

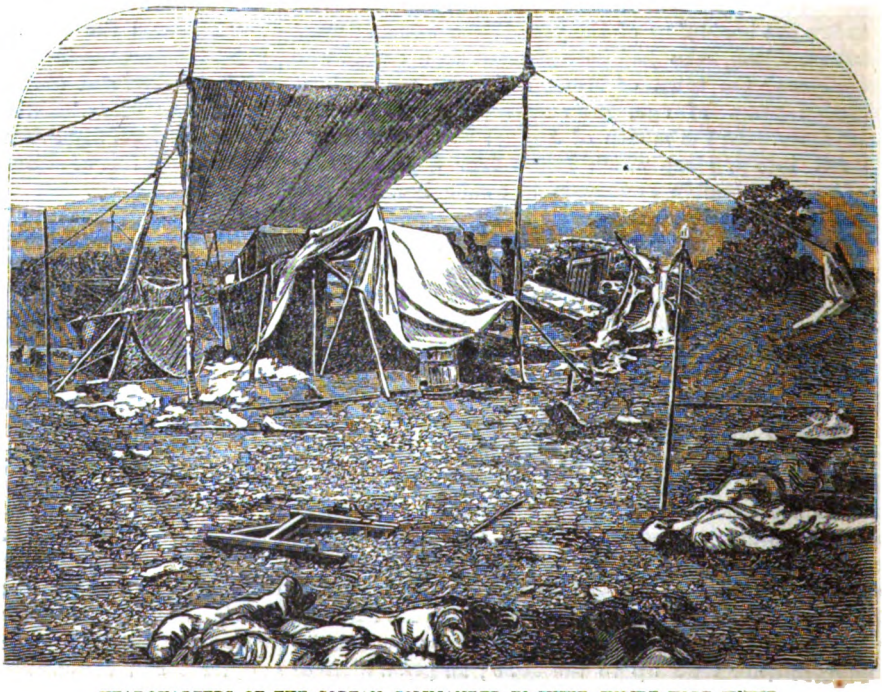
"Why, sir, we dug her out, cleaned her up, and this resurrected piece was actually the first gun ready for action and the first fired. To get the seven guns landed, whole companies of sailors had to lend a hand on the drag-ropes.

"Of course, the fort being flanked, was deserted by the Coreans, and our men easily occupied it. Then we camped for the night.

"At four o'clock next day the réveille sounded, and after breakfast the men got ready to march, and we started at seven. The pioneers and marines went ahead, and in the arrangement of the artillery I was left in charge of the rear. Neither I nor the men had ever been under fire until in Corea.

"I felt the gravity of the situation. The main body of the sailors, in their thirst for glory, hurried on ahead, and even the companies detailed to support us or help at the drag-ropes were only too glad to rush on to be sure of being in where the fun was. Often we had to stop till the pioneers widened the foot and bridle paths to get the guns over. It was hot work hauling the howitzers up and down the hills.

"At the middle fort the superb target-practice of the *Monocacy* had so swept things clean, that all we had to

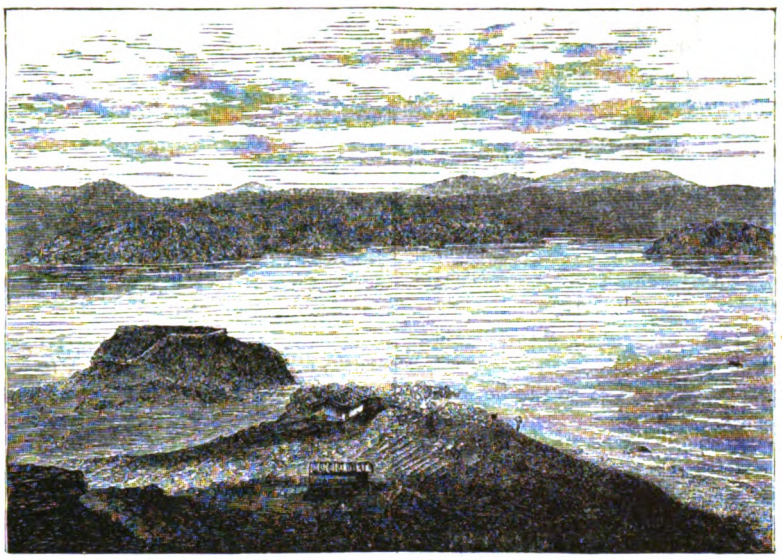


HEADQUARTERS OF THE COREAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, INSIDE FORT M'KEE.

do was to walk into it, tumble the guns into the rivers, level the huts, and burn the rice and salt fish collected for provisions."

"Did you see anything of the farming-people along the way, or notice how they lived?"

"Yes, and that reminds me of what a polite people the Coreans are. Let me narrate one or two incidents, and likewise the individual cases of cruelty and barbarities of war. Of course all the people had fled, but we passed one farmhouse in which a Corean boy had been captured, and lest he should furnish information to his people to our disadvantage, orders were left to succeeding commanders of companies to detain him under guard until, if necessary, the rearward officer was to hold him as prisoner. The order was merely verbal and not too definite, but I was outraged to find that one of our sailors had wantonly shot the poor boy. Left behind as guard, the fellow, chafing at the delay, murdered the boy and passed on to overtake his company. I never found out who he was."



ELBOW FORT, KANGHOA ISLAND.

"Did any of the men take special delight in singling out Coreans?"

"Yes; I have one man in my eye who was a deliberate crack shot. He reveled in his glorious opportunities. I couldn't help noticing the gleam of joy on his face as he quietly aimed at his particular man. I think he must have killed certainly twenty Coreans on that one day."

"How did *you* feel, about to take life?"

"Well, sir, I sometimes think I am as tender-hearted as a chicken. I cannot bear to hear an animal cry, and the sight of a suffering cur or bird affects me profoundly. Yet when the Coreans fired on us, I was possessed with a desire to kill them all. I could have fired shrapnel all day."

"What of that anecdote illustrating Corean politeness?"

"Oh, it was this: One old fellow, a venerable patriarch with a snow-white beard, had been left behind in a house by the way. Our officers had detailed a guard to keep him in, and unharmed. The principal things in a Corean peasant's house are the one or more stoneware jars for holding grain, water, etc. They are very large and beautiful, and evidently heirlooms for generations. One of our men, in pure wantonness as he passed along, had knocked the butt of his musket against the jar and

COREANS DEAD IN THE CAPTURED FORT.

shattered it. As I came up and ordered the old man released, he stepped out from the dark room, and, though half blinded by the sudden glare, bowed profoundly. It was done with a grace such as comes inborn only after centuries of culture. Then, with tears in his eyes, he bent to the ground, picked up a piece of the broken jar and kissed it. It was touching. The hardest heart in the party was softened. That jar may have been in that house at the beginning of the dynasty."

"Well, that agrees with what I have heard elsewhere of the emotional nature of the old Coreans, their affection for favorite trees and household articles. Now tell me how your men behaved under fire."

"Fairly well, except at one critical moment. It was when the main force was getting ready to charge the citadel. We were somewhat distant from the large battery and our support, and were marching for the crest of a hill, while the Coreans with determined faces were assembling all around us. Their fire at long range was not dangerous, but if they made a rush they might capture us. Before we gained the hill-crest, it looked bad for us. We had only our artillerymen to do the dragging, when at the sight of the hundreds of black faces of the heathen coming closer, the men for a moment were demoralized. One of them actually scared stiff, dropped the ropes and began to bellow lustily, crying like a boy."

"How did you manage him?"

"I felt rather blue at first. The idea of losing my gun in this my first battle, and getting no glory either, was too much for me. However, I braced up, and began to beat my crying man lustily with the flat of my sword. The punishment did him good, as he owned up afterward. Cheering the men, and taking hold, we got the howitzer safely to the hill, with our ammunition-boxes open and ready. The men were now in good spirits, cool and steady.

"It was not a minute too soon, however, for the Coreans charged us on a run. We fired as coolly and with steady aim as if on parade. It was fearful to see what execution a twelve-pound shrapnel made in the dense masses of white-coats. It seemed each time as though twenty-five men leaped in the air together. I suppose not more than four or five were really put *hors du combat* by a single shell, but it seemed as though a crowd were lifted in the air by a mine. I shall never forget that awful sight of men mortally wounded bounding into the air by exploding shell. Pretty soon we had driven the Coreans beyond the range and over the hills, and were out of danger."

"What then?"

"Well, it was now nearly half-past twelve, and our main forces were resting in the ravine below the citadel preparatory to the charge. The steep sides of the fort, as I could see by my glass, were so torn by the *Monocacy's* shell as to materially aid our sailors. Letting my men rest, I was now intensely interested in watching the charge up the dizzy height. I could see the Coreans trying to depress their gingalls, and then emptying their guns, not stop to reload, but go for their spears, and even get stones and dirt to throw into the faces of our men. The sallyport had been partly shattered by one of our shots, and through this I saw Lieutenant McKee enter. He received a Corean spear-thrust, but the gallant Schley, not three feet distant, struck down the slayer, Schley himself getting the spear between arm and shoulder. After that, I could see little for dust and the hand-to-hand fighting, but I noticed the flag go down into the cloud of smoke.

"That afternoon I went in the fort. Besides counting two hundred and forty-three Coreans dead, we must have killed four or five hundred of the heathen that day."

"Were the Coreans brave?"

"Brave! brave is no name for their splendid courage. It was sublime. Even in the agonies of death they defied us."

"How did the wounded Coreans behave?"

"Ah! they were heroes even to the death. In horrible contortions, and even more tortured by thirst, they refused to take water from our men's hands. Some of them burned alive in their wadded cotton clothing, refusing to utter a word."

"Well," said I, "even after all you have told me, the truth, and the whole truth, I still adhere to my opinion that the affair was one of the best planned and executed shore expeditions our seamen and marines ever achieved, and our navy and country ought to be proud of it."

"Well" (the tiffin-bell here sounded), "I'm glad you believe so. Let's go to lunch."

WHAT A DEED CONVEYS.

JUDGE BENNETT, of Massachusetts, before the State Board of Agriculture, said, in substance, that a deed conveys the fence standing on the farm, the fencing stuff, posts, rails, etc., which had once been used in the fence, but had been taken down and piled up for future use again in the same place. But new fence material, just bought and never attached to the soil, will not pass. Standing trees pass as part of the land; so do trees blown or cut down and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut and corded up for sale; the wood has then become personal property. Manure in the barnyard, or in a compact heap ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes as belonging to the farm; though it might not be so if the owner had previously sold it to some other party, and had collected it in a heap by itself. Growing crops pass by the deed of a farm, unless they are expressly reserved, and when it is intended to reserve those it should be so stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement would not be valid in law.

Another mode is to stipulate that possession is not to be given until some future day, in which case the crops or manure may be removed before that time. As to the buildings on the farm, though generally mentioned in the deed, it is not absolutely necessary they should be. A deed of land ordinarily carries all the buildings on it belonging to the grantor, whether mentioned or not, and this rule includes the lumber and timber of any one building which has been taken or blown down and been packed away for future use on the farm. But if on the farm there be any buildings built by some third person, with the farmer's leave, the deed would not convey these, since the buildings are personal property, and do not belong to the landowner to convey. The real owners thereof might move them off, although the purchaser of the farm supposed he was buying and paying for all the buildings on it. His only remedy in such a case would be against the party selling the premises.

As a part of the buildings conveyed, the window-blinds are included, even if they be at the time taken off and carried to the painter's shop to be painted. It would be otherwise if they had been newly purchased and brought into the house, but not yet attached or fitted to it. Lightning-rods go with the house. A furnace in the cellar, brick or portable, is considered a part of the house; but an ordinary stove, with a loose pipe running into the

chimney, is not, while a range set in the brickwork is. Mantel-pieces so attached to the chimney as not to be removed without marring the plastering, go with the house, but if merely resting on brackets, they may be taken away. The pumps, sinks, etc., fastened to the building, are a part of it in law, and so are the water-pipes connected therewith bringing water from a distant spring. If the farmer had iron kettles set in brickwork near his barn for cooking food for his stock, or similar uses, the deed of his farm covers them, as likewise the bell attached to his barn to call his men to dinner. If he indulges in any ornamental statues, vases, etc., resting on the ground by their own weight, and sells his estate without reservation, these things go with the land.

COLD WINTERS.

THE following facts with regard to former extraordinarily severe Winters are peculiarly interesting at the present season, when the weather-wise are predicting a more than usually sharp Spring:

In 408 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 761, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Danube and Elbe, etc.—were so hard-frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travelers were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine-casks were burst, and even the trees split, by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds. In 1389 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive Winters of 1432-'33-'34 were uncommonly severe. At one time it snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468 the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1648 the Winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred a cold Winter. The frosts penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1715 booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1822, the Winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

THE STORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

LIKE many of the popular ballads of Scotland, "Auld Robin Gray" was written to an old air, which was first associated with words of a coarse and vulgar nature. This melody, with its then accompanying words, was frequently sung in the castle by a female friend of the family, and it was in order to give it a more fitting setting that "Auld Robin Gray" was written. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, Lady Anne gives the following account of the composition of the song: "I longed to sing the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me. 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes—I have sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the ballad completed."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE HAIR.

AMONGST the ancients, lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl! Frizzily hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. An historian states that Achilles and Ajax, son of Telamon, had curling locks; such, also, was the hair of Timon the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light-brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as great susceptibility to the tender passion.

Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall. How the times have changed!

THE INVENTOR OF LUCIFER MATCHES.

A GERMAN paper has recently stated that the inventor of lucifer matches was a political prisoner, who perfected his idea in 1833 within the walls of a state prison. Kammerer was a native of Ludwigsburg, and when sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Hohenasperg he was fortunate enough to attract the notice and to gain the favor of an old officer in charge of the prison, who, finding he was studying chemistry, allowed him to arrange a small laboratory in his cell. Kammerer had been engaged in researches with a view of improving the defective steeping system, according to which splinters of wood, with sulphur at the ends, were dipped into a chemical fluid in order to produce a flame. If the fluid was fresh the result was satisfactory, but as it lost its virtues after a time there was no general disposition to discontinue the old-fashioned system of using flint and steel.

After many failures Kammerer began to experiment with phosphorus, and had almost completed his term of imprisonment when he discovered the right mixture, and kindled a match by rubbing it against the walls of his cell. On coming out of prison he commenced the manufacture of matches. Unfortunately, the absence of a patent law prevented his rights from being secured, and, on Austrian and other chemists analyzing the composition, imitations speedily made their appearance.

In 1835 the German States prohibited the use of these matches, considering them dangerous. When they were

made in England and sent to the Continent, these regulations were withdrawn, but too late to be of any benefit to the inventor, who died in the madhouse of his native town in 1857. Meanwhile his invention spread over the world, and modifications of various kinds were introduced to obviate danger from spontaneous combustion and the offensive smell. The manufacture is one of the dangerous employments, as the inhaling of phosphorus destroys the teeth and undermines the health.

BEHIND THE DAHLGREN HOWITZERS IN COREA.— WOUNDED PRISONERS.— SEE PAGE 439.

A BAG OF TIGERS.

In April, 1871, I left Jhansie to join my old sporting friend H——s at Lullupore. The weather was exceedingly hot; however, the greater the heat and drier the weather, the better chance there was of sport, which was some consolation to us. I found my friend encamped on the banks of the River Betwah.

There was a very large "mela," or fair, going on, and an immense concourse of people assembled, and he, as police-officer, was there to keep order.

The mahseer-fishing in the Betwah was fairly good, though the fish averaged a small size, and there was also a little shooting in the vicinity; so time passed pleasantly enough, and at length, when the fair came to an end and the multitude had dispersed, we were able to pack up and be off. We steered south in the direction of the Saugor country, making for a village in the vicinity of which a pair of tigers made themselves notorious by their depredations.

The following morning we tried the jungles in another direction, working hard all day; but, though plenty of game was seen, there was no sign of the tigers, so we struck our camp and again journeyed further south, till after several marches we came on the Jamin River, and encamped near a small village called Midurwaho, in the meanwhile preparing for the coming hunt.

The following day was spent in collecting beaters, and making every preparation for a "hank"; toward evening a severe thunderstorm came on, and heavy rain fell.

Now, although this made the air cool and pleasant after three weeks of exceeding great heat, yet nothing

CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE OF ROSE ISLAND.

FIRST NATIVE SOLDIER ON BOARD THE "COLORADO."

could have been more unfortunate for our chance of sport.

In very hot, dry weather tigers remain near water, and lie panting under some overhanging willow close down to a pool or stream, but when rain falls they often leave their haunts, and wander about all over the country.

The first three beats proved blank, and there was only one short one left. It began to rain again; our men wished us to return home, as they believed that there was little use in persevering under such luckless circumstances; but, most fortunately, we agreed, after a brief consultation, in spite of the rain, which now descended in torrents, to finish up by driving the remaining small trip. We did not even take the trouble to draw lots for posts, as usual.

The Jamin River, in the locality we were about to beat, was very narrow. There was thick, thorny jungle only on one bank—the side we intended to drive.

The river curved considerably at this spot, and just at the chief bend there was a ford across, where the stream ran very shallow, and this was the position selected to post the guns and bar the way.

Our shikarees informed us that if a tiger were put up and came forward, the chances were that he would either take along the crest of the steep bank, where the cover was densest, or descend and attempt a passage across by the ford I have mentioned to the opposite bank, with the intention of reaching and making his escape among a labyrinth of deep nullahs and water-courses lower down on that side.

My post was a very commanding and safe one on the summit of the high river-bank, which was almost perpendicular where it faced the water.

In front of me, and intrenching, as it were, my position, wound a deep and broad ravine, running from the open country, and gradually deepening till at length it cut through the steep river-bank, and joined the main channel of the Jamin. This gully was now dry, though doubtless in the rainy season it became a roaring torrent.

Not only was my station a secure one, but it was impossible for a tiger to pass down the river without my obtaining a full view of him, and offering a splendid chance and a clear shot to my rifle as he crossed the dry nullah I have attempted to describe directly below me, and extending far away to my right. H——s's post was

"THE BEAST WAS SEVERELY HIT, FOR HE HALF REARED UP AND FELL OVER."

"THE TIGRESS CHARGED STRAIGHT AT H——S. A VOLLEY FROM THE GUNS STAGGERED HER RESOLUTION."

a very different and far less satisfactory position—dangerous, in fact; of that there could be no doubt. About midway across in the bed of the river, and just above the ford, there was a sandy island, and at one end of it a group of low, shelving rocks.

My friend stood on a flat slab—the highest of these boulders—but even then he was only a few feet above the level of the ground, and by no means at a safe elevation. I looked right down on my companion, perhaps sixty or seventy yards from me, and we each had a couple of stout fellows, well-armed, seated behind us.

H——s evidently did not expect much, for when the rain had stopped I saw him sit down and pull a book out of his pocket to occupy himself, while our shikarees went round to arrange the beaters. We neither of us had an idea of what an exciting scene was about to take place.

Presently the "hankwa" began. First, a single shot as a signal, immediately followed by the usual shout, raised from one end of the line to the other, a crashing caused by stones hurled down from above, a braying of horns and the rub-a-dub-dub of numerous tom-toms—altogether a din and combination of discordant sounds enough to scare every living creature within miles of the spot.

Out poured the inhabitants of the jungle. An old solitary boar, several cheetul, including one fine stag and scores of pea-fowl. I was just admiring a beautiful spotted deer, standing in front of us within twenty yards, and offering a most tempting shot, when one of companions pulled my coat and pointed, at the same time whispering, "Dekho, Sahib! Sher!" (or, "Look, sir! A tiger!"), and sure enough, about a hundred yards off, there he stood on a rising piece of ground fronting toward us, partially concealed by the bushes, and looking back over his shoulder toward the beaters, with his tail moving slowly from one side to the other; in another moment he disappeared, coming right toward us.

I gave a low whistle to my companion, who looked up, and the signal I made with my hand soon brought him to "attention." The next minute the grass moved about thirty yards to my right front, and out stepped a tiger.

Before descending the ravine between us he paused, looked up, and saw us; drew back and crouched down so low that I could only see his head and white throat.

I aimed rather low and fired. A savage growl followed. I could not see for the smoke what actually happened, but both my men said that the beast was severely hit, for that he half-reared up and fell over.

At my shot, the shouts of the beaters, the noise of drums, horns and all kind of music redoubled, and just when I had reloaded I saw a second and larger tiger—or, rather, tigress—show herself near the same spot where we had originally viewed the first one. She came on, but the last glimpse that I caught of her showed that she was making for the river, and probably with the intention of crossing; so I called out to my friend to look out below, and the words were scarcely out of my mouth when bang! went his rifle.

The shot was followed by a succession of savage growls, and the next thing we—who were above—beheld, was the tigress charging straight at H——s. A general volley from the guns staggered her resolution, and she partially turned, and as she did so, received a ball behind the ear which rolled her over dead.

I remember feeling that I could breathe again as I saw her throw up her head and pitch over; for, although at the last she appeared to change her original intention of taking revenge, yet she was a deal too near H——s to be pleasant.

The tigress was an old one, very beautifully marked, and of larger size than ordinary, measuring nine and one-fourth feet.

The first thing to be done was to stop the beat, for there was the first tiger yet unaccounted for, and it was not improbable that he might yet have strength to do mischief, although both my men were of the opinion that, if not dead, he could scarcely move from the spot where he had dropped.

A careful reconnoissance was made round the patch of grass and bushes where the beast had fallen over wounded, and at length one of the scouts—a Pathan policeman, who would persist in thrusting his head wherever there was most danger—spied him out, lying extended on the ground, but with life still in him. He asked if he should put an end to him with his musket. We assented, and the next moment our second tiger was accounted for.

Not one of us had an idea that there was yet a third which had hitherto escaped the notice of every one, and which lay crouching to the earth only a short distance from where we were standing.

The beat was over, and the main body of beaters descended by a path to the river to quench their thirst and refresh themselves after their exertion. H——s went back with some of his men to try and get one of the elephants down to carry home the game.

After some trouble he succeeded, and presently returned, mounted in a howdah, and fortunately with his loaded rifle beside him. The ground, covered with deep cracks and holes, was very trying and embarrassing to the elephant's advance; but, in a quarter of an hour or so, he succeeded in surmounting the various obstacles in his path, and at length approached to within sixty yards or so of the spot where, in company with three or four men, I was standing close to the carcass of the tiger first fired at, which proved to be a young male about four years old, and measuring close on nine feet.

At length, after turning backward and forward two or three times, the elephant gained the edge of the high bank overlooking the river. There happened to be a thick patch of tall dry grass and thicket directly in the way of his future progress, and the huge beast came crashing and forcing a passage through the centre of it, in order to reach the spot where we were standing, and pick up the dead tiger.

When about forty yards from us, the elephant, while still in the middle of the thicket, stopped and trumpeted. The mahout, imagining that his charge smelt for the first time one of the dead tigers, gave the poor beast a thump on the head with his iron hook to urge him forward.

The elephant, with trunk curled and ears pricked up, slowly advanced, and then, to the astonishment of every one present, without another warning than a loud "wouf," a tiger sprang right from under the animal's very feet on to the upper part of his trunk. The elephant shrieked out, but stood tolerably steady, and H——s, catching up his rifle, in an instant stood up in the howdah, and gave the foe a good shot in the body, which fairly doubled him up and dropped him like a sack among the bushes below, not dead, however, for, before another shot could be put in, he scrambled down over the edge of the bank, and took refuge among a mass of roots, creepers and thick foliage.

When we recovered a little from the surprise of thus meeting a third tiger, we held a consultation what was to be done next. We first attended to the poor elephant, whose trunk, badly clawed, though fortunately not bitten, was streaming with blood. He retired out of action, and we directed the mahout to send down a second elephant we had in reserve by the same route that the first had taken, that the injured beast might return home at once, to be cared for and have his wounds dressed.

Our day's sport, and truly it was an extraordinary and exciting one, was not over yet. The third tiger had, as I have already mentioned, taken refuge on the almost perpendicular bank of the river, where he was safe from his enemies for the present, for it was impossible to see him from above, hidden as he was under a mass of overhanging creepers and bushes.

That he was severely wounded there could be no doubt, but on rolling stones down we could hear him "swear," so probably there was some fighting left in him yet. What was to be done? The river flowed broad and deep directly below where the beast lay concealed, and the only possible way of getting a good shot at him seemed to be from the other side of the water. So it was agreed that I should cross over by the ford, and come round till directly opposite the spot, while my companion kept guard above.

In about ten minutes I reached the desired position, and found the water shallower than we had imagined. Wading in knee-deep, I approached to within twenty yards of where the tiger was concealed, and in perfect safety, for the river ran rapidly between myself and the enemy.

For five minutes or more we (that is, I and two natives) stood straining our eyes, and then gradually approached nearer, till the water reached our hips. Still we could make out nothing, when suddenly the man on my right clutched me by the arm, and eagerly pointed to my right front, where the roots, creepers and hanging bushes overshadowed a hollow in the bank. Then at last I made the brute out, lying perfectly flat; only his head and neck, the ridge of his back, and here and there a glimpse of his tawny hide, were visible. He seemed to be aware that he was now discovered; for, as I raised my rifle, he put back his ears, opened his mouth, made that face that cats only can make, and spat at me.

The next moment a heavy bullet struck him just where the neck joins the shoulder, and passing through the body lengthways, made its exit on the opposite side; it

was a finisher. His head dropped, he hung for a moment, then slowly rolled over, and down he came crash through the bushes, and splash into the river below. He was evidently quite dead, for his head remained under water.

We watched him for a few moments to make sure that life was extinct, and then when there could be no further doubt, approached closer. The water at the deepest part was up to our armpits, but as we neared the high bank it became shallower again.

Presently one of my companions got a grip of the hind leg of the dead tiger, and I clutched him by the tail, the third man also giving a helping hand, but we could only just hold him and prevent the carcass from sinking, and, perhaps, from being swept away by the current. Assistance, however, was near at hand. In another minute half a score of beaters reached the spot, and out we lugged him on to the shingle.

It was only then, when the excitement was over, that I discovered that I had a splitting headache, and felt faint and done. It took us fully another half-hour to get the tigers up on to the higher ground, and strapped, one in front of the howdah, and two behind, making with ourselves a very tolerable load for the elephant to carry.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached our tents, and as we passed the village the inhabitants came out to meet us, one and all rejoicing at their enemies being thus disposed of. The beaters received a suitable reward; our policemen, who had worked hard, and rendered great assistance, we gave a fat sheep for their dinners, and half a dozen of rum to make merry with; and that evening we ourselves killed our tigers again over a couple of bottles of champagne.

The next morning we proceeded to drive the bed of a small river, where a tiger was known to be lying concealed. The machans had been prepared the previous evening commanding the principal passes; in fact, two guns were quite sufficient for all purposes, and there was scarcely room for a third anywhere.

On drawing lots, my two friends got the posts, and I imagined that I was out of it altogether, and had not the remotest chance of getting a shot. H——s, who had killed many tigers in his time, good-naturedly offered me his machan, the most likely position of all for a shot, but luckily, as it turned out, I said that I would abide by the lot I had drawn.

In company with two natives carrying rifles, and a shikaree, who offered to put me where there was just one chance, I followed by his directions the high bank of the river, till we came to a spot were several small ravines branched off in different directions from the main channel of the river close at hand.

This river, I must explain, like many others in that part of India, dwindled down in the hottest time of the year to a mere stream, and often disappeared altogether under ground for a certain distance, leaving nothing but boulders, rocks and dry shingle to mark its course when flooded, again to reappear further on above the surface of its deep-cut channel, and slowly glide past in full view.

At the spot where I had taken up my position the bed of the river below me was perfectly dry for a space of perhaps a hundred yards, though thickly covered over with low stunted willows and bushes. There was a high rock with an old tree overshadowing it, and my guide directed me to take my seat on the top of a slab, which I accordingly did, but without even a distant hope of viewing the tiger, much less getting a shot at him.

After waiting upward of half an hour the line of beaters at length approached our post. As yet only a bear had been seen, and he had broken back and made his escape.

I was about to resign my rifle to an attendant, when—could it be possible?—I caught a glimpse of a tawny hide gliding through the thicket. Again I saw the striped yellow coat, but only for an instant; the beast was fully eighty yards off, and making off in the direction of the opposite bank.

For the third time I saw the tiger, and instantly fired, and on ducking my head under the smoke, great was my delight to see him lying sprawling. In another instant, he had recovered himself, glared around (I should not have cared to have been standing anywhere near him just at that moment), and then bounded across the open shingle to a rather large and almost isolated clump of green willows—my second shot striking the stones under his belly—and disappeared under the foliage.

I immediately dispatched one of my men to inform my companions of what had happened, and to desire them to join me; and ordered a second man to ascend a high tree close at hand, and to keep a sharp lookout if the wounded beast again moved from where he had last seen him. Presently H——s and F——n came up, and we consulted together what was to be done.

At length it was agreed that I should advance in company with three good men in a compact body, and examine the spot where the tiger had last been seen.

H——s was to cross the river some distance back, and come round the further bank till he reached a spot directly opposite to where we supposed our friend to be hidden, so as to give him a warm reception if I drove him across.

This was a dangerous task. None of us were positive that the tiger had not proceeded beyond the clump of jungle I have named, and reached the mainland, and if so, he might be crouching anywhere in the dense thicket, or among the numerous narrow ravines and clefts which covered and intersected the river-bank, and I need scarcely to say that to come suddenly on the wounded and exasperated brute would, under such circumstances, have been highly perilous.

However, H——s insisted on undertaking the duty, and in company with two well-armed followers, made a start. F——n remained behind, and occupied a position directly overlooking and covering our advancing party.

When all was in readiness I descended with my three allies—all stout fellows and to be depended on—into the rocky channel of the river, and formed up my men in the following manner: On my right I placed a man named Bhopal, a first-class shot and a determined fellow, who had slain many tigers at different times; he was armed with a heavy double eight-bore breech-loader. On my left stood my Sikh orderly, a fine, strapping fellow, named Lena Sing, who, I am positive, was all the time longing for a regular scrimmage; he carried in his hand my double gun, heavily charged with bullets and slugs; and still further to the left a man named Bahadoor, with his loaded musket and fixed bayonet, guarded our flank, while I myself in the centre, with my double twelve-bore Reilly charged with shells, completed a formidable party.

I had no fears of an accident, even if the tiger had the temerity to come out into the open and charge. We advanced slowly, keeping close together, with our weapons at full-cock and at the ready, and, shoulder to shoulder, moved up till at length we reached the spot where the beast had received his wound and rolled over.

A large patch of blood clearly marked the place, and, quickly as the animal had covered the distance from thence across the open to reach his present hiding-place, there was no difficulty in tracking his course, for the white stones were thickly besprinkled with drops of

"WITHOUT WARNING A TIGER SPRANG FROM UNDER THE ANIMAL'S VERY FEET ON TO THE UPPER PART OF HIS TRUNK."

blood, and on advancing a few steps further we came upon still more evident signs.

The tiger was very severely, probably mortally, wounded, for in addition to the spots of blood dropping from the wound, we came upon long spirts and splashes of bright-colored, frothy gore, manifestly ejected from the animal's mouth—a sure sign that he was hit through the lungs.

At length we reached a position, perhaps fifteen yards from the willow clump, and this was quite close enough. The tips of the long, green boughs hung down so close to the pebbles that nothing was to be gained by stooping down and attempting to peer underneath. So I directed Lena Sing, the man on my left, in a whisper, to throw a stone. He stooped down, picked up a large pebble, and threw it into the centre of the patch, but with no result—not a sound or movement followed.

"He is dead, sir," said the man on my right; but scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a deep "wouf" and a swaying of the foliage proved that this was not the case.

The cover was so thick that it was impossible for any one of us, even for H——s, all in readiness for a chance as he was, to catch a glimpse of him; but it was evident that he was slowly beating a retreat by the neck of land already mentioned, connecting the clump of willows with the mainland.

Our chance of success now appeared to be less hopeful. There was nothing to prevent the wounded beast reaching the foot of the high river-bank, along which, to the right and left, as far as we could see, there ran a dense fringe of willow, grass and matted thicket, and there was no saying how far or in which direction he might wander.

H——s, carefully feeling his way, advanced still further along the high bank of the river, but so dense was the cover below that he could make nothing of it. The animal was not to be seen, and a good half-hour was spent in a fruitless search.

All of a sudden, when our hopes were on the wane, I noticed an old Sikh policeman, about one hundred and fifty yards to my right, waving his arms like the sails of a windmill, and energetically beckoning to me.

H——s (who had just returned from his ineffectual search on the opposite side) and I ran toward him, and when we came up to where he was standing—on the margin of a broad pool of water—to our astonishment, directly opposite to us, on the far side, close into the bank (which was there nearly perpendicular), and almost up to his neck in water, was the wounded tiger.

While yet looking at him, and preparing to fire, he made an effort to scramble up the steep slope, but slipped down again, and fell back into the same position as before. There were only his head, neck and upper part of his shoulders for a mark, and I suppose the distance was sixty yards or thereabouts.

I fired, and missed; the old Sikh did the same; but H——s planted a shell fairly in the centre of the animal's forehead, literally blowing the head to atoms.

On examining the body we discovered that my first bullet, fired from above at a distance of about eighty yards, had struck the tiger on the tip of the left shoulder, had passed through his lungs, and taken its departure lower down on the right side, almost directly behind the shoulder; and we were of opinion that if the bullet had taken effect one and a half or two inches lower the brute would probably have remained where he first rolled over.

But I must explain how he reached his extraordinary position up to his neck in water. On examining the river-bank (which, as I have already said, was fringed with overhanging willows), it was evident enough that the wounded tiger had attempted, with much difficulty—for he had slipped and fallen every few yards—to pass down the river, and make his escape under cover of the willows.

At first, even in his crippled state, he had met with few obstacles, but presently coming to where the river curved close in to the almost perpendicular bank, he had not the power to ascend such a steep incline, so attempted to pass on by a very narrow ledge, but failed; probably his broken limb gave way, and he fell down headlong into the water.

The splash thus made attracted the attention of the old Sikh, who, perceiving the beast's grim countenance above the surface of the water, summoned us immediately and pointed him out, and the animal then received a finishing shot from H——s, as already described.

"THERE WERE ONLY HIS HEAD, NECK AND UPPER PART OF HIS SHOULDERS FOR A MARK."

HENRIETTE.

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XXVI.

What a thing is man! Until this fatal moment Henri had certainly felt for the young girl, whose arms encircled his neck, whose lips were pressed so fondly to his, no deeper emotion than pity for her friendless condition, or, at the most, admiration for her extraordinary beauty. Everything conspired to separate them as widely as the North and South Pole.

An insurmountable wall arose between them—a wall upon which the young man could read, emblazoned in glaring distinctness, the words, "Honor, Loyalty and Duty"—honor to the unprotected and defenseless girl, loyalty to Henriette, duty to his uncle. A yawning chasm divided the betrothed husband of Mademoiselle Rousel from the affianced wife of Leon Dantan.

But there was hot young blood in his veins—fiery blood—that boiled and surged tumultuously under the deep emotion awakened within his breast by those burning caresses.

This woman seemed to him the one being on earth whom he desired. For the first time he felt the full

meaning of the word love. His affection for Henriette had grown with his growth—a pure and steady flame that burned with a clear and unflickering light. But this new and strange passion was like one of those wild convulsions of Nature, that sends the devouring and scorching lava down the torn and furrowed sides of Etna and Vesuvius.

Duty, loyalty and honor faded away like the dissolving views of a fantascope.

He fell on his knees by the side of the couch, and, with a tender pathos born of the tumult that raged within him, poured out his tale of love.

For a little space Valiska, with shame-closed eyelids, and cheeks flushed and red, with vivid blushes, lay motionless in the embrace of his arms. If silent, she did not repulse him; if not accepting his vows of eternal devotion, she at least did not refuse them.

Within this narrow circle of time, within these fleeting moments slipping so rapidly away, her whole life was compressed. Beyond was eternity and darkness. It was wrong, but still too sweet to be lightly parted with.

For these seconds at least Henri seemed her very own. How could she give him up—how could she?

But with this thought came others, dark and gloomy, crushing out this airy and unreal dream in which she had allowed herself to indulge.

A shudder ran through her slender form; the realities of existence returned to her once more; the time for dreams was past and gone for ever; the moment had come in which she must make the struggle to crush down her foolish and insane passion, this flower which was never to bloom.

Painful as was the effort, there was yet some consoling balm in the thought that she was making this sacrifice for Henri's sake, and he would never know what the struggle cost her.

Reason had returned to her; the good fight must be fought at once.

Nerving herself with desperate courage to her task, she gently but firmly released herself from the young man's arms, in spite of all his efforts to detain her.

"No!" she cried, in an icy and determined voice, as she rose to a sitting position on the side of the little pallet, and gathering the lovely blonde tresses which hung loose and disheveled, she hastened to twist them into some semblance of order. "No!" she repeated, with emphasis, her voice, at first weak and tremulous, growing stronger and stronger as she spoke. "This must end. Between us, Captain Dantan—between us there are barriers which can never be overcome. Whatever harm I may have done, you at least shall never reproach me with your ruin. No!" she repeated, with decision, repelling the effort of the young man to regain possession of her hand—"no; this is over for ever."

"Oh, Valiska, do not speak thus! Do not repulse me, when at last I have learned to read my heart correctly! What is all the world to me without your love? Why should we allow these foolish ties which bind us together to separate souls created for one another. To me you are——"

"Death!"

The young man shuddered at the strangely melancholy emphasis with which she spoke the sad word.

"Death!" repeated Valiska, scarcely conscious of the effect of her words. "I am a upas-tree, under whose branches it is death to lie; but such shall never be your fate. There, Captain Dantan, rise, I beseech you. We must put an end to this folly."

Even while she spoke, a strange and sudden change came over the young girl; her determination and courage vanished as if by magic; she shrank down, cowering and terrified, hiding her face in her hands.

Astonished at this abrupt change in his companion's manner, Henri involuntarily glanced toward the doorway.

A being stood in the entrance, hideous and frightful as one of the fabled Furies. It was the woman whose sudden appearance in the wood had been the cause of Valiska's accident.

A closer view made more apparent the wildness of this creature's aspect.

The face, scorched and browned by the sun, was furrowed and seamed with wrinkles. The thick and projecting eyebrows overhung a pair of black eyes, deep-set in their sockets—eyes that sparkled with the ferocity of a hungry beast. The lower part of the face was sharp and pointed, and the large and thin-lipped mouth was almost entirly destitute of teeth.

A mass of coarse white hair fluttered around her shoulders in tangled and disordered meshes—the gaunt, emaciated form, made more striking the height of this woman.

Her costume was ragged and filthy in the extreme, and through the rents and gapes in the tattered skirt the brown and naked skin was visible.

She stood there in silence, devouring with her burning glances the group around the pallet.

Even the firm heart of the young soldier was not proof against the venomous fury which darted from those wild, black eyes.

Not a sound broke the stillness, save the deep and oppressed breathing of Valiska, and the monotonous chatter of the crazy girl, who, unmoved by all that was taking place around her, never ceased murmuring to herself that strange refrain—

"Pretty, pretty, pretty!"

The little child, too, had crawled into the room, and was tugging at the maniac's frock, and sobbing in a suppressed and frightened manner at its failure to attract attention.

This sight seemed to increase the evident fury which raged in the old woman's breast.

"Miserable wretch!" she cried, in a deep and hollow voice, "will you lie there groveling at the feet of the infamous creature who has made you the shameful and degraded being that you are? Up, up, I say, if you would not have me tear you to pieces with my hands!" and the lean and brown talons worked convulsively, as if already they were clutching the throat of her victim.

The child, alarmed by the loud and angry voice, crawled closer to the girl, and concealed its face in her lap, while she, poor half-witted creature, unaware or heedless of the threats leveled at her, gazed with a silly and unmeaning smile on the basilisk eyes which devoured her.

"Ah, ha, Mimi!" she cried, in her shrill, strident voice. "Did you see him? Was he looking for Delphine? And, where, oh, where are the flowers that he always sent me—the pretty flowers, the pretty flowers?"

These incoherent words appeared to enrage the old woman past all control of reason.

With an execration which sounded like the growl of a wild beast, she sprang forward, and would undoubtedly have inflicted some fatal injury on the helpless object of her ire, had not Dantan thrown himself between them, and caught her by the arm.

"Wretched woman!" cried Captain Dantan. "What would you do—what do you mean?"

"What would I do?" replied the woman, who, finding all her efforts to release herself unavailing, ceased to struggle. "What would I do? Kill her—kill the miserable thing who has brought this shame upon an honest family! What do I mean? Do you see that girl crouching there in the dust, like the degraded creature she is? Do you know to whom I owe it that the last of my flesh and blood is an outcast—an idiot? I'll tell you," she continued, speaking with suppressed ferocity, "I owe it to that white witch, to that sorceress, who weaves a web out of her yellow hair to entrap silly and unsuspecting men! Do you see how she hides herself? Ah, ha! but she cannot hide herself from *le bon Dieu*—curse her, curse her!"

She pointed with her lean brown forefinger at Valiska, and at the shrinking girl hurled her curses as if they were thunderbolts.

"Hag! How dare you speak in that way of mademoiselle?" cried Henri.

And excited beyond all measure by this foul abuse, Henri Dantan shook with all his strength the gaunt form of the wretched being.

"Oh, yes; I know, I understand," muttered the woman, with sarcastic emphasis. "We are dust, and should not speak. If mademoiselle chooses to put her little feet upon us, we are not good enough. How much better then is she—how much better is she than my poor, poor grandchild—my poor Delphine?—she who would have sold herself to a vile wretch for his gold, had not the vengeance of God destroyed the miserable scoundrel, and who is now equally ready to sell herself to another blinded idiot for that gold which she covets beyond honor—beyond everything! Ah, ha! What better is she, I say, than my poor grandchild—my unhappy Delphine? See! She dares not look me in the face."

For a moment it was true. Valiska, overcome and abashed by the torrent of abuse poured upon her, hid her face in the coarse blanket of the pallet; but the very violence of the language heaped upon her, served as a charm to recall the young girl to herself.

She arose, pale as death, but calm and composed, and hurriedly approaching Captain Dantan's side, she seized the uplifted arm of the young man, who, enraged beyond measure at the insults to his companion, was about, in the extremity of his anger, to strike the old woman to the earth.

"No, Henri," she cried; "do not strike her! Can you not see that she is crazy, and knows not what she says?" Then turning, she addressed herself to the Fury, who gnashed her teeth and struggled with all her strength to release herself from Captain Dantan's hands. "Mother," she said, in a soft, soothing tone—"mother, as God is my judge, I have never knowingly done anything to injure either you or your grandchild."

"Mother!" shrieked Mère Simon. "Wretch! do you dare call me mother? Will you deny, harlot, that you were about to sell yourself to that scoundrel Marrois, if a good God had not punished with an awful death the foul wrong that villain inflicted on my poor Delphine? Will you dare to say you were not the promised wife of Monsieur Pierre?"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Henri Dantan, recoiling with astonishment at these words. "Marrois's wife! This cannot, cannot be true! Oh, for God's sake, Valiska, say it is not true!"

The expression of anguish in the young man's eyes reduced Valiska for a moment to despair. She tottered, and seemed about to fall; but collecting herself by a violent exertion of will, she answered, in a low, husky voice, barely audible:

"Oh, Henri, to you I cannot lie! The woman speaks the truth; but——"

The effort to control herself was beyond her power. She trembled, and with a low moan of agony sank down upon the little couch, and burying her face in her hands, broke into a storm of sobs.

"Listen, monsieur!" hissed the old woman. "You shall judge between us. You see mademoiselle does not deny."

She paused, as if to arrange her ideas, and then went on:

"Ah, we poor people, we have hearts, too—hearts to break, though it's little you rich folks think of that. Yes; you shall hear. My story is a common one; but it may do a fine young gentleman like you good to hear it. See now, monsieur; they all know me here in Abois. Yes, yes! I have lived here many years. Here my poor Père Simon died, and all my children—all except my Clemence. Well, I must not tire you, monsieur. I thought my Clemence would stay with me, for she was not strong, but weak and sickly. But, no; Clemence was like the rest, and when Jean Courtois came along, she left her old mother, and went away to live with her husband, far, far from Abois.

"I never saw her again alive; I never heard of her until Jean came back to tell me my daughter was dead. The poor fellow was broken-hearted; he was going to America; would I take care of Delphine, my little grandchild? Would I? You can believe, monsieur, I had but one answer for that. Yes!

"After the good man was gone I went to work hard. I had my place here, and I raised vegetables, and sold them in Abois, and my little grandchild and I lived.

"But after a time I grew proud. I did not want my little girl to grow up a common peasant. So one fine day I sent the child away to a convent of the Ursuline Sisters yonder in the north. It was hard to part; but I said to myself it was good for the child.

"And now I had to work hard indeed to pay the Sisters—and then came the war, and all that trouble; and then he came. But, no; I must not speak of that.

"Ah, it was hard work! And the years passed slow—how slow! But I felt paid for all, when at last my Delphine came back, well and strong and pretty as the finest flower in my garden."

The old woman stopped to wipe away a tear from the wrinkled face.

"Pretty Delphine, pretty Delphine!" muttered the crazy girl, laughing to herself a low, silly laugh; "pretty, pretty, pretty Delphine!"

"Do not heed her, monsieur," said the old woman, as she noticed the expression of pity with which the young man regarded the crouching figure; "she knows not what she says. Listen to me. For a time my Delphine was gay, gay as a bird. She sang and danced about the garden; but after a time I saw a change. My girl grew dull. I questioned her. At first she would not answer; but at last it came out. She did not like the cottage; she wanted to go live in town. Ah, fool that I was, I let her go! Alas! I thought it was for the child's happiness. I found a place for her with a kind lady—Madame Robert. Delphine was to mind the shop, and live there with madame and her daughter Pauline.

"Everything was right now; and when my girl came to the cottage on *fête* days and Sundays, she was as lively as a cricket.

"And then—and then, just when I thought everything

was right, there came a terrible blow. My Delphine failed to come to the cottage as usual, and when I went to inquire for her, I heard—my God!—she was gone—had fled—Madame Robert said to hide her disgrace.

"I think I must have gone mad. I don't know what followed. Months went by, and I heard nothing of Delphine. I did nothing but sit and wait for her to come. I worked no longer. I had no one to work for, and little by little my cottage and garden grew to be the ruin you see it; and then, just when I had given up all hope, Heaven sent me back my girl." The old woman heaved a deep sigh, and pointing to the crazy girl, she said, with bitter irony: "Sent my girl back to me as you see her there. How long it took me to make out from her piteous babble the story of her wrongs I cannot tell you, but at last I understood that it was to the kind Monsieur Marrois I owed my child's ruin.

"Again I was mad. I went to Madame Robert with my story. She would not hear me. Monsieur Marrois was a good, honest gentleman, and my girl a low, depraved wretch.

"I went to the police. They laughed at me. Monsieur Marrois was a wealthy man, and I a poor peasant. I followed Monsieur Pierre around; I dogged his footsteps, and then he threatened to have me imprisoned. He was to be married to that white witch there, and if I bothered him he would have me locked up. I came here, and I cursed him, and I cursed her, the cause of all my misery. And now, monsieur," cried the woman, her eyes blazing with fury—"and now, I say again, may the flames of hell consume her! May she burn everlasting! May she——"

"Oh, no, no!" shrieked Valiska, horrified at the awful words; "no, no, do not curse me. Have pity upon me, for I am miserable. Or, yes—kill me if you wish it, kill me!" continued the young girl, falling on her knees in front of her infuriated enemy.

At this moment, and while Henri was laboring to overmaster the hag, the sound of many voices calling his name and that of Mademoiselle Zortichoff, mingled with the dull tread of horses' hoofs upon the soft ground, resounded from the outside of the building, and before Valiska could recover herself a number of gentlemen, with Colonel Courcelles and Aristide at their head, entered the cottage.

A universal exclamation of surprise broke from all at the strange scene, and pressing forward, they surrounded Valiska, eagerly importuning with questions about the accident, and congratulations upon her lucky escape from injury—questions and congratulations to which Mademoiselle Valiska, who had now recovered complete control of her faculties, hastened to respond to with a grateful expression of thanks for the interest displayed in her behalf.

Abashed and awed by the appearance of so many strangers, the maniac sat staring from one to the other in silent and speechless bewilderment, whilst the old woman, a living statue of suppressed rage, stood motionless in a corner of the room.

Aristide had been the first to offer his congratulations, and making way for the others, he was now amusing himself with a survey of the ruined and dilapidated apartment, and its poverty-stricken and miserable owners.

He alone, of all the gentlemen, read aright the war of passions imprinted on the distorted and haggard visage of the old woman, and the sorrow and misfortune in the pinched and emaciated countenance of the girl; he turned away with a sigh, and resumed his examination of the room. An inventory of its contents was soon made, for with the exception of the pallet, table, and chest of drawers, there was absolutely nothing—nothing except a rude, unframed picture which hung immediately above the chimney-piece, just opposite the spot on which he stood.

It was a coarse and ancient lithograph, whose gaudy colors had been dimmed by time, and blackened by the smoke of the wood-fire. The theme was the miraculous combat between St. George and the Dragon. The saint, in vivid green armor, upon a fiery and excited steed, was furiously engaged with a dark-brown creature, a cross between the serpent and some imaginary and fabulous monster. Instead of a sphere or sword, the champion was armed with an immense scarlet cross, with which he was inflicting fearful gashes in the body of his hideous adversary, gashes from which the blood flowed in crimson rivers.

Whilst examining this work of art, Aristide had been idly punching the plastered wall with the butt-end of his riding-whip. From a mental reverie, in which he was trying to estimate what must be the intellectual development of the creatures who could be satisfied with such a production as this, he was suddenly aroused by the crash of a large piece of plaster, which, detached by his blows, fell crumbling to the floor; he turned to examine the ruin which he had caused.

The wall at this side of the room was greatly defaced, and damaged at a height of about two feet from the floor. There was a long irregular fissure, which had apparently been caused by a bed, or some other article of furniture. Besides this there were other gaps and breaks, in addition to the one which had just resulted from his carelessness. What was it that, as he bent over examining the ruin he had wrought—what was it that suddenly paralyzed his very faculties, petrifying him with amazement and surprise? Could he trust his own eyes, or could it be that his power of vision was failing? No; without doubt he saw, and saw correctly, marks upon the wall, which at first sight seemed unmeaning scratches, but were now plainly letters; and not only letters, but letters forming coherent and distinct words—two names and a portion of the third: "Marrois, Robert, Dan——"

Chapter XXVII.

The return to Abois was marked by a silence that strongly contrasted with the merriment and gayety with which the party had left the town. The ladies had not yet recovered from the alarm which had taken possession of them when Valiska's riderless horse had dashed furiously by, their first warning of the accident that had happened to their companion.

The young officers were cursing their stars that they had not had the good fortune to be in Henri Dantan's place, and wondering to themselves why that gentleman should seem so dull and dispirited after his good luck.

Mademoiselle Valiska was melancholy and *distraite*, and when pressed, acknowledged that she had been considerably shaken by her fall.

As for Vis, he was in a cloud; the extraordinary discovery which he had just made in such a singular manner had almost overpowered him. "Was he never to be able to extricate himself from this tangle into which chance had thrown him? What connection could there be between those names scrawled on the wall of that miserable cabin and the terrible crime which had convulsed the town of Abois with horror?—or, rather, was there any connection at all? That third and incomplete word could be nothing but the name Dantan. What was it that Leon

THE BANQUET OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

had said to him in that strange interview of a few days before?—'If I am right, we are not done with this avenging visitation. Another victim will fall, another victim will bear upon his forehead that fatal sign, and that victim will be *myself!*'"

Could these words have been prophetic? But who then could have written this list, headed by the names of those unfortunates who had already met their fate at the hands of this mysterious and dreadful assassin? He must know the value of his discovery at once, and who so likely to estimate this properly as the police-agent, Guimand? He would see the man at once. But was it not his duty to speak first to Leon? Perhaps the mayor's safety might be imperiled if he kept this secret to himself. And then, too, Dantan would doubtless be able to give him full information as to the owners of the cottage: that wild and ferocious woman, whose eyes blazed with all the fury of a Medusa, and her caged and miserable companion. Yes, without doubt he must speak to Monsieur le Maire.

Aristide's deliberations were cut short by the arrival of the equestrian party at the outskirts of the town. Mentally registering his determination to speak to Monsieur Dantan at the earliest moment, he banished the affair from his mind, at least for the time, and busied himself in trying to remove the bad impression which his silence had produced upon the young lady at whose side he had been riding—an impression which resolved itself into a declaration made with emphatic sincerity—that Monsieur Vis was a perfect *stupide.*

As they rode through the streets of the town the party gradually melted away, until, when they reached the residence of the mayor, Madame d'Aubrac and Henriette, with Aristide and Captain Dantan, alone remained.

"Say, my dear!" called the baroness, as Henri assisted his cousin to dismount, "this concert—are we to go?'

"What a question, Angelique! You know well enough that Valiska is to take part in it, and my uncle would resent our absence as a personal slight."

"In that case, *ma chère,* I must say adieu, if I am to be ready in time;" and signing to Aristide to follow her, madame whipped up her horse and went off at a brisk gallop.

Two hours later, Vis and Captain Dantan, seated alone in the little music-room, were patiently awaiting their liege ladies, who, in the sacred privacy of Henriette's chamber, were busily engaged in putting the finishing-touches to their toilets—toilets with which they proposed to startle the innocent and unsophisticated citizens of Abois.

"See here, my friend," said Vis, after the gentlemen had sat for some time in silence. "I want a talk with you, and I consider myself very lucky to have obtained this chance. You know that I pride myself on being something of a physiognomist. The moment I entered that dilapidated hut I saw from the expression of your face and that of mademoiselle that something serious had taken place. That strange old woman and her half-witted daughter—I hope, Henri, you will not believe me actuated by idle curiosity when I say that I am very anxious to know what really did take place at that interview. But, there!" he continued, as Dantan averted his face—"perhaps I am asking more than you would be willing to grant. I assure you that grave and serious reasons alone prompted the request; and our old friendship——"

"Oh, it's not that," replied Henri, facing the other and speaking in a voice whose tremor betrayed the agitation he was struggling to control—"it's not that. I am not unwilling to put this trust in your friendship. But it's a very hard thing for a man to confess that he has made a fool of himself; a most outrageous, egregious fool!" he continued, now speaking with animation. "A fool, Aristide, whose folly might have proved his ruin, had it not been for the courage and self-sacrifice of that noble girl."

"Ah!"

"It is true. How much I am indebted to Mademoiselle Zortichoff I am only just beginning to realize. But listen; you shall hear the whole story—a strange story, indeed."

For much of this narrative Aristide was already prepared. Valiska's love for his friend had long been known to him, and his interview with the police agent had made him aware of Mademoiselle Zortichoff's connection with Pierre Marrois.

He was, therefore, by no means astonished, as Henri poured forth with volubility this portion of his story. But when his friend came to relate the singular conduct of the old woman, her wild accusations against Valiska, and the sad story of her helpless and crazed grandchild, Vis could not keep back the exclamation wrung from him by this corroboration of his suspicion that some strange connection existed between these miserable peasants and the crimes which had so terrified the townfolk.

His mind was made up in a moment. He must see Leon Dantan. The mayor alone could clear up this mystery.

He could scarcely wait for the termination of Henri's narrative. Indeed, he appeared almost unconscious when that termination was reached, and but poorly repaid the confidence of his friend, failing entirely to display the sympathy which the other had expected.

"Does Monsieur le Maire attend the concert?" he inquired, with a suddenness which surprised his friend.

"Why of course! Do you suppose that he would miss the chance of applauding Mademoiselle Zortichoff? I left him just now busily engaged in his study."

"That is the room at the head of the stairs, is it not? Excuse me, Henri. I must have a word with your uncle. Try and detain the ladies until my return, if I should be a few moments late."

And without another word Aristide left the room.

The mayor's study, as has been said, was a small apartment near the head of the main stairway. Its owner, seated at an escritoire was busily engaged in assorting a heap of official documents, when Aristide, dispensing with the formality of knocking, abruptly entered the room.

Leon looked up with some surprise at this intrusion; but a single glance at Vis's excited face satisfied him that weighty reasons had occasioned this visit.

Without any prelude, Aristide plunged at once into the affair which was absorbing his whole mind.

"Monsieur le Maire," he brusquely demanded, "do you know Delphine Simon and her grandmother?"

This question produced a startling effect. Monsieur Dantan's face became flushed and red. He hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Certainly. But why do you ask me this question?"

"Because I this evening, in the hut of the old woman, made a discovery which I think may throw a light upon the affair in which we have both been so deeply interested.

"Sit down, monsieur, sit down, and tell me what you mean."

Vis obeyed, and in the fewest words possible related the account of the evening's incidents, the strange conduct of the peasant woman, the incoherent words of the granddaughter, which yet contained in them much of

seeming importance, and lastly, the names which he himself had found scratched upon the plastered wall of the cottage.

He had expected some evidence of astonishment on the part of his hearer, but was entirely unprepared for the startling effect produced by his words.

Monsieur Dantan became pale as death. In a moment the damp and cold perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead, and his convulsed and quivering features showed the conflict that was taking place within him.

His hands clutched nervously at the papers scattered upon the desk, and his whole frame trembled so violently, that Aristide was about to call for assistance, when the excited man, suddenly recovering control of himself, struck a blow upon the desk, and cried, in a voice choked by the emotion of an overpowering discovery.

"*Mon Dieu!* I see it! He was not dead!"

The speaker paused, and with his hand pressed to his forehead stood lost in gloomy contemplation.

Aristide awaited with anxious and expectant wonder the *dénouement* which he felt was now close at hand—the mystery so long vailed in obscurity was at last to be solved.

With breathless anxiety, he watched the efforts which the mayor was making to trace out the chain of thought. Alas! he was doomed to disappointment.

At the very moment Leon was again about to speak, the door of the study was thrown open, and Henri entered.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the captain. "Have you any idea how late it is? There are two excited creatures in the music-room, whose stock of patience is nearly exhausted. I say, uncle, do you go with us?"

"No; not to-night," replied the mayor, averting his face, to conceal his emotion from Henri; "not to-night. I have business of importance which will keep me up to a late hour. You must bear my excuses to mademoiselle, and try to make her understand that nothing but the most important affairs could have forced me to deny myself the pleasure of listening to her music."

"In that case, Aristide, we had better be going at once."

Leon followed the young men to the door, and took advantage of the last moment to grasp Aristide by the arm, and whisper in his ear:

"Say nothing of this to any one, monsieur. At least for to-night. To-morrow all Abois shall know the name of this hated assassin."

He pressed the hand which he held in his own, as if to emphasize the warning, and then, with a muttered "*Bon soir,*" closed the door, and Aristide heard the key turn in the lock.

* * * * * *

The large hall of the Hotel de Ville had been chosen for the musical entertainment which was to enable the talent of Abois to display itself for the edification of admiring friends.

The cause was a charitable one, and the only difficulty experienced had been the unpleasant task of refusing two-thirds of the volunteers, eager to do something in the cause of charity, and at the same time earn a share of public applause.

The room was already well crowded when our friends made their appearance, and it was with considerable difficulty that chairs were obtained for the ladies.

The night was exceedingly warm and sultry, and the flags and floral decorations added not a little to this heat; but the audience was enthusiastic and self-forgetful.

Amid a vigorous plying of many-colored fans, they, with stoical heroism, simmered and boiled in the oppressive and almost overpowering temperature.

This enthusiasm not only lasted through the overture and the first two or three numbers, but grew and increased with each performance, until, with the appearance of Mademoiselle Zortichoff, it swelled into a tumult of applause.

The young lady's talent was well known and fully recognized, and her new position as the *fiancée* of the Mayor of Abois greatly enhanced her popularity.

The thunder of approbation that greeted her perfect rendition of one of Mendelsohn's sonatas was so loud and prolonged, that it was with extreme difficulty Madame d'Aubrac, who had been laboring for some time to attract Aristide's attention, succeeded in making him understand that Henriette had grown very faint, and must leave the place at once.

Taking advantage of the confusion, the young men succeeded in extricating Mademoiselle Rousel from the crowd, and supporting her to the outer door. The cool fresh air produced an immediate improvement; but the baroness declared "that it was out of the question to think of returning to that over again."

It was vain for Henriette to protest against this decision. The little lady was in the habit of being obeyed. Her commands were issued in an emphatic voice. Henriette was to go home and to bed at once, or the dear girl would be sick. As a compensation, she, Angelique, would offer the pleasure of her society. The gentlemen, if they saw fit, might return to the concert—that is, if they found the music a sufficient reward for stewing for a couple of hours in that heated atmosphere.

The royal ukase was as usual unquestioned, and upon reaching the mayor's, neither of the ladies would listen for a moment to their escorts renouncing the balance of the concert for their sakes.

"No, no; go!" they both cried, with a merry laugh, as they closed the door; "go and enjoy yourself as much as possible. We are heartily glad to be rid of you."

"Look here, Aristide," said Henri, stopping in front of the Hotel de Ville, "if you don't mind, I think I'll sit down and smoke a cigar. I confess to you, my friend, the local talent does not impress me favorably. I am afraid you Parisians have ruined my taste. Really, if it were not for that last sonata of Mademoiselle Valiska, I should imitate the wisdom of Madame d'Aubrac, and go to bed at once. But I can't make up my mind to lose that 'morceau.' See how brightly the moon is shining. Do you remember those nights when we were walking the ramparts of Paris, and watching the fires of 'Messieurs les Prussiens' blazing in every direction around us?"

Aristide was only too glad to talk. Thought involved for him a gloomy retrospection from which he was happy to extricate himself.

Lighting their cigars and seating themselves upon the stone step, they were soon lost in reminiscences of the past. The comrades-in-arms became oblivious to the rapid passage of time, until aroused by loud and vociferous bursts of applause from within the hall.

"That must be for Mademoiselle Valiska," said Henri, springing to his feet, and pitching the stump of his cigar into the street. "Come, Aristide; do not let us lose a note of her music."

This time, unencumbered by their female companions, the young men were able to make their way to a point quite close to the stage.

Dantan had not been mistaken in his surmise. Mademoiselle Zortichoff was already seated at the piano, and beginning the prelude to one of Rubinstein's creations.

Note by note the beautiful melody rose beneath the soul-moving touch of her slender fingers, charming and entrancing the spellbound listeners, who hung in eager and silent rapture.

The girl seemed inspired with her own music, and oblivious to all the eyes concentrated upon her. Suddenly, in the midst of one of the most beautiful passages, the musician paused, gazed for one moment with a wild and distracted stare at the open doorway of the hall, and then, without any further warning, fell forward upon the piano.

The suddenness of the occurrence prevented any immediate offer of assistance. Henri was about to spring upon the stage, when he felt himself detained by a strong hand laid upon his shoulder. He turned to shake it off, and to his amazement beheld the tall form of Dupont, the Chief of Police.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the *chef*, bending forward and whispering in the young man's ear. "You must come with me at once."

"In a moment, Dupont—in a moment!" he replied, struggling to shake off the powerful grasp. "You perceive mademoiselle has fainted"—pointing to the crowd that was now collecting around the piano. "Let me see her for a moment, and then——"

"Not a moment," said the stern voice of the official. "A terrible tragedy has occurred. Monsieur le Maire has been murdered!"

Chapter XXVIII.

How the distance between the Hotel de Ville and the mayor's residence was accomplished, neither of the young men could ever satisfactorily explain. Henri had retained enough presence of mind to whisper the dreadful tidings to Aristide, who was little less alarmed than his friend.

In fact, Vis was so completely overcome by this intelligence, which realized all the sad prophecies of Monsieur Leon, that it was some time before he was able to collect his scattered senses, and to remember that there had been other persons in the mayor's house besides the unfortunate gentleman himself.

To Vis's faltering and hesitating question as to the safety of the ladies, Dupont replied that Monsieur Dantan had been the only victim, and that both the ladies were unharmed.

"*Sacre bleu!* monsieur. That little baroness is a big card. Upon my word, she has the courage of a man, and it is entirely due to her bravery that both she and Mademoiselle Henriette did not share the fate of monsieur. Such courage in one so frail and delicate, *ma foi*, it is admirable."

The enthusiasm of the *chef* was such, that he had not finished singing the praise of Madame d'Aubrac when the party reached their destination.

It seemed only a few moments since they had left this house, and the mocking words of the baroness appeared to Vis to be still ringing in his ears; and yet in those few moments how much had taken place! Great care had been used to keep the affair a secret, and the same quiet and silence reigned about the front of the house as when the young men had last descended its steps.

There was no appearance of any light in the many windows; but yet the door was opened immediately upon Dupont's knock by a gendarme, who whispered to his superior that Monsieur Claude Duquesnay had arrived, and was in the library.

"That is well," replied the chief. "This way, gentlemen."

The patter of their footsteps on the open floor sounded ghostly and hollow, as, following their guide, they passed up the unlighted hall, and ascending the broad staircase, finally reached the door of the little study in which Aristide had so lately pressed the hand of the man whose corpse he was now to look upon.

Without any formality Dupont admitted them to the small apartment, dimly lighted by a shaded lamp upon the table.

A number of gentlemen were assembled in the room, among whom Aristide recognized, in addition to the Juge d'Instruction, Monsieur Duquesnay, several others with whose faces he was familiar. They were talking in that low, suppressed tone which seems so indissolubly identified with the presence of the dead.

There was little change in the appearance of the room; the escritoire was still covered with its pile of papers and letters, some of which had been scattered on the floor; with this exception, there was no evidence of any disturbance or disarrangement. The dark walnut chairs, with their covering of green morocco, stood in their accustomed positions, as did the large table and the other pieces of furniture; the pictures, and the statues on their brackets, all—all were as they had been when Aristide exchanged that last *bon-soir* with their ill-fated owner. He could scarcely subdue the shudder that ran through him as he crossed the threshold.

Monsieur Claude advanced to meet them, and pressing Henri's hand sympathetically, led him to the couch on which lay the last remains of the murdered man.

The dark-green covering of the sofa threw out in bold relief the pallid face. A stern frown was stamped upon the rigid features, and the whole countenance, indeed, indicated that the mayor had not fallen an unresisting victim.

Had he not been prepared for the sight, Aristide would undoubtedly have been horrified to see the impression of that mysterious cross upon the brow of the dead, but Leon's own words had warned him to expect what he was now beholding.

To Henri the shock was much greater. Entirely unaware of the revelations his uncle had made to Vis, this frightful sight, coming upon him without any warning, reduced him to speechless and trembling terror. He seemed not to hear the words of consolation whispered into his ear by the judge, but, numbed and bewildered, he stood staring, a statue of silent grief.

Said Vis to himself, "So then after all the sword of Damocles has fallen"; and observing how vain were Monsieur Claude's efforts at consolation, he drew that gentleman aside, and begged from him an account of what had happened prior to their arrival.

"The story was a short one. A passing gendarme had been alarmed by the sound of a woman's voice crying for help. Obtaining admission through the rear, and making his way up-stairs, the man came suddenly upon the body of Monsieur Dantan, stretched upon the floor of the hall, immediately in front of the open door of his study. A short examination convinced the gendarme that the mayor was dead, but so alarmed was he at the sight of that ill-omened mark upon the forehead, that it was some time before he thought of seeking for assistance. The cries for help were still repeated, and fearing a public excitement, he hastened to ascend to the flight above, and to assure the frightened ladies that there was no longer any danger. Having quieted their fears and begged them to be silent, the man hastened away to the office of the Chief de Police. Monsieur Dupont at once assembled a number of his men, and having sent messengers to warn

TAKING A BAD LESSON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JAN VERHAZ.

the friends of Monsieur Dantan, immediately repaired to the house. Under the instructions of the chief the body was borne into the library and placed upon the sofa. This had scarcely been accomplished when Duquesnay and the other gentlemen arrived, amongst them Dr. Bulot. The examination was then made, and it was ascertained that the unfortunate gentleman had perished from a wound inflicted with a knife, which had pierced the heart, producing almost instant death. Duquesnay was the first to remember the nephew, and it was he who had sent Monsieur Dupont to warn the young soldier."

"And the assassin?"

"Not a trace, as usual. Not a trace."

"But you have spoken with the ladies? Since the alarm came from them, is it not possible that they might have seen something?"

"Indeed you are right! But I confess I have been so overcome by this sad occurrence, that I was really incapable of thought."

"In that case, if you don't mind, I myself will speak to Madame d'Aubrac. I understand she is unharmed."

"Dupont says it was she who gave the alarm, and is loud in her praise. You will find both madame and mademoiselle up-stairs, and I would take it as a favor if you would see them at once."

"With great pleasure. I will go immediately."

Having ascertained which room was occupied by the ladies, Aristide hurried thither and rapped timidly upon the panels of the door. A voice from within, which he recognized as that of madame, demanded "Who was there?" Upon giving his name the door was quickly opened, and Angelique threw herself into his arms.

Whatever had been the courage displayed by the baroness, the little lady was now evidently well pleased to have a protector to cling to. She had undoubtedly been frightened, and well frightened, too, for all the old authority had disappeared, and it was a timid, trembling woman who clung so closely to the young man's neck and sobbed upon his breast.

Madame was in want of consolation, and a great deal of it. Aristide hastened to try the effect of a kiss. The result was satisfactory, and led to a frequent repetition of the soothing remedy.

Oh, what an ignominious position for a philosopher and stoic! Kissing and embracing with all the ardor of a foolish young lover!

After a time the consolation proved effective, and Angelique growing calmer, at length found herself able to give Vis an account of the adventures of the night.

"You remember, *mon cher*, my last words—that you might return to enjoy the rest of the concert. We were still laughing over this foolish jest of mine, when we reached the head of the stairs, and perceived a light still burning in Monsieur Dantan's study. Henriette knocked at the door. Monsieur Leon was greatly surprised to see us; he had been writing, and still held the pen in his hand. There was an air of preoccupation about him even while listening to his niece's account of her faintness, which I could not but notice. He expressed a regret that we should have been forced to return before the termination of the concert. I could see that he was anxious to return to his writing, and so hurried Henriette away. The door of the study was already closed and locked before we had ascended half way to our room.

"'Uncle must be very busy this evening. I wonder what he can be at work upon, Henriette said, as we entered her chamber and began our preparations for the night.

"Whether the room was close or not I cannot remember, but very shortly after our entrance my friend began to complain of a return of the giddiness which she had experienced in the concert-hall. I bathed her forehead with cold water, but this failed to afford relief; it was then I recollected that I had left my flacon of sal-volatile in the music-room, and proposed to go at once in search of it. Henriette would not listen to my going alone, and followed me, in spite of my efforts to dissuade her.

"I carried the candle. Henriette followed closely behind me. We descended to the lower floor, and passing along the unlighted hall, we reached the *salon*. The flickering light of my candle faintly illuminated the room, and it was some time before we could find the object of our search. Henriette was the first to perceive the flacon lying upon the piano, and started toward it. It was at this moment that my eyes turned in the direction of the large bow window which formed one side of the apartment. The thick curtains had been drawn back, and the silvery rays of the full moon poured in through the casement. It was a picture of pure and serene loveliness; and yet, as I gazed, on a sudden I felt a thrill of icy horror shoot through me, freezing the very blood in my veins.

"For a moment I was incapable of speech or motion, paralyzed and helpless. I could scarcely trust the evidence of my own senses; and yet, if my eyes were to be relied upon, there, below the thick folds of the curtain, were plainly visible two feet in coarse, clumsy shoes—the feet of a man!

"At once, as if by magic, all the danger of our situation rushed upon me; an inspiration from Heaven told me that this was the unknown murderer. How to warn Henriette was my first thought, for I felt satisfied that the man was watching us. I knew that the slightest act on my part which betrayed my knowledge of his presence would bring him upon us. How was I to warn Henriette? If I told her abruptly, her terror might prove our ruin. I was scarcely a moment in making up my mind.

"Henriette had taken the candle from my hand on entering the room. With a laugh whose tremulousness I feared would betray my emotion, I sprang forward, and caught my friend by the arm. 'You are afraid of the dark, Henriette, you know you are,' and with a repetition of that feigned laughter, I bent down and blew out the light, at the same time passing my arm around her waist and hurrying her out of the room. 'Oh, you silly creature!' said Henriette, struggling against my efforts to drag her forward. 'What in the world is the matter with you?' I could not speak, I could only persevere in what seemed to me our only chance of safety; and we had reached the stairway, when, to my unutterable horror, I heard the sound of stealthy footsteps behind us. We were pursued!

"Fear lent me tenfold strength, and almost lifting Henriette in my arms, I flew up the staircase. At last the assassin seemed conscious that I had discovered his presence, and throwing off all concealment, exchanged his catlike pace for a rapid and noisy run. I thought that all was over. There were many steps yet between us and safety—the open doorway of our room. Henriette, terrified, though unaware of the cause, hung heavy upon my arm. I could hear the deep breathing of our pursuer, as it seemed, close at hand. I groaned, and sinking down, gave myself up for lost.

"At this moment the door of the study was thrown open, and Monsieur Leon appeared in the lighted entrance. He uttered a cry of astonishment and dismay. The murderer's foot was on the staircase; he turned, and before a second repetition of the cry was possible he had

sprung upon Monsieur Dantan, and seized him by the throat. The struggle was short, but fierce and desperate. Scarcely a word was spoken. In the shadowy light the combatants were barely visible, but the face of that wretch, although I saw it for scarcely a moment, was branded upon my mind never to be forgotten. A frightful face, white and ghastly as that of a corpse, with eyes which shone with a phosphorescent light, and short, closely-cropped white hair, which stood up like the bristles of an infuriated beast.

"How I sat there and watched this fight for life and death I cannot imagine, but my faculties seemed as clear as they are now. I can even remember some words that dropped from one of the combatant's lips: 'For his sake, for his sake, dog! Do you hear?'

"I saw the blue flash of steel in the lamplight; I heard a deep hollow groan and the fall of a heavy body. The crisis had come.

"Something whispered to me, 'Save yourself! Save yourself!' I staggered to my feet, and raising Henriette in my arms, for the poor girl had fainted, I hurried up the stairs. It was a narrow escape; for our pursuer, throwing off all disguise, came clattering up the steps at full speed. It was a narrow escape indeed. His hand was on the knob of the door as I succeeded in shooting the bolt on the inner side, and, feeling for the time at least a sense of safety, sank down on the floor by the side of the motionless and unconscious body of my friend.

"The strength which had upheld me for so long now abandoned me. I could hear the muttered execrations of the man as he struggled to break open the door. A dazed and bewildered sensation came over me, and then everything was a blank.

"How long I lay in that fainting condition I do not know, but when I regained the use of my faculties, everything was as silent as death. I crawled to the window, and threw it open. The night-air completed my cure. The whole terrible scene which I had just passed through returned to me, and with it came the thought that the murderer might return to finish his work. If I could make the servants hear me! I called out at the top of my voice for help; and, thank God, my first cry was answered. I don't know what followed. I suppose I must have fainted again. Oh, it was terrible, terrible! I shall never forget that man's face—those gleaming eyes! Oh, Aristide, you must take me away from here at once. I would not live in this place for millions."

Angelique here became quite hysterical. More consolation was evidently necessary, and this time the stoicism of the philosopher disappeared in the ardor of the lover, who had just recovered his pet lamb from the knife of the butcher.

When Vis returned to the study some time afterward, he found Monsieur Duquesnay impatiently awaiting him.

With breathless interest and many an exclamation of astonishment, the judge listened to Aristide's *résumé* of Madame d'Aubrac's story.

"This is a most unfortunate affair!" he exclaimed, as Aristide terminated the narrative. "Not only the death of poor Leon, but his death at *this* moment; for, had he lived until to-morrow, I have reason to believe we should have fathomed the mystery which has so long perplexed us. See! look at this! It was found beside the body, and is stained with the poor fellow's blood."

The object in question was a half-sheet of paper covered with writing. It was torn across the middle, and spotted in many places with blotches of blood.

Drawing near to the shaded lamp, Aristide read the following in the handwriting of the dead man:

"My Dear Claude: You will come to me as soon as this reaches you. Have made a great and terrible discovery. All is clear to me, and I know the hand that struck our friend Marrois and those two unfortunate women. I can scarcely bear the moments of suspense until I shall have related to you what you should long ago have known. My friend, I have deceived you, and the sense of this deceit weighs me down with crushing force. Through all this time I have held the clew to these murders, and yet, miserable wretch that I am, I lacked the courage to reveal it. But now delay is no longer possible. Every moment is precious. I myself may fall even before I can complete my work. Oh, my God! Why have I delayed this thing? No; I cannot wait until I see you. I must tell you now. Something within me impels me to it. As surely as I live, Claude Duquesnay, this frightful assassin is——"

The writing ceased at this point. The lower half of the sheet of paper had been roughly torn away.

"He was writing this letter at the moment when he was surprised by the miserable assassin," said the judge, in a grave voice. "It was found beneath his body. That portion torn away was the work of the murderer."

Chapter XXIX.

It would be impossible to picture the excitement of the townpeople when the news of the mayor's death was made public. On this occasion there was no violent denunciations of official neglect; no sneers or sarcasms, leveled at the inefficiency of the police. People spoke with bated breath in whispers, and the assurance that the authorities possessed information which would undoubtedly lead to the discovery of the criminal failed to quiet the popular uneasiness.

In an interview between Aristide and the Juge d'Instruction on the day after the mayor's death, the young man had explained in full all that had taken place between him and Leon, as well as the discoveries made in the cottage of Mère Simon.

Duquesnay considered the matter of so much importance, that he had sent a gendarme immediately to bring the old woman before him. To all questions, however, she absolutely refused to reply, nor would she give the slightest information as to how those names came to be scratched on the wall of her house. She was sullen and reticent. The only thing that could be elicited from her was an angry declaration that Marrois was a miserable villain, and his death a just punishment for his wickedness.

After exhausting every means to compel the woman to speak, without success, the judge was obliged to commit her to prison. Of course nothing could be elicited from the crazy girl, and she was released and allowed to return to her hovel, and there for the present the case rested, whilst the police, assisted by the agent Guimand and two of his *confrères*, who had arrived from Paris, were busily at work ferreting out the criminal.

The horrors of that awful night had produced a serious effect upon Mademoiselle Rousel. She had been seized with a raging fever which had resulted in delirium, and of which the doctors spoke with grave and anxious faces.

It was now that Angelique d'Aubrac came out in her true character. The brave little woman refused to leave the bedside of her friend, and night and day hung over the sufferer with a tender solicitude charming to behold. She had made all her preparations to return to Paris, but positively refused to move a step until she was able to take Henriette along with her. There she would be safe; there they did not murder people in that outrageous manner. But first her friend must be well. And so shutting herself up in the sick-room, she sought by her attention to effect this purpose as soon as possible.

While the baroness was devoting herself to the niece, Aristide was equally as assiduous in his efforts to console the nephew. Henri was a prey to the deepest remorse. The remembrance of that interview with Valiska was almost unbearable, and he shuddered to think of his disloyalty to the man who had stood so long in the position of a father to him. Now that Leon was dead, he for the first time fully realized the extent of his guilt, and these painful recollections reduced him to despair.

It was in vain that Aristide sought to console him by the insinuation that Mademoiselle Zortichoff was a coquette, who was only too ready to trifle with the hearts of men, and hence had really no right to complain, if she were sometimes paid back in her own coin. The philosopher even pretended to doubt the sudden display of affection on the part of the young girl, and was cruel enough to repeat the charge brought against the blonde by Madame d'Aubrac, but with little avail. It was impossible for Henri to doubt the truth of the love which he had read in every feature of that beautiful face—in the dewy tenderness of the soft gray eyes and the warmth of those thrilling kisses, whose perfumed sweetness still lingered in his recollection. No! In whatever else the girl might be false, he could not doubt the truth of her love for him. Self-contempt crushed him to the very earth, and he lacked the courage to reveal his weakness to Henriette, and seek the forgiveness which he felt he so little deserved.

At his request, and to quiet the young man's excitement, Vis had called two or three times at the cottage, but had failed to obtain admission. The only information he could elicit from the morose and growling guardian of the threshold was the declaration that mademoiselle was too unwell to see visitors.

On the second day after the concert, the obsequies of Leon Dantan were held with a pomp and display such as Abois had never before witnessed. The houses, only a few days before gay with flags and banners, were hung with black draperies, and gloomy funereal hatchments adorned the doorways of the public buildings.

Every one was eager to do honor to the memory of a man whose reputation for honesty and integrity had long been one of the proudest boasts of the townpeople. There was a strong feeling, too, enlisted in this mortuary tribute—a desire to express the universal execration felt by every one for this accursed murderer, whose remorseless hand had for the fourth time struck down one of the best and noblest of their citizens. Already three victims slept beneath the green turf of St. Jean, and now a fourth was to take his place beside them.

For long years afterward, the memory of Monsieur Dantan's funeral was the bright particular remembrance of all the old gossips, and many an idle moment was spent over brooms and washtubs in discussing the magnificence of the *Inteurement.*

A grand requiem Mass by Father Marteau, in the Church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, where the body had been lying in state since the fatal night. From thence the sad *cortége* marched in procession to the little cemetery. The catafalque was drawn by four horses, with long housings of black velvet, and both it and the casket were almost hidden from sight under the profusion of floral offerings heaped upon them. The sad strains of Weber's Funeral March swelled on the evening air from the band of the Hussars which headed the mournful procession. The orphans in their little pink blouses; the grave officials of the town; the citizens, women, and men, with myrtles and evergreens, filed along the streets, a solemn and melancholy train; while the church-bells tolled out a doleful requiem for the repose of the soul snatched so suddenly from its earthly dwelling-place to meet its great eternal Judge.

So amid the tears and lamentations of friends, and the regret of all who had known him, the body of Leon Dantan was committed to its last resting-place, in the tomb where had reposed for hundreds of years the dust of his honored and respected ancestors.

With the first indications of improved health the baroness began her efforts to induce Henriette to leave Abois, and return with her to Paris. This was a task by no means difficult to accomplish; the young girl was but too willing to accede to her friend's wishes; the fright which she had experienced on the night of her uncle's death was still unforgotten, and her greatest desire was to get as far away as possible from a place linked so indissolubly with such terrible memories.

In addition to this, and as another inducement to her departure, came an order from the War Department, commanding a removal of the Hussars, some foolish men having written letters which, taken in connection with the recent crime, seemed to imply a distrust of the soldiers. Henri would be obliged to depart with his troops, and his cousin would be thus left entirely alone, should she continue to reside in Abois. She therefore willingly accepted Angelique's invitation, and immediately set about prepations for her departure.

Henriette's first visit, when able to leave the house, had been to the unhappy *fiancée* of her uncle. The young girl, more fortunate than Vis, obtained admission to the house, and found her friend in a state of mournful apathy that moved her to the deepest pity; so much so, that whilst relating her plans the generous-hearted girl offered to sacrifice her proposed visit to Paris if Valiska would consent to come and share her home. This offer, though received with the deepest expressions of gratitude, was firmly and decidedly refused. Mademoiselle Zortichoff announced that she herself would, in a short time, return to her native town in Russia. "Her one desire was to remove as far as possible from this spot, in which she had passed the most miserable years of her life—years which she could never forget. Every arrangement had been made, and her stay in Abois was now a question of hours."

"Poor girl," said Henriette, relating an account of her visit to the Baroness d'Aubrac. "Never in my life have I seen such complete dejection, such hopeless misery. Angelique, we have done Valiska an injustice. Surely she must have been deeply attached to my uncle to regret him so bitterly."

Out of regard for her friend's feelings, madame suppressed the words that trembled on her lips, for she was a good hater, and the dislike and distrust which had rooted themselves in her breast when she first beheld Mademoiselle Zortichoff still remained as strong as ever.

Aristide was, of course, to return to Paris with his ladylove. The hermit-life was at an end for ever. And as he sat in the *salon* of his cottage on the evening before the day appointed for the departure, he could not but feel a sense of sadness steal over him as he looked around the quiet room in which he had passed so many hours of peaceful enjoyment. The future loomed up bright and rosy, but the mind of the philosopher was filled with distrust of all earthly things, and a low, deep sigh confessed the doubts that crowded thick and fast upon him. When could he again hope for the isolation which he had enjoyed within the peaceful walls of the Hermitage, with no companion save his books and his cigars?

Alas! philosophy and metaphysics had, as usual, fallen

A GERMAN MAIDEN SURPRISED BY ROMAN SOLDIERS.

before the irresistible and wicked little god of love, and though happy in the assurance of Angelique's affection, there was, as has been said, a shade of doubt still lingering in the mind of the thinker. All his books had been packed up, his pictures and statues boxed away; the bare walls and empty shelves had not a little to do with the melancholy which had taken possession of him on this afternoon. From the depths of one of these fits of abstraction he was aroused by the entrance of his little housemaid, Jeanne, who came to inform him that a boy, who wished to see him on urgent business, was waiting below. With another and deeper sigh of regret, Vis arose and descended to the street.

The messenger, a peasant lad, handed him a note; it was without envelope, merely a half-sheet of paper, hastily folded, and bearing his address in the handwriting of a woman.

He opened it with a slight expression of surprise, which deepened at the first glance into the wildest excitement.

The note was short, and in the fewest words possible warned him that if he would save the life of his friend Captain Dantan, he must hasten without a moment's delay to the cottage of Mère Simon. There was no signature, and the writing was strange and unfamiliar. But the warning was plain, and after the tragic events of the last few months, Aristide felt that this was not to be trifled with. The only information he could obtain from the boy was the fact that the note had been handed him by a vailed lady.

"Do you know the way to the cottage of Mère Simon?" he demanded.

The lad replied in the affirmative.

"Then this is for you, if you guide me there as quickly as possible."

The glitter of the offered gold pieces sent the messenger off at a speed which sorely taxed all Aristide's powers to emulate. *(To be continued.)*

POPE AND BETTERTON.

During the dark days of December I had the privilege of examining at Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield, a few relics of Pope, and some other objects of interest which are not easily accessible. These include the bust of Homer, presented to the first Lord Mansfield by the poet. The most important of the relics and the special object of my quest was, however, the portrait of Betterton, which Pope in his early years is known to have painted. That the portrait existed at Caen Wood during the last century was stated in the *Biographia Britannica.*

Recent inquiries as to its existence have, however, been fruitless, and I accepted with adequate acknowledgments the permission to inspect it. The portrait, which is a half-length, hangs in the billiard-room facing the light, and immediately beneath a characteristic and known portrait of Pope by Pond. It shows the actor a strong-built man of ripe years, with a bright intelligent face, a high complexion, and a rather burly figure. The original work from which it is taken belonged once to the Duke of Dorset. It is now in the dining-room at Knole, where is also a second portrait, by Kneller, dated 1708, which shows the actor an old man with white hair, in a sea-green gown.

In the picture copied by Pope, Betterton is much younger, and wears a black robe. Both the original and the copy were, I am told with characteristic kindness by Mr. Scharf, on view at the Portrait Exhibition of 1867. Pope's workmanship is deficient in vigor and expression. Its coloring, so far as could be judged under the influences of a December sky, is dark and sound. The interest of a work of this kind connecting two men so eminent in their respective ways, who met in the advanced age of the one and the youth of the other, is incontestable.

Other paintings to be seen at Caen Wood include "The Village Politicians" of Sir David Wilkie, a superb portrait of the first earl by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a portrait of Lady Stormont by Romney, which may almost be regarded as that artist's masterpiece. Caen Wood is not seen at its best under December influences, and when the family is absent. Its rose-garden, sheltered from the north winds by the imposing rows of pines with which the visitor to Highgate is familiar, must, however, be in Summer a veritable bower of Arcadia. The library at Caen Wood is a singularly handsome room, well stocked with folios and quartos.

MONSTER EARTH-WORMS AND SEA-SERPENTS.

The descriptions published from time to time of the appearance and dimensions of the great sea-serpent are no more marvelous than Rapp's description and figure (published about forty years ago) of the great South African earth-worm measuring six feet two inches in length and proportionally thick. Multiply a boa-constrictor by the quotient obtained by dividing the dimensions of this monster by those of common worms, and we get the outside magnitude of the sea-serpent as described by *modern* marines.

The great earth-worm is no longer questionable. Mr. F. E. Beddard, of the Zoological Gardens, has obtained a living specimen of the same species as that described by Rapp, but not quite so large, *only* between four and five feet long and about half an inch in diameter. It is necessary to say "about," as the creature stretches out and retracts so extensively, like his smaller ordinary cousins, which he externally resembles. The monsters are described as "fairly abundant in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth and other parts of Cape Colony," but, like our homely moles, keep out of sight excepting when heavy rains threaten them with drowning. Then they come to the surface, which is covered with hundreds of the interesting creatures crawling about in all directions. When this happens they rarely find their way back again but wander miserably until shriveled and killed by the sun. The thrifty Chinaman would permit no such waste of animal food in his country.

Apropos of the sea-serpent, few people are aware that much valuable evidence concerning them is suppressed by the flippant sneering of the class of writers who require no other qualification than ignorance of the subject on which they write, viz., the skeptical critics who set up their own imaginings to contradict the evidence of other men's senses. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of trustworthy mariners of all ranks in both the naval and mercantile services, have seen what they believe to be such a creature, but they refuse to publish any account of their observations, knowing they will be insulted, publicly gibbeted as fools or liars, if they do.

It should be remembered that two distinct monsters are described by the Norwegians. First the "Kraken," "Kraxen," or "Krabben," which, as Bishop Pontoppidan says, is "incontestably the largest sea-monster in the world," measurable in miles, the back or upper part of which, the learned prelate tells us, "seems to be in ap-

pearance about an English mile-and-a-half in circumference; some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty."

I have seen this myself, described it in the early editions of "Through Norway with a Knapsack," and made a drawing of it as frontispiece to the last edition. Its petrified remains, revealing the whole of its structure, are still on the spot, and may be examined by anybody.

Then there is the lesser creature, the "soe orm" or sea-worm, or sea-serpent of British mariners. The bishop says: "Though one cannot have an opportunity of taking the exact dimensions of the creature, yet all that have seen it are unanimous in affirming, as far as they can judge at a distance, it appears to be of the length of a cable, *i.e.*, one hundred fathoms, or six hundred English feet." Though I have not seen this minor monster myself, I shall not be at all surprised to learn that in fishing for a broken submarine cable, or in the course of deep-sea dredging or trawling, some osseous fragments of the soe orm may one day be brought to the surface.

The history of aerolites should be studied by those who assume that their own ignorance of anything demonstrates its non-existence. For several centuries the accounts of eyewitnesses who affirmed that they saw stones fall from heaven were treated with scorn and ridicule, even when those stones were picked up and shown, like that weighing fifty-six pounds which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire in 1796, and was sent to London; and that weighing two hundred and seventy pounds which fell in Alsace, and remained for three centuries suspended by a chain in the church at Einsisheim.

In 1799 the majority of the Fellows of the Royal Society smiled at the credulity of Sir Joseph Banks; and the sneering prevailed well into the present century. Now we know that such stones have fallen upon the earth in countless millions, and still continue to fall.

EARLY SUN-GLOWS.

The very remarkable sun-glows of recent years having attracted a considerable amount of attention among scientists, and being believed by many to be wholly unprecedented in the history of the earth, it may be of interest and value to give an account of the occasions on which similar phenomena have been observed in North Europe, according to the most reliable Scandinavian historians.

Such purple glows as we have recently admired have been observed in the earliest times, when people believed that they were warnings from Heaven of great coming disasters, as, for instance, war, plague, or famine. There appears, however, to be no reliable record of such a phenomenon until the middle of the sixteenth century. Thus, in the Summer of 1553, such a glow, or, as it was then called, fire-sign, was observed all over Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and, strangely enough, a terrible plague visited these countries in the same year. In Copenhagen its ravages were so great, that the academical lectures at the University had to be adjourned for several months, and the students left the capital.

The next glow was seen in the year 1636, when sailors, returning to Copenhagen from voyages in the Baltic and the North Sea, reported that for weeks the sky seemed on fire after sunset, and also in that year a plague visited the shores of Sweden and Denmark. By these coincidences popular superstition was further strengthened, although it was subsequently proved that the purple glow seen in 1636 was caused by a terrible eruption of Hekla, the great Iceland volcano.

On the night of January 4th, 1661, a frightful storm broke over North Europe. One whirlwind after the other unroofed houses and uprooted trees in hundreds, while the tide rose so high on the coast of Jutland, that large districts were flooded. For several days the sky seemed a bath of lurid fire, and a great terror was caused amongst the population, most of whom believed that the Day of Judgment had come. The celebrated Danish historian, Bishop Jules Birkerod, writes in his diary "that the sky was terrible to behold; it looked as if on fire"; while his father, Professor Jacob Birkerod, asserts that he felt shocks of earthquake in the Island of Funen. The same authority records that evil prophets predicted the last day, and, as the phenomenon passed without disaster, they stated that it had only been postponed for a period of three years to give sinners time for repentance. When August 6th, 1664, arrived, great terror prevailed in Denmark, and all churches were thronged to suffocation.

The next phenomenon of this nature was seen throughout Denmark, according to the first-named authority, on May 22d, 1680, at sunrise. Long before the sun rose the entire heavens were filled with a blood-red light, and when the sunbeams shot forth, "liquid fire seemed to rain from the sky." Again people became terribly alarmed, which was further increased by the report of a great comet approaching the earth; when it finally became visible in the following December, the popular mind was in a state of perfect madness.

Another aerial phenomenon occurred in Denmark on Shrove Tuesday, 1707. At about seven o'clock, two enormous beams of light were seen running from W.N.W. to N.N.E., which made night for several hours as light as day. Some, however, refer this phenomenon to the aurora borealis, but it is strange that it should not have been more widely recognized as such in that country.

But the most recent true sun-glow was observed in 1783—one hundred and two years ago—throughout Scandinavia. It first became visible in Copenhagen, on May 29th, and lasted until the end of September. This glow is stated also to have been seen in the whole of Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, in that year. The sky was red as blood at sunset and sunrise, but there was one great difference between this phenomenon and the last one, viz., that the sun's disk was semi-obscured during the day, and almost completely so when rising and setting. In other respects, as, for instance, temperature, heat and cold, moisture and drought, the phenomena of 1783 was identical with the last one witnessed. This glow, too, caused great consternation in North Europe, the last day being believed to be at hand. It should be mentioned as a point of weighty importance that, in the Spring of the same year (the exact date is unknown), a frightful eruption of the Skapta Jökul, in Iceland, took place. This glow seemed in many respects to have resembled that of 1636, when Hekla was in terrific activity.

It will thus be seen that, although our records of sun-glows, such as the recent ones, are limited to one or two instances, the phenomenon has been observed in North Europe, more or less prominently, on several occasions during the last three centuries.

If men would employ in doing good to others but a small portion of the time they spend in doing harm to themselves misery would soon be driven from the earth.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Up through the wrinkled and naked earth,
Tenderly sweet, tenderly fair,
Crocuses blossom, snowdrops peep,
Shyly, modestly, everywhere;
Pale and purple violets creep,
Filling with sweet perfume the air;
Bluebells nod and daffodils stare;
Under the moss the hyacinths sleep,
And dream not of sorrow or care,
Waiting—waiting for Summer's birth.

Deep in each dell and mossy vale
Lifts up the orchid her curious crown;
Lovingly peeps the primrose pale
At the cowslips, golden, orange and brown;
The hedges are whitening for May,
Where the fragrant, vagrant dog-rose blushes,
And Winter has passed away.
When the bindweed peers through the bushes,
All Nature is smiling to-day,
As the breath of the springtime flushes,
As the blushing buds from the apple-trees fall,
And the flaunting stag-flower stately and tall,
With the waterlily, queen of them all,
Bloom down by the reeds and the rushes.

The hawthorn scatters her petals fair,
The lilac sighs to the sleepy air,
The golden laburnums quiver;
The chestnut spreads out his stately arms,
Bending beneath his leafy charms,
And blossoms over the river;
And the waters murmur as they steal by,
And west winds whisper and south winds sigh:
Oh, that the springtime could last for ever!

AN ODD GIRL.—"SHE DID NOT OBSERVE A CURIOUS MOTION OF THE FLOWERS ON HER BREAST UNTIL A LOOK OF HORROR FLITTED ACROSS HER LOVER'S LIPS. AT THE SAME MOMENT SHE FELT SOMETHING COLD CREEPING ON HER NECK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN ODD GIRL.

By Lillie Devereux Blake.

The large parlor was invitingly cozy in the deepening twilight; rich crimson curtains draped the windows over delicate lace; a cheerful fire of cannel coal burned in the grate; through an open door the plants of a conservatory could be seen; the air was sweet with the scent of a great basket of flowers that stood on a table; a bird in a cage twittered as the gas was turned up to dispel the gloom that began to creep into the corners.

A daintily dressed lady moved restlessly about the room. She was in the pride of her youth and beauty, and there was in her bearing that indescribable something that marks the woman who has been greatly admired—not that there was any disagreeable suggestion of vanity or self-consciousness in her manner, but the arrangement of her hair, the ruffles on her throat, even the turn of her head, all said, "I am beautiful."

She was twenty-three years old, and had been for more seasons than she always cared to remember one of the acknowledged belles of the city; and now Ann was coming home—her sister, four years younger than herself, who had been five years in Europe finishing her education.

She was a bright child, but decidedly plain, when she left—what would she be now? Accomplished, no doubt. Clever she had always been. Would she be pretty also?

Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had gone to meet Ann; but Gertrude had been all day at a fashionable reception, and had but just come home in time to welcome her sister.

And here she was! A carriage stopped before the house. Gertrude hurried to the door. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch came in, their faces beaming with joy, and close behind was Ann.

At first there was only a confusion of kisses and exclamations; then Gertrude drew her sister before the fire, and as she unclasped her cloak, said:

"Now let me look at you and see how much you have changed."

"A good deal, I suppose," replied Ann. "But one thing is quite certain, Gertie, dear. You are more beautiful than ever, and I am not handsome at all."

No, she was not handsome, but she was certainly striking-looking. She was tall above the average, with a fine, full figure, which had a certain squareness of outline that was not altogether graceful.

She had large eyes; but then she had also a large nose and a large mouth; indeed, the peculiarity of her face was that it was rather a small face, and seemed to be covered all over with features.

She had abundant hair, but it was of an uncertain brown, and absolutely would not curl. She wore it parted on one side and smoothly brushed back.

Her complexion was entirely colorless. Still, her eyes were brilliant and her teeth remarkably good, so that Gertrude ended her scrutiny by a compliment on them.

"Well, what do you think of me?" inquired Ann.

"You look immensely clever," replied Gertrude; "and your teeth are simply perfect."

"Yes; they are my strong point," replied Ann. "I am well aware I haven't many, and I have been faithful to my dentist. When I went over, there was on the ship an old lady who made quite a pet of me; I wrote you about her, you recollect. When she bade me good-by, as her parting advice, she said, 'Now, my dear, always remember two things—to take care of your soul and of your teeth.'"

During dinner and in the evening Gertrude watched her sister closely, with constantly increasing pleasure in having her at home and admiration for her talents.

Many of their young friends came in to welcome the traveler, and in the lively conversation Ann more than held her own.

She might not be pretty, but she was certainly remarkably bright, and Gertrude resolved that she should be a social success.

When at last their visitors were all gone, Gertrude coaxed her sister into her own tasteful room.

"If you are not too tired," she said, "let us have a little talk before you go to bed." And she drew her on the sofa beside her.

"Just a few moments," replied Ann. "You must know that I am tremendously hygienic, take mitten baths, never wear anything tight above the waist, and must sleep eight hours every night. However, I will stay a few moments, for I want you to tell me, Gertie, exactly what you think of me, and my best *rôle* for society success.

"I think you are ever so clever," replied Gertrude, heartily.

"Oh, yes," said Ann, carelessly; "I suppose I am clever—that is, I am not a fool; but, then, whether I have really talent to achieve anything, I do not know. However, we'll admit that I am bright. Now I'll tell you what I think about myself."

"Well, what, dear?"

"I can't be beautiful, that is evident, and I think I had better be odd."

"Odd!" repeated Gertrude.

"Yes," continued Ann, calmly. "You see, I am odd, anyway; my waist is big, and I won't crimp my hair. Oh, yes; I think my most tetling *rôle* will be to be odd."

And odd she certainly was.

Very soon she had achieved quite a reputation in their circle for her oddity. She dressed in a peculiar style that was all her own. As she said she would not wear anything tight about the waist, corsets she utterly discarded, and her gowns were all cut in some loose fashion. But they had a marked style of their own; they were extremely æsthetic, and æstheticism was just then the rage.

She was fond of robes cut in one piece from the shoulder to the feet, with a huge sash tied about her for a girdle. Then she chose the oddest colors for her costumes, and, with her hair high on her head, disdaining even the smallest ringlet on her forehead, she was altogether a very striking figure.

At the end of a month of gayety, Gertrude one morning said to her, with great satisfaction:

"Ann, your *rôle* of being old is a tremendous success."

"Oh, I suppose so," replied Ann, indifferently. "I thought it would be rather my best idea. Since it has been demonstrated that a man in this country can make everybody run after him because he wears knee-breeches, it is manifest that a woman may do immense things through the study of the gospel of queer gowns."

"It is not your gowns alone," replied Gertrude. "It's your brilliancy in conversation also."

"And is that odd?" asked Ann, with a slight sneer. "It does not say much for the tone of New York society that cleverness in speech is an oddity."

Gertrude laughed.

"You are really beginning to be called a wit, do you know?" she said, her pretty face glowing with pleasure at her sister's success. "Mr. Cameron told me last evening that he thought you were the brainiest girl he ever met?"

"Did he say that?" asked Ann, with a sudden eager look in her large eyes.

"Indeed he did; and I'm certain that he admires you immensely," replied Gertrude.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Ann. "He looks at you as if he thought you the most beautiful creature in the world."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Gertrude, quickly. "He may think me a pretty fool, but he has a genuine admiration for you."

As the weeks passed on, this assurance of Gertrude's seemed to be more and more well founded.

George Cameron was a resident of San Francisco, a handsome, dreamy-eyed man of about thirty. He had inherited a fortune, and spent his time as it pleased him best; and this year it pleased him to lounge in New York.

He was a great deal at the Lynches', a constant attendant on the two sisters; but, as he seemed to be completely fascinated by Ann's ready-witted conversation, he was generally set apart as her escort.

It was evident to all the family that Ann more than liked him. A new light shone in her great gray eyes when he drew near; the very softness, and even the weakness, of his character seemed to be an attraction to her.

When her mother and sister whispered about the affair, they agreed that, perhaps by reason of her strength, Ann would be just the wife for him.

About this time a new admirer appeared in the train of the two sisters, and this was the Hon. Henry Detmold, a rising young politician, recently elected to the United States Senate. He was yet under forty, with a square, strong face, and evidently was in the matrimonial market.

Gossip said that he needed a wife for his Washington career, which would begin on the 4th of March, and that he was in New York to find one.

In January the Lynches gave a great ball, which was quite one of the successes of the season. Their rooms were so crowded that the two sisters could do little but attend to their duties as hostesses, for some time, and of course in New York a crowd means a success.

Gertrude was radiantly beautiful in a soft white dress with sprays of white lilacs on her corsage and in her bouquet.

Ann wore a robe of Nile-green, cut square on the front, and with a long Watteau train on the back; a great bunch of jacqueminot roses at her waist completely hid its outline.

It was quite late in the evening when Mr. Cameron came to her appealingly.

"Can't you leave all this for a little while?" he said. "We haven't had any real nice chats the whole evening."

Ann smiled, her flashing eyes and beautiful teeth almost redeeming her face from plainness.

"Why, I've danced with you twice," she said.

"I know it; but we couldn't talk then," he replied. "At least, I mean you couldn't talk. I'm never any good except as a listener. Come, let us go into the library; I want to ask you lots of questions about people."

Ann consented, and they soon found a seat on a sofa in the library, where were only a few of the older people, who were glad to escape from the dancing.

"This is ever so nice, Miss Ann," said Cameron. "By-the-way," he added, "why are you always just plain Ann? I have often wanted to ask you why you have such an unusual name."

"Because I was christened Ann," she replied. "Nothing but Ann; not Annie, or Annette, or anything fancy, but Ann after my dear old grandmother, and Ann I intend to be."

"It sounds odd and old-fashioned, doesn't it?" suggested Cameron.

"I am odd and old-fashioned," replied Ann.

"You are very charming," said the young man.

As he spoke he looked at her with a gentle smile. His eyes were not brilliant; they were brown, with an almost velvety softness in them. As Ann's glance met his, her own grew tender and her lids fell.

A strange, vivid thrill shot through her heart.

Some one was singing in the parlor, and the people in the room moved toward the door. He leaned over her and touched the flowers at her waist.

"You wore my roses," he said.

"You sent them?" asked Ann, with a sudden flush that for the moment made her almost handsome.

"Yes. Did you not know it?"

"I hoped so," replied Ann, very softly.

At this moment the song ceased, the people began to stroll about the room again, and Gertrude appeared at the door, leaning on Mr. Detmold's arm.

Cameron had drawn back as observers turned toward them, and, to hide her momentary confusion, Ann said, lightly:

"I think Gertrude's new admirer is very much in earnest.

"What! Who do you mean? Cameron asked, with sudden interest.

"The Senator-elect, Mr. Detmold," replied Ann.

And as she spoke, her sister and her escort came directly toward them.

"Ah, Mr. Cameron," said Gertrude, lightly, "you deserve a scolding for keeping my sister here. Ann, mamma wants you terribly. Mr. Miller has just arrived, and she says you are the only one of us who is clever enough to entertain him."

They all rose, and Cameron walked back to the parlor with him. But after he had left her in the clutches of the distinguished man he went in search of Gertrude.

She was dancing, and he stood leaning back against the wall, watching her with absorbed interest until the time came when she was engaged for a waltz with him.

He took her in his arms, and held her close to him for a moment as they moved around the room in the dance; then, as he released her, he said:

"Come into the conservatory. I want to ask you something."

She looked at him, surprised at the intensity of his tone. He usually spoke slowly, and with somewhat of a drawl.

He did not wait for an answer, but drew her hand through his arm. They were close to the door, and he led her into the conservatory.

It was warm and still there, with the faint plash of a fountain sounding as the twitter of an awakened bird.

There was a seat at the further end, under some honeysuckle vines that were covered with yellow flowers.

"Let us sit here; I have something to say to you," he repeated.

Gertrude sat down, overcome by the unusal assertion of his manner. Her bosom still heaved with the motion of the dance, a soft color glowed in her cheeks, her beautiful eyes looked at him appealingly.

"What is it?" she asked, but rather with curiosity than with consciousness. He leaned over her, the scent of the flowers on her breast mingled with the heavy odor of the blossoms over their heads.

"I would have sent my heart with them if I could," he murmured. "Gertrude, I love you!" His hand dropped to her waist as he spoke, and he bent close to her. But she drew away in horrified surprise.

TOMBS AND CATACOMBS.—ELEVATED PLATFORM TOMB OF THE DAKOTAS.—SEE PAGE 471.

He touched the lilacs as he had touched the roses her sister had wore.

"I sent you these," he said.

"Yes," she answered; "it was ever so good of you; they are lovely."

"You love me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, no, Mr. Cameron! Do not say that! It is Ann—Ann who loves you."

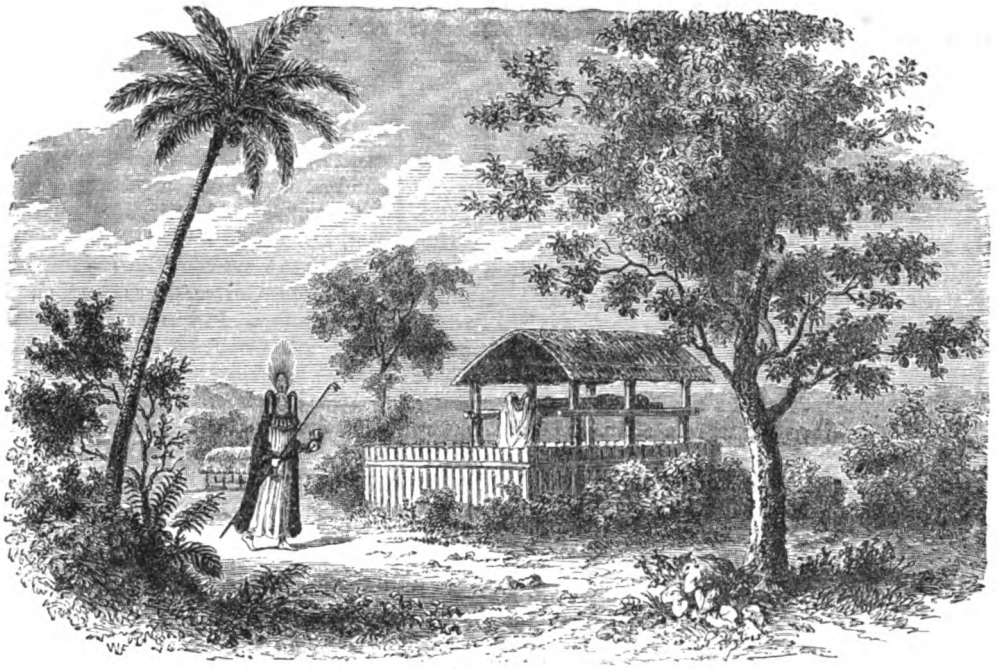
"Ann!"

He repeated the name in a confused sort of way, falling back into the corner of the seat.

"Oh, I ought not to have said it!" cried Gertrude, in great distress. "I ought not to have told you, but you surprised and startled me so."

He did not say anything; his dreamy eyes looked away as if he were dazed, and she went on hurriedly:

"Of course you were so attentive to her, we all thought you wanted to marry her. And I know she likes you. It is of no use for you to ask me," she ended, desperately. "I am engaged to be married to Mr. Detmold; therefore, to Ann you must look as a life companion."



OLD-TIME ELEVATED TOMB, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

* * * * * *

Within a week Mrs. Lynch announced the marriage engagements of both her daughters. Mr. Detmold had proposed to Gertrude on the evening of the ball. Mr. Cameron was not seen for three days; then he wrote a letter to Ann, and offered her his hand and fortune.

Her acceptance of him was a burst of feeling so genuine that her suitor was fairly roused by it into at least an appearance of devotion, and for a time Ann was radiantly happy. She made no attempt to conceal the love that was the pride and promise of her life, and looked at first with surprise, and finally with misgiving, on Gertrude's more sober courtship.

GRAVE OF A SIOUX CHILD.

One morning, as the sisters stood by the window in the parlor, looking out on the avenue, Ann suddenly seized Gertrude's hands and drew her into the broad band of sunlight that fell into the room, saying:

"I want to look at you while I ask you something, dear."

"And what is it?"

"Do you love Mr. Detmold?"

A slight flush deepened the color on Gertrude's fair face as she said:

"Why, Ann, what a question! Of course I like him ever so much."

"Like him!" repeated Ann, contemptuously. "Is that all?"

Gertrude smiled.

"Perhaps I am not quite so much in love with him as you are with your handsome Californian, but I admire Mr. Detmold immensely. I am sure I shall like being his wife. It is time I got married, any way. You know, dear, this is my fourth season."

"What if it is?" cried Ann,

excitedly. "Suppose it were your tenth season, as beautiful as you are why should you care? There is nothing on earth that ought to induce you, or any woman, to marry, but love."

"What an odd girl you are!" said Gertrude, looking at her sister with a little anxiety in her eyes.

"Yes," replied Ann, "so odd that I shall never marry except for love, and I shall never love but once."

Although all things seemed fair on the surface, Gertrude could not help regarding her sister oftener after this with apprehension. Her devotion to Cameron was so absolute, her love for him so intense!

In his indolent way he seemed to be pleased to be with Ann and to accept her adoration; but sometimes he looked at Gertrude in a way she did not like, and there were often vague indications about him that suggested a fear that his habits were not in all respects what they ought to be.

It was a positive relief when he announced that he was going to California to arrange his affairs, and should not return to New York until May, when he would wish at once to be married.

Ann's devotion to her lover had found expression in a variety of bewildering novelties of costume. She knew very well that whatever attraction she had for him was largely made up of fascination by her eccentricities, and all her talents were bent now to the one sole purpose of inventing every day some fresh charm of dress or quaint fancy of conversation.

On the evening before Cameron's departure he went to the Lynches' in the afternoon, and found Ann alone. She wore a dress of bronze-colored silk, trimmed with black lace that was embroidered with red gold.

She had a wide fichu of this lace about her neck, and it was fastened together by an immense golden spider.

The fancy for these grotesque ornaments had just come in, and this creature was a triumph of the jeweler's art. It had a round body of black enamel, barred with red gold, and many branching golden legs—altogether a painfully realistic imitation of life.

Cameron came into the room with his usual faint, amiable smile; but as he advanced toward Ann and caught sight of her singular breastpin, an expression of strong disgust swept over his features, and he recoiled visibly from her outstretched arms.

"For heaven's sake, Ann!" he cried, violently, "where did you get that hideous thing? Take it off, please, if you have any regard for me!"

Ann flushed as she drew back, dismayed by his tone; but she hastily unfastened the breastpin.

"I am sorry," she said. "I liked it because it was odd."

"Odd! It's too odd!" he replied, still without recovering his usual calm. "I detest reptiles."

"Oh, but it isn't a reptile," said Ann, with an effort at a smile; "it is an insect, and it is very unscientific to be so mixed in your zoology."

"I don't care what you call it," Cameron answered, pettishly. "It is a horror."

Ann tossed the pin into a box out of sight, and took a large red rose from a bunch of flowers on the table. As she fastened it into her lace, she said:

"Does this suit you better? It isn't half so effective; but if it pleases you, dear, I am satisfied."

She was so good-natured about it that it was impossible to help being mollified; but Cameron was not like himself all the evening—he seemed preoccupied, he neglected Ann, and looked often at Gertrude. She was looking unusually handsome in a dark-blue silk, with a simple ruffle of lace at her throat, and a bunch of tea-roses at her waist.

Mr. Detmold was not there, and Cameron lingered beside her on the sofa after dinner until she had to tell him that he ought to go to her sister.

At her words he turned his large dark eyes upon her earnestly. They had in them the same smoldering fire she had seen there once before.

"Yes," he said, "I will go to Ann. I shall always love you, but I shall marry her."

The next morning he started for California, and a few weeks later Gertrude was married. Mr. Detmold urged on the wedding. It was expected that an extra session of the Senate would be called, and he wanted his wife with him in Washington.

After her sister was gone Ann spent her time in preparations for her own marriage. Not in devising strange and wonderful costumes only, but in studying, reading, and pursuing the various accomplishments in which she was already proficient.

She was, as her after life proved, a woman of remarkable gifts, and many-sided in her nature. She was fond of animals, and seemed to have a peculiar power over them. She had a pug dog that she had taught a variety of tricks; a canary that she had tamed, and in the south window of her room was a box of plants that she declared gave her far more pleasure than all the flowers in the conservatory.

These plants were, like all other house-plants, occasionally attacked by insects, and a scientific professor who greatly admired her talents gave Ann a little green lizard, which he said would destroy these pests. This little creature also Ann succeeded in taming, so that it would come to her fearlessly.

The weeks passed on rapidly. Gertrude was in Washington, where she was greatly admired; but amid all her gayeties she often thought of her sister, and always with much anxiety.

Cameron's strange words haunted her. It did not seem to her possible that Ann could be happy with him. Her apprehensions were increased when she heard from a California acquaintance, who did not know of her sister's engagement, that Cameron was leading a life of wild dissipation.

When Mr. Detmold had business which took him to New York, Gertrude gladly accompanied him to her old home.

She was, however, somewhat reassured when she saw Ann, who seemed happy. She heard from her lover regularly.

It was late in April, and she expected him the 1st of May. The wedding was fixed for the 15th.

The night after Gertrude's arrival there was an attractive opera, and the Lynches occupied their box at the Academy.

Gertrude was superb. Marriage had given a deeper tone to her beauty, a more regal carriage to her lovely head. Her dress, of purple velvet, was trimmed with costly lace, and a magnificent *rivière* of diamonds glittered around her white throat.

Ann wore a marvelous dress of yellow satin, that was trimmed with sprays of ivy, and had a large cluster of jonquins and ivy-leaves at her corsage.

The opera was "Faust," and the "Soldiers' Chorus" had just ceased, after a tumultuous recall, when the door of the box opened and Cameron came in.

He was pale, and there were dark circles under his eyes. His handsome face was marred, showing plainly the traces of dissipation.

Ann started up with a cry of delight, which she could not repress. He greeted her with his amiable smile, and after he had shaken hands with the rest of the party, seated himself between the two sisters.

Mr. Detmold insisted that he should have that place.

"Yes, I came a week earlier than I intended," Cameron said, in reply to their questions. "There seemed no good in waiting." Then he turned to Gertrude. "I was in Philadelphia yesterday, when I saw by the papers that you were here."

His eyes lingered audaciously on her perfect face.

"I came to see you," he added, slowly.

Gertrude drew back, flushing with indignant anger.

"Mr. Cameron," she said, icily, "if you ever again address such words to me, I shall instantly repeat them to my sister and to my husband."

Cameron's face flushed scarlet, and then grew white.

Mr. Detmold leaned forward to speak to his wife, and Cameron was forced to turn at last to Ann. She was watching him eagerly, with all her earnest soul in her eyes.

"At least you are glad to see me!" he said, languidly.

"Glad!" It was all Ann could say. Her lips trembled with the strong emotion she could not control.

The great house crowded with people, the brilliant scene around her, all the world, were forgotten as she looked into the face of the man she loved.

She noticed nothing but his eyes, which seemed strangely cold. She did not observe a curious motion in the flowers on her breast, until a look of horror and repugnance flitted across her lover's lips, and at the same moment she felt something cold creeping on her neck.

The little lizard which had probably concealed itself in her bouquet as it stood in the window beside her plants, slipped its green head and yellow eyes out among the jonquils, and crawled from its hiding-place up against her throat.

With a desperate oath, Cameron started to his feet and staggered out of the box. Ann grew very pale, yet she was no weakling to scream or faint. She caught the creature in her hand, and imprisoned it in a fold of her handkerchief; but she felt as if she could not stay for the rest of the opera.

"I am tired," she said to her sister. "If you do not mind, I think I shall have to go home."

"But Mr. Cameron!" asked Gertrude, in extreme surprise.

"He will not come back," said Ann. Her face was ashen to the light, but her voice was steady. "I do not think I shall ever see him again."

She never did. He left the city the next day without a word of farewell.

Ann neither despaired nor died. She slowly learned how unworthy was the man to whom she had given her heart, but, as she had predicted, she never loved again.

Although she is neither wife nor mother, a brilliant career has been hers, and the world, that reads with delight the creations of her imagination, declares that the "Odd Girl" has achieved success.

A PERSIAN SPOON.

A SHERBET-SPOON is from one to two feet in length; the bowl, cut from a solid block, holds from a claret glass to a tumbler of the liquid. This bowl is so thin as to be semi-transparent, and is frequently ornamented with an inscription, the letters of which are in high relief.

To retain their semi-transparency, each letter is undercut, so that, although standing up an eighth of an inch from the surface of the bowl, yet the whole is of the same light and delicate texture, no part thicker than another.

One-half of the surface of the spoon-bowl is covered by two cleverly-applied pieces of carved wood, which appear to be carved from one block.

But this is not the case; they are really cemented there. These pieces are carved in such a delicate manner as to be almost flimsy in appearance, resembling fine lacework. The handle of the spoon, at times twenty inches long, is formed in a separate piece and inserted into the edge of the bowl in a groove cut to receive it.

This handle is also elaborately carved in delicate tracery, and a wonderful effect is produced by the rhomboid-shaped handle, at times four inches broad at the widest part, and only a tenth of an inch thick. The groove where the handle is inserted into the edge of the bowl of the spoon and the point of the junction are hidden by a rosette of carved wood circular in shape, only a tenth of an inch thick. This, too, is carved in lace-like work and is cemented to the shaft of the spoon.

A kind of flying buttress of similar delicate woodwork unites the back part of the shaft to the shoulder of the bowl. The spoon, which when it leaves the carver's bench is white, is varnished with Kaman oil, which acts as waterproof and preservative, and dyes the wood a fine gamboge yellow similar to our boxwood. The weight of the spoon is in the largest sizes two ounces.

The tools used by a carver are a plane, a rough sort of gouge, and a common penknife. Each spoon is of a separate and original design, no two being alike, save when ordered in pairs or sets. These sherbet-spoons are really works of art, and are valued by Oriental amateurs.

Many of the merchants are very proud of their sherbet-spoons, and being wood they are "lawful"; consequently the teaspoons in Persia have a filigree hole in the bowl, and thus can be used for stirring the tea only, and not for the unlawful act of conveying it to the mouth in a silver spoon.

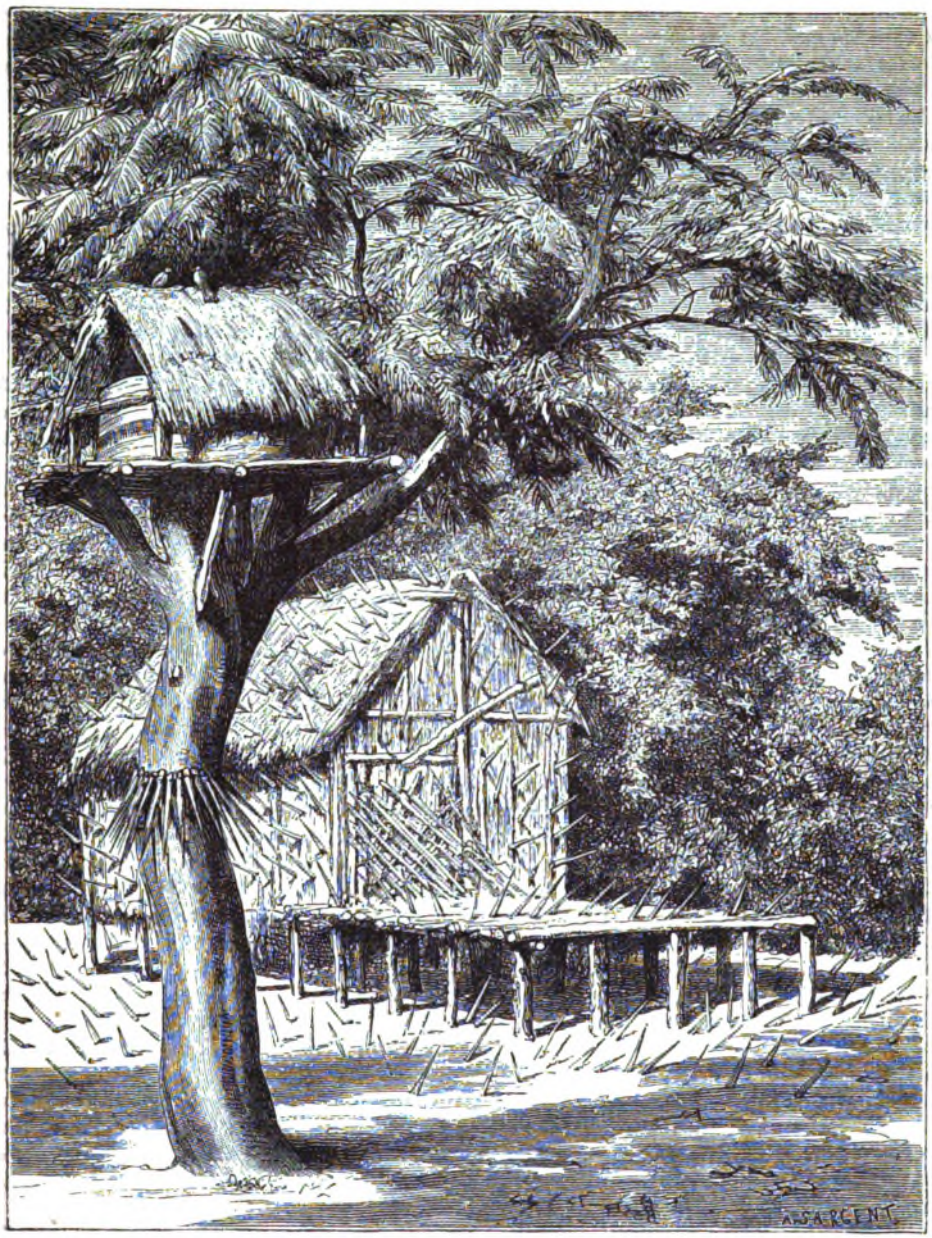
Of course, these high-art sherbet-spoons are only seen at the houses of the better classes, a coarser wooden spoon being used by the lower classes. These spoons at dinner serve as drinking-vessels, for tumblers are unknown.

TOMBS AND CATACOMBS

By M. F. VALLETTE.

NEXT to the study of the manner of disposing of the dead, we are naturally led to the study of the means resorted to in different climes and ages for the preservation of their remains and for the perpetuation of their memory. That burial out of sight was the original mode of disposing of the dead there can be no doubt, for we find Abraham bargaining with the sons of Heth for "a possession of a burying-place" that he "may bury his dead wife out of sight." We see also that a cave in the field of Machpelah "was *made sure* unto Abraham" for that purpose.

The general tendency of mankind has always been to bury its dead out of sight of the living, and the various methods for the accomplishment of this may be summed up as follows: The simple closing up of the body in earth or stone; the burning of the body and the entombing of the ashes; and the embalming of the body. From burying in isolated places, as practiced by migratory



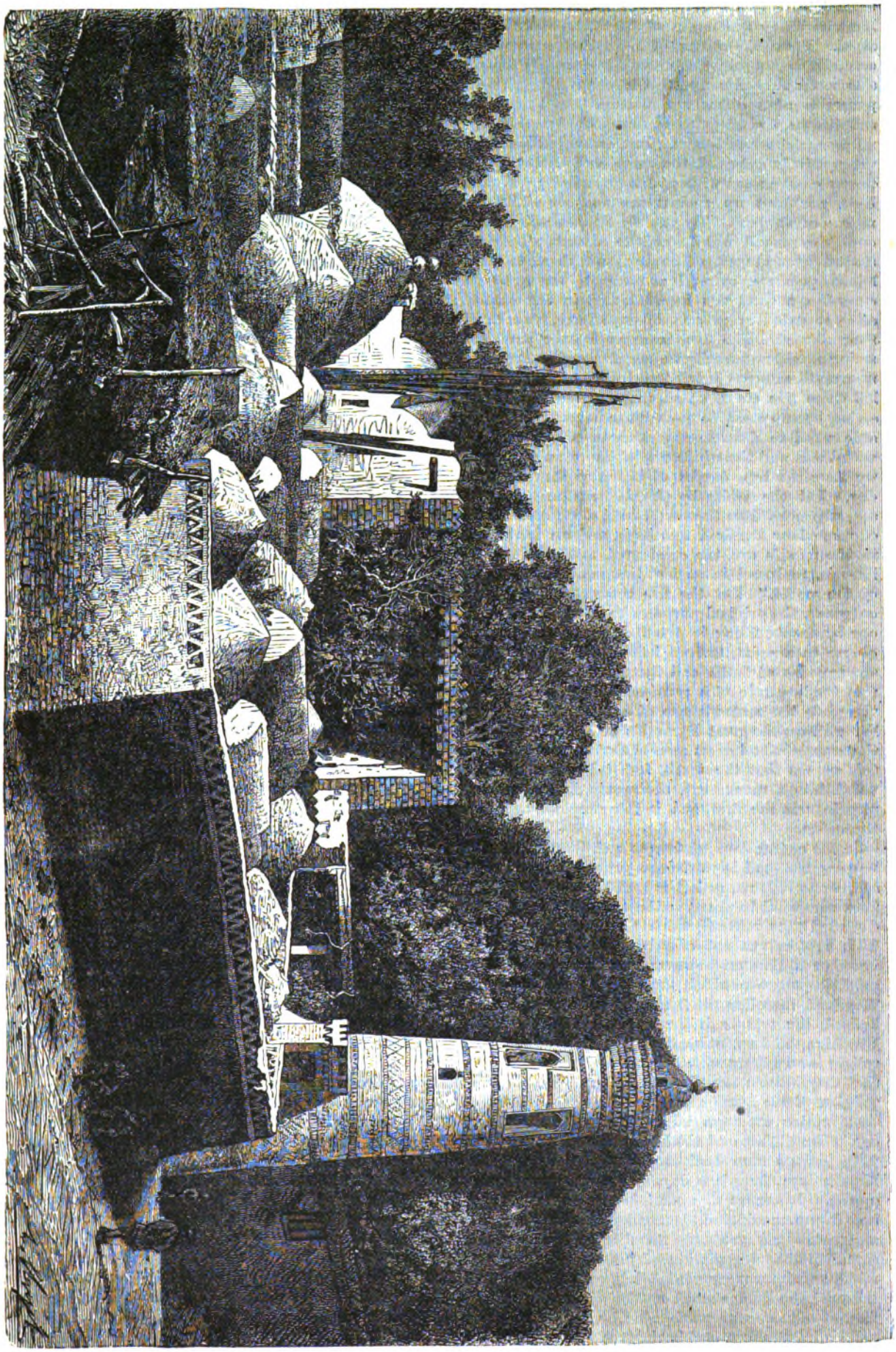
RICE-BARN AND DEAD-HOUSE OF THE SAVAGES OF THE UPPER PLATEAU OF LAOS, INDIA.

tribes, came the custom of designating certain places for general burial; hence the cemetery or eliseum, a place of rest. The first cemetery we have any mention of was in Egypt, and was situated on the banks of a romantic lake called Aherusia, which name signified the last state of man. The cemetery was called the Eliseum. It may be well to add, while referring to this cemetery, that it was not open to every one. A committee of forty-two judges sat upon the body, and if in their judgment the deceased was not of good character, he was sent down the river to a common ditch called Tartarus; hence the "gloomy Tartarus" in mythology. If the deceased died insolvent, his body was given to the creditors, who kept it until it was ransomed. The committee was no respecter of persons, and even kings (and aldermen) have been refused admittance to this cemetery.

The tomb, the abiding-place of the departed, in time came to be modeled after the abode of the living. The early dwellings of the living were either caves burrowed in the earth or the crevices of rocks; so, too, the first tombs were excavations. Such we find them in ancient Egypt, while the ledges of rock which skirt the Valley of the Nile are pigeon-holed with rock-cut tombs in the vicinity of the great cities, especially the more ancient. The same may be said of a large part of Syria, while in Upper Egypt, Etruria, and Sicily, these cities of the dead are even laid out into streets like those of the living.

The tomb, too, in the course of time, was made to resemble, in its structural form at least, the chambers of the living. The grave was dug out, and sometimes walled in, and generally covered with a mound of earth, not only for protection, but to hide the relics, or, rather, the valuable objects it was customary in those times to inter with the dead (that they might want for nothing during the journey from time to eternity), from hostile tribes. That this custom prevailed to a very great extent is amply attested to, even to this day, by the countless

TOWERS OF SILENCE—BURIAL-PLACE OF PARSEES.



A MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY.

tumuli to be found not only in India and Ireland, but likewise along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. From the shores of Lake Erie, where they are scarcely discernible, these tumuli gradually increase in size until they rise up to the colossal heights of the pyramids of Anahuac and Tolteca. In Ionia, Etruria, and Greece, the tumulus is found rising gradually into monumental magnificence. In mounding the tomb, thus progressively enlarged, the earth could not be piled up to any great extent without inconveniently widening the base, nor kept up against the weather without some means of support. To remedy this double inconvenience, the mound was tucked to a certain height by a sloped groundwork of stone; and then, to ease the lateral pressure, as well as promote the great end of elevation, a shaft was inserted, first in the centre, and after, repeated in process of experience, at each of the four corners. The term corners is here used, for the facing would necessarily be angular and unbroken lines, no curved masonry being imaginable at the time. Now, let these five stays, or, as they are technically termed, steles, be supposed to pass quite naturally from perishable wood to durable stone, these pillars to be hung with bells, and the whole roofed in by an umbrella, and we have the topo tombs of China as they exist to this day. Let the steles be elevated gradually, that is to say, *abstracted* from the earth, until elongated into towers of some four hundred feet high, and we have restored, in the mind's eye, the celebrated tomb of Porsenna, in Etruria, reckoned in ancient times one of the "wonders of the world." Let the five towers, which have thus outgrown the original purpose, be next fasciculated into one by simply filling in the facing produced upward, of course to a point, and we behold the primeval birth of the pagodas of India and the pyramids of Meroe. Let this tomb-temple of a provincial Ragis be duly proportioned to the magnificence of a universal monarch, and lo! we have the great Pyramids of Egypt, the tombs of the monarchs and great men of that ancient land. From this we see that the tomb, fortified into a mound, elevated into a monument, abstracted into a pyramid or pagoda, was the first, and is the simplest, architectural formation.

In the earlier days of Greece and Rome the custom of keeping the dead in the house prevailed for a long time, as Servius tells us, and it is well known that the Egyptians were wont to preserve the embalmed bodies of their departed ones with affectionate care in their own homes. This custom was not calculated to become either universal or lasting, as, however spacious private residences might be, there would in time be no room for the living. The dead, therefore, passed from the home to the temple. Indeed, the temple is the outgrowth of the tomb, for Eusebius and Lactantius both tell us that such was the religious care the ancients bestowed upon their tombs, that they became temples and holy places. Indeed, the religion of the tomb was regarded as something so holy, that greater care was taken of the habitations of the dead than of those of the living, and they were guarded with jealous care against desecration. According to Roman law, the place in which a man was buried was sacred *(ubi corpus de mortui hominis condas, sacer est)*, and it was considered desecrated by the interment of a stranger, of an unworthy member of the family, or by demolition or degradation of the tomb. Permission to make repairs was granted solely on condition that the ashes of the dead should not be disturbed. The violation of a tomb was punishable by condemnation to the galleys, fustigation, and having the hands cut off.

However interesting the history of the tomb may be, we have neither time nor space to follow it up in this article, except in so far as it refers to certain particular places of sepulture.

The most primitive burial-places in our times are to be found, probably, among the American Indians. Here we find platform graves, tree-burial and dead-houses. One of our illustrations represents a Sioux child's grave hanging from the branches of a tall tree and over the waters of a placid stream. On the bank of this stream may be seen a pack of hungry wolves, drawn thither, no doubt, by the odor of decomposition, and looking wistfully at the swinging cradle.

Another picture represents the elevated platform tombs of the Sioux and other Indian tribes in a sequestered valley near a river. The bodies, as will be seen, are wrapped in bark and the skins of beasts, and propped up on stilts at different elevations, or securely fastened to the trunks of trees, while near the corpse hangs the never-failing wooden dish to enable it to quench its thirst while on its long journey; the moon shines down upon the silent scene, disturbed only, perhaps, by the shrill hoot of the solitary owl that keeps watch from the tree-top. The Northwestern Indians build houses for the dead, and surround them with everything necessary for comfort and defense against the depredations of wild beasts. In some cases long sharp thorns are placed around and over the house and platform of the last abode, or around the trees to which the dead are fastened. Poles are placed in an upright position, and sometimes cross poles extending between them, on which are hung the funeral gifts which remain with the dead. Among the Mandans the dead are placed upon a slight scaffold, as we have described, some seven feet high, and there left to decay. When, in the process of time, the scaffold gives way and falls, the relatives bury the remains of the deceased, with the exception of the skull, which they place on the ground, forming circles of a hundred or more, all with the faces looking inward, and all resting on fresh bunches of herbs. A little mound is piled up in the centre of each circle, in which are placed the skulls of the male and female bison, and on the mound is planted a long pole, on which hang sundry "medicine" articles which are supposed to aid in guarding the remains of the dead. These skull-circles are constantly visited by relatives, and mothers will sit for hours together by the skulls of their children, going on with their work and talking to them as if they were living.

The Chinnooks place their dead in canoes, the warrior's arms and utensils always accompanying him. The custom of burying the widow of the deceased with them at one time prevailed to some extent among the American Indians, and there is a case on record in which the young sweetheart of a Natchez chief voluntarily offered herself to be strangled with his wives, that she might share his grave. The reader cannot but notice the resemblance between this North American custom of strangling wives and the well-known Suttee (or Sutty) of India. The same custom prevails among the Fijians. In most cases the women are foremost in demanding death, and the Fijian wife goes so far as to help to dig her own grave, lines it with mats, and then seats herself in it.

The custom of tree-burial is not confined to the American Indians, but also prevails in Australia, in some parts of which the natives, instead of burning the body or hiding it in caves or in graves, make it a conspicuous object. Lying in its canoe coffin, and so covered over with leaves and grass as to leave its shape clearly discernible, the

body is lifted into a convenient fork of a tree, and lashed to the boughs by native ropes.

Platform and shed burial is practiced in the Society Islands. Among the Tahitians the bodies of ordinary chiefs are laid out under the protection of a covered shed. Our illustration not only exhibits this manner of burial, but also the extraordinary dress worn by the chief mourner. This dress is described as being "composed in the most ingenious manner of mother-of-pearl, feathers, bark cloth, and similar materials, and has a peculiarly startling appearance from the contrast between the glittering white of the pearl-shell and the dark feathers with which the shell is surrounded." The *tupapau* is a building in which the bodies of the chiefs are exhibited when lying in state. They are surrounded with palisades, and are profusely decorated with scarlet feathers, cloth and other precious ornaments. Men are attached to the *tupapau* to watch over it night and day, attend to the proper arrangement of the cloth and feathers, receive the offerings of fruit and provisions that are constantly made, and prevent intruders from venturing within the palisades.

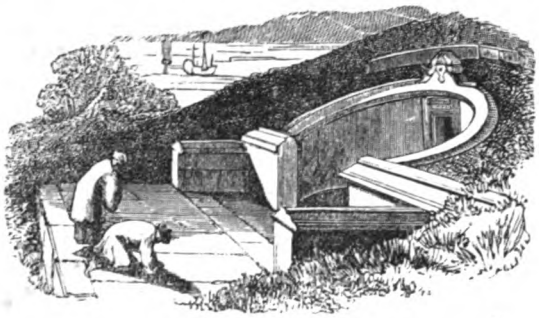
The custom of burying the dead in a crouched position prevails among the aboriginal inhabitants of South America. The Mapuche chief of Araucania (Chili), when dead, is bound with the knees to the breast, and lowered into the grave, facing the west, the direction of the Mapuche spiritland. The saddle, bit, spurs and stirrups of the deceased are laid by his side, together with some provisions for the journey, a few beads and a piece of money, and the grave is filled up. It may be well to state, in this connection, that as the chief's horse-accoutrements are of silver and very valuable, they are represented by wooden copies, which are supposed to answer all the requirements of the dead chief, while the genuine articles become the property of his successor. At the head of the grave is planted the dead man's lance, the steel head of which is replaced by a wooden one. Usage requires that a horse be sacrificed with the dead chief, and it is very likely that a wooden one would be substituted were it not that the Mapuches are very fond of horseflesh. A great banquet is made, and the skin (which is afterward stuffed and placed on four sticks near his grave) and the spirit being the only portions appropriated to the dead man. The crouched position is also peculiar to the Peruvian tribes. The dead chief is decked out in all the feather and other paraphernalia peculiar to his station, and, with sceptre in hand, he is crouched up in an antenatal position, and placed in a womb-shaped urn indicative of his new birth to an immortal life.

The Wallachians bury their dead in graves very much after the manner of our own people; the earth is mounded over the grave, at the head of which a small lamp is kept lighted, as an emblem of the immortality of the soul.

The Parsees, or Fire-worshipers, do not seem to have any more regard for the fate of their dead than the Australians or some of the American Indians. They carry the bodies of their departed to their "Towers of Silence," within which is a house of prayer for those attending the funeral, and a temple in which a sacred fire is kept burning. "The corpse of the deceased Parsee, clothed in white," says a writer in a Bombay paper, "is carried in an open bier covered with white cloth; the male relatives, all clothed in white, following in pairs, each pair holding a handkerchief between them. Some prayers having been said in the rest-house, the body is again taken up and conveyed to one of the towers. At a distance of thirty feet from the ground there is a door in the wall, through which the corpse-bearers push the body, and then entering themselves, place it in the appointed place. The interior of each tower, which is open to the sky, is covered, at an elevation of twenty-five feet from the ground, with a circular flooring, which slopes downward on all sides to the centre, and contains numerous open grooves or receptacles for the bodies." The outer circle of the flooring is reserved for the bodies of men; the second, for those of women; and the third, or innermost, for those of children. As soon as the bodies are deposited in their places, the bearers retire, and immediately swarms of vultures, which are continually sitting in dozens upon the tops of the walls, swoop down upon the body, and inside of two hours strip it of every particle of flesh. In a few days the corpse-bearers return, and, collecting the bones which are then dried, place them in central well to be decomposed by the air and the rain.

In Turkey the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them which is only equaled in Christian lands. As a rule, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries adjoining the towns and villages. They appear to be two cities placed side by side—the city of the living and the city of the dead, the population of the latter far exceeding that af the former. Turkish cemeteries may be marked at a distance by the lofty and sombre phalanx of cypress trees, which are always the favorite attendants on Turkish graves. The immense burial-grounds of the Turks on the Asiatic side of Constantinople have been much celebrated by travelers. The eye beholds, to a wide extent, stone after stone rising over innumerable graves, while thick spreading trees extend their branches and their shade over them. While contemplating the scene, a silent awe pervades the mind, and the feeling is increased by the new arrival of corpses to be deposited by the side of their friends and relatives. In some places we see female figures weeping over the last earthly abode of a husband, a father, or a friend; while in others, men are seen prone upon the ground in the attitude of prayer. At an Anniversary Feast in a Turkish cemetery the tombs of the dead and the tents of the living are decorated with cypress branches. The young and the old are gathered around the tombs of their loved ones, and meat and drink are spread out upon them, to be partaken of according to the prescribed ritual. The idea of making the grave-heap an altar on which offerings of food for the departed may be placed is not by any means confined to the teachings of the Koran. It prevails among the lower races in their ghost-propitiation, and the "survivals" of such customs have been traced among highly civilized nations of modern times. It prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, the ancient Mexicans and the Chinese. The Parsees were required to render their *afringans* (blessings which were to be recited over a meal to which an angel or spirit of a deceased person was invited) at each of the six seasons of their year, and also on certain other days. The early Christians, in the catacombs, were wont to partake of meals upon the tombs of those who died martyrs to their holy faith, and when the days of persecution had passed away, they loved to gather the relics of the martyrs and place them under the altars upon which the Eucharistic Sacrifice was offered up.

Let us now give a few moments to the consideration of catacombs. These consist of labyrinths of subterranean galleries crossing one another in various directions, and here and there opening into chambers more or less lofty and spacious. The entire chain of mountains near Thebes, in Egypt, is mined by tombs some four thousand years old. The occupy a deep ravine in the centre of the

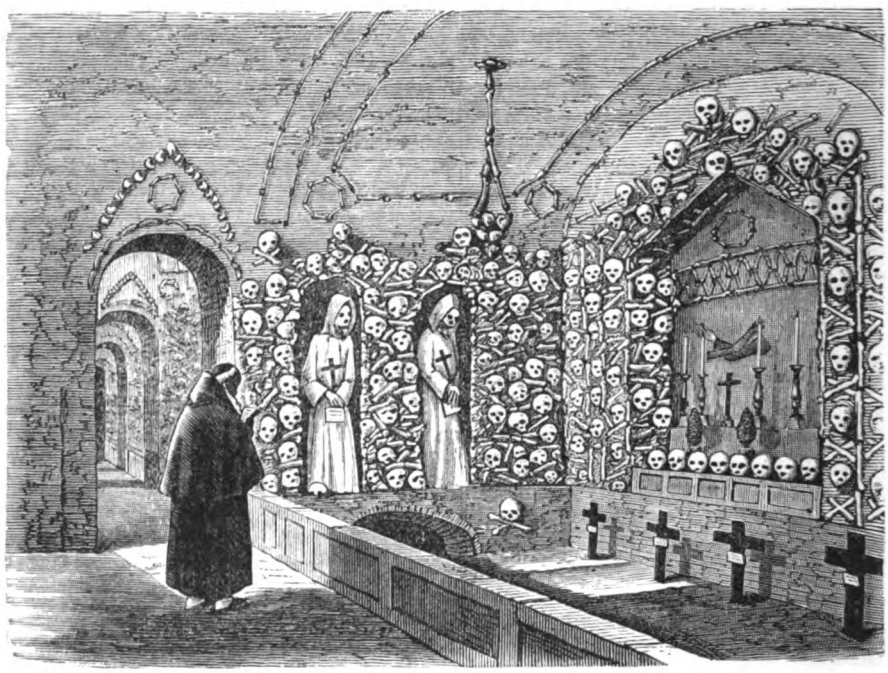


A CHINESE FAMILY VAULT.

Mountain Libycus, and lying some distance from the banks of the Nile. These tombs were reached by an artificial passage. All the sarcophagi of the kings have long since been violated, but they still preserve their wonderful paintings, in which the entire history of ancient Egypt may be read. Every action of the lives of the Egyptian rulers is here represented, with the furniture they used, and even the playthings of their children. The catacombs for the poor were limited, rude and unadorned, and the mummies were packed together as close as they could be laid, leaving a narrow passage between the wall of bodies.

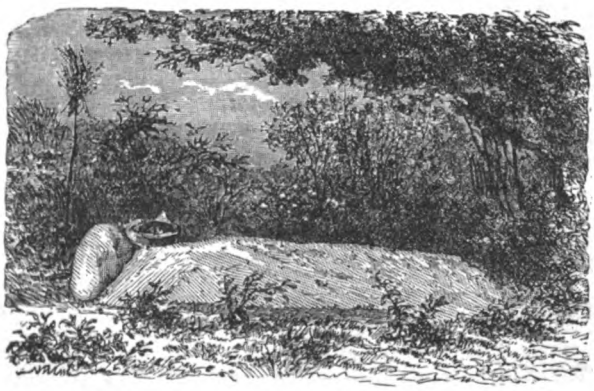
The best known catacombs of our day are to be found in Syracuse, Malta, Paris and Rome. It will be impossible for us to do more than refer to some of the most interesting facts connected with the two last mentioned, viz., Paris and Rome.

The catacombs at Paris, the excavations of which are estimated to extend over an area of 3,000,000 square metres, were originally quarries worked so far back as the Roman period, and yielding a soft kind of limestone, which hardened on exposure to the air. These subterranean galleries extend under a very large portion of the city, and at one time threatened to engulf several streets. They were very ingeniously propped up, however, named after the streets above them, and opened up by sixty different entrances to the suburbs. These catacombs were not devoted to sepulchral purposes until 1784, when the Conseil d'Etat issued a decree for closing the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents, and for removing the contents, as well as those of other graveyards, to the quarries beneath the southern part of Paris. During the Revolution and the Reign of Terror the remains of the countless dead were thrown in confused masses into these cavities, the only order observed being that those from each cemetery were kept separate. In 1810 a regular system of arranging them was begun and subsequently carried out. Partitions were made, a plentiful supply of air was admitted, and ditches were dug to carry off the water. The galleries and apartments are now artistically lined with human bones carefully assorted and intermingled with rows of skulls. Even chapels are made of these ghastly materials and furnished with inscriptions. It is estimated that the remains of at least 3,000,000 human beings are ranged along the walls of the Paris catacombs. No bodies are interred there now.



CAPUCHIN CATACOMB, PALERMO.

The most interesting and the best known catacombs are those of Rome. They attract attention because they were originally the homes as well as the burial-places of the early Christians. Shallow-brained tourists with no knowledge of archæology, and very little of history of any kind, would have us believe that these excavations were first made for the purpose of obtaining stone or cement for Roman buildings ; but the careful and laborious researches of Antonio Bosio and others prove conclusively that they were neither quarries nor sandpits. The material excavated was too hard for cement and too soft for stone. The semblance of sandpits around the entrances is accounted for by the fact that the Christians were in the habit of concealing the entrance to their hiding-places (in times of persecution) by depositing sand around them. Again, sandpits and quarries are irregular and shapeless, yet nothing could be more precise and better arranged than these galleries. They are arched overhead like a railway tunnel, and some of them are as straight as an arrow. Nor will the idea expressed

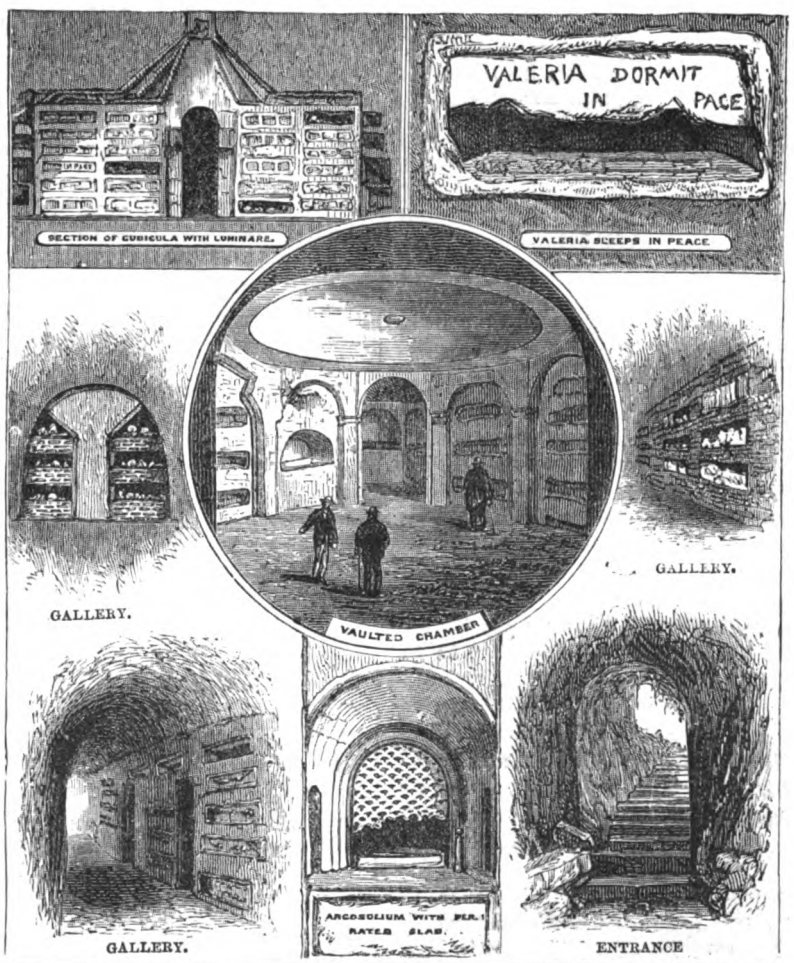


A WALLACHIAN GRAVE.

PAINTING FROM THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

by some writers that the catacombs belonged to pagans and Christians in common be found to rest upon any solid foundation. That Christians and pagans should have consented to lay their dead in a common burial-place no student of antiquities will for a moment admit.

The Roman pagans were very exclusive in the matter of sepulture. Every family had its own mausoleum, and considered it unlawful to be laid among strangers. Is it to be supposed, then, that they should have admitted to share their tombs those whom they hated and depised as they did the Christians, and especially when we bear in mind the fierce persecutions which were raging from time to time? Again, since idolatrous rites accompanied pagan funerals, it is clearly impossible that any Christian should have exposed his own grave, or that of those who were near and dear to him in life, to such contaminating contact. Moreover, the custom of the Romans, at least from the later times of the Republic, was, not to bury, but to incinerate, their dead, and then to inclose their ashes in an urn, and so commit them to their place of sepulture. It follows, then, that the pagan burial-places in Rome with which we are acquainted, are of the kind



SCENES IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

called *columbaria*, or dove-cotes, from the little niches, like pigeon-holes, in which these urns were placed. The graves in the catacombs, on the other hand, are long and narrow, evidently intended to receive the human body in its full proportions. Indeed, in some, the skeleton may still be seen ; nor has there been found in them a single instance of a sepulchral urn, nor of a place in which one was deposited.

Our guide gives us a torch, and we start on our underground tour. Cut into the sides of the vast galleries through which we pass, are the receptacles for the dead. They are about eight feet long by four feet deep. On almost every one of them is a rude design or epitaph, or both, but most of them have been cut out whole and taken to the Vatican Museum. On one side we find an inscription to Cyprian, on the other, an open niche revealing a human skeleton which the broken slab lying by its side tells us was once Aurelius. The incription reads :

AVRELIVS GEMELLVS QUI BIXIT AN ..... ET MESES VIII DIES XVIII MATER FILIO

CARISSIMO BENEMŒRENTI FECIT IN PA....

COMMANDO BASSILLA INNOCENTIA GEMELLI.

("Aurelius Gemellus, who lived .... year and eight months and eighteen days. His mother put this to her dearest, well-deserving son. [He rests] in peace. I commend to thee, O Basilla, the innocence of Gemellus.")

If, continuing our journey through this dark city of those who died centuries ago, we descend into the Catacombs of SS. Nereus and Achilles, we shall meet with many pious inscriptions. One in Greek attracts our attention, and when we have succeeded in deciphering it we read :

"Dionysius, an innocent child, lies here with the saints; and remember us, too, in your holy prayers, both me who engraved and me who wrote (this inscription)."

Near by we find another as follows :

GENTIANUS FIDELIS IN PACE QUI VIXIT ANNIS XXI MENSS VIII DIES XVI

ET IN ORATIONIS TUIS ROGES PRO NOBIS QUIA SCIMUS TE IN $\frac{P}{X}$.

("Gentianus, one of the faithful in peace, who lived twenty-one years, eight months and sixteen days; and in your prayers pray for us, because we know you [to be] in Christ."

The oldest epitaph in the catacombs bears date of the reign of Vespasian, some forty years after the crucifixion. The words "*In Pace*" are on almost every niche, and beside these beautiful and significant words are a dove, an olive branch and a fish, all strikingly emblematic. The occupation of the deceased or the manner of the martyrdom he suffered is often expressed by the implements displayed upon his tomb. The Greek letters *Alpha* and *Omega* strike the eye at almost every turn, as also "X P," the first two letters (*Chi* and *Rho*) in the Greek for Christ. Scenes from the Old and New Testament appear on every side : The Creation of Adam ; the Deluge, with Noah sending out the Dove ; the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace ; Moses Smiting the Rock, etc. Then from the New Testament : The Nativity ; the Magi ; the Baptism in the Jordan ; the Good Shepherd ; the Raising of Lazarus ; the Denial of Peter, etc.

Side by side with "*Florentius, fossor*," Florence, the digger, we find the inscription "*Nobilis matrona*," a noble matron, showing that the grave, like death, levels all distinctions. Nearly all the Christians, and many of the Popes, during the first four centuries, were buried here, and it is estimated that the entire catacombs contain no less than seven millions of bodies. According to the latest calculations, there are nine hundred miles of galleries in these catacombs. This need not surprise us when we remember that they were the home of all Roman Christians for three centuries and their burial-places for eleven ! Here are the tombs of Anacletus, one of the first Popes, Leo I., and the first three Gregories. Pope Leo IX. was the last Pope buried in the catacombs (1015). Here, too, are the tombs of three Emperors, Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II. ; of three Saxon Kings, Cadwalla, Offa and Ina ; of the wife of the Emperor Honorius ; of Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus ; and of the Countess Matilda.

It would take a large volume to give even a brief description of subterranean Rome. Nor are its venerated dead confined within these narrow precincts. The City of Rome is one vast cemetery. The vaults of its churches are filled with the bones of martyrs. In the crypts of St. Peter's are the remains of nearly all the Popes. The distinguished Irishmen, O'Neill and O'Donnell, rest in San Pietro in Montorio, while the heart of the great "agitator," Daniel O'Connell, is in the shrine of St. Agatha. Castle Angelo was once (A.D. 130) the mausoleum of Hadrian. Along the Via Appia we find the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, erected some 2,000 years ago by Crassus to the memory of his wife. It is 70 feet in diameter, and built of huge blocks of travertine. Near the Porta San Paolo is the tomb or pyramid of Cestius, 125 feet high and 100 feet wide at the base, with walls 25 feet thick. The interior contains vast burial-chambers, the inner walls of which are covered with paintings. Cicero tells us that Cestius, who was very wealthy, left a large sum of money for the erection of this monument to himself.

We are sometimes surprised to find that the grand monuments of ancient times so often outlast the costly tombs of our own day, which may be seen crumbling to pieces after a few years of exposure to the weather. Much of this is attributed to climate, but the main cause is to be found in the manner in which the stones are laid and the portions of the grain presented to the play of the elements. A visit to Greenwood or Calvary will make our meaning clear to the most casual observer.

There are many tombs in our own country and in Europe to which we might refer if time and space permitted. We might point to the almost neglected condition of the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and compare it with the grand mausoleum of Napoleon I. at the Invalides in Paris, and wonder whether, after all, republics are not thoughtless, if not ungrateful. We might take the reader through Westminster Abbey and describe the tombs of Edward the Confessor, of the Crusaders, of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, of the Earl of Chatham, Ben Jonson, Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, and a host of others. We might go, too, to Père Lachaise, in Paris, and wander among the tombs of Lafontaine, Molière, Béranger, Sydney Smith, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy, Talma, Rachel, Marshal Ney, of Abelard and Héloïse, and of many other characters famous in history; but we have said enough, we hope, to awaken the reader's interest and lead him to seek for further information concerning tombs and catacombs in more pretentious works.

It is only those who have done nothing who fancy they can do everything.

THE LAST WORD.

By Harriet Childe Pemberton.

To lose you, dear, at a single stroke
  And never have time to say "Good-by!"
And then to recall how last we spoke,
  So rough, so bitterly, you and I—
Too late! and I cannot revoke.

Cannot? I can, I will and must.
  Those words I uttered they were not true:
I swear, with my lips laid low in the dust.
  I never meant what I said to you,
When I gave that hasty thrust!

Was it not hard that the only time
  I ever had dealt you angry speech,
No pity was by to condoue the crime?
  But justice snatched you out of my reach,
To a height where I may not climb.

O my love, with the tender eyes!
  O my sweet, with the silken hair!
O my treasure, my pearl, my prize!
  Will you not look from your height up there?
You are so tender and wise.

Will you not look and assure my heart
  Those angry words that were lightly said
You know were never of *me* a part,
  But the outside harm of some demon bred,
To leave an eternal smart?

Will you not listen and give me heed,
  And soothe my soul to its former calm?
Will you not answer my crying need,
  And touch my pain with a healing balm?
Can you not hear me plead?

Never a single word, they say,
  Harsh or pitiful, meek or proud,
But lives in the echoes far away:
  Never a voice, nor soft nor loud,
But is sounding for ever and aye.

Then, alas! for the word that was lightly said,
  In the passing heat of a moment's pride!
We cannot recall it; for ever fled,
  It will sound in the spaces, undenied,
The same, since it once hath sped.

But, oh, my darling, if this be true,
  Somewhere, then, in the limitless space
The words of *love* betwixt me and you
  They are sounding also—have also place,
And the many must drown the few.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

By Ramsay Morris.

A small cottage, plain and unpretending, neatly painted, with morning-glories and honeysuckles clambering over the windows and almost hiding them from view. It stood a little in from the highway, separated from it by a high picket-fence. Everything about had the appearance of being well cared for. The patch of grass in front was close shaven, and the large farm-garden in the rear was in the best of order. If things outside the cottage looked trim, the inside of that pleasant abode was precision itself; and well it might be, for, as a housekeeper, Dora Martin, John Martin's daughter, was second to none in the county. She was a motherless girl, had been so for years, and lived in this lonely spot with her father and an old aunt; their nearest neighbors on the town-side being six miles away, while those in the opposite direction (with the exception of a man named Dixey, who lived about a mile from the farm) were twice that distance.

Old man Martin had always been passionately fond of his only child, and not caring to lose her, made it a point to discourage suitors. Still, following Dora's footsteps for some time, there had been two very devoted lovers. One was Joe Gorham, rather a handsome young fellow, with the reputation of being somewhat dissolute and reckless. His father was at one time a wealthy farmer, but, on dying, left his property in such a mortgaged condition, that when the affairs of the estate were finally settled, and the lawyers had ceased fighting for their client, and bleeding him mercilessly, there remained from the wreck just sufficient to yield the heir a small income, which was generally spent before it came to hand.

Everybody knew that John Martin had a snug bank-account, and that when he died Dora would come in for both money and farm. People said this was more of an attraction to Joe Gorham than Dora herself. Be that as it may, the girl cared little for him, and when asked why, gave as a reason that she had heard he was idle and dissipated. The truth was, she loved somebody else, that somebody being Paul Ellis, a young physician from the neighboring town of Greysex, who had appeared in their midst about a year previous. He was not handsome, but had a quiet, pleasant face, and a student air that sat well upon him. Besides, he was manly and industrious, and worked hard to build up a practice. He was regarded favorably by all who knew him, but, being unusually retiring where visiting was concerned, those who did not understand his peculiar characteristics voted him down as moody and unsociable.

Paul Ellis became acquainted with Dora in this wise. John Martin, with his sister and daughter, drove into Greysex every Sunday morning to attend service in the one little chapel which the town afforded. Paul was also an attendant, and regularly once a week he sat in the same seat, from which he commanded a good view of Dora. Gradually he grew to divide his attention between her pale, *spirituelle* face, and the words of the white-haired old minister in the pulpit. The girl never glanced his way, but it was a pleasure for him to mingle with the little flock after service, when they were leaving the church, and as *his* saint came by, to feel her dress brush his hand as she passed him in the aisle. Farmer Martin's family came to meeting in an old-fashioned open country wagon. One Sunday when they had arrived at the church, Dora attempted to alight unaided, while her father was fastening the horse. In so doing she fell, and Paul, who was passing slowly along, watching her intently, ran to the rescue, getting for reward a pleasant "Thank you, sir." Farmer Martin, cried, in his bluff way: "Why, Dora, how awkward you are."

Then turning to Paul, he continued:

"You are the new doctor, if I don't mistake? Come in and see us when you are passing. Who knows but what we may give you a job some day, though I think it's not probable, as we are a mighty healthy lot."

Paul answered something about being glad to go in any case, as he was fond of long walks. There were a few more words, and they all went into service.

The weeks slipped by, and then, somehow, almost before he knew it, Paul was calling often at Farmer Martin's quiet cottage, and Dora had grown to look for his coming as eagerly as he watched for the days on which he could visit her. This had not escaped Joe Gorham, and bitter was he thereat, for poor as were his chances before of winning Dora's hand, he now saw that success was impossible.

Affairs stood in this way for about six months previous to the evening on which my story commences.

This particular day Paul had spent at the farm, where he remained to tea. His visits had been so regular for some time, that Farmer Martin looked upon his presence as quite a matter of course. The young man's conversation was interesting, and he liked him. When he saw that things were "going too far," as he phrased it, then he would speak out. As in most such cases, matters had progressed very rapidly, and Dora marveled at the pleasant way in which her lover was treated. Everything looked very bright. Paul had already told his love, had gained Dora's promise, and on this evening he was to ask her father's consent to their marriage.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.— SEE PAGE 471.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.—"DORA, TERRIFIED THOUGH SHE BE, CREEPS INTO THE SHADOW AND WATCHES HIS EVERY MOVEMENT. HE APPEARS TO BE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING."—SEE PAGE 479.

Tea was over, Aunt Margaret, Mr. Martin's sister, was dozing in her easy-chair. Dora leaned against the window-sill, looking out into the falling shadows, and the two men still remained in their places on opposite sides of the table. Paul had been trying vainly for some moments to say what was in his mind. At last, mustering up courage, he began in an off-hand, manly way, although a little nervous, and told the old farmer his secret. A change swept over the face of Dora's father. His jovial smile disappeared, and in its stead came a stern, hard expression. The girl at the window, her heart beating rapidly with hope, waited eagerly for his words. They came slowly and decidedly.

"Mr. Ellis," he began, "I might have known how your visiting would end, if I had not been a fool and placed too much confidence in you. Couldn't you come here without making love to my daughter? If I had suspected anything of the kind, you should never have darkened my doors. What, take my girl from me? Never, sir, until I am dead. And now, Mr. Ellis, you will please not come here again."

"Oh, father," cried Dora, rushing forward, "do not say that!"

"Silence!" cried the farmer, angrily. "The man has bewitched you with his sweet talk. I say again that no one shall have my child and my money until I am dead."

Paul's face reddened, but knowing that words were useless at such a moment, he arose, and passing quietly out, said: "Good-night, all."

Dora, through her tears, saw him going down the road, not toward Greysex, but in the opposite direction. She threw herself into a chair and wept piteously, but her father was inexorable. After a few moments, he said:

"I'll have no more of those fellows around. The next time I come home and find Gorham here, I will serve him the same way that I served Ellis. And now, girl, tell William to saddle the horse. I'm going to Rockford to-night to settle for that piece of land which I bought last week. I drew the money to-day, and want to get it off my hands."

Dora passed out to do as she was ordered, while the old man sat down, and drawing forth a huge leather purse, counted his money—one thousand dollars in banknotes. He wrapped them up again and settled himself for a smoke before starting on his journey. Presently Dora returned. As she entered the door her aunt started up suddenly, and pointing toward the window opposite to where she was sitting, cried excitedly:

"What's that?"

"What's what?" growled the farmer.

"I thought I saw a man's face at the window."

"You must have been dreaming," said her brother, emptying his pipe.

Dora wondered if the face could have been Paul's, or if her aunt had only imagined she saw somebody. Her musings were cut short by the appearance of the horse. The farmer went out and mounted him, saying to Dora and his sister:

"I'm going to stop for an hour or more at Dixey's on my way to Rockford, so that it will be late before I get home. Don't wait up for me. Go to bed early. Good-night." He turned his horse's head, then, as if a thought had come to him, called to Dora: "See here, girl. Kiss your crusty old father good-night. Keep up your spirits. It will be time enough for you to go to some one else when I am dead."

His daughter kissed him and watched him out of sight. Turning wearily back into the cottage, she fell at her aunt's feet, laid her head in the old woman's lap, and seemed heart-broken. Neither spoke a word. When the clock struck eight they retired to the chamber which they shared in common. Aunt Margaret was soon enjoying a tranquil sleep, but Dora lay awake until late in the night, planning how she would win her father's consent to her marriage with Paul.

The following morning, at the early hour of five o'clock, both women were awakened by a loud knocking at the front door. Rising hastily, Dora went to the window, and opening it cautiously, looked out. Standing below on the doorstep was Dixey, the man at whose house Farmer Martin was to have called the night before. The opening of the window caused him to glance up. His face was ashy pale.

"Miss Martin," he said, "will you tell your aunt to come down quickly. I want to see her."

Dora, marveling at the man's early visit, his scared face and excited manner, grew alarmed, and having delivered his message, ran to her father's room to acquaint him with the strange occurrence.

Throwing open the door, she gave a start of surprise. The room was untenanted, and the bed had not been slept in. It was as fresh as when she herself had made it the day before.

Filled with a singular misgiving, she rushed to the side-door by which her father always let himself in when he came home late at night. It was just as she had arranged it for him. The bolt was still drawn, showing that he had not returned.

Returning to her own room, she hastily threw on a wrapper, and in another instant, accompanied by her aunt, was descending the stairs. Opening the door, they found Dixey, his hat in his hand, a frightened look on his face.

Before he could speak, Dora had clutched him by the arm, and was saying in a husky voice:

"Mr. Dixey, what is the matter? Don't keep me in suspense. There is something wrong with father. In heaven's name, tell me what it is! Did he fall from his horse."

"Yes, miss," the man said, confusedly, "I guess he did."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, miss," was the reply.

Dora looked straight into the messenger's face, saying, in a slow, measured way:

"My father is dead."

"Yes, that's it. He's dead—*murdered!*"

Aunt Margaret screamed and Dora fell to the floor insensible. The former, although wellnigh stunned, did not lose her presence of mind.

"Dixey," she said, "go into the kitchen and get me some water."

He started for it, while she, half dragging and half carrying the girl, managed to place her on a lounge in the parlor.

The water having arrived, she proceeded to bathe the face of her charge, listening meanwhile to Dixey's story.

"Mr. Martin," he began, "called at my house early last night. We talked for over an hour. Then he started off, saying that he was going to Rockford. This morning about three o'clock some countrypeople who were coming to Greysex woke me up, and said they had found the dead body of a man on the bridge about five miles back. There was a knife sticking in the breast. Down below on the rocks was a horse with his legs broken. When they had finished the account we started back. As soon as I had seen and recognized the body I had like to die of fright."

"Where is it now?" asked the old lady.

"At my house," replied Dixey. "We brought it on in the wagon."

"Return at once," said Aunt Margaret, "and drive here with it."

The man left.

Dora had now opened her eyes, and was moaning and muttering in an incoherent way.

After some trouble she was placed in bed, where she lay completely dazed. The hours dragged on.

At length a wagon appeared, bearing all that was mortal of John Martin. With it were a dozen or more people, who had joined the strange procession as it came along the road.

At sight of her brother's lifeless body, Aunt Margaret was overcome with grief. Dora remained in bed, where she was experiencing the first symptoms of a fever.

Dixey, having in his possession the knife which had remained sticking in the farmer's breast, went on to Graysex to notify the authorities of what had occurred. They were soon on the ground trying to solve the mystery.

A couple of days passed and the inquest was held, the verdict being, "Murder at the hands of some person or persons unknown." Then came the funeral, followed by the startling report that the murderer had been apprehended, and that he was none other than Paul Ellis.

Everybody scouted the idea of his guilt until the existing suspicions were revealed. Paul protested his innocence in vain. All the circumstances surrounding the murder pointed toward him as the assassin, and he was imprisoned to await trial.

Weeks passed on, and for a time Dora hovered between life and death. The trial had been postponed until her recovery. The first use she made of her returning strength was to visit her lover. To no purpose did she speak to him with words of comfort and consolation. His only reply was: "I am innocent, but everything is against me, and I foresee the result."

Still the girl was hopeful, and each day found her a visitor at the jail.

The morning of the date fixed for the trial dawned at last. First called to the witness-stand was Aunt Margaret. She told of what occurred at the cottage on the night when the crime was perpetrated, of Paul's demand for Dora's hand, and the stormy refusal of Farmer Martin's, saying, "No one shall have my child and my money until I am dead." Then she spoke of Paul's leaving the house, and going, not toward his home in Greysex, but in the direction of Rockford. Whether he was aware that her brother had a large sum of money in his possession she could not say.

Damaging as was this testimony, Dora was obliged to corroborate it, and did so, feeling almost crazed at the thought that she was helping to convict the man who was dearer to her than life.

Now came the evidence of Dixey and the men who had discovered the body. They recognized a weapon shown as the one which had been found sticking in the corpse. Nothing further could be elicited from them. Joe Gorham was next on the stand, and proved a valuable witness for the prosecution. He carefully examined the knife, and swore that he had often seen it in the prisoner's possession.

It was a peculiar surgical instrument which he well remembered. His testimony was succeeded by that of the woman at whose house Paul lived. It was to the effect that her boarder had been away from home nearly all of the night on which the crime was committed, and that he had returned about three o'clock in the morning, looking pale and haggard, his shoes thick with dust, and his clothing travel-stained.

On being questioned respecting his absence, he replied that he had been out taking a walk. Some further testimony ensued, which tended to blacken Paul's case.

However, no trace could be found of the money which Farmer Martin had with him when he met his death, and as it had been proved conclusively that the murder took place on the way to Rockford, it was pretty clear that the assassin had secured the wallet.

Paul testified in his own behalf, that after leaving the cottage on the eventful night, he had walked about half way to Rockford, and turning into the woods, seated himself on a fallen tree, thinking over his disappointment. While there he dropped asleep. Waking later in the night, he sauntered back to Greysex. The knife found in the body was undoubtedly his, but he could not explain its presence there, as he had not even missed it.

This was his whole story. Witnesses he had none. His lawyer made the best defense possible, and the case was given to the jury.

In one half-hour they returned with a verdict of "Murder in the first degree." Sentence of death was pronounced.

Paul sat like one in a stupor. Dora rushed to his side, threw her arms around his neck, and cried out:

"My darling, *I* do not believe you guilty! I still cling to you. God will yet send a light by which we shall see your innocence."

The doomed man was thoroughly crushed. He had fallen into a deep melancholy from which nothing could rouse him, and in this state was returned to his cell.

The months sped by like lightning. Dora began to despair. Turn which side she might, there was no help to be had. She could do nothing. Her face had grown thin and white, as week succeeded week, and brought only its own weight of woe.

The time lying between Paul and death was almost over. Only three days more. Surely, she thinks, God will send some help to them. She prays on, hopes on. Nothing comes.

It is the eve of Paul's last day on earth. His life is spanned by hours only. To-morrow he will be a corpse. Dora is with him, still strong in her belief of his innocence, still as true and trusting as in the old, happy days when first she learned to love him.

They are standing together, each peering into the other's face, the sunlight of the dying day pouring in a rich flood through the barred prison-window. Paul is speaking. He says, like one in a dream:

"Dora, darling, this is the last time I shall see you."

"No," she replies, brokenly; "to-morrow, Paul—to-morrow I will come in the morning, and remain with you till—the end—God may yet send something. Why is He so hard on us?"

"It is Fate," Paul answers.

Then, seeing that the jailer had left them for a moment, he continued rapidly:

"Dora, when they call me to-morrow I shall be dead. Do you understand? Don't betray me. I have a knife in my pocket. If no help comes by daylight, I shall be my own executioner."

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she sobs, "do not be guilty of that! If we have no hope in this world, let us at least hope for a hereafter."

A step sounded near the door.

"Don't betray me," he whispers, hurriedly. "Do you want me to submit to the disgrace of the gallows? Be brave."

THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ECHTLER.

Dora is weeping on his breast as the turnkey cries:

"Time is up!"

Paul gently loosens her arms, kisses her repeatedly, and with his white face grown whiter, says, in a low tone:

"Good-by, my love, until eternity."

They take her away. She acts like one demented, and is repeating, half aloud:

"Oh, Heaven, send us a sign—send us a sign!"

She goes slowly home. Aunt Margaret expects to see her weeping bitterly; but she comes in pallid and stony, saying still:

"Oh, for a sign—a sign!"

The old lady asks what she means, and gets no reply. Dora, her hands clasped on her knees, sits rocking to and fro until bedtime. The clock tells the hour of nine, and together the two women ascend the stairs.

Aunt Margaret goes quickly to bed, having given up the useless task of persuading her niece to do likewise. The latter, habited in a loose white wrapper, lies stretched on a lounge, still repeating in a sort of wail:

"Oh, Heaven give us a sign—give us a sign!"

Aunt Margaret has been sleeping soundly for some time. A noise disturbs her and she starts up. The pale rays of the moon shining through the window light up that part of the chamber where Dora was lying. She is no longer there, but, instead, almost prone on the floor, her arms stretched under the lounge, as if groping for something, her eyes staring wide, and her whole appearance that of a maniac. Just then she rises, her right hand closed tightly, and says, in a tone of triumph:

"I have it! I have it! Thank Heaven!"

The old woman tenderly folds her arms about the white figure. Dora wakes with a bitter cry of disappointment, moaning:

"It was only a dream."

Weepingly she tells how she dreamed that she visited the spot where her father had been murdered. On the rocks below she saw his missing wallet. The thought struck her that it would clear Paul, and she had placed her hand on it, when she awoke.

Her aunt says, soothingly:

"My poor child!"

Dora once more throws herself on the lounge and

WILLIAM E. BURTON, THE COMEDIAN.—SEE PAGE 487.

closes her eyes, while Aunt Margaret goes back to bed and slumbers quietly. Not so with her niece. In a few moments the hands are busy again, and she is muttering incoherently.

Suddenly she is standing in the middle of the room, wide awake, every nerve quivering with intense excitement. Her hands are pressed against the sides of her head as if to keep it from bursting. The dream has been repeated. She is trying to think what it means.

Heartbroken from thoughts of the morrow, and ready to grasp at any hope, however faint, she is still inclined to chide herself for placing the slightest faith in it. Then she remembers all the strange stories about visions which she has heard from her childhood. She shakes her head mournfully and sits down. In a moment she is up again pacing the floor restlessly. Her eyes light on the clock. It is a quarter of two. She almost swoons with horror when she reflects that at four it will be *daybreak*. One moment she stands irresolute; the next she has passed out of the room, and is stealing noiselessly down the stairs.

Something seems to impel her onward. She opens the door cautiously. Within and without there is a hush like death. Now she is skimming along the road toward Rockford. On, on she goes, past Dixey's cottage, running as she never ran before, and every little while glancing over her shoulder—looking for the first faint streaks of dawn.

The bridge looms in sight; her brain reels as she sees it. Soon she is flying over the well-worn timbers, and descending the rocks on the other side. Now she hesitates, and fears to put her dream to the test. Slowly she goes downward step by step. She has reached the place indicated. Only to turn an angle of the bridge and she will be on the spot where the dream showed the wallet. She glides round the corner.

The rock, white from waters pouring over it, shines clear in the moonlight. *There is nothing on it.* Dora falls with a cry of agony—what right had she to hope? Her last straw is snatched away. The night breeze chills her, and she wearily rises to commence her homeward journey.

As she does so the sound of horses' hoofs falls on her ear. They grow nearer and nearer. It is probably a farmer on his way to Rockford. She waits for him to pass the bridge—this he does not do. Instead, he fastens his horse in a clump of bushes away from the roadside, and cautiously descends the rocks.

Dora, terrified though she be, creeps into the shadow and watches his every movement. A slouched hat conceals his face, but his manner is strangely familiar. He appears to be searching for something, and turns stone after stone, peering carefully into the crevices. Finally he gives up in despair. Dora sees him mount his horse and ride swiftly away. Who was he, and what does he want? are the thoughts which fill her brain.

So absorbed has she been, that fear has almost driven Paul from her mind. She moves forward. Almost unknowingly she is doing what she saw another doing a few moments before—turning over the stones and peering into the crevices.

The fading moonbeams strike something lying on a little ledge. It gleams like silver. She reaches forth her hand, and shudders as it touches something cold as steel. It *is* steel—it is a dagger. Raising it close to her eyes, she sees a red, rusty stain half way to the hilt, and on the hilt itself, gracefully carved, she discerns this letter—J.

The familiar manner of the man who was there but now comes back to her.

Link on link in a chain of evidence flashes through her mind. *She has found her father's murderer.*

Two words escape her lips—"Thank God!"

She struggles up the rocks, gains the road, and renewed strength fills her body. Once more she is flying along—this time back to Greysex. How far away the town appears! Will she ever reach it? Despair gnaws at her heart. Already her feet begin to burn, and a sharp pain has crept into her side; but she never wavers. Daylight is rapidly approaching. Oh, for an hour of respite—a half-hour!

"Paul, Paul!" she cries. "Wait for me—wait for me!"

Dixey's cottage is near. For a moment she thinks of rousing the man and giving him the knife; but the time he will lose in getting ready may cost Paul's life.

No; she alone must do what is to be done. As she passes her own home the light in the east grows brighter. Streaks of dawn are creeping above the hilltops. She has still six miles to go. If she could rest but for one minute.

With a failing heart she hears the birds commencing to twitter in the trees. Will she be too late, after all?

At last the town is in sight. It is just below her. She reaches it, and totters along to the jail.

Scarce strength enough is left her to beat upon the heavy entrance. In a short time the turnkey is at the door, and starts back at the sight which meets his gaze. Dora, scarcely able to speak, mutters:

"Here is the knife which killed my father. *Joe Gorham did it!* I have proofs. For Heaven's sake tell Paul at once!"

"But——" begins the man.

"Go, go!" cried the girl. "Every second is precious. It is a matter of life and death. Paul must know it this very instant."

The jailer goes toward the prisoner's cell, Dora following. He throws open the door.

Paul is lying as if asleep, his face to the wall. In vain the turnkey tries to awaken him. Dora rushes forward. The condemned man's face shows ghastly in the early light. She catches his arm. The blood is dripping from a severed artery. Throwing up her hands, she falls to the floor, crying:

"Too late! too late!"

In another instant all is commotion. A physician is called. He arrived barely in time, for the prisoner had bled almost to death. News of the attempted suicide spreads through the town. Following fast in its wake is another rumor that the real murderer has been arrested, and that he is Joe Gorham. This creates the wildest excitement, and when Dora's story becomes known she is the heroine of the hour.

* * * * * *

When a month had flitted by, the second trial was over, and another prisoner occupied the cell where Paul had seen so many bitter days.

Joe Gorham made a full confession. On that fatal night he was on his way to visit Dora. In the road he found a knife dropped accidentally by Paul. He put it in his pocket, intending to return it. As he passed the cottage-window (where Aunt Margaret saw the face), he overheard Farmer Martin speak of going to Rockford with a sum of money.

Starting off, he waylaid him at the bridge. After the crime had been committed he threw away the weapon, and remembering the knife belonged to Paul, pressed it into the body, knowing that by so doing he would fasten suspicion upon his rival. Not feeling secure so long as

his own knife lay hidden among the rocks beneath the bridge, he went to search for it on the very night of Dora's dream. The coincidence was a fortunate one for Paul.

In Farmer Martin's cottage there has for years been a happy family, presided over by Paul and Dora. Often in the Summer twilight, and again before a blazing fire in Winter, when the little ones are snug in bed, they recall an eventful past. To Paul the dream still seems wonderful. Dora, however, with her woman's faith, always looks upon it as one of God's great favors, and tells Paul that it was a sign. Then he says:

"But the age of miracles has passed."

Dora answers:

"Whatever it was, we cannot help being grateful for it."

And they *are* grateful.

WILLIAM E. BURTON, THE COMEDIAN.

By Lisle Lester.

The jolliest man among men, and among actors, was William Evans Burton, the English comedian. All writers who have sketched his life grant him a nature that, like "Heller's bottle," was brimming with humor, and inexhaustible. Burton was born in London, in 1804. He was very carefully educated, and intended for the Church; at eighteen years he dropped his classics, and assumed the direction of his father's printing establishment, editing at the same time a monthly magazine.

Amateur societies were as popular then as now, and young Burton was an active member. The treasury of the amateur society is usually proverbial for its scarcity of funds, and the enterprise of the working members is alert to catch such membership as will aid in "supplies" at "half-rates." Burton's printing-office was a good thing to call upon, when printing-bills otherwise would have broke the amateur bank.

Success attended the young printer in theatrical performances, and finally led him to adopt the stage. After several years' experience in the Norwich circuit, he made a flatteringly successful appearance at the Haymarket, in 1832. While playing at this house the leading low comedy *rôles* of the then popular farces and plays, he wrote several plays that were well received by the managers, and gained public approval. One in particular, now remembered as an "old play," "Ellen Wareham," met with popular recognition, and was played in five theatres in London the same evening. That was a memorable event for a play at that period.

Mr. Burton came to the United States in 1834, and took up his permanent residence in Philadelphia, ostensibly adopting this country as his future home. He established himself at once as a favorite in drab-dressed Philadelphia. As a comedian, he was sparkling as a diamond, and in his younger days his manhood off the stage was jolly and genial as the humor of his mimic life; but some asperities and eccentricities developed as he advanced in years, due as much to selfish personal habits as anything else. He formed a warm and permanent friendship with Burke, and the two were attraction enough together to crowd the largest theatre. No two actors were ever more popular in their day than Burton and Burke.

In 1845 they attempted to play tragedy. The ridiculous ambition of Burton, who was known only in broadest comedy, and as a natural wit, was food for public merriment. Celia Logan, in her tersely written sketches of the stage, has said "it is the highest ambition of every comedian to be a tragedian." So Burton and Burke amazed the Philadelphians by an early announcement to play "Othello" at the Arch Street Theatre. Many people looked upon it as a practical joke at first, and curiosity was eager enough to pack the house when it was found to be actually true. The cast was put up, and doubt subsided into a promise of rarest fun for the Quaker theatreites. There it was—Burton as *Othello*, Burke as *Iago*. From every part of the crowded house spontaneous applause and ringing cries of "Go it, Burton," etc., etc., greeted the would-be tragedians, until the performance became the grandest burlesque. They even followed it up with "Romeo and Juliet," to the intense enthusiasm of crowded houses. They found the way of the comedy transgressor was difficult when it led into tragedy, so they abandoned it, and returned to their respective spheres, much to the amusement of Mr. Burton, who never wearied telling of his success in *Othello* and *Romeo*.

In 1837 Mr. Burton erected at his own cost, in Philadelphia, the National Theatre. A very notable cast was made in that house for the production of "London Assurance," as follows: Charlotte Cushman, *Lady Gay Spanker;* W. E. Burton, *Meddle;* James Wallack, Jr., *Charles Courtly*; Buckstone, *Dolly Spanker*.

Mr. Burton divided his time between New York and Philadelphia, often being interested in theatres in both cities at the same time, either as manager or lessee. He was the proprietor of the Opera House in New York when it was destroyed by fire, in 1841. In 1847 he purchased Palma's Opera House, in Chambers Street, and managed it with signal success for ten years. He was one of the most industrious of men, always alive with some new idea or improvement calculated to heighten the effect of artistic representations. He was the originator of the trick "ass's head," to wink the eyes, flap the ears, and open the mouth. More than all, Mr. Burton must be remembered as the introducer of matinées in the United States, beginning the experiment with a series of afternoon performances in Baltimore. The idea "caught on" immediately, and the now popular matinée had its creation and origin in the brain of William E. Burton.

He had his peculiarities, and they were marked and decided. One was a morbid, cowardly dread of assassination. Many a joke has been perpetrated upon him by his brother-actors, in view of this "nameless horror" that for ever possessed him in the midst of his professional, rollicking life.

One night he was changing for a farce, and had left his door ajar. Leffingwell chanced to pass his dressing-room, and seeing Burton's back turned to the door, and his airy attire, darted in, and with his open hand dealt him a powerful blow, and darted out again before the comedian could even turn around. He did not attempt to, but fell forward, face down, into the open trunk over which he had been bending, shouting for help, and "Murder! Murder! Thieves!" Everybody rushed to the rescue. He declared the long-looked-for assassin had come at last, and brandishing a knife over him, had attempted his life. The whole theatre was searched for the ruffian, the police were summoned, the back door guarded, and Mercer Street searched for squares up and down. Celia Logan tells this occurrence, and adds: "It is needless to say that Leffingwell was the most active and persistent in the pursuing force."

Burton has been dubbed a glutton—possibly the requirements of such a cocktail-tonic nature made unusually heavy demands upon the human stomach. He grew cross and restless if his meals were delayed a moment

BURTON AS "CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

when he was ready, and he was generally hungry. He became irritable to waiters upon the slightest delay or inattention, and could not bear the least familiarity from any one. He was constantly building up a dignity that did not affiliate well with him. He would discharge from his service any one who took the least liberty with him, even while playing.

"The looking-glass scare" was a current bit of fun in its day that but very few people of to-day have ever heard of; in fact, about the only person living who can tell it straight is an old doorkeeper, whose days are fast being numbered.

One night, some roguish members of the Metropolitan Theatre went into the comedian's room, taking with them a lot of broken looking-glass fragments. Turning around the glass used by Burton, so the board back would add effect to the supposed smash, they scattered the pieces so as to appear to have fallen from the frame. Opening an unused transom over a door never opened, but leading into a narrow alley-passage, they hung a black rag across the aperture, so arranged that the wind, which was blowing a gale, would flap it weirdly over the comedian's head when he lighted up. Then the rogues waited outside to pull down their black flag as soon as its startling effect was apparent.

Burton was late that night, cross and fretful. He bustled noiselessly into his room, and hurriedly lighted the gas. The black rag waved over his head; the broken fragments met his eye! With a great groan he sank into a chair, completely prostrated with superstitious horror. The rascals who had invented this mischief pulled down their flag, and rushed in, asking: "Did you call, Mr. Burton? What's the matter?"

He could not speak; he only pointed to the glass, shaking as if in a chill, great beads of perspiration dropping from his forehead. It was evident the comedian

BURTON AS "TOODLES."

was to be "pulled through" some way. His glass was turned around quickly, unobserved by him, and his attention called to the fact that it was not broken. It was also argued that the fragments had been carelessly dropped by the property-man. He shook his head, and pointed up at the transom, saying: "I had a warning *there*. I am going to be killed."

Everything possible was done to soothe him, and he never knew it was an infamous joke; but he changed his dressing-room at once, declaring "he was not safe in a room that opened into an alley."

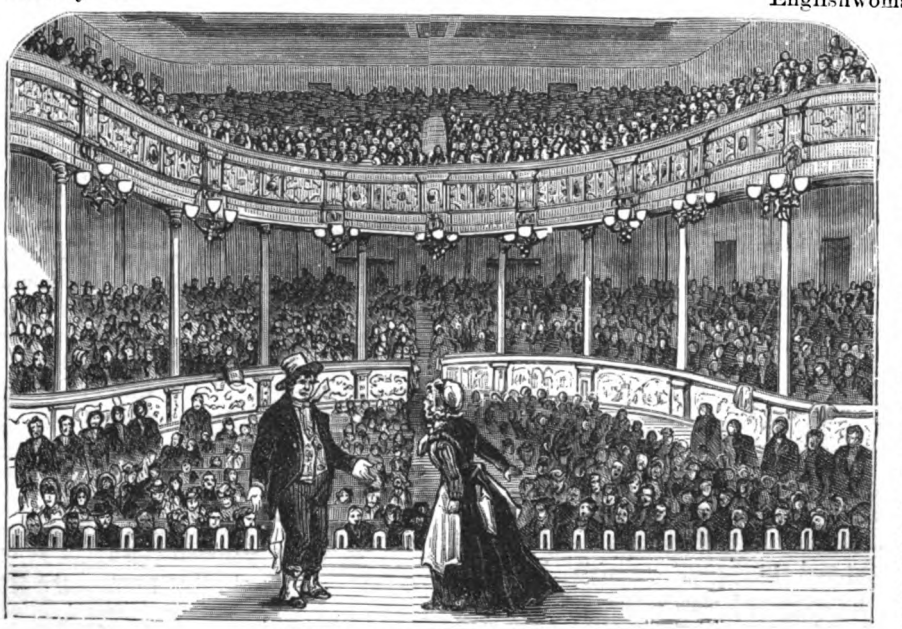
It appears that Burton did not make a financial success until he became the manager of the Chambers Street Theatre; then the horseshoe luck poured in at the door. All actors are superstitious; half of them own a dream-book, and the other half can tell you every sign and omen in the calendar of witchdom. Burton would not have acknowledged he was a loyal subject to superstition; but he was, "for a' that."

In 1856 he purchased the Metropolitan Theatre on Broadway, to which his name was attached for many years. He was without doubt the best actor in Shakespearean comedy of the past or present. Excelling in the eccentric and comic, with superior natural wit and cultivated intelligence, he was eminently qualified for taking the precedence in merit in those *rôles*. He played *Aminadab Sleek*, in "The Serious Family," to perfection, and secured much of his fame through that representation. With all of his dramatic work as an actor, he managed to accomplish a great deal of literary work besides. He started and established the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an excellent and very successful publication. With his literary tastes, he was also liberal in the matter of purchasing and gathering literature. He possessed a full Shakespearean library and an unrivaled dramatic collection of old plays, biographies and sketches—and portfolios by the dozen of theatrical prints, good and bad. He also edited with native ability "The Literary Souvenir," and, in 1858, published a valuable Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor in two volumes. No one was better gifted to the performance of such a work.

BURTON IN THE DRUNKEN SCENE.

Much of Burton's irritability was due, no doubt, to his abused stomach; his nights were hideous with nightmare and death, wrestling with vague assaulters and cruel assassins, which filled him with nervous forebodings at all times. Many were the stories told of his nightly visions and horrors, his marvelous escapes from the unseen band of desperadoes that stalk through a badly crowded stomach to a tired brain.

Mr. Burton's wife, an Englishwoman, followed him to this country soon after he had decided to make it his permanent residence. They had four children—three girls and a son. It was the hope of the comedian's heart to have a son to succeed him on the stage; but in this he was disappointed. The son gave no promise of dramatic ability, and little



BURTON AT HIS OLYMPIC THEATRE.

has ever been heard of him. Logan, the actor, was one of Burton's best friends on and off the stage. To each family there was born about the same time a little girl, and the fathers agreed to name them each Celia—one known now to all the dramatic and literary world as Celia Logan. Celia Burton married a Spaniard, who died very soon after their marriage. Another Burton daughter married a nephew of Stephen Massett, and afterward committed suicide.

At the death of the comedian it was believed he had left an ample fortune to his family; but the estate was found heavily encumbered, and not as large as was anticipated, and there was little left as a heritage, where so much had been won and enjoyed. The prince of comedians passed away with little but the memory of his merriment "sacred to his name"; and to that class who knew him best while he was famous, his memory was green; but the people of that decade have nearly passed away, and only a few prints, a few old playbills, a few newspaper files, keep alive the name of one of the best talents the stage has been brightened with. In some out-of-print editions of steel illustrated Shakespeare, there are to be found some excellent character pictures of Burton in his best scenes. With the accompanying illustrations of this paper, there are no others of any special merit in existence. Yet he gave to the drama some of its strongest possibilities, and was the originator of much that should for ever perpetuate his name, despite the eccentricities of the man.

DANCING TO STONE.

The following curious tradition is prevalent in a little village in Somerset, England, respecting the origin of a well-known Druidical monument existing there, consisting of four groups of stones, which formed, when complete, two circles. The legend is given as follows:

"Many hundred years ago (on a Saturday evening) a newly married couple, with their relatives and friends, met on the spot now covered by these ruins to celebrate their nuptials. Here they feasted and danced right merrily until the clock tolled the hour of midnight, when the piper (a pious man) refused to play any longer; this was much against the wish of the guests, and so exasperated the bride, who was fond of dancing, that she swore with an oath she would not be balked in her enjoyment by a beggarly piper, but would find a substitute, if she went to the lower regions to fetch one. She had scarcely uttered the words when a venerable old man, with a long beard, made his appearance, and having listened to their request, proffered his services, which were gladly accepted. The old gentleman (who was no other than the arch-fiend himself), having taken the seat vacated by the godly piper, commenced playing a slow and solemn air, which, on the guests remonstrating, he changed into one more lively and rapid. The company now began to dance, but soon found themselves impelled round the performer so rapidly and mysteriously that they would all fain have rested. But when they essayed to retire they found to their consternation that they were moving faster and faster round their diabolical musician, who had now resumed his original shape. Their cries for mercy were unheeded, until the first glimmering of day warned the fiend that he must depart. With such rapidity had they moved that the gay and sportive assembly were now reduced to a ghastly troop of skeletons. 'I leave you,' said the fiend, 'a monument of my power and your wickedness to the end of time,' which saying, he vanished. The villagers rising in the morning found the meadows strewn with large pieces of stone, and the pious piper lying under a hedge, half dead with fright, he having been a witness to the whole transaction."

Similar legends are also in existence in various parts of the kingdom, particularly in the west of Cornwall.

TWO ANECDOTES OF BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven, before deafness gloomed his life, had a keen delight in practical joking. One instance is given by his friend Schindler:

"The wife of a pianoforte-player and composer in Vienna had such a longing desire to possess a lock of Beethoven's hair, that she induced her husband to ask a mutual friend to endeavor to get the great composer to gratify her wish. The friend proved too fond of a practical joke to be a loyal messenger. He persuaded Beethoven to send her a lock of coarse gray hair, closely resembling his own, but cut from another head—a billy-goat's, and clipped from the billy-goat's beard! The lady, thinking she had the genuine article, was as proud as a peacock; but her joy was short-lived, for another friend, a party to the trick which had been practiced, informed her of the deception. The husband of the deluded and distressed lady wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven, upbraiding him; and so fairly was the composer shamed for the discourtesy and unkindness of the jest in which he had joined, that he wrote a letter of apology to the aggrieved lady, inclosing a real lock of his hair, and thenceforth refused to receive the visits of the instigator of the ungallant practical joking."

Moscheles tells a very good anecdote about him:

"When I came early in the morning to Beethoven, he was still lying in bed; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately, and placed himself, just as he was, at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei, with the view of examining the *Fidelio* numbers which I had arranged. Naturally, a crowd of street-boys collected under the window, when he roared out: 'Now, what do those confounded boys want?'

"I laughed, and pointed to his own figure.

"'Yes, yes! you are quite right,' he said, and hastily put on his dressing-gown."

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S DEVOTION.

An interesting anecdote of a private soldier's devotion to his officer is told by Sir George Napier in his "Autobiography." The story is as follows: "My servant came and told me that John Dunn, an Irishman whom I had enlisted several years before, wished to see me. When he came into the room he immediately said, 'Och! captain, but I'm come to see how you and your brother is, after the wounds. Didn't I see you knocked over by the Frenchmen's shot? and sure I thought you was kilt. But myself knew you wouldn't be plaised if I didn't folly on after the villains, so I was afeard to go pick you up when ye was kilt—long life to you! But I pursued the inimy as long as I was able, and sure I couldn't do more; and now I'm come to see your honor—long life to you agin!'

"I shook hands with him, and said: 'But, John, you seem wounded yourself; why is your arm tied up?' 'Och!' nothing at all to prevent me coming to see your honor and your honor's brother lying there, Captain William—long life to him! I hope he's not dead?'

"Upon insisting to know if he was wounded, at last he replied: 'Why, sure, it's nothing, only me *arrum* was cut off a few hours ago below the elbow-joint, and I couldn't come till the anguish was over a bit. But now I'm here, and thank God your honor's arrum is not cut off, for it's mighty cruel work; I'd rather be shot twinty times, though the doctor tould me he did it asy, too—long life to his honor! I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt me all he could help.'

"I then asked him for his brother, who was also a recruit of mine, and in the company, and an uncommonly fine, handsome soldier as ever stepped, and who was a particular favorite of mine. He hesitated a few moments, and, heaving a convulsive sob, said: 'I seed him shot through the heart alongside wid me just as I got the shot myself, and he looked up piteously in my face and said, "Oh, John, dear, my poor mother!" And sure I couldn't look at him again for the life of me; my heart was broke, and I came away to the rare. But, captain, he died like a soldier, as your honor would wish him to die, and sure that's enough. He had your favor whilst he lived; God be with him—he's gone now!'"

APRIL.

By O. C. Auringer.

Weary at heart with Winter, yesterday,
I sought the fields for something green to see—
Some budded turf or mossbank, quietly
Uncovered in the sweet familiar way.
Crossing a pasture-slope that sunward lay,
I suddenly surprised beneath a tree
A girlish creature, who at sight of me
Sprang up, all wild with daintiest dismay.
"Stay, pretty one!" I cried. "Who art thou, pray?"
'Mid tears and freaks of pettish misery
And sighings, "I am April," answered she;
"I rear the field-flower for my sister May."
Then, with an arch laugh sidewise, clear and strong,
Turned blithely up the valley with a song.

AGAINST TIME.

By Charles L. Hildreth.

Chapter I.

On the 10th of December the following letter was delivered to Lucien Braisted, commercial agent for the house of Hallowell & Co., at the hotel Grosskopf, Homburg:

"Sir: On receipt of this you will complete your business at Homburg, as per instructions, and return to the United States forthwith. I shall expect you to dine with me on Christmas Day. You will meet at my table a person between whom and yourself I have decided to establish relations beneficial to you both. The party in question and yourself will receive my instructions verbally. These orders are imperative. Failure on your part to report at my residence by or before two P. M. on the twenty-fifth day of December next will be regarded as a refusal of my propositions and a final severance of all relations, business or otherwise, between us. Signed, Jonas Hallowell."

The young man read this extraordinary missive with mingled feelings of indignation and amusement. It occasioned him no surprise, for it was quite in keeping with the eccentric character of his employer.

He had labored under him from a boy, and in all these years he had never received one word of kindness or encouragement. At times he fancied he had detected a gleam of real liking for him in the old man's face, but it had been quickly extinguished in the hard frown which was its habitual expression. He had but recently completed a mission as foreign agent for the firm, greatly to its benefit, but expected no praise for it.

He knew that old Hallowell would certainly keep his word, and discharge him if he failed to obey.

What the business relation to be established between himself and the nameless individual he was to meet at his employer's Christmas dinner could be, he had no idea. At all events, it was plain that he must be in America by the 25th, or lose his situation, and with it the salary upon which he depended for the support of himself, his mother and his sister.

"It is now the 10th," he said, consulting his railway-guide. "I have fifteen days left in which to make the trip—two days to complete my affairs here, two to reach Liverpool, one to secure passage and get aboard, and nine to cross the water; only one day to spare for delays and accidents in a journey of five thousand miles. This is traveling against time with a vengeance. But there is no alternative—I *must* do it!"

He set about his preparations with so much vigor that he had completed his business in Homburg by the evening of the 11th, leaving him an additional margin of some twenty hours.

He purchased his ticket for Bremen, and without pausing for a moment's rest, stepped aboard the train, and at ten minutes to ten was whirling northward at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Until midnight he was the sole occupant of his compartment; then the door was unlocked and a young lady was assisted in.

Braisted saw that she had a charming, though somewhat sad, face—large, expressive eyes, a sweet, tremulous mouth, and a lovely figure; he saw, too, that she was evidently very nervous and uneasy.

She looked at him with a sort of mute appeal in her eyes, as if she would have liked to ask him a question, but was somewhat afraid of him.

Finally, in a timid voice, with a very imperfect accent, she said, in German:

"Is this the North German train for Bremen?"

"It is," replied Braisted, kindly. "But you need not speak in German, because I am an American, as I judge you are."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said, her face brightening. "I speak German so badly that I was afraid I had not made the porter understand; and to make a mistake would be a dreadful thing for me."

"You are traveling alone?" returned Braisted, sympathetically.

His heart warmed toward his lonely countrywoman.

"Yes; I have been at school at Nice. I was sent for to return to America at once. It is very important that I should travel as rapidly as possible."

Braisted was beginning to be deeply interested, when a sudden jolt and a tremendous grinding brought them both to their feet. The train came to a stop amid a confusion of oaths, cries and escaping steam.

Braisted looked out of the window, and saw that they were standing upon a trestle-bridge, over a dark, wide river.

The door was locked, but he burst the fastening with his heel, and with a word of assurance to his trembling companion, stepped out.

"What has happened?" he inquired of the guard, who was relieving his emotions in a series of guttural expletives.

"The engine and the two forward cars are off the track," he replied; "in the worst place on the road, too. We sha'n't get out here until noon to-morrow, if we do then. *Potz tausand!*"

THE FALSE SEX.

THE CAPTAIN, VERY SHORT-SIGHTED, AS HE APPEARED WHILE BEING INTRODUCED TO A MOST CHARMING PERSON FOR THE FIRST SET.

"What is to be done?" asked Braisted, impatiently.

"Well, I've telegraphed for help," replied the official. "The passengers in the derailed cars will be put aboard those still on the track. An engine will be sent up to take them back to Gratz, forty miles below, where they will have to wait until the road is cleared."

Braisted stamped his foot in anger.

"Is there no way to get on?" he asked.

"Yes, for those who will risk walking over this trestle to the station yonder. A train leaves there in a few moments on the connecting line."

Braisted re-entered the carriage and explained the situation to his companion.

"We shall be delayed at least twelve hours," he said. The young lady looked alarmed.

"Then we shall not reach Bremen to-morrow!" she exclaimed. "What shall I do?"

"I am in great haste, too," replied Braisted. "I was thinking of walking the trestle to the next station, where there is a train waiting."

"Oh, let me go with you!" she cried, springing up. "Please do!"

"But it is very dark, and the trestle is directly over the water."

"I am not afraid," she replied. "I must get on."

"Come, then," he said, assisting her to alight. "We will try it together."

They started upon their dark and perilous way toward the station, whose lights were visible in the distance.

Their path lay over a deep, swift stream, whose black water was dimly visible between the ties.

The girl kept up bravely, stepping from tie to tie quickly, though more than once, but for Braisted's strong arm, she would have missed her footing and fallen into the water.

About three-quarters of the distance had been accomplished, when they reached a space where, for twenty-five feet, the cross-ties ceased, and the rails ran upon heavy girders.

To have crossed such a spot upon the narrow and slippery rail would have been a task for Braisted, cool-headed though he was. The girl shrank back from it in horror.

While they stood looking into the black gulf before them, there came a strange, jarring sound along the rail, and looking ahead, Braisted beheld the round fiery eye of an approaching train.

"What is it?" asked his companion, tremulously.

"The down-train," answered Braisted, in a low voice. "It is on this track, too."

For a moment he hesitated, and looked around inquiringly.

Between the down-track and the up-track there was an open space.

He could have leaped it, but she could not.

Before them lay the final twenty-five feet of the trestle; on the other side the firm, stone roadbed. This was the only escape then.

Without a word of explanation, he lifted the girl in his arms and made his way out upon the single rail.

Neither uttered a sound; each knew that a single misstep would plunge them into the torrent below.

THE CAPTAIN, AS HE APPEARED STANDING UP WITH THE "CHARMING PERSON."

Braisted could feel her heart beating against his, and her breath fanning his cheek, and somehow it gave him renewed courage. He went on steadily, and in a moment more reached the firm ground, crossed to the other track and placed his burden upon her feet, as the train thundered by on the rails they had just left.

"You have saved my life," she said, simply.

"Oh, you would have found some way out of it," replied Braisted, lightly. "Our train is about to start."

The train had already begun to move, when Braisted lifted the girl upon the platform, and followed her into the compartment.

APRIL.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 491.

"Three o'clock," he said, consulting his watch. "It will be a close race to catch the Bremen steamship."

There is nothing like travel, especially if spiced with a little danger, for cementing a friendship.

In the next few hours Braisted and his companion found themselves very much at ease with each other.

He learned that her name was Laura Copeley, that she was an orphan, and that her uncle was her guardian. He gathered that this relative must be a singular character. He had rarely written to her during her absence. She did not even know his address, having always directed her letters to her guardian's lawyer's, where she was to apply to learn the number of his dwelling on her arrival in New York.

She appeared very much in awe of him, and very anxious to obey his directions.

The train arrived at Bremen as Braisted had feared—two hours after the vessel had sailed. Fortunately, however, another was to leave at six in the evening.

"Four hours more gone," said Braisted. "However, we still have ample time."

"I really do not know what to do," she returned, nervously. "I am a stranger in Bremen, and I don't even know the name of any hotel."

"I have provided for our short stay here," said Braisted, promptly. "I know the place, and I sent the porter to secure us accommodations. I knew you would be weary, and would want to lie down a while."

"Thank you," she replied, a little uneasily; "but——"

"Oh, it's all arranged," he said, hastily. "I hope you will approve. I remembered we were strangers, and that you were traveling alone, and—and I told them you were my sister."

She appreciated his delicacy at once. If he had not been too simple-minded, he would have been flattered at the light which shone in her eyes and the accent in her voice, as she replied, "How good you are to me."

At five o'clock he sent a servant to awake her, and when she came down-stairs, looking fresh and charming from her rest, she found supper prepared, and Braisted busily carving.

"Nothing like a substantial meal to help one brave the terrors of the deep," he explained, cheerfully.

When the meal was concluded a carriage drew up before the hotel.

"Our luggage is on board the steamer," he said. "I telegraphed for it. I have engaged you a stateroom in the waist of the steamer, where you will not feel the least movement."

"You think of everything," she answered, gratefully.

"A brother should, you know," he replied, laughing.

And, indeed, no brother could have been gentler with a dear sister than he was with her. He seemed to feel that he was bound to care for her welfare to the utmost. And there was a grave tenderness in his manner toward her that touched her deeply.

The voyage across the North Sea, though rough, and therefore slower than usual, was unmarked by any adventure.

Meantime the friendship between the two travelers grew closer than ever. They spent the day together on the deck, and as a keen wind was blowing, Braisted was careful to keep his pretty charge well wrapped against it.

Evidently those of the passengers who interested themselves in the two were thoroughly persuaded that the fair American girl was Braisted's young wife, and that he was very fond of her. Indeed, he found himself with a heavy heart, thinking of their approaching separation.

They reached London late in the evening of the 14th. Braisted's margin was now exhausted; he had but just time to make the remainder of the trip in the allotted period, and no more.

Supposing no accident should occur, he would arrive in New York on Christmas morning. In order to do this he had determined to take the steamer from Southampton.

He was very much disappointed to discover that Laura's passage had been secured in the Liverpool steamer, which would leave on the following afternoon.

He half resolved to change his route, and brave the probability of arriving too late, in order to remain in her company as long as possible.

But if he arrived late, as he was nearly sure of doing, what excuse could he offer? Simply that he had disobeyed orders for the purpose of remaining in the company of a girl who had no sort of claim upon him.

Had he the right to sacrifice the welfare of those dependent upon him at home for a sentiment? Clearly not.

She appeared quite as much disappointed as he when she learned that he was not to accompany her to Liverpool.

"It is a very simple journey now," he said. "You are not likely to need my help again."

"I was not thinking of that," she replied, in a low voice.

"You are sorry to part?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," she said; "we were good friends."

"But I shall see you again," he exclaimed, impetuously. "I can't bear the idea of parting for ever. Though we have only been acquainted a little while, I feel as if I had known you always."

"You have been so good and kind to me," she replied, softly, "that I, too, hope we shall meet again; but when or where I cannot say. But you may write to me."

She gave him the address of her guardian's lawyer in New York.

He took her hand, and obeying an impulse he was far from understanding, bent his head and kissed the little white fingers.

"Good-by, sister Laura," he said.

"Good-by, brother Lucien," she replied, with a bright flush.

As the train moved away Braisted caught sight of her face turned toward him. She was smiling, but he thought he saw two tears in her eyes.

On his part he was miserably low-spirited. He had only known her a few days, as he had said; but their intercourse had been so intimate, and they had been so warmly attracted to each other, that he felt as if he were suddenly left desolate.

He hurried to the depot and took the train for Southampton, trying to conquer his depression by incessant movement.

On arriving at Southampton he discovered that the delay of the Bremen steamer had lost him the trans-Atlantic vessel by a few minutes. She was still in sight, towing down the harbor, when he reached the pier.

No other would sail for two days. He remembered that several vessels would leave Liverpool on the same day, and if he could catch one of these he might still arrive in New York on the 25th.

He telegraphed for a passage, and took the train for Liverpool himself.

The journey of two hundred miles was accomplished in seven hours, and he arrived in Liverpool at three o'clock in the afternoon. He learned, to his dismay, that two of the steamers were already gone. The third and last had drifted into the stream, where she lay, with steam up,

waiting for the mail, which was to be sent down upon a tug.

If he missed this vessel his last chance was gone.

By dint of energetic entreaty he obtained permission to be transported to her, with his baggage, upon the tug, and was helped aboard the steamer just as her screw was beginning to agitate the waters of the Mersey.

Chapter II.

Braisted seated himself near the stern, and began to recall the events of the past few days. He found that, as the hours went by, he felt his separation from Laura more and more keenly.

It seemed as if she had suddenly become a part of his life, and as necessary to him as the air he breathed. She was on the ocean, probably only a few miles ahead of him, on her way to America. Should he ever see her again ?

He was so deeply immersed in his own reflections that he did not observe a young lady, wrapped in a heavy cloak, who paused suddenly, with a slight exclamation, as she saw him, until she came close to his side, and laying her hand on his shoulder said, in a hesitating voice :

"Lucien—Mr. Braisted !"

He sprang to his feet and looked at her amazedly. Then a happy smile crossed his face as he clasped her hand in his.

"I was wondering if I should ever see you again," he said, in a husky voice. "I suppose I must have been praying hard, and that somehow my prayer was answered, for I can't understand how you are here."

"I was so stupid as to mistake the name," she replied, "and so lost my steamer."

"And I arrived too late," he said. "It is fate," he continued, joyously. "We are not to be allowed to part from each other."

She blushed and looked down, but was evidently inclined to accept his view of the case.

Braisted felt as if a heavy load had been lifted from his heart. It seemed as if his whole life, and all its aims and happiness, centred in this young girl.

As the days went by the secret of his own emotions was unfolded to him.

He knew that he loved Laura as he should never love another being on earth. The future was all a blank to him, but while he had her near him he asked nothing of it but a continuance of their intercourse.

As for her feelings, he knew she liked him, but he could not expect that she would return his love in so brief a time.

The voyage finally drew toward its end, and Braisted saw the dark clouds beginning to darken over the sun of his new-found happiness.

The time was coming when he should be again separated from her, and this time no accident could reunite them.

He resolved that before they did part he would tell her all, and try to bind her to himself by the tie which is the strongest of all human connections—that of mutual love.

The day before land was sighted the sky became gloomy and threatening, and the mercury fell rapidly in the glass.

At this season of the year, however, a storm at sea is the commonest of experiences.

At noon the wind increased to a gale, and the seas were breaking over the bows in mountains.

Braisted was too good a sailor to feel any fear on his own account, but the presence of Laura gave him a sense of uneasiness which was new to him.

The storm grew to a tornado by night, and even the officers, confident of the stanchness of their vessel, began to look grave.

The huge craft pitched and tossed like a log, and it seemed as if her massive framework must give way under the thundering shocks of the waves.

Before bedtime, Braisted went upon deck to satisfy himself of the actual condition of affairs.

The night was intensely dark, and objects were invisible at the distance of a hundred feet. The wind roared through the rigging, and at times a heavier gust than usual threw the ship nearly upon her beam.

The captain and first officer stood in the shelter of the rail, conversing in earnest tones. Braisted approached near enough to hear their words.

"We should have sighted the lightship an hour ago," the mate was saying.

"The wind has been blowing a tornado from the northward," replied the captain. "We must be south of the Nevisink Heights. We are in dangerous waters, and the weather is so thick that nothing is to be seen. We will reduce our speed and put her head more to the northward."

Braisted had heard enough to alarm him thoroughly. He hastened down-stairs, and found Laura preparing to retire.

"Do not undress," he said, with an air of assumed composure ; "there is no actual danger, but in a storm like this, it is well to be prepared. Lie down and get what rest you can. I will call you at the first sign of danger."

She obeyed him with a readiness that exhibited her entire trust in him.

The long hours of the night passed heavily away. The storm seemed to increase in fury, if possible, and the vessel, battling bravely for existence, toiled on through the wind and water.

Braisted had fallen into a light sleep in the corner of a sofa, toward five o'clock in the morning, when he was suddenly aroused by a fearful shock. The vessel shivered violently and came to a dead stop, inclining at a great angle to starboard.

"The vessel has struck," said the first officer, in reply to Braisted's question. "If she holds together until daylight, we may be helped from shore. If not, we have only the life-preservers to depend upon. Our boats are gone."

Braisted hurried to Laura's stateroom. She was waiting for him, fully dressed ; and, though paler than usual, very quiet.

"The vessel has run aground," he said, in a suppressed voice. "We are safe for the present, but we must be prepared."

He had seized a life-preserver—the only one to be found, and began fastening it around her waist.

"But you have none," she said, trying to restrain him.

"It is the only one I could find," he answered. "Besides, I am a good swimmer. It will help us both to keep afloat."

She allowed him to arrange the life-preserver, and then followed him through the shrieking crowd, up the companionway to the deck.

A glance showed him that the vessel could not long resist the terrific concussion of the waves, which poured upon her.

They took their places near the stern and waited.

"Shall we get home by Christmas?" she asked, with a smile of melancholy significance.

"Yes," he replied; "if human strength and human love can effect it, I will save you. We are in face of death, Laura, where things and thoughts take their proper shape. I felt drawn toward you when I first saw you in a German railroad train. That feeling has grown upon me, until now, in what may be my latest hour, I know that I love you, Laura, better than my life. Does it seem wrong to say this?"

ETELKA.— FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEF ZENISEK.

"No," she said, lifting her pale face to his with a gentle smile. "We have known each other but a little while, Lucien, but you have taught me to love you."

At that moment there was a cry from the crowd in the

AGAINST TIME.—"HE PASSED HIS ARM ABOUT HER WAIST, AND LED HER TO THE SIDE OF THE VESSEL."
SEE PAGE 491.

waist of the steamer, and a huge section of her hull parted with a loud crash, and fell into the water.

"Our time has come," said Braisted. "We must not wait for the vessel to sink, or we shall be drawn down with it."

He passed his arm about her waist, and led her to the side of the vessel.

For one moment they paused upon the brink of what might be death, and looked into each other's eyes. He drew her to him, and she yielded herself to his embrace.

He bent his head and pressed his lips to hers, and for a moment they stood so, heedless of the shouting crowd about them—heedless of all but their supreme happiness. The next instant they were in the water.

Supporting her upon one arm, Braisted struck out vigorously from the wreck, which was now rapidly sinking.

Surrounded by the icy water, battling for dear life, yet with the form of the woman he loved in the circle of his arm, it was the happiest period of his life.

At times Laura would turn her face toward him with a smile whose sweetness seemed to put new vigor into his chilled limbs.

The Christmas morn broke clear and bright, and the tossing caps of the waves shone in the sun like molten gold.

Both Braisted and Laura had grown very weak. Their benumbed limbs dragged after them as if weighted with lead.

The young man felt his strength failing, and could only keep himself afloat by the most painful efforts.

At length, when it seemed as if the final moment had come, he was aroused by a faint cry from Laura. Raising his head, he saw at a short distance before him the bows of a steamer.

They had evidently been seen by the lookout, for the vessel was slowing down and a boat was being lowered.

In a few moments more a dozen strong and kindly hands lifted them out of the water. They were promptly put to bed, and, thanks to good constitutions and skillful treatment, rapidly recovered from the effects of their long submersion.

The steamer proved to be a coaster bound for New York, and at one o'clock they stepped ashore.

There was still time for Braisted to keep his appointment with Jonas Hallowell, and, in view of his new relation with Laura, it seemed more than ever necessary that he should do nothing to injure his financial prospects.

He discovered the address of the dwelling of her guardian's lawyer, and arranging to call at a later hour in the day, he tore himself away, and hastened to the residence of his employer.

As the clock upon the mantel was striking two he entered the dining-room. In an attitude of extreme dejection the old gentleman was sitting before the fire.

As he turned, Braisted saw that there were traces of tears in his eyes.

He sprang to his feet with a cry of amazement as he saw the young man.

"Lucien Braisted!" he gasped. "Alive?"

"Yes, sir," replied Braisted; "and on time, according to instructions."

With sparkling eyes, the old man looked at him. The genuine affection which he had chosen to disguise under an air of severity broke forth in his excitement.

"My dear boy," he said, brokenly, while he grasped the young man's hand, "I have mourned for you as one dead!"

It appeared that the loss of the steamer had been discovered at daylight and telegraphed, together with a partial list of passengers, Braisted being among the number.

As soon as the old gentleman's excitement had somewhat subsided, he said:

"I mentioned in my letter that I had some plans in which you were concerned. They consist of two propositions. The first is due to my recognition of your talents and character, which I have not failed to observe, though I have not seen fit to mention the fact before. My dear Lucien, I shall make you a Christmas present of a third partnership in the house of Hallowell & Co."

Lucien could find no words to express his gratitude; but the old gentleman did not wait to hear any.

"Your financial position being established, I propose to secure your domestic happiness. Lucien, I have chosen a wife for you."

"A wife!" exclaimed Lucien, turning pale.

"Yes; the party I spoke of in my letter," replied the old man, without heeding Braisted's consternation. "I have inquired into her character, and satisfied myself that she is all a wife should be. She is my niece, whom you have never seen, but whom I have sent for to meet you here. I have just received a telegram from my agent saying she has arrived, and will be here in the course of an hour."

"But, sir," said Braisted, in dismay, "I am not prepared to accept this part of your kind offer."

"Why not?" returned the old man, sharply. "What objections have you to offer? She is young, educated, said to be handsome, and will inherit a snug fortune."

"If she possesses ten times the qualifications you mention," replied the young man, firmly, "I must still respectfully decline. My heart is already occupied."

The old man uttered a snort of rage.

"Take care!" he cried. "I warn you that if you do not accept both of my propositions, you shall accept neither. If you do not marry my niece, you cancel the partnership."

"So be it," replied Braisted, sorrowfully. "It pains me to refuse for your sake and mine, but I owe it to my honor and my love to refuse."

"Take time to think it over," said the old man, softening. "Don't decide until you have seen her."

There was a ring at the doorbell at that moment.

"There she is now," whispered Hallowell. "Try to like her, my boy. Try to forget the other one."

The door opened and a lady entered.

Lucien's exclamation of surprise was followed by one of recognition on the part of the lady.

"Laura!"

"Lucien!"

"Hallo! You know each other already?" said the old man, in amazement. "How's this! How's this!"

Lucien took Laura by the hand, and leading her up to her uncle, said, in a voice full of emotion:

"I wish to retract my refusal. I gladly and gratefully accept the second proposition."

It required but a few moments to explain the circumstances, to the old man's great delight.

"So, while I have been laying plans for your welfare," he remarked, "you two have been arranging the matter for yourselves. Well, Lucien, my boy," he added, with a grim smile, "will you try to like my niece, or do you owe it to your honor to refuse?"

"I shall do my best," answered Braisted, joyfully. "From past experience I think I shall succeed."

"And you, Laura," continued the old man, "do you

object to being regarded in the light of a Christmas gift?"

Laura made no reply, but there was a gentle smile on her lips and a brightness in her look, as she turned shyly to Braisted, that was more than a sufficient answer.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S OYSTERS.

A FAMOUS European prima donna who visited the United States not many years ago was exceedingly quiet in her tastes and her manner of living, and, on arriving at New York, proceeded to one of the best and most exclusive hotels. With a fancy for something of a feast after her operatic performance, she determined to test the New York oysters, of which she had heard so much.

When the performance was over, the songstress returned at once to her apartments at her hotel and summoned a servant in the customary manner. The waiter soon appeared, and some oysters were ordered. As the maid had retired to her own room the oysters were ordered for only one.

"How many will you have?" asked the waiter.

"How many?" said the lady, at the same time thinking. "I feel as if I could eat a thousand, I am so hungry; but"—with a manner indicating that she had lived on oysters all her life—"you may bring me a hundred."

She noticed, on replying, that a surprised expression was on the face of the servant. Some time passed, the lady wondering at the delay; but at last a knock came at the door, and in walked five men bearing trays half filled with plates containing oysters on the half-shell, lemons, biscuits, water, napkins, etc.

A single glance at the first tray explained to the lady the surprise she had noticed on the face of the servant who had answered her bell; but not a question was asked, nor a word spoken. The plates, glasses, etc., were arranged on the various tables in the room, and the lady was left alone with her feast.

She realized that she had unwittingly played a joke upon herself, which she determined no one in the hotel should know. Her feast ended, she wondered how in the world she could dispose of the dozens of great oysters left untouched.

In a moment more she opened the window, and, one by one, took the oysters at the end of her fork and threw them out as far as she could in all directions, till each shell was emptied. Another knock was heard and answered.

The waiters again entered, found the lady alone at the table, reading as before, and not a vestige of an oyster in sight. The look of surprise which met the lady as she glanced at the faces of the servants was ample compensation in every respect for the mistake she had made.

VAN DYCK'S "CHARLES I."

THE history of Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I., lately bought for the National Gallery from Blenheim Palace for £17,500, is as follows: It was originally, no doubt, painted for the King, and was sold during the Commonwealth for £150. Another portrait of the King on a white horse was sold on the same occasion for £200. A third equestrian portrait, probably a copy, was sold for £40. The Duke of Marlborough bought the Blenheim portrait at Munich. The painting is on canvas, in excellent condition, and shows the King bareheaded, otherwise in complete shining black armor, mounted on a dun-colored horse, seen in profile, advancing to the left, and attended by his equerry, Sir Thomas Morton, on foot, and holding the royal helmet. On a richly-framed tablet suspended from a tree is written "Carolvs. I. Rex. Magnæ. Britaniæ." In the King's ear hangs the large pearl it was his custom to wear, which after his execution was given to the Princess Royal. Mr. Scharf tell us that Queen Mary of Orange authenticated this jewel in her own writing; William III. gave it to the Duke of Portland; it is now in the possession of the Duke of Portland. No doubt the portrait is a superb masterpiece, a splendid example of Van Dyck's art at his most potent stage. The painter never imparted to the cold, hard, narrow and proud features of Charles a grander and more king-like expression than we notice in the face of this glorious work. The horse is perhaps the best Van Dyck produced, which is saying much. The sky and the abundant foliage would have charmed Titian. The general coloration and handling attest the profit gained by Van Dyck during his sojourn in Italy. The picture, though often copied, has never been adequately engraved.

Its possession lifts the National Gallery to the highest rank in respect to Van Dyck's works, but the price is monstrous. The picture was at the British institution in 1815.

THE THREE MAIDS.

THREE maids went forth the lovely world to see;
Three maids, their names Faith, Hope and Charity:
Each with her separate mission to unfold,
Apart, yet one, a happy band behold.

Three maids went wand'ring o'er the weary earth,
Seeking to give mankind a nobler worth.
Naught would they take; to give was their intent,
Riches beyond the world in their extent.

Three maids returned; footsore and faint and sad
Heavy at heart where erst they had been glad.
For all their gifts in this great world of sin
Few would accept, and none would take them in.

THE POSADA.

BY COL. SPENCER W. CONE, U. S. VOLS.

WHEN I next visited General H——, and when we were taking a quiet pipe together, as usual after dinner, in his old-fashioned but comfortable and well-stocked library, I said to him:

"General, when I came to think over the story you told me of the attack by Padre Juanita on Don Patricio's *hacienda*, I remembered that it was you who finally relieved us of that murderous pest."

"Yes," said the general, dreamily.

"Verily, as Old Noll would have said, you did not do the work slackly."

"You are right," said the general. "I did it thoroughly. Neither he nor his band ever troubled any one again."

"I can understand," said I, "how you thirsted to avenge Dolores. Tell me, I beg you, how it was done?"

"I will," said the general, simply, and leaning forward and gazing into the fire of hickory logs which burned on the old-fashioned hearth, as if, in the glowing clumps and changing colors of the coals, he could see again the scenes he was about to describe, he began:

"Yes, I avenged her, and if for an hour of my life the recollection of her murder made me a demon, at least her

THE POSADA.—"AS MERCEDES PASSED ME, I CONTRIVED TO THRUST A NOTE INTO HER BOSOM."

memory has made me a better man since fire and sword offered a holocaust on her grave. Early in August, 1847, you remember, our division was quartered in the village of Chalco, some twelve miles from the City of Mexico. Brigadier-general Franklin Pierce was moving up from Vera Cruz with 3,000 additional men, to reinforce us for the direct attack on the city. General Smith's brigade was marched from Puebla to clear the ground for him. At El Pinal Smith learned that Padre Juanita, with an unusually large flock of his 'lambs,' had taken post in the *hacienda* of San Juan de los Llanos. The *hacienda* was a large and strong building, lying in a rough country, halfway between O Jo del Agua and Tepeahualco.

"Smith dispatched Captain Ruff, with a squadron of mounted rifles, to capture Juanita if possible, but at all events to drive him from the place, as the position enabled him to annoy us seriously. Ruff marched rapidly, and attacked on the 30th of July. Padre Juanita had 300 men, and a strong position. Ruff had only a single squadron; but he dismounted his men, and after a rattling fight—our rifles climbing into the windows and scaling the parapet, marking down every 'lamb' that showed his nose outside of cover as coolly as if they had been shooting woodcock—the 'lambs' abandoned their stronghold and retreated. Their retreat was a flight. Forty of them were killed and fifty left wounded in the *hacienda*, very few of whom either deserved or got much mercy. Padre Juanita, however, was unfortunately among those who escaped.

"It was supposed by both Smith and Quitman that the band was totally dispersed, and Juanita himself so thoroughly cowed that he would not venture again near our line of operations. I differed from them, and my own opinion soon afterward was confirmed by secret information of the most reliable character. He had incurred the hatred of one of his own band by the wanton outrage of the man's sweetheart. This man, Pepé, came to me, and whilst pretending to act as a spy for Juanita, kept me posted as to Juanita's movements.

"That devil's bell-wether had gathered again the remnant of his 'lambs,' got together some new recruits, and a second time made the *hacienda* of San Juan de los Llanos one of his retreats. This time he had done it with great secrecy, and supposed his halts there to be totally unsuspected.

"As a cover, he had installed there an old fellow of his band. This old scoundrel, pretending to be very friendly to *los Yangkees*, had taken possession of the most inhabitable part of the place, and set up a *posada* where he sold *pulque*, the fiery liquor made from the *agave Americana*, or American aloe, to our stragglers.

"He was only too obsequious and obliging, and overanxious to attract not only the bummers of the army, but those of the better class of travelers whose necessities compelled them to attempt the journey coastward from the neighborhood of the City of Mexico.

"Knowing what I did, I kept a sharp lookout. One day Pepé came to me in great haste, and reported that a party, consisting of the Conde de Villaflor, his daughter Mercedes, his niece Josefa, Countess of Albuquerque, the young Marquis Don Rafael del Plombo, who was affianced to Doña Mercedes, and Josefa's half-breed maid, had started for the coast. They proposed to embark at Vera Cruz for Havana, and intended to pass the first night of the journey at the *hacienda* of San Juan. I determined to get there before them.

The family had lived at Chalco, and—being Spanish, not Mexican—had treated us with kindness and hospitality. I had, therefore, a double motive; first, to avenge Dolores, if possible, and next to see that no harm came to our warm-hearted friends.

"To protect them until within reach of the garrison of Puebla was a duty; to get a chance at Padre Juanita would be a boon beyond price. He had escaped Ruff—me, I swore, he should not escape.

"I communicated my suspicions to General Smith, and although he did not share them, he kindly granted me a detail of fifty picked men of the mounted rifles, with orders to make a general scout, and permission to use my own discretion as to the direction in which to push it.

"The main road leading through Puebla and Jalapa enters the City of Mexico on the east. This was the route of the Conde de Villaflor's party. Under Pepé's guidance, we took a nearer cut, and reached the *hacienda* long before them. We got there, indeed, before nightfall.

"Our first business was to lock the keeper of the new *posada* in a distant cellar. At least such were my orders.

THE POSADA.—"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' SAID PADRE JUANITA, HALF-TURNING, AND SCOWLING AT ME ANGRILY, WHILST HE LOOSENED A PISTOL IN HIS BELT.'"

THE POSADA.—"IN A SECOND PADRE JUANITA WAS ON HIS BACK, WITH MY KNEE ON HIS BREAST, AND JUDITTA'S CUCHILLO AT HIS THROAT."

Sergeant Mills, however, reported immediately after, with a perfectly grave face, that the poor man had stumbled going down the cellar-steps and broken his neck. Probably the butt of a musket had considerably hurried his descent.

"Pepé was duly installed as his successor. My men were then secreted in a ruinous part of the great pile of building to which, Pepé assured me, none of Juanita's band ever thought of going.

"Dressed in full Mexican costume, my face, neck and hands stained to the proper color, and assuming as swaggering and truculent a manner as possible, my *rôle* was to be that of a new recruit to the padre's band.

"Things fell out as we had foreseen. Our friends had been captured even before reaching the *posada*.

"Night had barely shut in, when a pounding at the door, confused noises indicating the arrival of a number of men and horses, and a rolling fire of curses, told the arrival of the padre and his band.

"Pepé admitted them, and made a good story of his substitution for the man with the broken neck, who, according to his account, was out on a spying expedition, the result of which promised no end of booty.

"The Conde de Villaflor's whole party had been made prisoners, and were marched in with their hands bound behind their backs. It was pretty hard to restrain myself at the sight; but I summoned all my common sense to my aid, and managed to keep my hand off my pistol; premature action would have imperiled the lives of the whole party.

"The *hacienda*, although partly in ruins, was one of the largest, and much of it remained in a habitable condition. On one side of the court were the household offices and stables, and on the other three the various family apartments.

"The Conde de Villaflor and Don Rafael were thrown into one of the upper rooms. Mercedes, Josefa, and the maid Juditta, were placed in one on the opposite side of the court. All were bolted in and sentries placed over them.

"As Mercedes passed me I contrived, unobserved, to thrust a note into her bosom. Her head was hanging down in utter abandonment and dejection; but what she supposed meant for an insult roused her.

"She threw up her head haughtily, and her lip curled with scorn. In a second, however, I managed to whisper: 'Read it. Your lives depend upon obeying it.'

"By the quick change of her look I saw not only were my words understood, but that she had her wits about her, and would act with quickness and discretion.

"Women become accustomed to scenes of danger and adventure in a country disturbed by constant wars, and when they do, their passive courage exceeds that of men largely, and they are infinitely more cunning and fertile in every resource of intrigue. I was not suspected.

"Immediately on the arrival of the band Pepé had introduced me as a recruit, and I played my part as boldly as I knew how.

"I pushed and pulled the old conde and Don Rafael with such a choice collection of oaths and air of truculent ferocity; I snatched hold of the pretty Josefa, and kissed her so boisterously as to completely win the sympathetic hearts of the padre and his attendant 'lambs.'

"The prisoners disposed of, the band stowed themselves away in the stables and slept. They numbered a little over a hundred, and were as villainous-looking a set as could be well imagined.

"Juanita showed he deserved his reputation for ability as well as ferocity by the way in which he picketed all the approaches to the *hacienda*. It would have been impossible to surprise him in an attack from the exterior; but the mouse was inside the cheese, and I smiled to see the rascal take so much care of the rind.

"The duty of posting his sentinels performed, the padre settled himself for a carouse, and I, as a new and promising recruit, was accepted as his boon companion.

"Pepé spread the supper-table for us in a small room on the second floor, the entrance to which was by a low, massive door, and having only one small, grated window high up in one side of the wall. It had an uncomfortably prison-like look, and, once locked into it, escape would be next door to impossible.

"However, the door was open, and Pepé flanked the supper with wine-flasks enough to have furnished the carouse of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and the holy clerk of Copmanhurst. In fact, Padre Juanita was, physically, not unlike Robin Hood's burly chaplain. As for drinking, the wine ran down his throat as easily, and for some

THE POSADA.—"AS I STARTED TO RUSH TOWARD IT, PEPÉ CAUGHT ME BY THE ARM, AND HISSED OUT: 'TOO LATE, MAJOR. HE PUT THE FIRE OF HELL HERE.'"

time with as little apparent effect, as if it had been poured from one wine-skin into another.

"As I was forced to clink glasses with him at every sally of ferocious blasphemy, it required no small sleight-of-hand to seem to drink bumper for bumper, and yet manage to toss two-thirds of the wine under the table. If the beast had succeeded in making me drunk, all chance to rescue the prisoners, avenge Dolores, and extirpate his band, would have been lost. But I, on the contrary, succeeded in fooling him, and became, for the time, in his half-maudlin state, his dearest *amigo*.

"Suddenly, however, he started to his feet, tossed off a bumper, and said, with the leer of a drunken satyr:

"'*Amigo* of my soul, you can stay with the bottle. I am going to see the three pretty birds in my cage up there. *Caramba!* I'll make them sing.'

"'Take me with you,' said I, catching at any straw to protect them, and pretending to fall in with his humor. 'Doña Mercedes is plump as a partridge, and Doña Josefa's lips are red and ripe enough to tempt the blessed St. Anthony.'

"'No! no!' hiccoughed the padre. 'You had a bite at that cherry. That's enough. Stay with the bottle, *amigo*. You bit the cherry; I'll eat it—ha! ha! ha!'

"The gloating fiendishness in the leer he threw at me, as he turned to go, told what devil's work he meditated.

"My first thought was to shoot him down on the spot. The noise of the shot would, however, have roused his men, who were quartered close at hand, and given them a great advantage. I restrained myself, and tried a scheme which, happily, proved successful.

"Rapping out a huge oath, I cried.

"'Ho, ho! padre, you are going after the birds? Well, that *is* putting the cart before the horse.'

"'What do you mean?' said he, half turning, and scowling at me angrily, whilst he loosened a pistol in his belt.

"'I mean,' said I, boldly, as I filled a bumper, 'that for you to go trotting over there after the dear little Doncellas is showing them too much attention. You are the master and they the slaves. They should come after you. You are the Grand Turk and they your Circassians. The Sultan don't dance after them; they dance after him."

"'Well?' he growled.

"'Here's three of us,' said I—'you and I and Pepé. There's three of them. This is the most comfortable place in this old owl's-nest of a *hacienda*. Let's have them here, and make them dance until morning, or——'

"'Or what!' said he, evidently half yielding.

"'Or,' said I, draining my glass carelessly, 'cut their throats if they squeal too loud.'

"'By St. Satan, you'll make a "lamb"!' cried Padre Juanita, with a diabolical grin. 'We'll have them here, by Lucifer! Come on!' And he reeled out of the door.

"The sentinel at the door of the ladies' prison-chamber was dismissed by the padre, and went off gladly enough to join his comrades in the stables.

"The girls' hands had been untied when they were put there, and as we entered they cowered together in a corner, and clung to each other.

"The burly ruffian Juanita, without uttering a word, tore them apart, and seizing Mercedes, threw her over his shoulder like a sack of grain and strode off, growling back to us:

"Pick up your girl—you, and bring her to the *fandango*. Ho! ho!'

"Pepé grabbed Juditta, who fought like a cat, and I was forced to seem as rough with Josefa as our leader was with Mercedes.

"Our battle, however, was a sham fight, for I contrived to whisper my name in her ear. As I carried her along the corridor she also whispered that my note had been read, and I could depend upon their watching my motions and obeying even a look. But Doña Josefa was as merry and reckless a little Spanish girl as ever plagued a lover's life out of him. Grave as the situation was, she could not restrain her mischief, and, as I carried her along, got my ear between her sharp little teeth; and, whilst telling me how obedient they would be, bit it until she brought the tears into my eyes, whispering, as she bit, 'How do you like a lady's lips now, señor?'

"Before we got to the end of our journey, she had also pinched one of my arms black and blue from shoulder to elbow, uttering heart-breaking shrieks, and exclamations of 'Madre de Dios! Oh, Madre Santissima!' etc., all the way, pinching, biting, and whispering between, 'Tit for tat; my hands are loose now,' a fact emphasized by the way in which her very taper but remarkably strong fingers seemed to take pieces out of my flesh, by way of punctuating her shrieks.

"We reached the room intended by Padre Juanita to be the scene of a hellish debauch, but determined by me to be one of righteous retribution. One glance at the women showed that Josefa had not deceived me. I read in their eyes that they were ready to play their parts intelligently and boldly. The moment they were released they cowered back together against the wall, but looked like three panthers crouching for a spring.

"Passing in front of Padre Juanita, I grasped his hand and shook it boisterously, hurrahing and crying:

"'Now for the fandango!'

"At the same instant I made a sign to the girls, and threw my arms around him and endeavored to throw him. Quick as a flash Mercedes sprang to one side of him, and Josefa to the other, snatched his pistols from his belt and hurled them away.

"Happily for my success in the wrestling match, I had undertaken, Pepé caught Padre Juanita by the legs, and in a second he was on his back, with my knee on his breast, and Juditta's *cuchillo* at his throat.

"'Shall I finish the beast?' said that worthy maid, in as matter-of-fact a way as though she had been saying, 'Shall I carve you a bit of the fowl, sir?'

"Our purpose was to finish him, but not exactly in the summary way proposed by Juditta, and I was compelled to deprive her of the pleasure.

"Ropes and halters were forthcoming in a turn of Pepé's ready hands, and in less time than it takes to relate it Padre Juanita was bound, gagged, and helpless as a baby.

"No time was lost in locking him in and conducting the ladies to a place of safety.

"Then, taking my position on the side of the court opposite the stables, I put to my lips a small post-horn, which I had concealed for the purpose, and blew the 'Rally.'

"With a ringing Yankee cheer my rifles burst from their hiding-places, and formed across the court between the stables and the gate, which was the only outlet from the interior of the *hacienda*. Startled by the bugle-call, and the shout of the *Americanos*, which they knew too well, the 'lambs' swarmed out of the stables and offices.

"It wasn't a good night by any means for that kind of 'lamb' to be in the field.

"It was a night of Mexican starlight, which means a faint kind of daylight. The great quadrangle had few shadows, and was, of course, open to the sky. A fairer field for close fighting could not be imagined.

"The 'lambs' outnumbered us two to one, and being caught like rats in a corner, fought desperately. It was no use. In less than fifteen minutes half of them were dead, many wounded, and the rest whining for mercy. The number who ornamented trees in the neighborhood next morning looked as if Sergeant Mills had not clearly understood their request. In fact, that worthy non-commissioned officer remarked that it was a singular trait in the Mexican character that no sooner did a 'lamb' get the halter from his horse's neck around his own, than he insisted upon jumping from the bough of a tree and injuring himself mortally.

"The fight over, the Conde de Villaflor and Don Rafael were soon liberated, and happily joined, in the most comfortable room we could find, with Mercedes, Josefa, and the maid Juditta. The latter was the only one not radiant with happiness and gratitude. Juditta was glum. She evidently felt that in not being allowed to 'finish' Juanita, she had been deprived of her proper share in the day's amusements.

"When the conde's party were once more in safety, and I had seen to the four or five of my own men who had been wounded in the skirmish, my own revenge came back to my thoughts. I started for the place where I had left Padre Juanita, meaning to give the wretch the benefit, whatever that might be, of a drum-head court-martial, and then a short shrift and a long swing from the nearest tree.

"At the instant I reached the court flames burst through the single window—a barred and grated window, high up near the ceiling—of the room in which the villain lay gagged and bound. As I started to rush toward it Pepé caught me by the arm and hissed out:

"'Too late, major. He put the fire of hell here,' striking his breast. 'With fire I have paid it.'

"A glance told me that Pepé had done his work thoroughly. No help could reach the wretch in his burning tomb. All that could burn on that side of the *hacienda* was consumed. The flames, however, did not reach our quarters for the night, on the opposite side of the court."

"I understand now," said I, "why no more was ever heard of Padre Juanita and his 'lambs'!"

"Yes," said the general, "and it has always been a great satisfaction to me that my revenge for the death of Dolores was the means of saving the good conde and his family from a fate even worse than hers."

THE ORIGIN OF PAPER.

The Chinese claim the honor of producing the first paper ever used in the world. According to their chronology the invention dates as far back as the first century. Their claim is probably a just one, as the Japanese have still in existence certain data in regard to the exportation of paper from Corea to Japan between the years 280 and 610 A.D. Previous to this invention printing had been done upon cotton or silk. Owing to the conflicting statements of various chronological writers, it is impossible to locate the precise date of its first introduction into Europe. Deductions from the mass of evidence would seem to place it somewhere in the thirteenth century.

Japan became the first rival of China, and so proficient did she become in the art that she far outshone the orginal inventors, and eventually took the stand which she now holds. There are, even at the present day, certain branches of this industry in which she owns no equal upon either continent. There are now manufactured at Yeddo two hundred and seventy different varieties of paper. They use bark, leaves and bamboo for producing their pulp. They change the quality of their paper by various combinations of these ingredients. The paper manufacturers of the present age, possessing all the advantages derived from centuries of scientific and mechanical inventions, must find it very difficult to realize the intricate and laborious processes accompanying the earlier career of this great industry.

ITALIAN CORAL INDUSTRY.

Of late years the most favored localities for the coral-fisheries have been the waters about the Island of Sicily, the Sea of Sciacca on the south coast of the island, Trapani, the Island of Ustica, north of Sicily, and also the waters about the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia, and the bays and seas upon the coast of Algeria. About five hundred Italian ships are engaged in the industry, either upon the Italian banks or upon those of foreign nations, giving employment to about 4,200 sailors. Of these five hundred ships, over three hundred sail from Torre del Greco.

The quantity of coral collected annually by the vessels sailing under the Italian flag amounts to 56,000 kilogrammes, valued at 4,200,000 lire. In Algeria, 10,000 kilogrammes of coral are taken annually, representing a value of 750,000 lire. Much of this is accomplished by fishermen from Torre del Greco, Leghorn, and other parts of Italy, who have emigrated and established themselves at La Calle and other points on the Tunisian coasts, where, with more than a hundred vessels sailing under the French flag, they engage in this industry. In addition to the figures above given, the Spanish ships, about sixty in number, gather along the coast of Spain and elsewhere, about 12,000 kilogrammes of coral, in value about 800,000 lire.

From these figures it will be seen that the quantity of coral gathered annually by ships not bearing the Italian flag amounts to 22,000 kilogrammes, of the value of 1,550,000 lire. This, added to the figures already given as the direct results of Italian fisheries, amounts to 78,000 kilogrammes, valued at 5,750,000 lire, and these figures represent approximately the annual gathering of coral in different seas by Italian and foreign ships, and its value. There are in Italy sixty coral workshops, giving employment to about 6,000 men, women and children. The men employed earn from 20 cents to 84 cents a day, and the women and children from 16 cents to 41 cents. At Torre del Greco there are forty workshops, where 3,200 persons are constantly employed, of whom 2,800 are women. The other workshops are situated in Genoa, Naples, Trapani and Leghorn. A portion of the best coral is sent to England; much of a fine quality to France, whence it reaches Germany and America; but the greater part goes to Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, and through them to Indo-China and Africa. Although the profits of the fisheries are great, the condition of the fishermen themselves is the most miserable that can be imagined."

AMERICAN PLANTS.

In the fields and along open roadsides the likeness of our plants to those of Europe seems to be greater than the resemblance of the trees; but much of this likeness is the unconscious work of man, rather than of nature, the reason of which is not far to seek. This was a region

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTRESS.

of forest, upon which the aborigines, although they here and there opened patches of land for cultivation, had made no permanent encroachment. Not much of the herbaceous or other low undergrowth of this forest could bear exposure to the fervid Summer's sun, and the change was too abrupt for adaptive modification. The plains and prairies of the great Mississippi Valley were then too remote for their vegetation to compete for the vacancy which was made here when forest was changed to grain-fields, and then to meadow and pasture. And so the vacancy came to be filled in a notable measure by agrestial plants from Europe, the seeds of which came in seed-grain, in the coats and fleece and in the imported fodder of cattle and sheep, and in the various, but not always apparent, ways in which agricultural and commercial people unwittingly convey the plants and animals of one country to another. So, while an agricultural people displaced the aborigines which the forest sheltered and nourished, the herbs, purposely or accidentally brought with them, took possession of the clearings, and prevailed more or less over the native and rightful heirs to the soil—not enough to supplant them, indeed, but enough to impart a certain adventitious Old

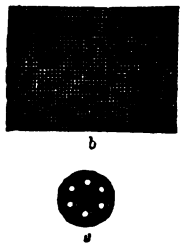


FIG. 1.— PERFORATED CORK (*a*) AND WIRE-GAUZE (*b*).

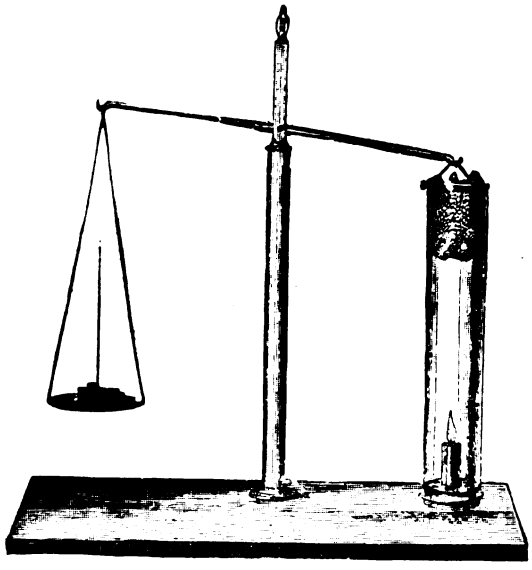


FIG. 2.— SHOWING INCREASE OF WEIGHT IN A BURNING CANDLE.

World aspect to the fields and other open grounds, as well as to the precincts of habitations. In spring-time you would have seen the fields of this district yellow with European buttercups and dandelions, then whitened with the ox-eye daisy, and at midsummer brightened by the cerulean blue of chicory. I can scarcely name any native herbs which, *in the fields and at the season*, can vie in floral show with these intruders. The common barberry of the Old World is an early denizen of New England. The tall mullein, of a wholly alien race, shoots up in every pasture and new clearing, accompanied by the common thistle; while another imported thistle, called in the States "the Canada thistle," has become a veritable nuisance, at which much legislation has been leveled in vain.

According to tradition, the wayside plantain was called by the American Indian "white-man's foot," from its springing up wherever that foot had been planted. But there is some reason for suspecting that the Indian's ancestors brought it to this continent. Moreover, there is another reason for surmising that this long-accepted tradition is factitious, for there was already in the country

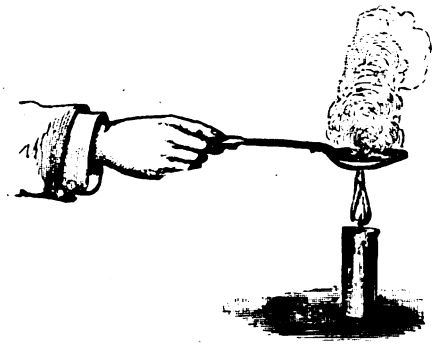


FIG. 3.— DECOMPOSITION OF WAX BY HEAT.

a native plantain, so like *Plantago major* that the botanists have only of late distinguished it. Possibly, although the botanists were at fault, the aborigines may have known the difference. The cows are said to know it, for a brother botanist of long experience tells me that, where the two grow together, cows freely feed upon the undoubtedly native species, and leave the naturalized one untouched.

THE CANDLE-FLAME, AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS.

By R. Gerstl, F.C.S.

There are few phenomena in nature so wonderful as the flame of a candle, or—what is, as we shall presently see, essentially the same—the flame of an oil-lamp, or of gas, or of the burning coal in our fire-places. Yet, who pays any particular attention to it? Very likely that "familiarity" which is responsible for so much neglect, has to account also for this indifference.

We will try in these lines to awaken the reader's interest in this subject by bringing before him briefly the chief points necessary for an understanding of the process of visible combustion; and by hinting, still more briefly, at some of the important conclusions which result from the study of that process.

Any piece of candle will do to begin our observations with. We select one of wax on account of its cleanliness. I may take it as generally known that the material is a secretion of the bee. On allowing our specimen — say one of which twelve go to the pound—to burn for a while, we notice that it diminishes in size; and we know that after a certain number of hours the whole of the candle will have disappeared, short only of an insignificant remnant which ceases to burn, because the little stump of wick will drop out of its place. Well, what has become of the candle? has it been destroyed?

FIG. 4.— EVOLUTION OF HYDROGEN.

—that is, has it become *nothing?* To receive an answer we shall resort to the balance. This is an old instrument—we find it already on Egyptian bass-reliefs; but its application in the investigation of scientific problems is of comparatively recent date. Its introduction into chemical research forms a landmark in modern science. We will place a small piece of our wax candle on a perforated cork (*a*, Fig. 1), fit it into one end of the cylindrical glass tube, now push into the other a piece of wire-gauze (*b*), so as to form a kind of netting, and place into this latter lumps of caustic soda. A copper wire, fastened round the glass tube in the manner seen in the diagram, permits the whole contrivance to be hung at one end of the beam of a suitable pair of scales (Fig. 2). After having balanced it, the cork is taken out, the candle on it is lighted, and the cork now quickly put back into the tube. In a few minutes—four or five—the beam-end carrying the glass tube will descend.* What does this mean? Nothing less than that the candle in the course of burning increases in weight. Whence comes the substance which adds to the original weight of the candle, and what is this substance?

Before we pursue further this question, we must first know which part of the candle is really the source of the flame. If we scrape some chips of wax off the candle and heat them (Fig. 3) in a teaspoon over the flame of perhaps another candle, the wax will melt, emit fumes, and these soon burst into flames, which resemble closely that of the candle. If, on the other hand, we take a piece of dry lamp-wick and light it, we shall get a flame barely able to maintain its life. We see then that it is the wax which feeds the flame, and that the wick's function is merely to convey by suction the molten wax to the region of the flame, where it is converted into vapors, just as in the heated spoon.

And now, why does the candle increase in weight during the burning? Is anything else feeding the flame besides the wax? We know we are surrounded by a substance called air, and it is a common experience that the presence of this agent is indispensable in the burning of our light and heat-giving materials. Let us place a piece of burning candle into a bottle and close the mouth with a cork. In a few minutes the candle will extinguish, and we shall notice that the inner sides of the bottle are covered with a film of moisture. On pouring some clean lime-water† into the bottle, we observe that the liquid becomes turbid, and after standing a while deposits a fine white powder.

Here we must make some slight digression. In 1774 Joseph Priestley had discovered that by heating a red powder, in those days called calx of mercury, a gas‡ was obtained, in which combustible bodies burned with great brilliancy—indeed, in which materials incapable of burning in the ordinary air, like a piece of steel wire, did so with intensity in the new air. Very shortly after him, Lavoisier, a great French chemist, found that by heating metallic mercury for a sufficiently long time in an inclosed space of air, the metal was transformed into red calx of mercury, that this weighed more than the original metal, that the increase in weight was due to a fixing of a portion of the air in which the metal had been heated, and finally, that the remaining portion of the air, which was incapable of supporting the burning of a candle, weighed exactly by so much less as the mercury had gained in weight. This portion of the air has received the name of *oxygen.*

We commence now to guess why the candle in our experiment had increased in weight. As in Lavoisier's experiment the mercury fixes the oxygen of the air, so does in this case the vapor of wax. But to arrive at a complete understanding of the process, we must acquaint ourselves with the properties of two substances of which the wax of the candle is principally made up, and which, in burning, are transformed into those bodies that are retained by the caustic soda in the experiment with the balance.

By pouring a mixture of water and hydrochloric acid on some pieces of zinc, a gas will be evolved, which proves to be combustible. On trying this experiment in a flask closed with a cork (Fig. 4), into which a long thin glass tube is fitted, a steady little flame may be obtained. On holding a tumbler over this flame we notice the appearance of moisture, and if we use an arrangement as shown in Fig. 5, we are able to collect a sensible quantity of the liquid, which is the product of the combination of the oxygen of the air with the gas issuing from the bottle, and proves to be water. The gas has been called *hydrogen*, of which Greek word the equivalent in English would be "water-generator."

It will now be quite correct to conclude that whenever water is formed during the combustion of some substance, there must be hydrogen present in the burning material; and chemical analysis has really shown that wax—as, indeed, the great mass of animal and vegetable matter—contains hydrogen.

But there is something else formed during the burning of the candle. It was mentioned above that on shaking up the air in the bottle in which a piece of candle was allowed to burn until it extinguished, with clear lime-water, a white powder is formed. Now, on burning a piece of charcoal in a current of air, and passing the gas obtained into lime-water, we obtain the same white powder. The gas is a combination of the carbon which has burned away, with the oxygen of the air, and has been called *carbonic acid.* Here, too, we shall be correct in concluding that, whenever carbonic is produced in the combustion of a substance, there must be carbon contained in that substance. Thus we infer that wax must contain carbon, since it yields, during burning, carbonic acid. In like manner, if the gas resulting from the burning of colza oil, or paraffine oil, or coal gas, or coal itself, is passed into lime-water, we obtain proof of the formation of carbonic acid.

This is the place to observe that caustic soda, a substance obtained from the ordinary soda so much used in households, possesses the property of absorbing carbonic acid, and, to a certain extent, also of retaining moisture. It was, on account of these qualities, placed in the upper part of the glass tube in which we burnt the candle, for the purpose of showing the increase in weight of the burning candle.

If we collect the white powder formed by passing carbonic acid into lime-water, and put a drop of vinegar on it, we notice that it effervesces—that is, that it evolves some gas. Supposing we did this in such a manner as to be able to pass this gas into lime-water, we should obtain the same white precipitate as before. We have, therefore, our carbonic acid back, and that, too, in a pure state, not admixed with such parts of air as were unconsumed in the burning of the charcoal.

* Some little care is required in the execution of this experiment, but details of manipulation may be omitted in a popular exposition.

† Lime-water is prepared by shaking up a little slaked lime with water, and, after allowing it to settle, pouring off the clear liquid from the sediment.

‡ *Gas* is a scientific name for aëriform bodies. It is derived from *Geist*, the German for "ghost."

It is worth our while to study some of the properties of this gas. But in order to obtain it in larger quantities we employ white marble and hydrochloric acid, it having been found that the former contains carbonic acid. We shall employ an apparatus as shown in Fig. 6. The large bottle with the funnel-tube contains the marble and the acid; the smaller one, directly joined to it, is filled with oil of vitriol for drying the gas, oil of vitriol possessing the property of abstracting moisture from bodies it comes in contact with. On pouring some muriatic acid, diluted with water, down the funnel-tube, the evolution of carbonic acid will at once begin. If we fill a tall jar with the gas, we find that a burning candle introduced into it is extinguished. If we fill a glass beaker, which had previously been balanced (Fig. 7) on a suitable pair of scales, with carbonic acid, the pan containing the beaker will be seen to sink. The heaviness of the gas can also be shown by pouring it, like any ordinary liquid, from one vessel into another, and then lowering a burning candle into the latter (Fig. 8).

That which applies to a candle, applies also to the flame of an oil-lamp or to a gas-flame, or, indeed, to the flame of any of the materials commonly used for lighting and heating; in all these cases water and carbonic acid are the chief products of the combustion.

As the atmospheric air surrounds the whole earth, it is natural that combustible gases, like coal-gas, or the gas got by heating wax, etc., should burn in the air; but this is no necessary condition of burning. Should an atmosphere of coal-gas envelope our globe, a jet of what now constitutes the atmosphere would burn equally well. This may be shown by a very simple arrangement.

A chimney-glass (Fig. 9), such as used in an ordinary paraffine lamp, is provided with a twice-perforated cork; through one of the holes a straight tube, of about half an inch in diameter, passes; through the other a bent one (*b*), of perhaps a quarter-inch bore. Gas is allowed to enter through *b*, and after being lighted the chimney-glass is fixed upon the cork. The gas-supply is now increased until the flame, gradually vanishing, at last leaps over to the air which enters at the wider tube, being drawn in by the draught. On lighting the gas which issues at the top of the chimney-glass, ocular evidence is afforded of an atmosphere of coal-gas surrounding the air-flume. On introducing through the wide tube a narrow one (*a*), and conducting coal-gas through the latter, we obtain the interesting phenomenon of a coal-gas flame burning in an air-flame.*

The inhalation of air in our breathing has been known for ages past. But it was only since the process of combustion had been understood that the chemical part of breathing had been fully ascertained. We know now that the oxygen of the atmosphere is conveyed through the lungs to the blood, and that the exhaled air contains water in the shape of vapor and carbonic acid. Surely, this absorption of oxygen and emission of carbonic acid and water seem to be the same process as the burning of the wax candle? But whence come the carbon and the hydrogen required for the formation of those two substances? The answer given by chemistry is, that it comes from the food which we take, and which is composed chiefly of carbon and hydrogen, combined together in the most different proportions. A burnt slice of toast, a charred mutton-chop, are familiar demonstrations of the existence of carbon in these articles of food. The presence of carbonic acid in the air given out by our lungs may easily be demonstrated by *blowing* through a glass tube (*a*) into a bottle (Fig. 10) with lime-water; the appearance of turbidity will give us the desired proof. If we *draw* through tube *b* air into the liquid, no turbidity will ensue.

It was stated that carbonic acid is unable to support combustion; it has to be added that it is equally unfit for breathing, and, from the analogy of the processes of burning and breathing, we can conceive that it must be so. But it is not only that carbonic-acid gas by itself is detrimental to the continuation of both processes; the admixture of a certain proportion of it to the ordinary air is capable of bringing about the extinction of a flame or of a life. Now, since we produce continually carbonic acid by breathing and burning, it becomes necessary to pay attention to the renewing of the air in our dwelling-rooms and other inclosed spaces. It was stated above that carbonic acid is heavier than the atmospheric air; we would therefore conclude that the carbonic acid evolved by breathing, and lights, and fires, would accumulate at the floor of the rooms. But this is not the case; carbonic acid, when warmer than the surrounding air, ascends. We may make this evident by placing a stand (Fig. 11) carrying three burning pieces of candle, fixed at different heights, under a bell-jar. That the candles will extinguish, we know; but on this occasion we shall also see that the topmost candle dies first, the middle one next, and the lowest one last.

If in this experiment we provide for an inlet of fresh air (the rough edge of the bell-jar, not touching the table everywhere closely, offers sufficient means for this) no change in the course of the process will take place. But if we arrange the bell-jar so as to allow the vitiated air to pass off, as in Fig. 12, whilst at the same time fresh air is admitted, the combustion will continue. One of the candles in the experiment represented in Fig. 12 is placed a little above the lower end of the outlet tube; it will soon go out, because the carbonic acid, accumulating at the top of the bell-jar, has to surround it before it reaches the opening of the tube.

The fact that heated air—and the carbonic acid of our lungs is always warmer than the surrounding air—produces a current of air, is utilized in ventilating public places, etc. This principle is illustrated in the above experiment; the vitiated air is allowed to escape near the top, and the fresh air is admitted near the floor. In ordinary dwelling-rooms, the fireplace and the chimney form the ventilating channel. But here we must stop, for satisfactory treatment of the question of ventilation is beyond the scope of this article.

The amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere is from three to four parts by bulk in 10,000 parts of air. A fairly ventilated room will contain six parts in the like quantity of air. But how far certain places have been from such a desirable condition may be seen from the following data, obtained some years ago by Dr. Angus Smith, of Manchester:

	Parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air.
Chancery Court, 7ft. from ground, closed doors.....	19.3
" 3ft. " "	20.3
" door wide open.....	5.0
Strand Theatre, gallery, 10 P.M.....	10.1
Surrey Theatre, boxes, 10 P.M	11.1
" " 12 P.M.....	21.8
Standard Theatre, pit, 11 P.M.....	32.0

The authority just quoted recommends a very easy method for ascertaining the extent to which the air in rooms is vitiated with carbonic acid. The method rests

* The success of these experiments depends very much on good proportions in the width and length of the tubes; but details of this kind need not be given here, from reasons already stated.

on the fact that a certain minimum quantity of carbonic acid is required to cause a visible precipitate in half an ounce of clear lime-water. If two quantities of air give with half an ounce of lime-water the same amounts of turbidity, it naturally follows that actually the same

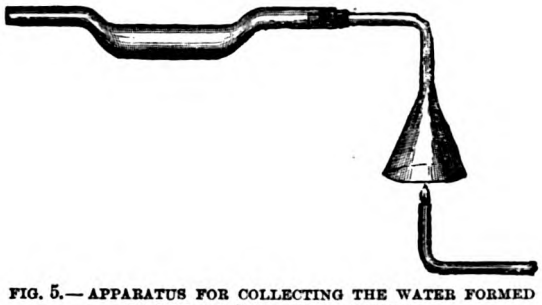


FIG. 5.—APPARATUS FOR COLLECTING THE WATER FORMED IN THE BURNING OF HYDROGEN.

amount of carbonic acid is contained in both samples; and if the relative bulk of the one to that of the other were, say, one to two, the former would contain twice as much carbonic acid as the latter. If less than six parts of carbonic acid are contained in 10,000 parts of air, a bottle, holding about ten and one-half ounces, filled with such air would give no precipitate with half an ounce of lime-water; and our rooms should be kept in such a state of ventilation.

We turn now to the external appearances of the flames. Looking attentively at our burning candle, we notice that its flame (Fig. 13) forms a cone, rounded at the base,

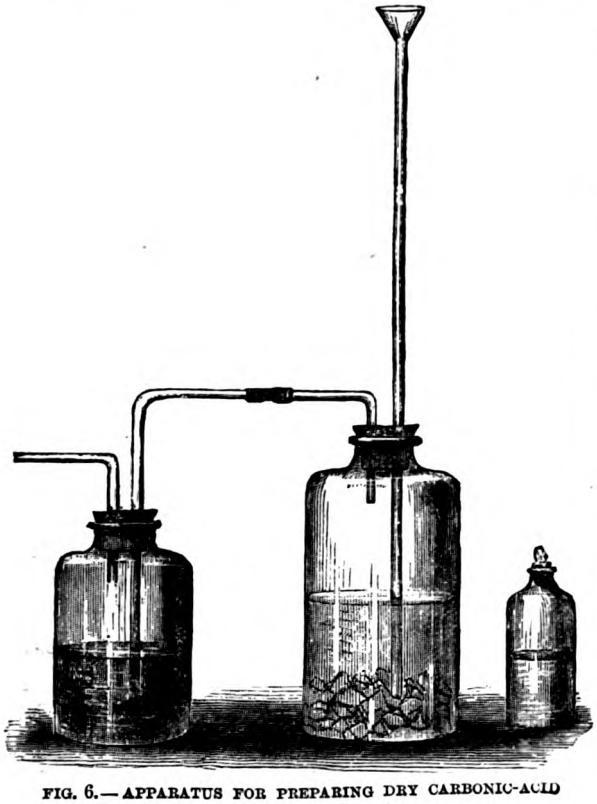


FIG. 6.—APPARATUS FOR PREPARING DRY CARBONIC-ACID GAS.

and consisting of three shells or zones—the innermost (*a*), around the wick, appears dark; the one next to it (*b*) is bright yellow and luminous; and the outermost (*c*) is a thin bluish wrapper not very luminous. The central zone contains the vapors and gases arising respectively

FIG. 7.—ILLUSTRATING THE HEAVINESS OF CARBONIC-ACID GAS.

from the evaporation and decomposition of the molten wax drawn up by the wick. That there is really no combustion going on in this zone may be shown by quickly

FIG. 8.—POURING CARBONIC-ACID GAS FROM ONE VESSEL TO ANOTHER.

thrusting a common lucifer match into the candle-flame in such a way as to have the phosphorus tip resting in

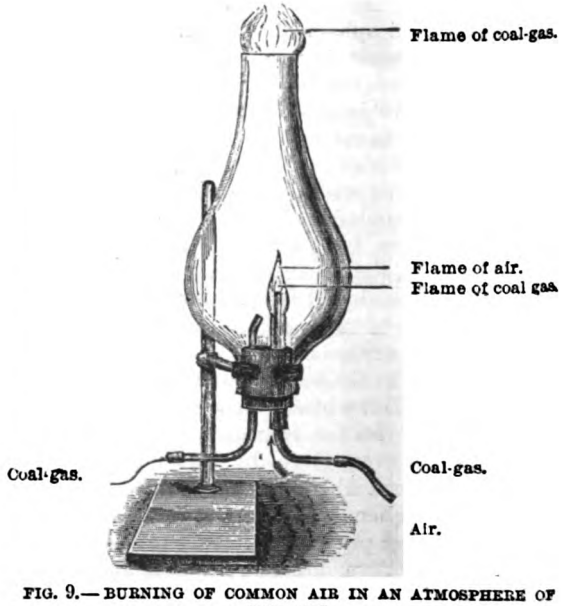


FIG. 9.—BURNING OF COMMON AIR IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF COAL-GAS.

the dark zone, when it will be seen that the wood will be charred where it comes in contact with the outer burning shell. By taking instead of a candle a gas-burner,

which, in consequence of having air admixed with the gas, gives a non-luminous flame, the hollowness of the flame-cone may be demonstrated in some striking ways. Thus, if we insert for a moment into the broadest portion of the flame a strip of folded blotting-paper, it will, on being withdrawn, present the appearance shown in A, Fig. 16, and, if the paper be unfolded, look as in B. Another proof is that represented in Fig. 14, where a piece of stout white blotting-paper is pressed down upon the flame, when soon a brown ring will indicate the burning portion of the flame. That the gases in the dark zone are combustible may be made evident by inserting into the candle-flame one end of a bent glass tube (Fig. 15), and setting light to the vapor issuing at the other end.

FIG. 10.—APPARATUS FOR DETECTING CARBONIC ACID IN THE AIR EXPIRED BY THE LUNGS.

The second zone is, as we stated, the real source of the light the flame emits, and the luminous character is generally ascribed to the presence of very finely-divided carbon, which is raised to whiteness by the heat evolved in the oxidation of a portion of the gases. The occurrence of the carbon is due to the fact that the combustible gases have not sufficient oxygen in the second zone for complete combustion, and that therefore the carbon separates out. By holding a piece of cardboard paper over a candle-flame, we obtain the carbon in the shape of soot, and by scraping off the latter and throwing it into a non-luminous spirit-flame, we produce scintillation. The explanation that the carbon separates out in consequence of insufficient supply of oxygen is supported by the phenomenon of a luminous gas-flame becoming non-luminous when air is admixed with the gas previous to its being light.

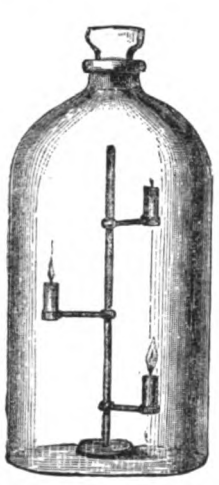


FIG. 11.—EXPERIMENT FOR SHOWING THAT HEATED CARBONIC-ACID GAS ASCENDS.

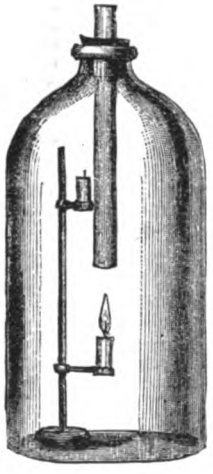


FIG. 12.—EXPERIMENT SHOWING THAT CANDLE WILL BURN IF CARBONIC-ACID GAS IS ALLOWED TO ESCAPE.

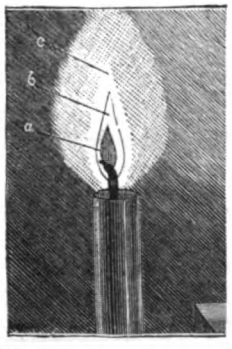


FIG. 13.—DIFFERENT ZONES OF FLAME.

But though these instances are strongly in favor of the view that the luminosity of a flame is due to the incandescence of solid bodies, there are cases known of flames which give a bright light, and yet have no solid particles dispersed in the flame. Hydrogen, of which it was mentioned above that it burns with a pale flame, will yield a luminous flame when burning under an increased atmospheric pressure.

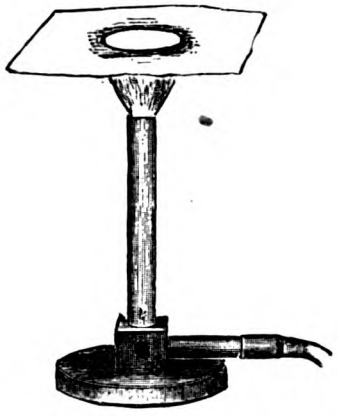


FIG. 14.—SHOWING THE HOLLOWNESS OF FLAME-CONE.

In the third, the outermost zone, the combination between the combustible gases and the oxygen of the air takes place in a complete manner.

Our task is done. We know now what is required to produce a flame, and what the nature of a flame is. We have also, in passing, seen how close an analogy there is between combustion and respiration, and how this leads to the subject of ventilation.

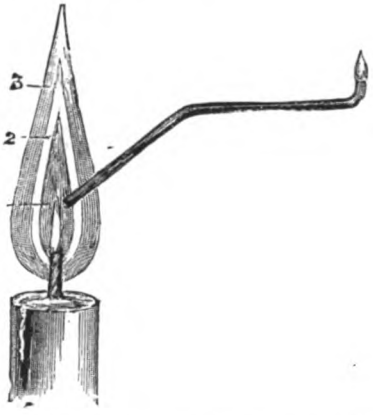


FIG. 15.—COMBUSTIBILITY OF THE GASES OF THE INNERMOST FLAME.

But, for an exhaustive comprehension of the process of burning, one more question remains to be answered. Why do the carbon and the hydrogen obtained from the decomposition of the wax produce, when uniting with oxygen in our optic nerves, the sensation which we call light?

At present we possess no clew whatever to this marvelous phenomenon; so complete, indeed, is our ignorance, that we have not even a gleam of hope of ever penetrating into this mystery.

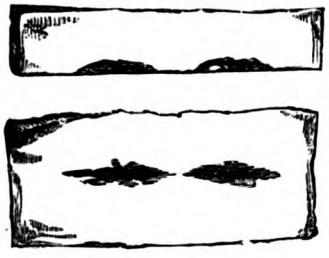


FIG. 16.—ANOTHER EXPERIMENTAL PROOF OF THE HOLLOWNESS OF A FLAME.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THAT intellectual work, despite its great strain upon the organization, does not injure health or shorten life, when it is kept within reasonable and proper limits, is shown by many statistics. Many physicians have testified in their writings to the longevity of intellectual men. Madden, in his "Infirmities of Genius," gives a series of tables showing the relative longevity of medical authors, philologists, authors on religion, and on law and jurisprudence; miscellaneous and novel writers, moral philosophers, dramatists, poets, artists and musical composers, and finds that the general average age at death for the whole list was no less than sixty-six years. Another list of fifty-four men, distinguished by their intellectual achievements, quoted by Dr. Tuke, gives an average longevity of eighty years. In Dr. Beard's "Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion," is prepared a list of five hundred of the greatest men in history, including poets, musical composers, and others, who died young; yet the average duration of life was 64.20 years. The age at death of ten thousand clergymen, collected by Sherwood, was found to be sixty-four. That this is high, will be plain when it is added that the average age of all classes of civilized persons who live over twenty years is fifty.

THE injurious effect produced by illuminating gas is due, according to Grube's researches, not to the continuance of its action, but to its concentration, or the percentage of it in the air. It is asserted that air containing five parts in ten thousand can be breathed by men and animals for hours, and even days, without any injury to the health; from seven to eight parts in ten thousand cause indisposition; twenty parts produce difficult breathing, loss of power and uncertainty of motion; with twenty to forty parts drowsiness begins, and, when there is still more carbonic oxide in the air, the poisoning is attended with violent symptoms; brain and spinal column are especially affected, cramps seize the victim, yet he may recover if brought quickly into fresh air. Breathing air heavily charged with carbonic oxide for a long time may likewise cause death.

THE immunity which that small Indian quadruped, the mungoose, enjoys from the fatal consequences of an attack upon a cobra, has long excited great interest and attention. The popular notion has been that the poison of this reptile, fatal to everything else, was in some unexplained way non-venomous to the mungoose. Others asserted that the mungoose knew a vegetable antidote, which it ate. The very careful studies of recent naturalists in India seem to show, however, that neither of these extraordinary statements are true, but that the mungoose escapes death in its encounters with the cobra by its remarkable agility, which, in the great majority of instances, enables it to dodge the serpent's stroke It has been proved, however, that, should the mungoose be bitten, it dies within a short time, as would any other animal.

FOR testing gold, make a liquid consisting of nitric acid, one ounce; water, two drams; and muriatic acid, one-half scruple. Mix the ingredients well, and keep the solution in a bottle with a glass stopper. With a glass rod which has been dipped in the mixture touch the metal and watch the action. If no effect is produced on the metal it is either gold or gold-plated. If the "gold" is very low or less than nine karat, the acid will boil green, and the base metal is at once detected by the mark left by the acid. To test silver, apply a drop of solution of nitric acid, three ounces; water, one ounce; and bichromate of potash, one-half ounce, and wipe off the drop immediately with a sponge and water. If a blood-red mark results, the metal is silver or the article silver-plated.

A VARNISH has been invented in Germany for foundry patterns and machinery. It dries, leaving a smooth surface, almost as soon as it is applied. It is thus prepared: Thirty pounds of shellac, ten pounds of Manila copal, and ten pounds of Zanzibar copal, are placed in a vessel, which is heated externally by steam, and stirred during from four to six hours, after which 150 parts of the finest potato spirit are added, and the whole heated for four hours to sixty-seven degrees. The liquid is dyed by the addition of orange color, and can then be applied as a paint on wood. When used for painting and glazing machinery it consists of thirty-five pounds of shellac, five pounds of Manila copal, and one hundred and fifty pounds of spirit.

THAT the American elk, or wapiti, was once common in the Adirondacks, of New York, there can be no question. A number of their antlers have been discovered, the most perfect of which was found some years ago on Third Lake, of Fulton chain, in Herkimer County. Other specimens of elk-antlers, tolerably complete, have been found in St. Lawrence and Lewis Counties. When the species became extinct in this State is not known. DeKay records one killed, as late as 1836, on the north branch of the Saranac, and thought a few were still left in 1842, when he wrote. They lingered in Northern Pennsylvania to nearly the same date.

THE aggregation of people in towns requires the use of coal for the production of gas or electric lighting, frequently for the removal of sewage and refuse, and for the supply of water. Possibly the most wasteful use to which coal is applied is the open grate.

CRIME is increasing at a fearful rate in Italy. In 1874 there were 3,210 serving life-sentences in its penal establishments; now there are 5,363, of whom 204 are female prisoners. Italy pays $6,000,000 for the maintenance of its penal system, while for education only $5,400,000 are set aside.

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF THE BRAIN.—That the brain should be subjected to direct physiological experiment, was until modern times never attempted. During the last generation only has the practicability of this been demonstrated, and numerous observers have, by direct operations on the brain substance of animals, arrived at new conclusions as to its functions, and greatly revolutionized our ancient conceptions on the subject. Evidence has also been given against the *noli me tangere* theory, and abundant proof has been adduced of the fact that the brain may be handled, irritated, or partially destroyed, without necessary danger to life. One of the latest developments of this method of investigation has been the discovery of those centres in the cortex which preside over voluntary motion, which have been, more especially by Professor Ferrier, differentiated and localized with great precision. This important knowledge has been arrived at by an extended series of experiments conducted on living animals, in which, by observing the several effects of stimulating or destroying limited areas of their brains, the different functions of these special localities have been determined. A topography of the cerebrum has thus been constructed, in which the various faculties have been mapped out; but these, unlike the illogical visions of the phrenologists, have stood the test of skeptical criticism and rigid experimental inquiry. Researches of a purely scientific nature, carried out only with the object of elucidating truth and advancing knowledge, without immediate prospects of material gain, have in this instance led to most important and useful practical advantage. Armed with the knowledge acquired on animals in the laboratory, the physician has been enabled to utilize at the bedside the conclusions thus arrived at for the service of human beings. Clinical experience, combined with morbid anatomy, had already enabled the medical man to suspect the presence of disease in the brain, but as to its precise locality he was formerly in doubt. Now, however, guided by the recent revelations of physiology, he is enabled to predict the position in a large number of cases with great certainty and precision.

THE "cold-wave flag," whose use has been inaugurated by the United States Signal Service during the past Autumn, is intended to be displayed not only at the regular stations of the Signal Service, but also at as many railway-stations and post-offices as possible, in order to spread the widest notice of the coming change of weather. The service cannot at present undertake to provide the flags or to pay for special telegrams to numerous local display stations; but the cost of the flags (white, six feet square, with a two-foot black square in centre) is moderate, and can easily be borne by those interested in securing early indications of falling temperature; and in several parts of the country the telegrams are sent to all the stations on certain railroads that co-operate with the Signal Service, and thus promptly distribute weather forecasts to the towns along their routes. It is probable that the coming year will see a considerable extension of this kind of weather service.

MINERAL EXPORTS OF CHILI.—Nitrate of soda exported in 1883 was 54,745 gross tons; exported 1882, 54,624 gross tons. Germany is steadily increasing her imports of this article. In 1883, she took 462,451 quintals, or more than twice as much as in the preceding year. The shipments of nitrate to the United States are declining. Total exports of iodine in 1883 were 41,666 pounds, or only about half the amount shipped in 1882. This was in part due to a new export, iodide of copper, not previously manufactured in Chili, and of which 117,330 pounds were shipped in 1883. Silver was exported to the value of $2,092,086 in 1883. The copper production increased to 6,015 gross tons of ore, which yielded 1,228 gross tons of fine copper. Borate of lime was exported for the first time in 1883, to the amount of 32,923 quintals.

PROFESSOR JAMES WARREN, of Los Angeles (Cal.) electric light station, is the inventor of a new process of reducing ores, which is done by the aid of electricity. One day, while examining a piece of gold-bearing quartz, he accidentally let it fall into one of the dynamos, which was in motion at the time. On looking for the piece of quartz next day, he found it in the dynamo, and to his surprise the gold in the quartz had been melted, and had run to one side of the rock, forming a beautiful button. Professor Warren immediately instituted a series of experiments, and has succeeded in evolving a process by which gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted from concentrations by a powerful electric shock, which almost equals in its intensity a stroke of lightning. The experiments so far have failed on lead and antimony ores.

THE Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum promises to be a prodigious thing. Already there are seventy-four volumes in print, which represent 276 of the old manuscript volumes, whose pages have so long tormented the bewildered "reader." The work is now proceeding at the rate of thirty volumes a year; so that there are good hopes that by the end of another decade the larger part of the Catalogue may be got within something like reasonable limits, and presented in a comparatively convenient form.

DR. GRISHIMAILO, the traveler and entomologist, has concluded his investigations into the natural history of Turkestan for the present. He began his travels in the Fergana Valley, and from thence he went into the Altai region, which he examined thoroughly. In the course of the Summer he visited Osch, Arawan, Nankat, Utch-Kurgan, Shahimardan, Karakazyk, Koksu, Tekelik, the Rivers Balykty, Karamuk, and Zanku; on his return he visited Karamuk, Jirgetal, Sarzbulak, Koksu, Altyumazar, and went on foot through the Trans-Altai Mountains to Bordooba and Karakul. The geological collections are very considerable. In

Lepidoptera alone there are 17,000 specimens, amongst them being many new kinds. The expedition was also a success from an ethnographical and anthropological point of view. Many heights were measured and thermometrical observations made throughout the whole journey. The traveler met many evidences of the existence of a glacial epoch in Central Asia; amongst these are mentioned the presence of forms in Thian-shan which hitherto have only been found in Labrador, Greenland, Lapland, and the Swiss Alps. Next year Dr. Grishimailo contemplates visiting the western offshoots of the Thian-shan range, because this locality has never yet been examined thoroughly from a geological point of view.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A WORKMAN is known by his chips. Don't we know a barber by his shavings?

WHAT did the donkey do when he first heard of the doctrine of evolution? He brayed until he was a little hoarse.

A FRENCH wit of a post-office turn of mind evolves the following: "A married woman is a letter which has reached its address. A young girl is a letter not yet addressed. An old maid is a letter which has been forgotten and sent to the dead-letter office."

AT the court of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favor of the Queen, when she said: "Raleigh, when will you cease to be a beggar?" "When Your Majesty leaves off bestowing favors," he replied.

"CAN dogs find their way home from a distance?" is a question frequently asked. An expert answers the query thus: "It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from California. If it is a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner."

NOT long since a man about forty, looking profoundly sad, stepped into the morgue in Paris to claim the body of a friend and relative, Jacques Dubois, recently fished up out of the river. "Have you any means of identifying the body?" the man in charge inquired. "Yes, sir," said the applicant. "He is easy enough to tell. He was deaf."

A YOUNG man went on one occasion to call at a country farmhouse to make inquiries after his sweetheart, who had charge of the dairy. An old man opened the door, and the lover asked him, timidly: "How is the milkmaid?" But the farmer only angrily replied, as he slammed the door in the stranger's face. "Our milk isn't made—it's got from the cow!"

SHE WOULD HELP.—*Husband:* "Hulda, dear, as I was passing through our garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking; perhaps you would like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?" *Young Wife* (anxious to conceal her ignorance in the vegetable department): "I tell you what, Adolphus, we will go together; you shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder."

THE SCHEME.—"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend asked of a merchant. "When they stay too long, the office-boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-room waiting to see me on important business." "Ha, ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know——" Just then the boy opened the door and sang out: "Gent in the countin'-room waitin' to see you on important business, sir!"

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.—"Have you ever suffered from extreme thirst, colonel?" "Yes," the Kentuckian replied; "I have. I was in the southern part of Tennessee some years ago on a surveying expedition for the Government, and you may believe it or not, gentlemen, but for three days I hadn't a thing to drink except a pint bottle of furniture-polish." "No water to be had?" "Yes; there was plenty of water; but when a man is enduring the agonies of a burning thirst, he is not going to pay much attention to personal cleanliness."

A WOMAN is far more sensitive than a man. She has finer feelings and a more delicate mind. There are a very few men who realize this, and, in consequence, woman is made to endure much unnecessary suffering. One of our merchants was going to church with his wife on Sunday morning, when she suddenly stopped and put her hand to her head. "What is the matter?" he asked, startled by the look on her face. "Oh, I have got on my brown hat!" "Eh?" ejaculated the astonished man. She burst into tears. "Why, Martha, what is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Don't you see what is the matter?" she returned, in a sobbing voice. "I've got on my brown hat with my striped silk! Oh, what will people say?"

PROFESSOR MILNE, of Tokio, in Japan, has constructed a pair of pendulum seismographs, instruments for the automatic delineation and registration of the earthquake disturbances so frequent in that country. He wrote describing them as "conical pendulums," each consisting "of a heavy mass suspended by a string." The printer of a local paper improved the original by describing them as "conical pendulums," consisting of "a heavy man suspended at the end of a string." This rendered the apparatus extremely interesting to the general reader, and led to many inquiries that have diffused extensive knowledge of the subject, so much so, that in the interest of popular education the typographical errors have not been corrected.

"I WISH I had a pug dog," said an up-town youth, recently. "What in the world do you want one of the critters for?" asked a friend. "I know where I could sell him for fifteen dollars!" was the earnest reply.

MR. ELEGANT SMALLCASH (to Mr. Seasoned Timber): "Ya-as. I think I'll marry this Fall. Don't know whom yet. I need a rich wife." *Mr. Seasoned Timber* (to Mr. Elegant Smallcash): "First catch your heir-ess."

"PARENTS in China," says an exchange, "deem it a religious duty to provide matches for their children as soon as they are of age." So long as they don't furnish the cigarettes, we don't see as that is much of an advantage.

A NEW YORK visitor to Boston was interested and puzzled by the constantly recurring "H" on houses at the street-corners. "What are those H's for?" the stranger asked. "They were dropped by the British, when they left Boston," was the solemn reply.

"HOW NICELY you carve that chicken," said the boarding-house lady at Sunday dinner. "It must be very tender—you do it so easily." "You think so?" replied the carver, stopping for breath. "You see this kind of work comes easy to me. I'm a stone-carver."

D., AN artist of some talent in Paris, finding himself short of money, sent for a picture-dealer, and asked: "What will you give me for this picture?" "Twenty francs." "You must be joking! Twenty francs! I have not reached starvation-point yet, I can tell you." The dealer coolly replied: "Very good; I can wait."

THE teacher in one of the schools was a little crotchety the other morning, and made the girls stand around a little livelier than usual. One of the little misses, who had been upbraided, exclaimed to her companion: "Never mind; Cleveland is elected, and she'll be turned out!"

TWO GENTLEMEN engaged in lively conversation are walking up the street. "Since you have some notion of marrying," said one, "why don't you take Marguerite, your sister's charming friend? She is an angel." "I don't dispute that; but she paints." "Oh, come now, my dear fellow, honestly, have you ever seen an angel that was not painted?"

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.—A Scotch minister went one day to call on some members of his flock, and at last came to a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, in an authoritative voice: "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if you'll sit down a wee we'll perhaps be able to tell you, for we're just trying to settle that point!"

"OH, you may talk as you please, but I tell you that Deacon Longphiz isn't one particle better than the average man. I know he can put on a solemn face, and make a long prayer, and quote Scripture and all that sort of thing; but when it comes down to acts, the deacon ain't there. I've known of a dozen cases where he refused to trust honest, worthy families, who were absolutely suffering for the necessities of life." *Fogg:* "Well, what of that? You wouldn't have the deacon make his religion cheap and vulgar by using it in merely commonplace everyday affairs, would you?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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THE ORANGE-GIRL OF MOROCCO.

BUTTERFLIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY

VOL. XIX.—No. 5 MAY, 1885. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS. SECRETARY LAMAR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND. SECRETARY MANNING.
SECRETARY WHITNEY. SECRETARY ENDICOTT. SECRETARY BAYARD. THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET.

BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.

By W. A. Croffut.

America is hospitable. Our Republic shelters not only half a million strange people every year, but thousands of strange theories of government. The result of our hospitality is that there are no greater contrasts in the political principles held in Great Britain or Russia, where one extreme is capped with a crown and the other illuminated with dynamite, than there is in this "land of the free," where the vote of the fool balances the vote of the philosopher, and every crank may have his day. In view of these tremendous differences, provision is made by law for a revolution of the Government every four years—a revolution without musketry, directed by law and pervaded by order, but a revolution none the less thorough because peaceful.

Sometimes this projected revolution hangs fire and fails to mature, and the Government remains in the same hands from term to term; the overturning which is now taking place in affairs at Washington being at the end of twenty-four years of such endurance. This could scarcely have happened if there had been any great moral question at stake. But extremists have not the management of either party, and the prevalent issues are chiefly of the quiet sort, about which honest men in both parties differ. The result is that the change takes place this year, not only without any broken heads, but without any broken hearts; the Democrats are not mainly moved by wolfish instincts, and the Republicans look on without either despair or dismay, curious to see how the dauphin, who has at last inherited the realm, will behave himself.

Grover Cleveland has been chosen President distinctly on the issue of reform—of remedying prevailing evils and setting the feet of the Administration in a better path. He has promised retrenchment and economy. He has promised that the servants of the people shall be honest and diligent. He has promised that he will exercise sagacity in reconstructing the executive machinery of the Government so that it shall, with the least friction, produce the results desired. For the fulfillment of this promise he personally will be held responsible—he and the party which is behind him. The gentlemen whom he calls around him as his Cabinet are only his clerks, appointed to do his writing and keep his books—one, to write to the soldiers, and to send them the President's wishes; one, to execute the President's will in paying the nation's current expenses; one, to look after pensions, patents and Indians in the name of the President; and so on. They are accountable only to him; he must answer to the nation. He may advise with them if he wishes to do so, but he will take their advice against his own judgment at his peril. They are not, in power of position, the peers of the British Ministry, by a good deal; for the functions of the latter are extended to cover the proverbial weakness of the sovereign.

President Cleveland was elected as a reformer. Then he must reform something. There is room enough in Washington. The adoption of a *laissez-faire* policy will not do. Things have been let alone too long. Cleveland was elected in order that real evils might be let alone no longer. Every department in Washington swarms with abuses—clerks who were appointed for partisan service, and have been retained by partisan gratitude; clerks that take six months' leave of absence each year, and, when called to account by their superiors, appeal triumphantly to their "Influence"—that is, the member of Congress who secured their appointment; clerks who defiantly refuse to do the work assigned them, and defy the Secretary to remove them; clerks who do no work whatever, and have done none for years, but are kept on the payroll for charity's sake. In some bureaus are ten clerks doing the work of one. The superintendent of a division in the Treasury Department recently apologized because his windows were so smutty that his visitors could not see through them; he said he had sixty men and women on his rolls as ostensible "laborers," but they were all too high-toned to wash windows. This is a specimen of the numerous abuses to be corrected. Every department of the Government must be put on a business basis, above the reach of partisan favor or sentimental sympathy.

Let us see what sort of men Mr. Cleveland has called around him to assist in carrying out these acts of renovation:

Secretary of State—Thomas Francis Bayard.

When the people began to cast up accounts after the Presidential election of November 4th, they went to Cabinet-making, and nine-tenths of the members of both parties said, "Bayard will be Secretary of State." It was the only appointment on which agreement was practically unanimous. The head of the State Department, the minister of foreign affairs, is the President's chief adviser and assistant, not exactly by virtue of his office, for it is not nearly so important as the heads of the Treasury and Interior Departments, but by virtue of prescription and fashion, established when we had no money that would buy anything and no industries to speak of, and when war was a constant possibility.

If any man ever inherited public honors and public responsibility, Mr. Bayard did. He was born, as it were, in a Senate chair. Four generations of Bayards have occupied high positions in Congress and the public service. Nicholas Bayard, a French Huguenot, who arrived in this country in 1647, with his Dutch brother-in-law, old Governor Peter Stuyvesant, had descended straight from that Chevalier Bayard whose feats at arms and high manliness excited the admiration of Europe. Nicholas early became an office-holder, and his son, James Ashton Bayard, was elected to Congress from Delaware as a supporter of Washington's first administration. He was afterward in the Senate, and was the originator of the cunning scheme which made Jefferson President over Aaron Burr in 1801. It is, perhaps, better not to enter into the details of it, but it would probably have caused the French chevalier to blush. The third Bayard, Richard B., son of the foregoing, was United States Senator for two terms from Delaware; and the fourth Bayard, James A., brother of Richard, succeeded him in the same high office for four terms—twenty-four years.

The subject of this sketch, Thomas Francis Bayard, is a son of the last named, James A., was born in Wilmington, October 29th, 1828, and was first chosen to the Senate to succeed his father in 1869. His early boyhood was spent at home; but at the age of thirteen he was sent to the school of Dr. Francis L. Hawks, at Flushing, L. I. In 1843 he became a clerk in New York city, where he remained five years, and received a good business training.

On the death of his elder brother, Mr. Bayard returned to his parents, and entered on the study of law in Wilmington. He was admitted to the Bar in 1851, the year that his father was chosen to the Senate, and his

promotion was rapid. He early acquired local fame as a pleader, and in another year the young man was appointed United States Attorney for Delaware. This office he soon resigned, and went to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, where he remained for four years as a law partner of William Shippen. In 1858, on the death of his partner, he returned to his father's office, and pursued his profession with constantly growing success.

When the war broke out the people of Wilmington organized a militia company, and Thomas F. Bayard was made its first lieutenant. A peace meeting was shortly called, and Lieutenant Bayard was one of the principal speakers, denouncing the war and the abolitionists as its cause. This speech has been often quoted against the availability of Mr. Bayard as a Presidential candidate, and had its full weight in influencing the decision of the Chicago Convention of last year. He was sent to the Senate from Delaware in 1869, when both branches of Congress were strongly Republican, and he instantly took a high position on the Democratic side. He generally opposed Republican measures, and, in 1872, helped to expose the abuses in the New York Custom House.

In 1876 he was an earnest advocate of the Electoral Commission, and afterward one of its most influential members. In 1856 he married Louise, daughter of Josiah Lee, a Baltimore banker, and three sons and six daughters, all still living, are the result of that union. In 1877 he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College, and in 1879 went to Europe with his family. He has a calm judicial mind, and has made a special study of diplomatic affairs.

SECRETARY OF THE TEASURY—DANIEL MANNING.

The selection of Daniel Manning to be Secretary of the Treasury astonished everybody, especially himself. He had never held an office; he had had very little executive training; he had never made a study of national finance or the commercial problems of the world. But he was a man of energy, enterprise, good average judgment. He was president of a bank, of which a capable cashier was the real head; and, above all, he was a machine politician, a stout partisan, and he had been of real and constant service to Mr. Cleveland from the day when he was promoted from Sheriff to Mayor of Buffalo.

The choice was more than a surprise—it was a shock. For the new President to bestow the most important office in his gift on a party wire-puller, a caucus-manager, for electioneering services—a man without the experience, the reputation, or the training for the place—seemed a defiant violation of all his Civil Service pretenses, and a reckless affront to the "Independents," who had hoped for better things. It seemed like a retraction of all his promises to the prudent business men of the country.

But Daniel Manning is not a mere wire-puller; he is considerably more; he has sound business habits and principles; he was born in Albany, in 1831, of Irish, English and Dutch lineage. He went to school but little, and, when he was eleven years old, he became "devil" in the office of the Albany *Atlas*, which was merged into the *Argus*. He was soon taken as apprentice, where he learned to set type, and climbed his way steadily to the position of foreman. Then he became reporter; then editor; then manager and owner. Anybody who has tried it knows that these steps, spoken of so glibly, are difficult ones to take. When the fight against the Tweed Ring began, Manning allied himself with Tilden, O'Conor and the opposition. From that day he has been a stanch friend of Mr. Tilden and an advocate of its measures, and it is believed that he owes his present position to the wish of the "Sage of Greystone." For ten years he was a member of the State Democratic Committee; for three years he has been its chairman. The Democratic delegates to the last three national conventions from this State have been controlled by him, and he secured Cleveland's choice by his enforcement of the unit rule. Like Creswell, Hastings and Thurlow Weed, Mr. Manning never sought an office for himself.

In 1853 Mr. Manning was wedded to Miss Mary Little, by whom he has had four children. One of these, James Hilton Manning, has succeeded his father as editor of the *Argus*. Mr. Manning's first wife died in 1882, and last year he married Miss Margarita Fryer, of Albany.

SECRETARY OF WAR—WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT.

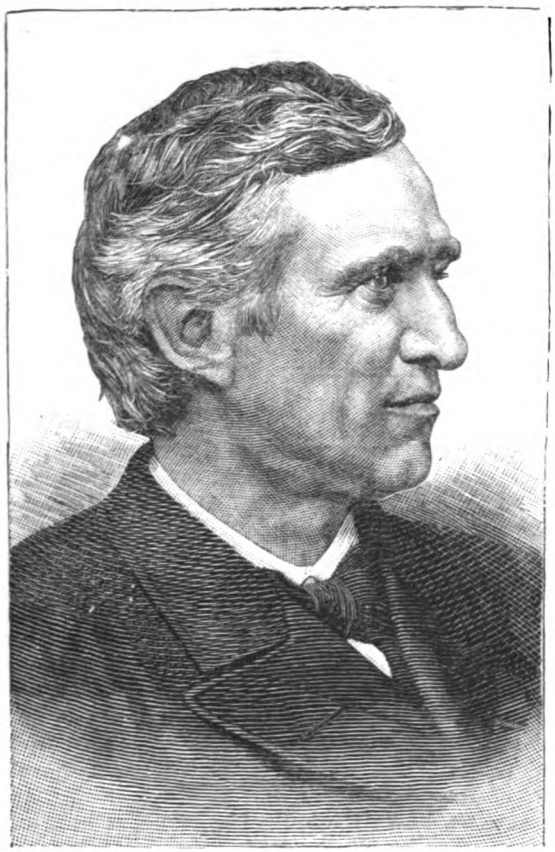
This selection was another surprise. Endicott was born in Salem, of Puritan ancestors. He attended the Salem public schools, and graduated from Harvard in 1847. He married his cousin, a daughter of George Peabody, and has two children. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and was, in 1873, appointed by a Republican Governor to a seat on the Supreme bench of the State. This position he resigned two years ago, and last Fall was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts. He got but a very light vote. He is a good lawyer and a scholarly, cultivated gentleman, who will manage the War Department well enough in time of peace. He was appointed, it is understood, "to gratify the Independent allies of the Democracy," but as Judge Endicott was never affiliated with these, the importance of it, as an act of conciliation, is not very obvious.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

W. C. Whitney was born in Conway, Mass., in 1839. He was always studious, and on graduating from Yale College, in 1863, he took two of the honors. He studied law, settled in this city, and soon rose to a large practice. He came into prominence in prosecuting the Tweed Ring, and by his vigilance, sagacity and boldness as Corporation-counsel, saved great sums of money to the city—estimated by the *World* as high as two million dollars. He assisted in organizing the County Democracy, and has found a steadfast friend in Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Whitney is a son-in-law of Senator Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, and is a man of social prominence. What he does not know about navies would doubtless make a ponderous tome; but he has honesty, ambition, energy and application, and this is a very strong four-horse team to draw.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR—LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, the Mississippi Roman, scarcely thought, when he commanded the Nineteenth Mississippi Volunteers in the Confederate Army, that he would ever be a member of the Cabinet of the United States. He was born in Oxford, Ga., in 1825; graduated from Emory College, Ga., in 1845, and was admitted to the Bar two years later. He served a while as professor of mathematics, then studied and practiced law, and became a member of the Legislature in 1853. He was elected to Congress for four years (1856-60); won the reputation of a fire-eater; then helped organize a regiment, and led it against the armies of the Union. In 1863, he was sent by Jefferson Davis to Russia on a secret mission. After the war he became a college professor again, but was shortly re-elected to Congress, where he served four years, and was then, in 1876, transferred to the Senate, where he has since served. He is a man of



THOMAS F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

marked ability and of decision, and it will need all he can muster of both to manage the great Department of the Interior with success and credit.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL—WILLIAM F. VILAS

If it will be difficult for President Cleveland to give a good and sufficient reason for the selection of Mr. Manning for the Treasury Department, it will be even more difficult to explain the choice of Colonel Vilas, of Wisconsin, for Postmaster-general. Born in Vermont, forty-five years ago, he is now a member of the Lower House of the Wisconsin Legislature—a man famous for neither learning, ability nor influence. He was a soldier, attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and resigned in the middle of the war. He has amassed a fortune, and made a few speeches in the last campaign.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—A. H. GARLAND.

The selection of Senator Garland to be Attorney-general is highly creditable to the President. He was born in Tennessee in 1832. A Whig in politics, he was a Bell and Everett Elector in 1860. He afterward served in both Houses of the Confederate Congress. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1867, again in 1877, and again in 1883. He is said to be the best constitutional lawyer in the Senate, and there is a peculiar propriety in calling him to be the official adviser of the Cabinet.

The most serious criticism of Cleveland's Cabinet that can be made is that it is geographically eccentric. New York State alone has three of the four most important members of the executive board—the President, and the Secretaries of the Treasury and of the Navy. Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana have no member of it, though they all cast their Electoral votes for Cleveland, and presented McDonald, Ingersoll and McClellan as candidates. Massachusetts, that never cast any but a Republican Electoral vote since the party was organized, has a member of the Cabinet, while Whitney was also born in the Old Bay State and Vilas in Vermont.

Propriety and delicacy, as well as precedent, would seem to have required the President to offer portfolios first to those who had been Democratic candidates for the place—Hancock, Seymour and McClellan—and then to those who had been his own competitors for the nomination—Thurman, McDonald, Randall and Carlisle. These have all been overlooked, without exception, in favor of two or three men who had done nothing either for the party or the country! The great West has only one member of the Cabinet, and he was born in New England. These considerations will probably compel a reconstruction of the Executive Board, and the balancing of it by the substitution of some representative men from beyond the Alleghanies, for some who were invited because Mr. Cleveland had never traveled, and did not know the growing majesty of the great West.

One thing is to be noted in closing. Both parties are resolved that the new President shall "have a fair chance." Not only Democrats, but Republicans quite as generally, insist that fair play shall be observed toward the incoming Administration; that the efforts which the President shall put forth for reasonable change shall be helped rather than hindered; that the men he appoints to office shall be immediately confirmed; and that no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of his bringing to bear upon practical affairs any wisdom he may possess. This generous spirit is the finest blossom of partisanship, and it is at once the pride and the guarantee of the Republic.

DANIEL MANNING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

ON THE BOX.

By Paul Benison.

To one whose youth was instructed on the margin of the old Birmingham road, and who set his first silver watch daily—it required adjustment once at least in the twenty-four hours—by the arrival of the portly Mr. Wilcox on the "Wonder" coach, the best of fifteen which passed during the day and night, there is something at once exhilarating and sad in the amateur revival of the former picturesque mode of traveling. The thing is dead, but its ghost is undeniably sprightly and debonair.

Only last May, the handsome blue-bodied drag which called itself the "Grayhound," and traveled to St. Wulstans and back daily, was standing at the door of the White Horse Cellar one morning, when the clock at the entrance marked some eight minutes to eleven.

The coachman was a tall dark man of perhaps seven or eight and twenty, bronzed apparently by suns more powerful than ours, whose face was smooth except for the heavy mustache which surmounted, but did not wholly conceal, a mouth peculiarly susceptible of pleasant smiles. He sat erect, in thoroughly workmanlike style, casting his eyes ever and anon over the faultless equipments of the four well-groomed bays with black points beneath him, but occasionally glancing at the clock rather nervously. He looked relieved and happy, however, as a stylish *coupé*, with a coronet on the panel, and drawn by a pair of grand movers, dashed up; and from it descended a young woman, dressed in the height of the *mode*.

The box-seat had evidently been kept for her, and her servant placed on it a cloak lined with soft fur, and a light richly-worked rug for the knees. The steps were

WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, SECRETARY OF WAR.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

placed, the lady ascended. And now the clock had reached eleven, and simultaneously the hour sounded up from St. James's Palace, audible only to ears expecting it.

"All right behind, captain," said the guard, touching his hat.

Heads were released, and apparently, without a movement on the coachman's part, the vehicle glided out amongst the traffic, and its presence was only indicated by the blast on the long horn, which Bailey so well knew how to produce.

The passenger on the box was Lady Tregoyd, and though not one of the professional beauties, owing to her husband's extreme dislike to the notoriety gained by being photographed in attitudes and costumes, she might well have taken her place amongst them. She was as fair as a lily, with dark auburn hair, gray eyes, and regular features on rather a large scale—not, however, disproportioned to her dimensions generally. Excitable and lively, she took care, notwithstanding, not to overstep the bounds of good form.

The coachman was Captain Durrant, a member of an old Kentish family, but a younger son, who had been in India for some years with his regiment of Dragoon Guards, and had only returned the previous Winter.

Lord Tregoyd was an agreeable, pleasant man, full of information, and passionately fond of natural history, but of a peculiar temper. He was affectionate; but he required those who valued his love to make up to him. The least neglect produced in him an affectation of indifference. He never remonstrated about anything which displeased him, but withdrew himself from the place where it seemed likely he would have to contemplate it. If any emergency when man delighted him not—nor

woman either—he flew to his dormice, or solaced himself by watching his ants. He was reserved and haughty, but not selfish; indeed, so far from that, he was quite capable of a self-sacrifice, if the occasion clearly demanded it. The Baroness, *née* Edith Milton, was the daughter of a clergyman whose living was in Warwickshire; and the Winter before Henry Durrant went into the army Edith had visited some friends residing in Kent, near the Durrants' place, had been much thrown with the young fellow, and had taken an immense liking to him. This was suggested, perhaps, by the evident fancy he had for her—a fancy which never deepened into a hope, however; for, with two elder brothers, he was celibate from circumstances, and the affair went into that limbo where we sometimes choose to think our brightest wishes congregate. Then the days rolled by, and in due course Edith was engaged, and ultimately married, to George Constable, Lord Tregoyd, and was congratulated by all her friends on the good match she had made. And she lived with him at his beautiful place in Devonshire, Lindencombe; and, in the season, in Portman Square. Here the story-books leave people with the general intimation that they were happy ever afterward. And, in truth, the Tregoyds were fairly happy till Captain Durrant reappeared in the gay scenes of London, and Edith saw him frequently, and their mutual liking revived again.

During the Easter recess, Durrant had run home and seen a nice girl, the daughter of an Australian who had settled near his father's, and who was willing to give her a handsome dowry; and as she appeared favorably disposed to the Dragoon, Henry's friends were very anxious that something should come of it.

This girl was called Julia, and was herself at present in town. It was, therefore, the more wrong of Edith to give up her thoughts so much to her former friend, because she was not only forgetting her husband, but standing also in Henry's light. But folly had got the upper hand. As for Lord Tregoyd, he saw that matters were not promising well, and, with his curious temperament, he made off to his thickets, and ponds, and pets, at Lindencombe, and let the boat glide. Durrant was not even in part responsible for the "Grayhound"; but the two men who owned it were friends of his, and, as he was a noted whip, he had been invited by them to take a turn on the box.

Of course, on this occasion, he must have Edith with him, and they were to lunch together at St. Wulstans, and return in the evening. Edith knew it was a journey on the primrose path, and that out of such an intimate acquaintance no happy result could by any manner of means come; but she was under a spell, and was acting as regardless of her welfare as enchanted people in the mediæval romances.

The bays only went four miles, and were succeeded by a capital team of iron-grays; not such large animals, but clean-limbed, active, thoroughly good-hearted horses, who went at their work with a will. How sweet the country looked! The village streets, the church-towers, the seats of the rich here and there in their beautiful woods; then bits of common, glimpses of water, and the calm cows, and the silly staring sheep, and the old cart-horse by the gate, who seemed so satisfied with having terminated public life. Edith was very much pleased to be so near her friend, and tender and pleasant was the conversation — too tender, one fears. And yet these happy moments were flowerets with the trail of the serpent so certainly over them, that the fact was not wholly absent from Edith's conscience. The grays were equal to a long stage, and gave up their places to four whose uniformity did not extend to color, but only to cut and character; highbred, rather weedy things, but full of courage, and of a sensitiveness which required a good deal of driving. Henry was, however, quite equal to the occasion, and brought them in style into the market-place of St. Wulstans, with the splendid church at one end, and turned into the gateway of the Bull Inn with a precision which excited admiration in the bystanders.

"Sit still a minute, and I will come and help you down," said the captain, as he unbuckled the leaders' reins. Then waiting till the splinter-bars were taken off, he released the other reins and descended. He was a heavy man, and putting his foot on the skin of some fruit thrown down on the pavement, he slipped and fell with considerable violence.

Edith screamed on seeing the accident, but, assisted by Bailey, soon got down and rushed to the side of her friend. He was carried into a sitting-room and placed on a sofa. His ankle had swelled so very much, he was quite powerless to move it, and it was urged upon him that he should see a surgeon. An old man was sent for, who examined the foot, and said that, in its extremely puffed condition, he could scarcely decide what had happened, but he should fear a small bone was broken. Lotions were, of course, ordered, and the medico said he would come in again presently.

"I shall not be able to drive," cried Henry; "but there is a professional here, and I will go inside with my foot up. You do not mind sitting with me?"

Edith would be delighted. And then luncheon was ordered in. And Edith sat opposite the sofa, and attended to the wants of her wounded knight. After luncheon the servant came again. Whether champagne is not good for an injured ankle, or whatever the cause was, the foot was more swollen, and the family practitioner begged the captain to remain quiet, and not to think of traveling in the coach. The pain was on the increase, and Henry could not be insensible to the fact that the jolting would be very unpleasant. But then, how about Edith? She would very gladly have remained to nurse him, but it was obviously a step which was likely to be misunderstood; and Henry had the good sense to see that unnecessary causes of scandal were, even on the lowest grounds, undesirable. So, after a good deal of persuasion, Edith consented to go back, though she declared she should immediately, on arriving at home, send an old maid-servant, who was a wonderful nurse, to wait upon Henry.

Bailey came in in his red coat with pale-blue collar and cuffs to take leave.

"I am very glad," said the captain, "that Warner is here. I feel quite easy at resigning the ribbons to him."

"Oh, bless you! yes, captain," replied Bailey; "don't give the matter another thought. Hope the foot will soon be better. Are you ready, my lady?"

When Lady Tregoyd mounted the box there was a fine young man, with a particularly honest, good-tempered face, occupying Durrant's place. He took his hat off as she climbed the ladder, and, with every expression of surprise and pleasure, said:

"La, Miss Edith, fancy my having the honor of driving you! That is strange, and no mistake!"

"Why, Robert!" exclaimed Lady Tregoyd, "I had no idea you were in this part of the country. And you have never heard I was married?"

"Oh, yes, I have, my lady," admitted the other; "but it seemed so natural-like to call you Miss Edith; but I ask your pardon."

The coach had to go. It was a little humiliating to amateur glory that Robert drove the nervous team with

the utmost ease and precision out of the gateway, as a mere matter of course. Warner was from Selby, Mr. Milton's parish, the son of a small farmer there; and though he had never been in service at the vicarage, yet, as a neighbor who thoroughly understood horses, the charge of the stable had virtually devolved upon him. He had provided the children with their ponies, made up condition-balls for the wagonette mare, and was always ready with his own tax-cart in case of a commission at the market town.

In this way he had been in and out of the house all his life, and had grown up pretty well with the elder ones of the family. A driver by natural instinct, he had served his apprenticeship in a remote county where a coach still ran, and had been attracted to London by the revival of dragsman traditions. He was full of recollections of little events in Selby and of the eccentric people most villages contain, and brought up to Edith's memory many small adventures in her own career.

"I have been down at Selby this Spring, my lady. The old vicar was wonderful hearty. And Miss Mary was there. La! it is a wonder she don't marry; such a handsome and kind-hearted lady—no better in that neighborhood! I suppose you hear very often from them all!"

"Oh, yes, of course, from time to time." But it startled Edith to recollect how little communication she had had with home this year.

"The vicar's getting on, you know, my lady. You should visit him this Summer. He is very hale. But at his age they don't face the winters so well. No man's name stands above his in the county, I reckon. There ain't a blemish on kith or kin; all belonging to him hold up their heads before the world."

The set of roans that did the work the grays had done in the morning were strong, sound horses; but their natural pace was not quite that of the "Grayhound" standard, and Robert had to press them a little, a task he did better, perhaps, than the captain would have done. He was not, in consequence, able to talk so much. And Edith sat in a reverie. Was there anything in flattery and attention, in passionate homage, nay even, perhaps, in sincere love, when it was not love that would bear the light, which could compensate for the averted eyes of our childhood's admirers, the cloud and trouble spread over the exemplary home, the gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave?

When the bays with black points were put in again Warner said:

"Well, I am sure I shall tell them all down Selby way how first-rate your ladyship was looking. Happy's no word for it. They talk in sermons against riches, but it seems to me that folks with plenty of money in their pockets have much the best of it, and a fine time too; is it not so, my lady?"

"Some rich people are very happy, I make no doubt."

"I could name one that is, I'll be bound," murmured the good fellow.

But was the person thus alluded to so happy?

The increasing traffic required that Robert should attend very exclusively to his task, and Edith fell into another thoughtful silence. The charming decline of the afternoon gilded with a peculiar light the suburban gardens full of fruit-trees still lingering in blossom, and shrubs in their full glory. The children were at play in all the open spaces, the grass was soft and green, and the fragrance of the breathing flowers full of softening influence.

Was it too late? Certainly not. Edith's natural guardian was a man who only required to know his aid was wanted to afford it readily. Was it such a bitter pill, after all, to go down to him, ask pardon for neglect, and seek support for the future? Whatever he might be, Lord Tregoyd was thoroughly generous. There would be no reproaches; nothing but tenderness for the returning mood of better thoughts.

She got down in Piccadilly in a very different condition from that in which she mounted the box in the morning. Pressing handsome presents on Warner and Bailey, she drove rapidly to her home. The old maid-servant was directed to start at once by rail for St. Wulstans to look after Henry. This amiable functionary also conveyed a letter, worded as follows:

"Faithful Jane Martin will give you this, and will see to all your wants. I hope you will soon be well. If you have ever had any regard for me, or still feel any, play no longer fast and loose with Julia. You have every prospect of happiness in marrying her. I am off to Lindencombe. When you reflect calmly in solitude upon all the circumstances surrounding us, you will admit I have done right."

Edith was wise enough to know that the iron must be struck while it was hot. There are occasions in life when it is fatal to listen to both sides of the question. She determined not to think, but to act. She gave directions about necessary packing, made out instructions for the servants who were to remain in the house, partook of a hasty meal, and sent word to the coachman that she was going by the Exeter mail, and that he must be responsible for her catching it. And soon after half-past eight Lady Tregoyd was actually on her way to Paddington.

THE SEA.

By John A. Symonds.

Fair is the sea; and fair the sea-borne billow,
Blue from the depth and curled with crusted argent!
Fair is the sea; and fair the smooth sea-margent,
The brown dunes waved with tamarisk and willow:
Fair is the sea; and fair the seaman's daughter,
Fairer than all fair things in earth and ocean:
Fair is the sea; and fair the wayward motion,
The wavering glint of light on dancing water:
Fair is the sea; and fair the heavens above it,
And fair at ebb the grass-green wilderness:
Fair is the sea, and fair the stars that love it,
Rising from waves new-washed with orient tresses:
Fair is the sea; of all fair sea-things fairest,
Stella, thou sea-born star, art best and rarest!

THE LADY OF THE GRAVES.

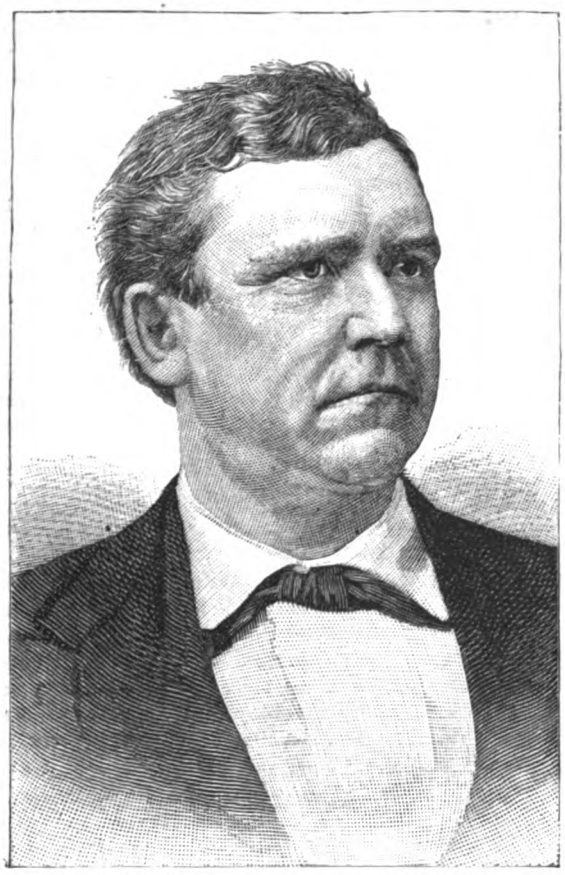
By Phillip Bourke Marston.

During the Autumn of 18— I visited the romantic watering-place of Rocky Bay, and there I formed my memorable but short-lived friendship with Walter Dayrill—short-lived, alas! for he was then in the clutches of consumption, and sinking rapidly.

His handsome, wasted face attracted my attention from the first. It was the face of a man whose life's story must have been in some way tragic.

We seemed drawn to each other in some strange way, and shortly before he died he told me the story of his life.

I shall never forget that afternoon when he approached the subject. How the wild west wind came storming round the one hotel of the place in which we were! The sea was of a grayish-green, flaked with white, flying foam. The window of the room in which we were sitting looked out upon the shore, where we could hear the



BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.—AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND. SEE PAGE 514.

thunder of the oncoming, and the prolonged serpentine hiss of the retiring, waves. The fire in the room flickered pleasantly.

Walter, on a sofa near me, seemed half-asleep, occasionally murmuring to himself:

"The jewels must be found—the rubies and the diamonds, and the baneful opal!"

He started, and said:

"How the wind blows! I think I must have been asleep!" Then, after a pause, he said: "My friend, there is something I want you to do for me when I am dead."

I promised to carry out faithfully any commission with which he might intrust me.

"I think I should die easier," he went on, "if you would listen to my strange experience."

I protested my willingness to hear, and he thus commenced, using no more words than were absolutely necessary, for his strength was low.

I shall not break up the narrative by showing how frequently it was interrupted by fits of coughing and intervals of exhaustion, but give you as nearly as possible in his own words my friend's history:

As a child I was strangely excitable, and possessed from an early age by the thought of death. Funerals, while I shrank from them, had yet such a terrible fascination for me, that I could not refrain from following one when I met it in my walks.

At night my dreams would be haunted by them, so that I would wake myself with a shriek. Later on I came to know why my boyhood had been so cursed by these dark visions of hearses following hearses in what seemed an endless procession—why it was that my last thought at night was of coffins and newly-made graves—why it was that I seemed to smell death in the air.

Shortly before my birth my mother, who was a most sensitive woman, was out driving, when the horses took fright at something, and, breaking away, rushed into the midst of a long funeral procession which was proceeding in the opposite direction. The carriage dashed into the hearse with such violence that the coffin was flung out.

You can imagine my mother's horror at having birth and death thus rudely confronted—a horror which she transmitted to her child, who that night was born prematurely!

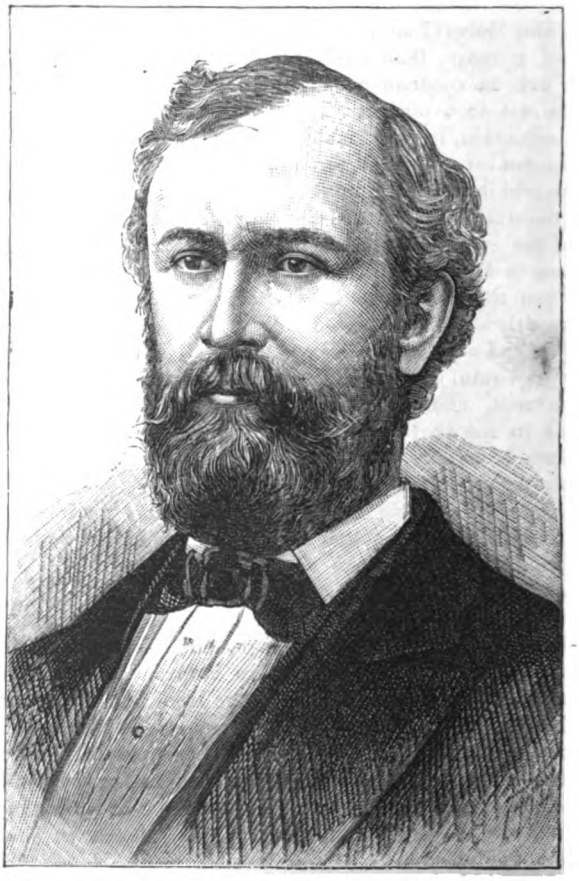
As I approached manhood the terrible repulsion and fascination exercised on me by the thought of death grew less, though at certain periods it would take hold of me as keenly as ever.

I could never pass a country churchyard without going into it and wandering there among the graves.

I was in my twenty-second year when my doctor advised me—for I was very far from strong—to try the effect of a country life, early hours, no reading, but plenty of horse exercise. He advised my going to a pretty village called Hampton, where a brother-doctor resided, in whom he had great confidence.

Looking in the paper, I saw a furnished house advertised to let at Hampton. I at once wrote and secured it. I reached the village at the close of a beautiful May evening. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the scene which lay before me. The nightingales were beginning to try their voices through the soft dusk.

On reaching the house destined for my reception, I saw, with a shudder, that it overlooked the village churchyard. Was I never to have a chance of escaping from the thought of death? But, after all, I was to



WILLIAM F. VILAS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

spend but little time in the house, which in every other respect was all that man could desire; so I resolved to make the best of it.

As I sat in my room I could hear through the open window the notes of the organ; some one was practicing late. In the morning I was up betimes, and passed the whole day in riding and walking. In the evening, yielding to a temptation which I had been striving to resist, I strayed into the churchyard adjoining the house.

Among the graves, one especially attracted my notice on account of the beautiful flowers with which it was wreathed. On the stone was cut, as part of the inscription:

"To the memory of
CHARLES EDWARD BEAUMONT,
Who fell fighting for his country."

I cannot say why my thoughts were so strongly drawn to this dead Beaumont. I passed on after a time, studied the inscriptions on various other tombstones, and was returning when I saw, kneeling by the grave which had so curiously interested me, a tall, slight figure, clothed all in black.

The young woman was surrounding the headstone with fresh flowers. Startled perhaps by the sound of my advancing steps, she raised her head, and the light of the setting sun fell upon the most beautiful face, though also the strangest, I have ever seen.

Neither have I ever seen so sad a face. The large, dark eyes seemed very wellheads of sorrow; moreover, they seemed to have in them knowledge of things supernatural, while the unrelieved blackness of her dress rendered still more striking the extreme pallor of her beautifully shaped face. Though the mouth was red, it looked as if it had never smiled, nor ever could smile.

She rose, and unlocking the church-door, passed in. I lingered outside, and soon heard the slow, solemn notes of the organ. Were they wakened then by the same hands that had wrought the music of the night before—almost the first sound which had reached me in my noble abode? Can you see how clearly it was to be from the first?

The twilight fell, but I lingered. It was the "Dead March in Saul" which, played with passionate, despairing melancholy, floated through the church. More than once was it played through; then followed the wonderful "Moonlight Sonata."

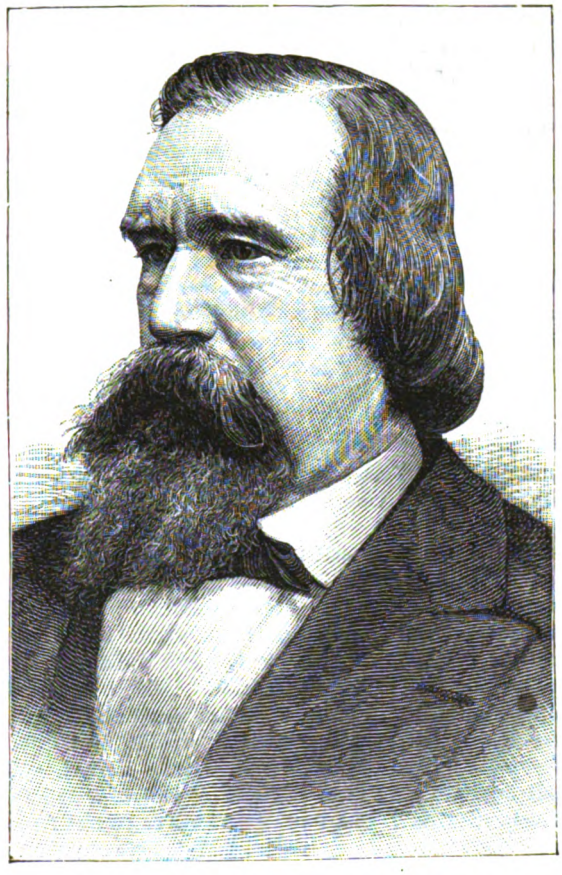
It was appropriate, for the moon was beginning to rise, raining down over all its white miraculous peace. I wondered if the dead people underground knew anything of it, or if they heard the chirping of the crickets in the grass above them.

For an hour I staid, listening; then the music ceased, and the tall figure, clothed all in black, passed from the church into the moonlight. As she moved, dark and noiseless, among those silent homes of the dead, she seemed to me the reigning spirit of the place, and to myself I called her, as indeed she seemed to me, "The Lady of the Graves." I remained unseen in the shadow of the church till I felt she must be out of sight. Then I came out of hiding, and went into my house.

That night my dreams were of her and of men long dead. They were sable dreams, and through them all was a music of lamentation.

The next day found me so weak and depressed that I carried my letter of introduction to Dr. Spencer. I found him a middle-aged man with a cheery manner.

Seeing my depressed condition, he very kindly asked me to dine with him that evening, and I accepted the invitation gladly, for I hated to be alone. I spent most of the day in country inns, talking to whomsoever I might chance to find there—anything but to be by myself.



LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Thankful I was when seven o'clock struck and I could repair to my doctor's house, not knowing that in that very place and that very evening I was to meet my fate, my love, my beautiful Lady of the Graves—my Marah. But so it was.

After dinner, when we were alone, my host, in a few words, told me Marah Beaumont's history.

Her mother, passionately beloved by her husband, died in giving birth to this daughter, her second child. Associating his daughter with this disaster to his life, Mr. Beaumont shrank from her from her birth, and christened her Marah.

Marah grew up a strange, reserved girl, idolizing her brother Charles, who seemed to have been to her brother, sister, mother, father, in one. He fell fighting in the Crimea.

The shock of his loss nearly killed Marah. It was now two years since Charles's death, yet his sister would not lighten her mourning. Not a day passed but she visited his grave. Mr. Beaumont spent most of his time on the Continent; and, as the doctor and his family were all attached to Marah, Beaumont had, at their suggestion, let his house furnished, and consigned her to their protection.

I learned with surprise that it was this very house that I had rented, having made all my arrangements with the housekeeper, a somewhat singular and reserved old lady.

That night, when I went home, I knew myself, for the first time, to be in love. I was so restless that, instead of going to bed, I wandered about the country.

The nightingales all sang of love, and not of their ancient griefs. The owls chattered of love, and not of prey. Where shadow and moonlight blended I seemed to see

forms of lovers clasped in one another's arms. But enough of these fancies.

I became rapidly intimate with Marah, so that we spoke frequently of her brother and visited his grave together.

What was it about her that so wholly fascinated me? In part, it was her strange, forlorn beauty, which suggested a fair country—fair but forsaken—seen for the first time in the light of a setting sun; partly it was her earnest, twilight voice, partly the silent grace of her movements, and the unexpected way in which she would come and go. But, above all, it was that, in some way impossible to define, she was utterly unlike any woman that I had ever met or ever heard of.

With all her beauty, there was a nameless something which seemed to forbid that beauty's appropriation; and yet, to me, this prohibition of Fate seemed only a new attraction. She was eight years older than I, and that inspired in me a deeper adoration than I could have felt for some one of my own age.

I shall not forget that midsummer's eve. I had been for a long walk, and returned to my house as the twilight was deepening. The door stood open, and I walked straight into the dining-room; and there, sitting in the window's recess, was Marah, her fair face fallen into her hands.

At sight of me she would have risen, but I prevented her.

"Marah," I said, "it is good of you to have waited for me."

"I came," she answered, and I could tell by her voice that she had been weeping—"I came that we might sit together, you and I, where I have sat so often with him."

Then I laid my hands on hers—long, slender hands they were—and said:

"Marah, I have known you but a little while, and yet, with all my heart, with all my soul, I love you! Young as I am, a curse seems to hang upon my life. You, and you only, can take my curse away. Will you take it away? Will you be my wife?"

For answer, she flung her arms round my neck and strained me to her, while all her body shook with sobs.

"Marah," I cried, "you love me?"

"Yes," she answered, and her voice was broken—"yes, I love you more than my own soul. I love you, but I dare not marry you. Your life is cursed only in your fancy. In time you would come to hate me, and ah! merciful Heaven! how could I bear that? I love you, but I must not marry you. You must choose some happier woman. You *think* yourself cursed, but I *know* that I am! Was I not with Death from the first? Am I not called Marah?"

I swore to love her, to cherish her in every way, to share her sorrow more gladly than any other joy, and to be her slave. I prevailed at last, all and that evening we sat entranced in deep rest and happiness.

That very night I wrote to Mr. Beaumont. His consent to our marriage was speedily obtained. For a wedding present he gave Marah some wonderful old jewels which had been in his family for many generations.

"They are too beautiful for me," she said, turning them over.

I thought they were not worthy of her beauty.

We were married in September, and went abroad for our wedding trip. I knew my love, on the whole, was happy in her grave, serene way; but sometimes it would seem to me as if she were standing between two great shadows, and the light would die out of her eyes and leave her face gray and hopeless; or, without seeming cause, the sudden tears would break from her eyes.

If I questioned her, she would say it was only because she was not strong, and she would put up her lips to be kissed and ask me to be patient with her.

Not in gay cities like Paris and Vienna can I picture her now; but I have visions of her as she moved by my side through the twilight streets of Bruges, or I see her winding down the staircase of the old hotel, with carved swans for the balustrade; or she is moving noiselessly through old cathedrals, where she would often kneel down just as the common people did, saying that it was good to pray there.

I wonder if she knew just how much I loved her—how in all things I strove to do her will? I was happier than I had ever been before.

All that troubled me was the vague sense of misgiving which seemed to hang about my darling, and the knowledge that she was never strong.

My morbid moods recurred at longer and longer intervals. Still they did recur.

After our happy wanderings we returned to Hampton for Christmas—fools, not knowing that we were such!

The severity of that Winter was almost unparalleled. Hampton Station was about a mile from our house, and that Christmas Eve on which we arrived such a heavy snowstorm had fallen as to delay the train; and, having sent no notice of our arrival, we found it impossible to procure any carriage, so that we were compelled to struggle on on foot through the driving snow.

"Cold, and still as death—is it not?" she asked.

I kissed her cold mouth, and put my arm more tightly around her, and strove to cheer her with talk of home-joys. At length we reached the house.

But that night, while the simple villagers sang carols beneath our windows, my darling lay in bed, with burning cheeks and hands, and madly-throbbing head.

I would have sent the singers away, but she said:

"No, dear; let them stay. Charles would have had it so."

Morning had brought no alleviation of her symptoms. Her illness became serious and threatening. Often she wandered at intervals, talked of Charles as if they were again children together. Then, recovering consciousness, she would fix her eyes full on me, and say:

"Mind, if I die, you bury me in the same grave with Charles. Dear, I shall grieve to leave you, if, indeed, it must be so; but I shall be so glad to see him once more!"

Almost she smiled, and that smile roused in me a demon of jealousy, and I answered:

"So long as you can see him, what do you care that I shall be left here alone?"

She began to cry, and I cursed myself for the words I had uttered, and fell on my knees by the bed, with my head upon her bosom.

"But you will not die," I cried. "This is no more than a feverish cold."

But, though I tried to delude myself with these words, I had at heart the sickening sense that she was slipping from me. I knew how fragile her constitution was.

Sometimes she was wholly delirious, and seemed in terrible distress, clasping her hand against her side. For ten days I did not close my eyes. I could eat no food, and lived almost entirely on brandy. I would have no one nurse her but myself.

We fought death, as it were, hand-to-hand—Dr. Spenser and I. We drew out the cold, which at first had threatened to strike inward; we quelled the fever. But what skill could combat the exhaustion which followed? She felt that she was going from me, and when I could

not help showing her that my heart was broken, for the heart of pity in her, the tears would fall fast down her poor, wasted cheeks.

On the eleventh night, feeling that it would be physically impossible not to yield to sleep, I reluctantly accepted Mr. Spenser's offer to keep for a few hours my vigil. I slept as people under such circumstances do sleep—a long, dense, dreamless sleep.

When I awoke, it was in the gray, cold light of the implacable Winter morning. I sprang up instantly, full of my love.

I heard the door of her room open and shut. I heard the doctor's voice speaking in low tones. I heard the sound of a woman's suppressed sobbing.

My heart seemed to stop breathing, for I knew then that she had gone from me. For me there was no longer Marah in the world. Coming out of my room I came on Spenser, who saw by my face that I knew.

"We would have wakened you," said his wife, "but she passed away in her sleep so peacefully."

Then I went into the room. There on the bed, with lace at her neck and wrists, with the peace of God, it seemed to me, on her face, cold and motionless, lay my three-months' bride!

I kissed the mute, unresponsive lips, the closed lids, the cold, dark hair. It seemed to me that my heart and brain must burst, for I could shed not e tear.

All that day I sat by her in the room of death. Of course the room was fireless, and, they told me, cold; but I felt it not. In the evening those awful men came with their black burden, but I would not let their hands come near my love, who was then a saint in Heaven; so I and Spenser laid her in her narrow bed.

When I saw her lying there a fresh sense of grief, blended with a mighty increase of my old childish horror of death, suddenly came upon me.

My head swam round; my heart beat so fast as almost to stifle me. I had meant to pass the night alone with my dead, but I sprang up, trying to reach the door. I heard my own shriek as I fell to the ground. Then all was dark.

I was conscious next of strange, shifting scenes and illusive forms, like, yet unlike, people I had known.

There came a day, at last, when I awoke to consciousness of real life, and gradually to the remembrance of what had happened; but that grief, though very real, seemed yet sanctified and softened, as it were, by a great distance.

I had been prostrated, I learned, by brain fever. When it abated I was told that my life had been despaired of, and that, for at least a month to come, it was necessary that I should be kept in a state of the profoundest quiet. I was to sleep as much as possible, and to be well nourished.

Almost the first question asked of the doctor was, if Marah had been laid to rest with her brother, as she desired.

"All," he replied, "was just as I would have it to be."

Then he bade me ask no more questions, and think of nothing but getting well.

It was then early April, and the purity of the young Spring, innocent of all large heats of sun, seemed to flow into my veins; nor did it seem a bitter thing to sit in the soft April twilight, and there to let the tears have their way, thinking of her who was now no more in this world, but in another one, joined to the brother she had loved.

I would look up to the stars, wondering if any one of them might be her home; but I did not wish to speak of her.

Once Mrs. Spenser approached the subject, but I put it aside, asking her to wait till I was stronger.

Day and night did I pray to my love that from her far place she would so influence my life as to make me worthy of being there reunited to her. Was I stronger than I had thought?

One evening, when I was sitting alone, watching the April sunset in a sky half pure blue, half black with thunderous clouds, watching the virginal green branches of the trees as they tossed in the blithe Spring wind, which, though cool this evening, had in it a wonderful sweetness and zest, an uncontrollable longing to be once more in the open air came upon me.

If I asked permission, I knew it would be refused. I listened. The house was perfectly quiet, but for a servant who was singing over her work in the kitchen.

Supporting myself by a stick, I crept down-stairs, then out into the fresh wind and gold light of the setting sun. I went a few steps down the garden, with the songs of birds in it, and heard, blown about by the wind from near clover-field, the violent note of the cuckoo.

I opened the garden-gate. Ah, whither should my first pilgrimage be, if not to my love's grave?

I passed into the churchyard. I tottered onward to the grave I knew so well, by which I had first seen her. There I came upon the ghost of her, watching, as it were, by her own grave. Nay, not her ghost, but her very self!

"Marah—Marah!" I called.

She rose, wavered, and then, with a low cry, flung her arms about me. Upon my neck I felt her cold hands.

"Love," she cried, "it is I. I am not dead, but yours only."

Could I still believe my senses? Scarcely. Later on, when I was calmer, I came to hear how she had lain in a trance, which even the practiced eye of the doctor could not distinguish from death, till at last, and only just in time, her agonizing internal convulsions resulted in a faint moan, which roused those present as if it had been the crash of doom. The shock was too much for me, and all that night I relapsed into delirium.

Dr. Spenser and his wife had meant to break the joyful news to me gently, but I had forestalled them.

I regained my health slowly. The presence of Marah so excited me that I was only allowed to see her briefly every day.

It was on midsummer's eve, just a year since I had told her of my love, that we were, so to speak, remarried—that we again began to live together, quite by ourselves, as husband and wife.

Shall I ever forget the awful stillness of that dark midsummer's eve, and its sky charged with coming storm?

The Spensers, who had been staying in the house, had left us, and we were alone together for the night—I and my love—who had come back to me, as it were from the land of Death.

So absorbed was I in this thought, that I started violently at the sound of her low voice as she asked me of what I was thinking about.

"What," I answered, "could I be thinking of but of you?"

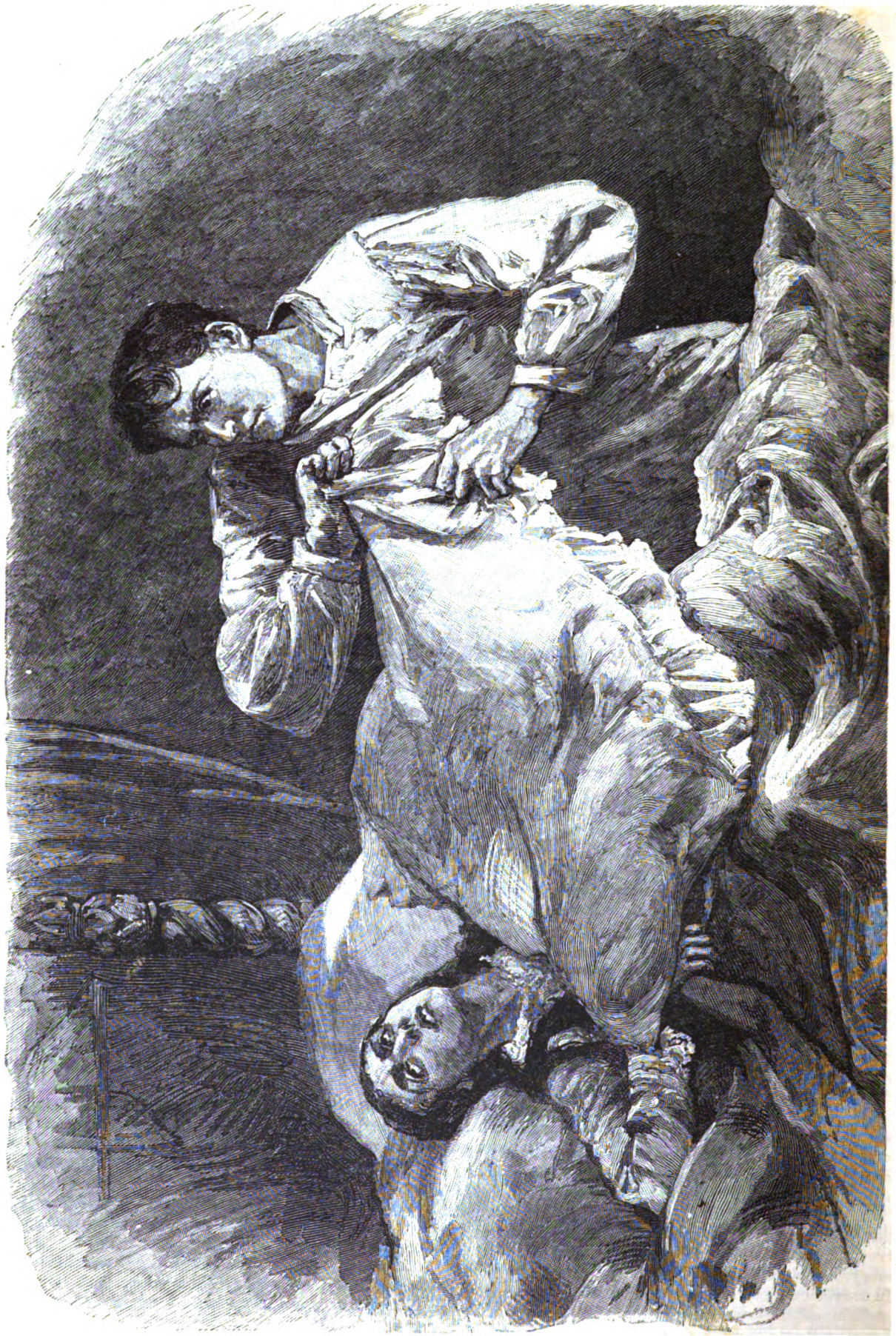
As the clock struck twelve, she said, lying in my arms:

"The sound of that clock came very near reaching you over my grave."

Her words made me shudder, and I thanked God with all my heart for having given my love back to me.

Were we as happy as we had been in the early days of our marriage?

As the weeks went on I could not help asking myself



THE LADY OF THE GRAVES.—"WHEN I DREW THE PILLOW AWAY, THE FACE WAS THERE, BUT THE EYES WERE CHANGED. I WAS AWARE THAT MY WIFE MARAH LAY THERE, AND THAT I HAD MURDERED HER."—SEE PAGE 519.

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO GO A DISTANCE OF HALF A MILE IN THIS WAY, BUT AT LENGTH WE REACH THE BOX."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

that question. The fascination Marah had for me was greater than ever. Indeed, it was so intense as to be almost painful. Yet I felt that we were both of us changed. Sometimes she would say:

"Why do you look at me so long without speaking? Say something, or I think I shall go mad."

It is true that when I looked at her I seemed to lose the power of speech.

One evening, at the beginning of August, I was sitting by myself, thinking of Marah and of death, seeing again her white face in the coffin, and having terror of it.

Suddenly a cold hand fell upon mine. I sprang up and away from her with a wild cry. I said:

"I had forgotten you were not dead."

"Perhaps," she answered, quietly, "you would rather not have remembered?"

I tried to laugh, and said that dead people come to life could not be like other people.

Against what happened I strove manfully, I think, but vainly. The added fascination which she had for me was tainted. It was the old morbid fascination of death. I would go to the grave where she had so nearly been laid. I would fancy her lying within it, and again I would picture her coffined face. Then, with dread and desire, each enhancing each, I would go to the house to clasp her in my arms, my dread, beautiful Lady of the Graves.

Sometimes I would wonder if it were not all a delusion, and Marah no more than the phantasm of a madman's brain. Then terror of my wife would come upon me, so that I would shun the sight of her.

Day by day she grew whiter and thinner—more like one dead—and it seemed to me that there was a look of mournful reproach in her eyes which I had never seen there before. I can scarcely say why that look should so have maddened me, but it did.

In September I went quite alone to London, to see if that change would be of any help to me. I strove to keep the thought of Marah from my mind; I strove in every possible way to divert myself, but, oh, how vainly! In crowded streets, in theatres, in drawing-rooms, in the gaslight and in the sunlight, and in the darkness, always, I saw before me that white, coffined face.

I returned to Hampton, hoping that her real face would lay this dreadful spectre of it. I returned quite unexpectedly, one grave, quiet afternoon. A few birds were singing dubiously through the damp which hung over everything.

As I passed the well-known church a tall figure flitted out from among the graves, and seeing me, gave a low cry.

It was Marah.

But as she came near I shrank from her, saying:

"No, not now, Marah; you smell of death. God help me, but I think you are dead yourself!"

She passed into the house, and, though I dreaded, I had to follow.

"What were you doing in the churchyard?" I asked.

"Laying flowers on my brother's grave. At least your dead wife may tend her dead."

She passed on, and I did not attempt to follow her.

Was I cruel to her in these days? Why did I not leave her? Because, while I hated her—yes, I think it had come to be hatred—she yet retained for me an awful, ghastly fascination.

I dreaded to hear her voice, her footfall—dreaded to see her face; yet she drew me to her as the North Pole draws the magnet. My old horror of death returned to to me more strongly than ever, and among the funerals moved the spectre of my wife—the ghost that would not be laid.

Was there no way in which I could break from this fearful thralldom?

I spoke of it to no one—not even to my doctor—who, I can see now, detected something strange in my manner.

"Why do you hate me?" she said, once. "What wrong have I done you?"

"What wrong did I do you," I answered, "that you should haunt me thus? Can one live with the dead, and not go mad?"

We had separate bedrooms. That night I was in my own room. I awoke from a light sleep with an irresistible sense that I *must* see Marah, or the phantom of Marah. Perhaps I should find her bed empty, and the phantom gone.

I took a lamp, and shading its light with my hand, went stealthily to her room. I crept close to the bed and gazed.

Yes, there upon the pillow, framed in its dark hair, lay

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"IN AN INSTANT THREE GUNS MORE ARE DISCHARGED, AND DOWN DROP THE BIRDS IN EVERY DIRECTION."

that white, awful face, just as I had seen it lie in the coffin.

I just touched one cold hand which lay upon the coverlet; then a voice seemed to whisper in my ear:

"End this! Bear it no longer. Dispel this phantom!"

I set the light down and dashed a heavy pillow over the white, strange, wasted face. With all my might I cast myself upon that pillow, crying:

"Now, now, now, leave me for ever!"

When I drew the pillow away, the face was there, but the eyes were changed. By a sudden blaze of sure knowledge I was aware that my wife, Marah, lay there, and that I had murdered her.

Still the thought of my own death filled me with terror, and such a death as I should have to die on the discovery of my crime. Cold drops of sweat stood upon my forehead. Was there no way to escape detection?

With fiendish promptness I thought of a way. The house was only one story high, and divided from the road by a low wall. A tree pushed its branches against it just outside the window. By the use of this tree a dishonest person could reach the room.

I found my wife's jewel-case, and wrenched open the lock. I dropped one ring upon the floor, as if to indicate it had been dropped in the hurry of plunder. I raised the window, to let myself down by the tree, and going straight to a deep, disused well, dropped all the jewels therein.

I re-entered the room by the same way, and going noiselessly to my own room, waited till I should be aroused by the intelligence that my house had been broken into, my wife murdered and her jewels stolen.

Now my confession is made. When I am dead I want you to go to the house at Hampton and to have the disused well searched for the jewels, which you will restore to Mr. Beaumont.

My crime was, I think, the crime of a madman, but my remorse has been an agony which will make death welcome. I love my wife now with all the old strength and tenderness, and I cannot help thinking that if there is a life after this, when I have suffered more still, perhaps some dim, purgatorial land of tortures, that God will pity me, as I know she does, and join me to her in the city that is not built with hands.

* * * * * *

Two days after this tale was told Walter Dayrill passed away into the mystery of things. The trust he left me I duly fulfilled.

SOME CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

THE following curious items of superstition in Holland are interesting, and, at the same time, quaintly funny:

A baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with the angels.

Rocking the cradle when the babe is not in it is considered injurious to the infant, and a prognostic of its speedy death.

A strange dog following you is a sign of good luck.

A stork settling on a house is a harbinger of happiness. To kill such a bird would be a sacrilege.

If you see a shooting star the wish you form before it disappears will be fulfilled.

A person born with a caul is considered fortunate.

Four-leaved clover brings luck to the person who finds it unawares.

An overturned saltcellar is a ship wrecked. If a person take salt and spill it on the table, it betokens a strife between him and the person next to whom it fell. To avert the omen, he must lift up the shed grains with a knife and throw them behind his back.

After eating eggs in Holland, you must break the shells, or the witches would sail over in them to England. The English don't know under what obligations they are to the Dutch for this custom.

A tingling ear denotes there is somebody speaking of you behind your back. If you hear the noise in the right one, he praises you; if on the left side, he is calling you a scoundrel, or something like that. But never mind, for if, in the latter case, you bite your little finger, the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. By all means, don't spare your little finger!

If you make a present of a knife or scissors, the person receiving must pay something for it, otherwise the friendship between you would be cut off.

If, at a dinner, a person yet unmarried be placed inadvertently between a married couple, be sure he or she will get a partner within the year. It is a pity it must be inadvertently.

If a person when rising throw down his chair, he is considered guilty of untruth.

A potato begged or stolen is a preservative against rheumatism. Chestnuts have the same efficacy.

The nymphæ, or water-lily, whose broad leaves and clear white or yellow cups float upon the water, was esteemed by the old Frisians to have a magical power. "I remember, when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling them, for if any one fell with such a flower in his possession, he became immediately subject to fits."

If you feel on a sudden a shivering sensation in your back, there is somebody walking over your future grave.

A person speaking by himself will die a violent death.

Don't go under a ladder, for if you do you will be hanged.

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.

By ORVILLE DEANE.

HO! FOR Cape Cod, and such sport as only a very limited number of persons know anything about! We leave the cars at Harwich, about seventy miles from Boston. Thence, by a lumbering stage-coach, we ride over six miles of sand, till we reach the quaint old town of Chatham, situated on the extreme elbow of the Cape; thence by sailboat we proceed seven miles more, and come to anchor beside the little Island of Monomoy.

It is a little sand-heap, only about two hundred yards wide, by perhaps three hundred long. Indeed, there are times, at very low water, when it is not an island at all, but simply a sand-reef beyond a stretch of mud-flats. Commonly, however, it is surrounded by water.

As we climb up the steep, sandy shore, piled knee-deep with seaweed, we get sight of a little building, about fifteen feet by twenty, shingled all over, and having on one end a weather-vane shaped like a goose, but holding the head and neck in such a strange way that you don't quite know what the figure is intended to represent. But it is the exact profile of a brant, and this building is the headquarters of the Monomoy Branting Club of Boston.

You ask, "Just what is the brant?" I answer, "It is not a goose." There is a small goose called the brent-goose; but this is not the bird. In the Western States almost anything shaped liked a goose is called a brant; but nothing like this bird has ever been seen beyond the

Mississippi. What we are soon to shoot at is the *Bernicla brenta*—a beautiful creature, weighing about three and a half pounds, with head, wings and upper feathers nearly black, but with lighter-colored breast, and the lower tail-feathers white. It is exclusively a salt-water bird.

"There is a flock just now passing northward, and I guess we are not too early;" so speaks one of the party who has had experience. And we shall find him correct in his guesswork, though it is now only the 19th of March.

We said but few persons knew anything of this sport. There are good reasons why. One is that this is almost the only point on the continent where they can be shot in any numbers. These birds are not distributed along the shore so generally as are Canada geese, black duck, coots, and other water-fowl. They do alight at Nantucket, at Prince Edward's Island, and in less numbers at two or three other points, but for various reasons they are out of the hunter's reach.

Another reason is, that the Spring flight—and then only do they alight—is very short, lasting only from about March 20th to May 1st. Still another reason why so few hunt them is that it requires a considerable outlay of money to provide the apparatus necessary for any tolerable success, and it is only when associated in the form of "clubs" that the average sportsman can afford the luxury.

Facing eastward from Monomoy, you look on the broad Atlantic. But to the westward is a vast expanse of level sand and mud, known as the "Chatham Great Flats." These extend up and down for several miles, and over them the water flows, varying in depth from two feet to almost nothing, according as it is full or neap tide.

Adjoining these flats, on the west, is deep-blue water, where grows abundance of common eel-grass on which the brant feed. This grass grows in water five or six feet deep, and as these birds are not divers, they can feed only at low water. At high tide they are cruising about in small flocks, or "pods," as the sportsmen say.

This is the time when, if ever, we shall get a shot at them. But now you will be surprised at the arrangement for shooting them. A water-tight box about six feet long, three and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, and made of heavy planks, is about half-buried in the flat. Then hundreds of loads of sand are brought from a distance, until a "bar" is made a little higher than the top of the box, and stretching away on either hand for twenty to thirty yards. The highest point of sand and the top of the box must be just above the water at full tide.

The birds see this sand-bar from a distance, and suppose it a good place to alight, like any other of the reefs now visible above the water. But there are special inducements to come to your bar, for the guide has a dozen wooden decoys floating in the water near, besides a couple of live birds in the basket, which he will make use of when all is ready.

The birds fly most on morning tides, so we take a hasty breakfast, and are on the way to the boxes before the sun is up. But what a strange-looking company we are! Hunters walking straight into the ocean to shoot birds! An observer would never suspect our errand, unless he understood this singular sport. The tide rises apace, and the water grows deeper and deeper, till we are slowly making our way through two feet of the ocean brine.

It takes a long time to go a distance of half a mile in this way, but at length we reach the box, and are comfortably seated within it. Each box is arranged with seats for two hunters and a guide, who also carries a gun. Our feet are incased in rubber boots reaching to the hips, and we wear light-colored oil-clothing, with hats as near the color of the sand as possible.

Now the guide takes a couple of live brant from his basket—birds with wings clipped so they cannot fly—fastens a line to their legs, and tosses them out on the bar. These are the live decoys. They are so trained that when a "pod" of brant are passing, or are in sight, they will stretch themselves up and flap their wings, in this way inviting the flock to alight with them.

When a flock has settled into the water, and are swimming for the bar, the decoys will run to the edge of the water to meet them. But so soon as they begin to cluster on the sand, the decoys will work off to one side out of range of the guns.

After a few moments of waiting, our guide, Alonzo, points to a dark spot at the water's edge, a mile away, and says:

"Now they move."

We watch them eagerly as they fly swiftly on, now high over the water, now low down; but we are doomed to disappointment, for they pass us a long way out, going straight toward Prince Edward's Island, where they will alight in about eight hours. But others are moving, and more and more the air is alive with them as the rising tide drives them from their feeding-grounds. Now a flock seems moving toward us.

"Keep down," says the guide, and we are invisible.

Nearer and nearer they come; the decoys "show wing," but there must be old birds in the flock, for they appear suspicious, and will not alight.

"Good fish in the sea as ever were caught," mutters Alonzo. "Down, down, boys; more are coming!"

This time a pod of six are approaching. They show no disposition to "settle," but attempt to pass us about fifty yards away.

We see their game, and, before they can get away, we spring to our feet and give them three barrels, reducing the flock by two fine birds.

Scarcely are we quiet in the box again when the guide says, "Jerusalem!" and points to a long dark line, just visible above the water, a mile and a half to the south of us. We grasp our guns and keep down, while he watches them and works the decoys. They are passing us one hundreds yards out. No; they catch sight of the decoys, and their white feathers gleam in the morning sun as they suddenly turn and fly straight toward us. Oh, how gracefully they circle around us, coming slowly nearer, as if half suspecting danger.

But they seem to say at last, "There can be nothing wrong about that mere sand-bar; and, besides, some of our folks are now there. Let's alight."

And into the water they settle. There must be four hundred birds in that flock. But they are eighty yards away. We must wait till they swim up to the bar.

How long the time seems! We can scarcely sit quiet, with guns in our hands and with such game in sight. Cases are on record where, in similar instances, some excited hunter could not control himself, but, springing to his feet, has discharged his gun and driven off the birds, without securing one; but Alonzo is whispering:

"Keep down, boys—keep down, and you shall have them!"

Again and again he makes the decoys show wing, and nearer and nearer comes the great flock. Now they are only fifty yards away—now only forty. Their feet begin to touch bottom, and they will not swim much nearer; so we must prepare to shoot.

"Look at them," says Alonzo; and for the first time we

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"'LET THE DEAD ONES REST FOR A LITTLE, WHILE WE CATCH THE WOUNDED ONES THAT ARE TRYING TO SWIM AWAY.'"

raise our heads, very slowly, and our eyes feast on the sight.

If they would only bunch up, as they sometimes do! But they will not, and we must select the spots where they are thickest.

"Put over," says the guide; and, following his example, we slowly push the muzzles above the edge of the box. "Ready!" and each man selects his bunch. "Fire!" and three guns sound so simultaneously that you hear but one report.

With a thundering roar of wings, and with cries of astonishment, the flock rises; but we also rise, and in an instant three guns more are discharged. Down drop the birds in every direction, some near and some far out.

Dropping guns, we jump from the box and rush through the water after them. Let the dead ones rest for a little, while we catch the wounded who are trying to swim away. Some are only "wing-tipped," and it takes a long chase through the water to catch them. When we get such a one we keep him and train him for a decoy. We lose some that drop, but on coming back to the box and counting up, we find we have sixteen birds from that scrimmage.

Alonzo lights his pipe and proceeds to take a smoke, with the air of one who thinks it unnecessary to remark, "Gentlemen, you perceive I know how to do it"; and we think he does.

Then we sit and wait for a long time without seeing more brant. Arctic terns, Turkey gulls, black ducks, shell drakes, old squams, and such like birds, fly temptingly near, but we must not shoot if we expect more brant.

But our patience is at last to be rewarded, for from the north a large flock is heading toward us. The decoys "show wing," but the water is now getting low, and, though the birds seem disposed to accept the invitation to alight, the sand-bar is now quite conspicuous, and they settle into the water a long way out.

It seems impossible to get them nearer than eighty yards, and that is a very long range for an ordinary shotgun.

"Can you reach them?" says the guide, who has laid aside his muzzle-loader and cannot shoot because he has spilled all his powder.

"I think so," says each hunter, and we exchange the shells now in our guns for some with coarser shot.

"Put over—ready—fire!"

Bang! bang! as they rise. Bang! bang! Indeed, we *have* reached them, and dropped some! Splash, splash! go the rubber boots through the shoal water as we run out after the birds. And we return in triumph with nine dead birds.

"Well done!" says the guide; "but, boys, do you know that was an awful long shot?"

But the sun is high and the water is low, and it will be useless to remain here longer. We signal for help from the "shanty," and a man comes to help carry up our twenty-seven brant.

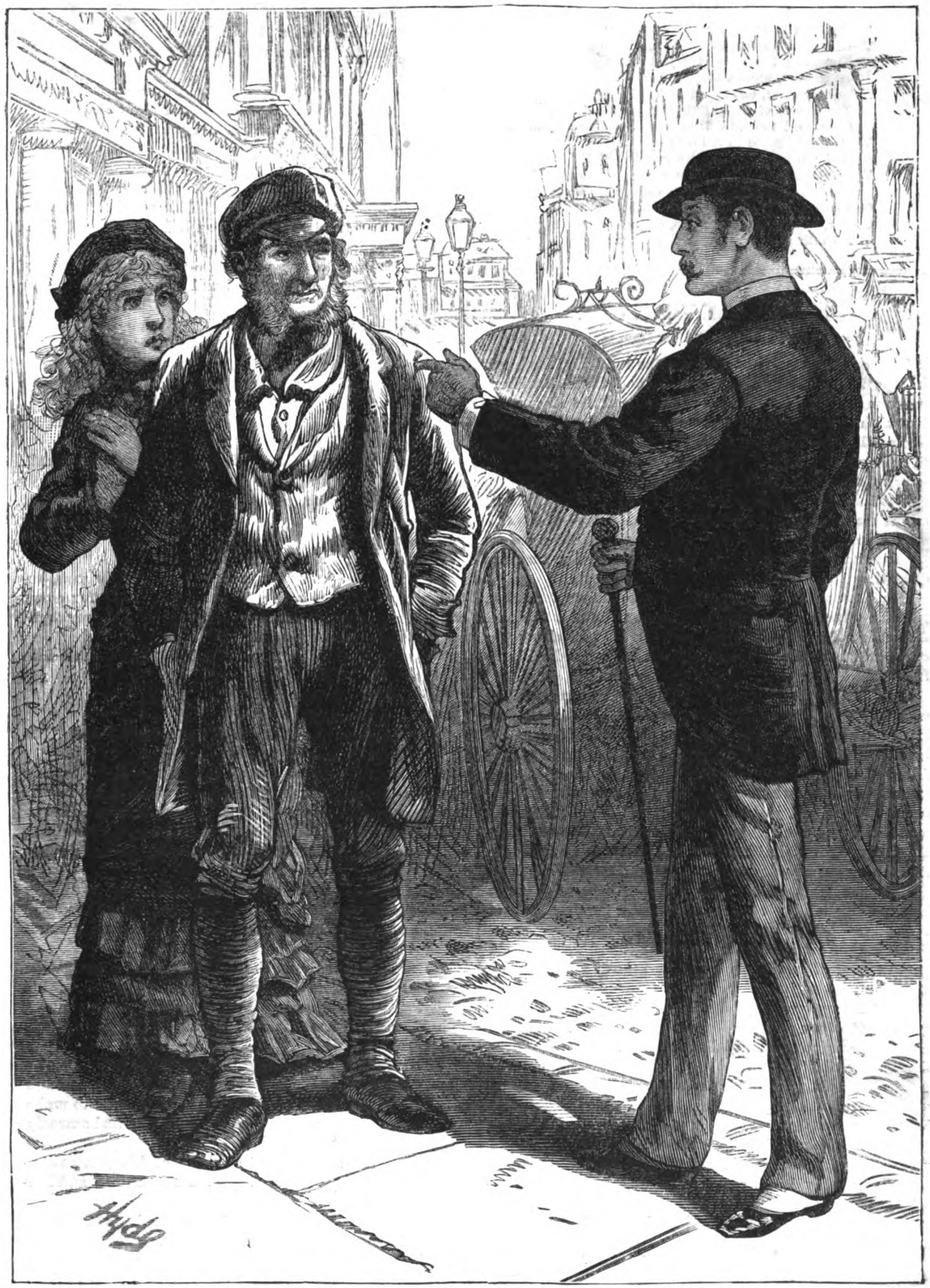
This is a truthful record of one morning's work, but it was considered as rather more than average good fortune.

"Brant are worth two dollars a pair in Boston now," says Andrews, the cook, as we sit down to a good hot clam-chowder, prepared for us by his skillful hands.

DEATH AMONG THE CAPITLISTS.—The ravages which death has made among the capitalists of the Fifth Avenue awakens solemn thought. One can recall such names as Moses Taylor, who left $20,000,000; A. T. Stewart, $120,000,000; and William B. Astor, $50,000,000, together with men of more moderate figures, including E. D. Morgan, $7,000,000; Marshall O. Roberts, $4,000,000; R. L. Stuart, $5,000,000; James Lenox, $3,000,000; also W. R. Garrison, who was killed in a railway collision, leaving $2,000,000. Among the smaller names among the dead are Daniel Torrence (one of Commodore Vanderbilt's sons-in-law) and Robert Hoe, the machinist, who was at least a millionaire. The simplest funeral among all this mortuary array was that of James Lenox, whose love of privacy was honored even after death. No funeral sermon was delivered, and even the time of the interment was not published.

THERE scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"WE LOSE SOME THAT DROP, BUT ON COMING BACK TO THE BOX AND COUNTING UP, WE FIND WE HAVE SIXTEEN BIRDS FROM THAT SCRIMMAGE."



HER REVENGE.—"THIS WOMAN IS MY WIFE,' SAYS REX. 'YOU'RE WIFE!' JIM LAUGHS; 'THAT'S A GOOD 'UN! THIS HERE GIRL'S BEEN MY WIFE FOR A MATTER O' TEN YEARS, MISTER.'"—SEE PAGE 530.

FALLEN ANGELS.

'Tis written in the Talmud how a pair
Of angels dwelt with children of the dust,
And judged between the just and the unjust:
Loyal to God, until a woman, fair
As sun or stars, entangled in her hair
The hearts of those twin angels, and dark lust
Consumed them, till they whispered, "Surely must
We temper justice to a thing so rare."
God punished those false angels, yet if I
Were placed like them upon some judgment-seat
Speaking the law, and you came wandering by,
One smile of yours would fling me at your feet
Crying, "Have pity upon me, oh, most sweet!
Do with me as you will, and let me die."

HER REVENGE.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

The cottage stands back from the road, and is almost hidden from view by the tall trees and thick shrubbery surrounding it. The month is June, and the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers, while the breeze stirring the rustling leaves is soft and balmy. Just such a day as should make one feel at peace with all the world, and cherish none but pleasant thoughts.

But there is neither peace nor pleasantness in the heart of the man and woman who stand on the steps of the cottage side by side. The faces of both are disfigured by passion, and it is evident they have been having a serious quarrel.

The woman is pretty, with one of those soft, fair, childlike faces which win admiration from every one. About her forehead the golden hair falls in clustering curls, and her plump bare arms and neck are dazzlingly fair.

But Lizzie Dale's character is far from corresponding with her appearance. Her life has not been one calculated to preserve the guilelessness of childhood, and her loveliness is only skin-deep, as the tall, handsome young fellow standing beside her has learned to his cost. He knows her now, whatever his past delusions may have been, to be selfish, jealous, cunning and deceitful, and he wonders how he could ever have imagined he loved her. He fairly loathes the dazzling charms which lured him into taking the step he now repents in dust and ashes.

He wonders how he could have been so mad as to imagine her beauty could compensate for her lack of birth, breeding and education.

"It is time for me to go," he says; "and further talk on this subject is useless, Lizzie. I have made up my mind, and no argument you can use——"

"No, I suppose not," she interrupts, hotly; "and I won't try to coax you any longer. It is very plain to me that the love you used to talk so much about was only a sham, after all."

"I am afraid it was," he answers.

She pales to the lips, and sets her teeth hard together before she answers.

"You're plain spoken"—with a short, harsh laugh. "Perhaps you wish you'd never seen me."

"With all my heart and soul, I do," he answers.

"Do you mean that, Rex?"

As she asks the question she lays her hand on his arm, and looks up in his face.

He shakes off the hand, and turns his head away.

"You goad me into saying all sorts of things, Lizzie," he says, in a softer tone. "I don't like to quarrel with you, Heaven knows; and for months I've dreaded to come here, for I know what kind of a reception you always keep ready for me."

"You've deserved a better," she says, sneeringly. "You've treated me so well—paid me such honor!"

Reginald Vaughn's face flushes.

"I know my shortcomings, Lizzie, quite as well as you do. I know I don't treat you as you'd like to be treated; but I can't help it. You must try to be content with your present position, for I shall not alter it. We both made a great mistake in thinking we were suited to each other; but it is too late to mend matters, and we must make the best of a bad bargain. I have leased this cottage for a year, and as long as you behave yourself I will support you in comfort. But taking you to my father's home, and introducing you there as my wife, is out of the question, and I hope you will not urge the matter further."

"And I am to be kept in this dull, stifling place, with no amusements, to see you only as often as you fancy——"

"You are exciting yourself, Lizzie; so I will go before you say something for which you may be sorry."

"You shall not go!" she screams, white with rage; "or, if you go, I must go with you!"

"I have told you that that is out of the question," said Rex, quickly.

"Fool that I was ever to believe in you!" cries Lizzie, passionately. "I wish to Heaven you'd left me where you found me."

"I wish I had!" says Rex, bitterly.

"I will make you repent saying that," she says, between her set teeth. "I will make you suffer for every cruel word you've ever spoken to me. I'll be revenged on you if it costs me my life!"

"Revenged! Nonsense, Lizzie! Don't use idle threats."

"You no longer love me?"

Rex remains silent.

"Go!" she says, pushing him from her—"go! The sight of you is hateful to me!"

He obeys. Without a word in reply he walks rapidly down the narrow, box-bordered path which leads to the gate, and springing on the horse which has been impatiently waiting him, rides away, little dreaming how long a time will elapse before he looks on this woman's face again.

Lizzie stands on the steps and gazes after his rapidly retreating figure until it disappears from view; then she turns, and, going into the house, sits down in the small parlor to think over all that has passed.

She rages inwardly as she recalls Rex's determination that she shall not receive recognition at the hands of his family. To be recognized and received by those whom he holds in such honor is the one thing she desires above all others.

It had ever been the ambition of Lizzie's life to be thought a lady, and she was wildly exuberant, though outwardly calm, when poor reckless Rex offered to make her his wife; that was a height to which she had scarcely dared think of climbing.

She gave him no time to repent of his generosity. Without any delay the marriage was solemnized and her fortune made.

But, reckless as Rex was, mad as was this last folly, he did not dream of taking his bride home.

He installed her in a neat little cottage many miles from the ancestral acres of his proud father, and tried to forget that she had ever been a waitress at the "Hare and Hounds."

But his eyes were soon opened to the folly of which he had been guilty, and he would have given much to break the chains he had forged with his own hands. He saw, too late, the impassable gulf between her station and his own.

Lizzie had not been slow in seeing her husband's growing coldness toward her, and, womanlike, had bitterly resented it. Often had she threatened to seek out his father and demand the rights she considered herself entitled to, and at last, driven desperate, Rex had told her a bitter truth—that the name he had married her under was not that by which he was known in the world in which he moved.

It is of this she is thinking as she sits alone in the small parlor, and she feels she would be willing to give ten years of her life for the knowledge he has kept from her.

"But I will make him suffer yet," she mutters. "He'll find out that I can keep my word."

The old servant who lives with her comes in to ask if she will have supper served; but Lizzie is in no mood for eating; she sends the old servant away, and, throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, goes out into the garden.

She gathers a handful of roses on her way to the gate, and slowly picks them to pieces, dropping the crimson-and-white petals on the path. It grows dusk, and the breeze becomes chill; but yet she leans over the gate, so deeply occupied with her painful thoughts that she does not hear footsteps on the road, and looks up with a shrill cry as a heavy hand is laid on her shoulder.

"Jim!" she says, faintly; and every particle of color leaves her face.

Surprise and horror are depicted on her countenance, and the man—a coarse, common-looking fellow of huge proportions—stands gazing at her with a sneer upon his face.

"I've found you at last, my lass," he says. "And you hain't no welcome for me, seems like."

"I thought you were dead," she said, hoarsely.

"I'm a lively corpse"—with a loud laugh.

"Hush! Some one may hear you;" and she glances fearfully around.

"What do I care? I ain't afraid o' nobody. See here, Liz, what's the meanin' o' this?"

And he touched with no gentle hand the gold chain glittering on her neck and the lustrous blue silk dress she wears.

"Luke Cassin came back from the quarry an' said you was dead," she answers, with something like a wail in her voice; "and I believed him, and so——"

"Took up with some one else, it seems," says Jim, as she pauses. "Well, Luke was right as far as he knew. I was pretty bad off after the cave-in, and was laid out for burial; and when I came to he was off for home. I was a long time gettin' well, an' then I thought I'd best earn summat before lookin' ye up. So I staid on."

"And now what do you mean to do?"

"Take you away from here as quick as ever I can. Go in an' strip off that jewelry, an' let's be off."

"What! To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. You don't stay another hour here. Come on; you know I won't stand no foolin'."

She knows him of old. Experience has taught her that persuasion or argument have no effect on his dull obstinacy. So, in another hour she is far away from the cottage, toiling along by the side of the man to whom she vowed obedience long, long before she met handsome Reginald Vaughn.

As she leaves the cottage and its associations further and further behind her, she thinks, with a fiendish joy, that the chance for revenge has come sooner even than she had hoped for. For she has left for Reginald no explanation of her sudden flight; no clew by which she may be traced, and some intuition tells her that the day will come—for, is he not young and liable to love?—when he would be willing to give half his fortune for a knowledge of the secret she has withheld from him.

* * * * * *

It is a golden afternoon in October. The sky is palest blue overhead, and low in the west the sun, sinking in a bank of purple, pink-fringed clouds, throws its last golden beams upon the faces of Reginald Vaughn and Lilias Vane, the daughter of Rex's cousin, Harvey Vane, the master of the ——— County foxhounds.

They are seated on a moss-covered rock, at the base of which gurgles softly a shallow, pebble-bedded stream, which wends its way through the rich home meadows of Laughton Grange.

There is a careworn expression on Rex's handsome face, and a weary look in his fine, dark eyes. The past three months, which have been spent at the Grange, have been very eventful ones to him, for in them he has learned what it is to love, and he knows that his past affairs of the heart have been but travesties upon the real thing.

But this love gives him no happiness; is, indeed, a source of constant pain and regret, for he knows that between him and his cousin a gulf is fixed which only death can span.

Lilias, knowing nothing of this, has let her heart go out to Rex without reserve. He has always been her hero, and she has worshiped him since the days of her childhood. And the past three months have been full of sweetness and content to her.

But of late a cloud has risen over the horizon of her peace. Rex has been *distrait*, depressed, and ill at ease. He has avoided being alone with her, and has spent the days in roaming over the marshes with his gun. And, to add the last straw to her burden, he has this very day announced his intention of returning immediately to Chestney Wold, the country-seat of his father, Lord Haughton.

The meeting by the rock is a mere accident, an accident which Rex mentally deplored, for he sees that his cousin's eyes are full of tears, and her fair face flushed, and the sight makes him tremble for his self-control. He knows quite well that it is his intended departure which is grieving her so sorely.

He sits down beside her, and begins to talk of his day's sport; but Lilias answers only in monosyllables, and he sees that she is paying no attention to his words.

"You are not listening to me, Lilias," he says.

"Oh, Rex, you know that I am thinking of nothing except that you are going to leave us. *Must* you go?"

"I think it better that I should do so—for many reasons. You will soon forget me, Lilias."

But even as he speaks, he knows that she will do nothing of the kind.

"Forget you, Rex?"

There is a world of reproach in the girl's tremulous voice, and her blue eyes overflow, the tears falling fast over her flushed cheeks.

"Lilias, *darling*, do you care so much?"

He forgets everything except that he loves her and that she is suffering, and, throwing his arms about her, draws her to his breast.

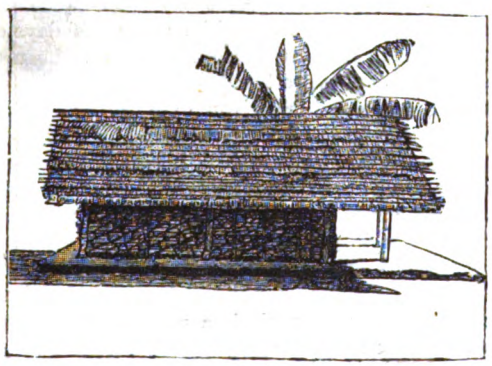
"My own, my dearest!" he says, kissing passionately her sweet, upturned face.

THE NEW STATE OF CONGO.— VIVI FROM THE ISANGHILA ROAD.— SEE PAGE 534.

But only for a moment does he hold her thus. A hateful memory comes suddenly to him, and he pushes her from him, almost roughly, and springs to his feet.

"Lilias, forgive me! I was mad! I forgot——"

"Forgot what, Rex?" she asks, with startled eyes, a pallor creeping over her face.



A CONGO HOUSE.

She sees by his countenance that there is something terribly wrong.

"That, dearly as I love you, Lilias, I have no right to seek your love in return—no right to hold you in my arms. We can never be more to each other than we are now; for—for *I am married*, Lilias."

She does not cry out; she does not even speak; but stands gazing at him as if turned to stone.

"Lilias, Lilias!" he cries. "Do not look at me like that."

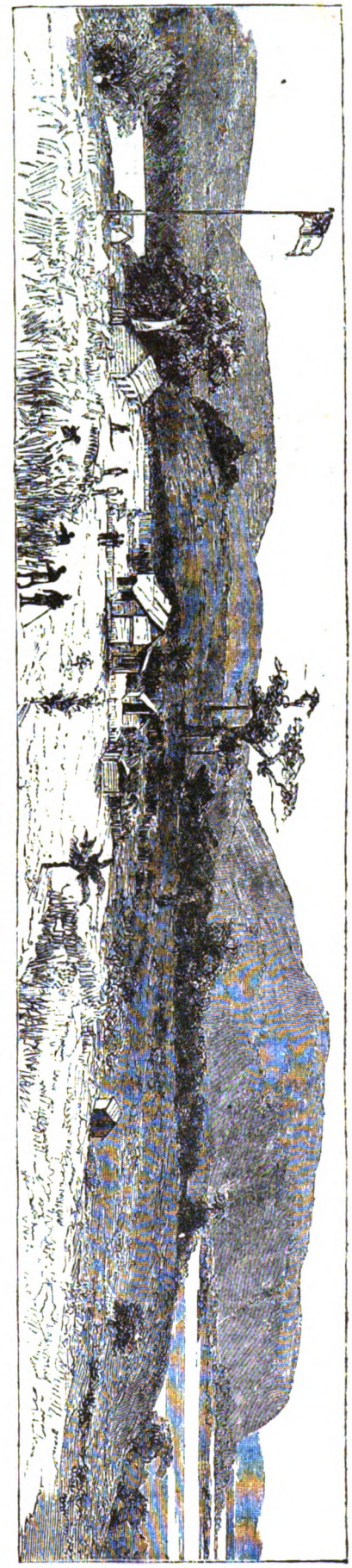
She passes her hand over her brow, and a heavy sigh escapes her lips. Then sinking again to her seat on the rock, she buries her face in her hands. But no sob or cry escapes her.

"Lilias, will you let me tell you my story? Will you let me make what excuses I can for myself!" And Rex kneels beside her.

She looks up at him and smiles—a smile Rex remembers for many a day to come.

A HENHOUSE.

A VILLAGE NEAR BOLOBO.



STATION OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT BAYNESTON, LOWER CONGO.

1. Mfwa. 2. Second Point of Mfwa. 3. Ibin. 4. Dover Cliffs. 5. Nshasha Point. 6. Entrance of Congo River into Stanley Pool. 7. Station of the Baptist Missionary Society. 8. Seven-mile Island. 9. Nshasha. 10. Ntamo Bay. 11. Station of the Belgian Expedition. 12. Nduilu. 13. Nkunga. 14. Ntamo.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL, ON THE CONGO RIVER.

"Poor Rex!" she says, quite softly. "Yes; you may tell me."

And, kneeling there on the dead leaves which have drifted at the base of the rock, he tells her all.

It is dusk when he has finished, and as the last words leave his lips, Lilias rises to her feet, and says, in a voice so weary and desolate it makes his heart ache:

"I must go home now—it is late. Take me home, dear Rex."

They do not speak as they walk toward the stately mansion in the distance; but as they reach the terrace, Lilias pauses, and says, softly:

"I forgive you freely, dear Rex, and I wish I could help you."

Then she goes up the steps, and he sees her no more that night.

But the next morning, as he jumps into the dogcart which is to carry him to the station, he looks up, and sees at one of the windows of Lilias's room a pale, sweet face, framed in golden hair, and he knows the heart he carries away is not heavier or more desolate than the heart he leaves behind.

Ah, if some good angel could have come to him in this his hour of despair, and told him the secret Lizzie Dale had so mercilessly kept from him!

* * * * * *

Three years have passed, and Rex Vaughn, by the death of his father, has been made Lord Haughton.

But his title, and the vast estates of which he is master, give him no pleasure, for all his efforts to find Lizzie have been unsuccessful, and he has not forgotten his pretty cousin Lilias.

He knows that she remembers him as well; for, in spite of many flattering offers, she is single still, and Rex knows that it is for his sake that she is so. With her, "Love is for evermore!"

How much are we indebted to chance for the events which shape our destinies! Chance! Fate! Who can tell where one begins and the other ends?

An accident which Lord Haughton begins by calling "confoundedly annoying!" he ends by blessing with all the strength of his soul.

He is in London on some business connected with his estate, and is being driven rapidly to the office of his legal advisers, when a sudden jar and crash tells him that the hansom he is in has collided with some other vehicle.

A crowd gathers in a moment, and Rex leaps from the vehicle almost into the arms of a gaping countryman, who is staring at the wreck.

The man shuffles out of the way, and joins a woman who is standing on the pavement. Her appearance is striking in spite of the coarse garments she wears; for her complexion is faultless, and a mass of golden hair has escaped from her bonnet, and is lying on her shoulders.

"Lor' Jim," she says, "that ain't nothing to stop for. Come on, man; let's get to the dock."

Rex heard the words, and the voice has a strangely familiar sound. He springs forward, and finds himself face to face with the woman he has been seeking so long.

"Lizzie!"

"Rex!"

"What's the meanin' o' this?" asks Jim, in nowise pleased at the encounter.

"The meaning of this is that this woman is my wife," says Rex, too much excited to choose his words.

"You're wife!" Jim laughs. "That's a good 'un! It's a case of mistaken identity, as the newspapers say. This here girl's been my wife for a matter o' ten years, mister."

Rex lays his hand on Jim's shoulder and draws him aside.

"If you will prove that, I will give you a hundred pounds," he says.

"Prove it," says Jim; "ain't my word enough? Lizzie, come here. You're my wife, ain't ye?'

Lizzie does not speak. Her eyes are bent on the ground.

"Speak up," says Jim, roughly.

"It's so," she says, raising her eyes to Rex's face with a look of hatred and chagrin. "I was his before I ever saw you. I thought he was dead, or I'd never have married you."

"In Heaven's name, why have you kept this from me all these years?" asks Rex.

"For revenge," answers Lizzie, very quietly. "I told you I'd make you sorry for some things you said to me, and I know you'd give all you was worth to know this."

Rex bites his lip. He cannot trust himself to answer her.

"See here, my man," he says to Jim, "it is necessary, for my sake, that you should go with me to see some friends of mine. I'll pay you well if you go quietly."

Jim is not proof against this bait, and, hailing a cab, Rex drives with the husband and wife to the law office of Messrs. Low & Long.

* * * * * *

A grand wedding takes place at the Grange in the Autumn, and Rex and Lilias are made one. A woman's desire for revenge has kept Rex outside the gates of happiness for three long years; but perhaps he makes a better husband for the discipline thus entailed upon him, and appreciates his wife the more that he won her through suffering and sorrow.

THE NEW STATE OF CONGO.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

The vast importance of the New Congo State to the trade and commerce of the world can best be comprehended by reflecting on the words of the explorer Stanley, uttered in Berlin while the International Conference, under Bismarck's presidency, was in session: "The Congo Basin, as now defined, takes in a strip of territory stretching from the West Coast to the Indian Ocean, with a littoral of 385 miles—that is, from Ambriz to the French Gaboon frontier—on the Atlantic side, and a coast front of thirteen degrees, or 780 miles, on the Indian Ocean." Mr. Stanley then explained the operations that would be necessary to develop the territory to be opened from the Atlantic Ocean. "We," said he—"and by we I mean the International African Association—shall at once proceed to build a railroad, the Association taking half the stock, and putting the other half on the market for such capitalists as may wish to interest themselves. The upper and lower regions of the Congo are navigable, but are broken in two by the falls, making necessary a porterage of 235 miles. It would cost $7,500,000 to build a railroad the entire distance; but there are eighty navigable miles intervening which might be made available for transport, which would reduce the railway construction to 147 miles. This road would then extend from Vivi—110 miles from the mouth of the Congo—to Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, now a settlement of about 300 persons, all Europeans or employés of the Association."

The latest intelligence which has reached civilization speaks for the hard, persistent and successful work done by the hardy engineers and explorers of the International Society. There is now a good wagon-road all the way from Vivi to Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, with posts every ten miles garrisoned by the paid soldiers of the organization. Already four steamboats have been transported in sections over this highway to Leopoldville for navigation on the Upper Congo, where the scenery is surpassingly fine, and particularly at the city named after the King of the Belgians. At the base of the hill under the town are no less than twenty African villages, the chiefs of which are all friendly. These people and their various tribal officials have exhibited surprisingly docile traits, lending every assistance to the International Society. They have chiefly attracted the attention of the settlers by their imitative trait, which is even more cunning and faithful than that of the Chinese. This gift, remarkable indeed to find among untutored savages, seems to give them a pride in associating with the Europeans and in adopting their ways and manners, and these facts appear to promise that when a white population pours in, the weaker and native race will not die out as with other aborigines, but will assimilate and gradually fall into the superior civilization, with all of the blessings, which even now they are not slow to appreciate. A strong and amazing evidence of this marked tendency may be found in the dwellings they are erecting. Stanley, in a very recent conversation, said that he had known of at least twenty black men who had been trading for ten years or more with the whites, and who had imported from England three-story iron dwellings, costing them each $20,000 or $25,000, which sum they had liquidated in palm-oil or palm-kernels. They live in these houses with their wives and children, with chairs and tables and carpeted floors, and a great variety of cheap bric-à-brac, mirrors, etc., which they have a passion for acquiring. There is one German trader, Mr. Schultz, of Berlin, representing a large house whose regular business lies in this direction. He imports a complete set of parlor-furniture, pictures and ornaments, puts them all in place in a room in his house, and then invites a wealthy black to dine with him there. After dinner the guest admires the surroundings, and is finally, as a favor, permitted to purchase them entire. They are then at once removed to an apartment in his English-built dwelling, the negro paying a good round price in palm-oil; and then the trader replaces the sold articles by another order, and another dinner with another wealthy native follows, with like result.

The latest experience shows, too, that the climate of this region is not as severe on the human physique as has been represented. Indeed, as in all pioneer countries, precautionary measures for the preservation of health are necessary, and where these have been rigorously observed the mortality has not been greater than might have been expected. Stanley has put this aspect of life in the Congo quite clearly. He says that, suppose you are fresh from the comforts of European life and take a steamer ticket from Liverpool to Vivi. You go ashore and strike inland over the highway for Leopoldville. The heat, the tremendous efforts required at times to push your way through the tall grass and the burning equatorial sun, soon fatigue you, and the profuse perspiration greatly weakens the frame. You come to a stream and dip up a handful of cool water to slake your burning thirst; you sit down on a damp rock to rest; you get a chill; you resume your journey very much weakened, and you scarcely know why. A fever comes on; you miss the accustomed comforts and quiet of the steamer, and with these violent symptoms the change is too radical and sudden for your system, and you perish. But should a railroad be built, with such hotels as could offer the ordinary comforts of life, provisioned with such food as Europeans are accustomed to eat, Stanley asserts that 95 out of 100 settlers will be alive at the end of twelve months; for, in this equatorial belt, surrounded by beautiful scenery and fertile land, there is often a salubrious atmosphere inviting settlement to those of the Temperate Zone. The picture, which may not be overdrawn by Stanley, of the future of this great region, expresses the magnitude of the results soon to follow. He says: "You can form an idea when I tell you that while the 2,900 miles of seacoast now opened to trade and settlement are already dotted by European settlements—French, German, English, Portuguese and Dutch, a very few Americans—the new arrangement of the Berlin Conference will throw open 10,000 more miles of new water-front to a new peopling. Traders will at once pour in from all parts of the world, and they will be the pioneers whose influence will gradually extend further and futher into the interior, ultimately opening up that entire section of the African Continent to civilization and commerce."

Stanley's great journey from the Indian Ocean to Tanganyika after having circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, his subsequent onward march to Nyangwa, and his descent and discovery of the Congo River, while the most brilliant achievement of his eventful career, has the greater renown of being, all considered, the most important exploration of the last three centuries. It not only cleared up problems which have baffled geographers from the days of the Cæsars, defining water basins, bringing to light millions of people living as unhidden from the world as if unborn, but it gave an extraordinary impulse to travel and exploration the world over—indeed, created a distinct class of young enthusiasts willing to do and dare; educated explorers seeking the unknown and untrodden spaces of the earth.

When, in 1876, Stanley left the shores of Tanganyika for Nyangwa, he had with him a force of 150 porters, carrying with him his boat, the *Lady Alice*, in sections. He reached Nyanywa, the furthest northern point attained by Livingstone or Cameron, in November, 1876, after a journey of 350 miles in forty days—a feat of travel certainly most extraordinary. This settlement, which is situated on the Lualaba of Livingstone, is in Lat. 4° 15′ N., and in Long. 26° E. The river there has, during the rainy season, a width of two miles, and a volume of water of 240,000 cubic feet. It was thence that Stanley determined to follow the river and determine whither it led. Of course, this was no merry undertaking, for he soon discovered that there were serious obstacles in the way of obtaining assistance of men and supplies, even of a more determined sort than Cameron and Livingstone had encountered. The natives complained that the tribes dwelling to the northward on the Lualaba were fierce and warlike cannibals, and would suffer no one to enter their territory, as the Arab traders had found to their cost, and that between Nyangwa and these cannibal countries the people were cunning, and treacherous, and that dreadful and impassable forests would prove an almost insurmountable barrier. But Stanley persevered, and finally found a chief who would accompany him with his followers, and he then started out on his great journey, writing on the eve of his departure: "I am determined to stick to the Lualaba, come foul or fair, fortune or misfortune. I have supplies for six months; beyond that, Heaven knows

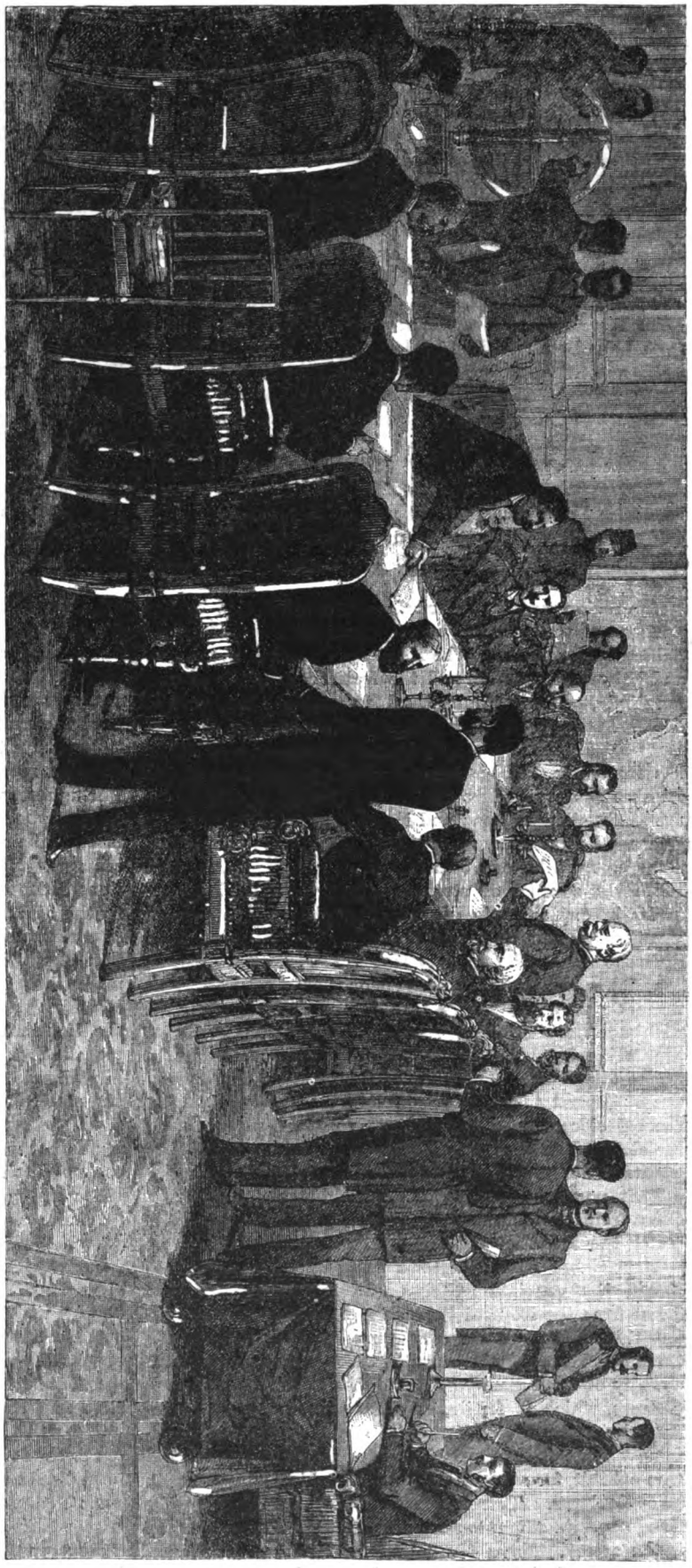
VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

what will become of us if we should find the Lualaba running into some unknown river, with not a bead or cowrie with which to buy food."

Stanley, striking boldly out, followed the river to northward for the first three weeks, which interval only taught him that all the discouraging stories told of the country and its inhabitants had not been exaggerated. After this they were obliged to abandon the stream and make their way through dense and gloomy forests. His followers now complained, and he had great fears of wholesale desertion; but he finally, by promising to return to the river, induced them to remain quiet. When he reached a point forty-one miles from Nyangwa, he put together his little vessel, the *Lady Alice*. Their attempt to navigate the river was met by no friendly advances of the natives, and their experience proved them to be dangerous in the extreme. They invited the white men to "blood-brotherhood." After Stanley's agent, Pocock, had gone to an island to witness the rites, he found that the native intent was hostile. Discovering thirty armed canoes proceeding in the direction of the island and sounding the war-cry, Stanley set out to rescue his comrade, and then went safely down the river with his 500 men. The expedition now passed along the river in two divisions, one by land, along the left bank, and the other by water. The land party were savagely attacked, but succeeded in defending themselves until succored by the water division. Their continued descent

VIEW ON THE CONGO ABOVE BOMA.

was met by constant hostile demonstrations and attacks. To add to their trials, smallpox broke out among the Arab escort. Eighteen deaths were recorded in three days. When they reached 125 miles to northward of Nyangwa, seventy-two had died of smallpox, and their boats were little better than floating hospitals. When thus weakened in strength, and almost utterly discouraged, they were again attacked for two days and two nights, the whole country rising *en masse* against them. These attacks were so persistent and furious that they were unable to bury their dead, or to attend to those who had been wounded by the poisoned arrows and had become delirious in consequence. Having passed these perils, Stanley's Arab escort left him. His remaining force all told now consisted of 146 persons. On January 4th, 1877, they approached a long series of cataracts, or more properly falls, and entered the cannibal regions. In these sections of the river they were hunted day and night, being obliged to break through massed squadrons of hostile canoes gathered to resist their advance. On, on toward the Equator they passed, and for twenty-four days were constantly active repelling these savages. In making a distance of forty-two miles they had to go around six falls, to drag their canoes more than thirty miles by land, and to cut a track more than thirteen miles through a dense forest to transport the *Lady Alice* around the cataracts. In 0° 14′ 15″ beyond the Equator the stream gradually widened until it became a noble river, and when they reached a point between 24° and 25° E. Long., they came to a magnificent tributary with a width of 2,000 feet which Stanley took to be the Welle of Schwenfurth. There they were suddenly attacked by fifty-four armed canoes. Reaching near the second parallel of north latitude, Stanley found the river made a curve to the west, then flowing southwesterly with a width varying from two to ten miles, and filled with numerous islands, making navigation more or less perilous. They were soon out of provisions, and actually facing starvation, when Stanley resolved to visit a village in quest of food. There they found some natives who had intercourse with the Atlantic Ocean. Here Stanley asked the aged chief the name of the river. He replied, "A-Kuta-Ya-Kongo." The great problem was solved. The Lualaba of Livingstone and the Congo were one and the same river. After having made 1,480 miles, the stream straightened and became narrow between



THE CONGO CONFERENCE IN SESSION AT BERLIN, 1884-5.

close-meeting cliffs of naked craggy rock, followed by a succession of cataracts and whirlpools. Stanley passed thirty falls and rapids, in descending which, Pocock, his white companion, and ten natives, were lost, his own escape being miraculous. After passing fifty-seven cataracts and navigating 1,800 miles of the river, he arrived at the Congo's mouth in August, 1877.

The geographical knowledge obtained by this remarkable exploration was great in extent and variety. The entire area drained by the Congo and its tributaries Stanley computes at 860,000 square miles, 450,000 square miles of which are taken up by the great basin and the maritime regions of the west. The source of the Congo, as ascertained by him, is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganyika, in a country called Besa. It issues from Lake Bembo, called by Livingstone, who discovered it, Bangweolo. This lake is a large body of shallow water. Afterward the river is known as Luapula for 200 miles, when it empties into Lake Mœro, a body of water 2,800 square miles in extent. Issuing from this lake, it takes the name of "Lualaba." The river flows north by west, with an average breadth of 1,400 yards, to Nyangwa, its entire length being 2,900 miles. The Congo is navigable for 100 miles from its mouth, and beyond for 835 miles, while the great affluents increase this distance by over 1,200 miles.

The region usually regarded as Central Africa is that portion of the interior extending from the Desert of Sahara in the north to the Kalahara Desert in the south, and between the tenth and the fortieth parallels of east longitude, which is computed to embrace an area of 6,000,000 of square miles. It is in the eastern portion of this territory that the great lake and river system of Africa has its origin. There are found the headwaters of the Zambezi, emptying into the Indian Ocean; the Nile, into the Mediterranean Sea; and the Congo, into the Atlantic Ocean—the three largest rivers of the African Continent. Thus, not unlike our own American geography, we find the river sources of streams which have baffled centuries of explorers to discover, all rising in a general elevated plateau, and pursuing their several courses to different seas. The analogy is not close, however, for in America we have the great rivers or their most important feeders rising in a single lake in the Yellowstone Park within the radius of 100 square miles—the Yellowstone, the Columbia, the Colorado and the Madison. Captain Speke was fond of speaking of the physical characteristics of Central Africa as resembling the conformation of the exterior of an inverted bowl, the base representing the elevated plateau from which the continent sheds her waters in different directions.

That portion of Africa extending along the Western Coast from Sierra Leone to the mouth of the River Ogowe, below the Equator, and then across the interior to the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza, is a vast belt of forest, the vegetation being exceedingly prolific and dense from the tropical heat and great rainfall throughout this region. Below this great wooded belt, to the Congo, and even further south, there is an open savanna country of large grassy spaces and a park like grouping of trees, which is fertile, salubrious, and densely populated by a very superior race of savages, who are handsomely formed, exceedingly vigorous, industrious, and who exhibit, for savages, considerable skill and handicraft in agriculture. This is the country through which the Congo and its affluents pass, and of which the great river is the artery. From the mouth of the river to Boma, a distance of eighty miles, the land is low, marshy and malarious, Boma being the hottest place on the river, and not salubrious, as it is surrounded by mangrove swamps. But though for this distance the low, flat land through which the river flows to the sea is malarious, it is not as much so, nor as injurious to health, as the coast to the north of it, especially at the mouth of the Niger and upon the Gold Coast, where these lagoons and swamps exist with bottoms of fetid black mud, which make them the hotbeds of African fever. On ascending the river from Boma the climate is cooler and healthier, and at Vivi and beyond it, dysentery, which is endemic along the coast, is unknown, while the temperature at Stanley Falls is delightful. That this region is bound to become a great attraction to colonists has already been shown. Yet even without any considerable inpouring of pioneers its population, numbering by a free estimate over 50,000,000, shows every willingness to embrace all the opportunities offered by the agencies of the International Society. Even as cold a statistician as Keith Johnson, the cartographer, says, in taking a general survey of it from Lake Tanganyika to the Western Coast, that it is evident that it is a country of great natural wealth. The oil-palm flourishes throughout the broad Valley of the Upper Congo, and cotton, coffee, tobacco, pepper, nutmeg and india-rubber are among the vegetable productions that grow wild. Indian-corn, wheat, rice, sweet-potatoes, and other vegetable products which have been introduced by the Portuguese, grow everywhere; and as to the metals, iron and copper exist in abundance, and iron is very skillfully worked by the natives. The single important drawback to a rapid advance in civilization is that one blot which for ages has been the curse of every quarter of the African Continent—the slave trade, now carried on internally by the natives, but fostered, as it has been for centuries, by the Portuguese, who have in an undeviating course of lazy cupidity been the worst colonists who have ever put an insatiable clutch on some of the fairest isles of the Eastern seas. But this dreadful traffic, which means spoliation, death and annihilation, has been largely arrested by the agents of the International Association, by a very heavy expenditure of money, not an inconsiderable fraction of which has come from the private purse of the philanthropic King of the Belgians. "No such example of enlightened munificence," declares President Daly of the American Geographical Society, "in forwarding geographical exploration, has been seen, such as he has exhibited, since the days of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, who by his comprehensive insight and large expenditure of means inaugurated, in the fifteenth century, that great movement for maritime discovery which led to the passage of the Cape of Good Hope and the first knowledge of America."

In the rival claims that enter into the question of sovereign right on the banks of the Congo, Portugal steps forward with pretenses which demand a moment's consideration. To claim a territory by the right of discovery, which has not been followed up by actual and continued occupation, is, as to its effect on other nations, of no more value in the present age than paper blockades—and this in the language of an able jurist. The maritime and commercial interests of the present day, he holds, will tolerate no assumption. The claim of Portugal to the mouth of the Congo and the territory adjoining both banks of the river below Yellala Falls amounts to this: That about four centuries ago, or in 1483, one Diego Cam, a Knight of the Household of the King of Portugal, discovered the mouth of the river, and took possession of it by erecting a stone pillar on the southern extremity of land, now known as Point Padron; that he then sailed

up the river, which was then called by the natives the Zaire. It afterward received the name of the Congo, as it bordered on a vast negro kingdom of that name. With the consent of the native chief he took some of the natives to Portugal, leaving hostages for their safe return, and finally kept his agreement by again appearing in the Congo River. This, with some trading factories which the Portuguese had, with other nations, during the active years of the slave trade, is about all they have done for centuries to possess themselves of the river or of the countries through which it flows. They did settle in the capital of the King of Congo, which they named San Salvador, but practically abandoned it afterward for San Paul de Loanda, upon the coast further south. They retained formal possession of San Salvador, but even this they had abandoned before Stanley's discovery. The northern limit of the territory where they now exercise sovereignty is a few miles north of Ambriz, the outlet for the coffee trade of the interior, the northern boundary of the Portugal dominion being a small river, a little above Ambriz, called the Loge. Over the country north of this, or its people, they have no control whatever. Beyond the river is an European settlement, Kinsambo, which is cosmopolitan and independent.

The connection of other European nations with the Congo country have been either for purposes of exploration or commerce, and nothing (up to the time of the organization of the International Association) has been established more powerful than a factory. In 1816 an expedition was dispatched from England, under the command of I. K. Tuckey, R. N., for the examination of the Zaire. It reached the river on July 6th, and managed to push up the stream as far as Sangala, the highest rapid; but sickness broke out, the commander and several others died, and the expedition had to return. A survey of the first twenty-five miles of the river was effected in 1826, by the *Levin* and *Barracouta*, belonging to Captain Owen's expedition; and in 1827–29 the Frenchman Douville spent some time in various ports of the country. In 1872 an expedition under Lieutenant Grady was dispatched from England for the purpose of advancing from the West Coast to the relief of Livingstone. They pushed 200 miles inland, but were obliged to retrace their steps. The death of Livingstone was soon afterward reported, and a recall from home caused the explorers to disband.

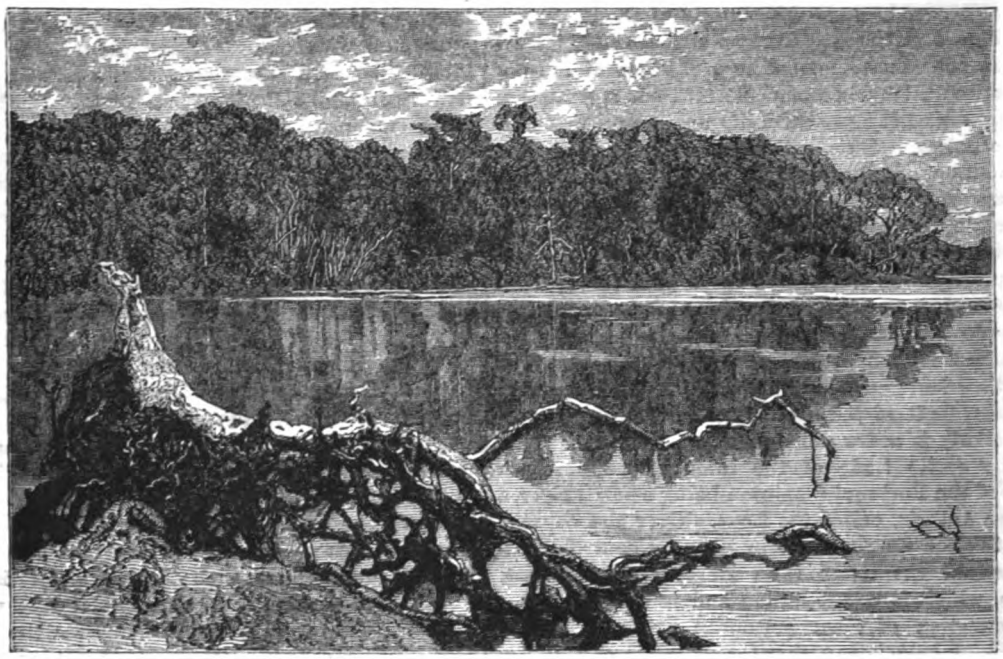
As in other regions of Africa, there is no political or ethnographical unity, and the searcher after material to throw light on the descent of man, to write tribal histories, or form any authentic record of the movements of these people, will only find himself lost at last in an inextricable maze of speculation. No one tribe appears to overmatch its neighbors, and the King of the Congo, whatever even may have been his previous authority, did not, at the beginning of the work of the International Society, exercise more authority than that of a local chieftain, like many others. A semblance of government exists. Every town has its own headman and assembly of *Macotas* or councilors, and these in company manage its affairs. The office of headman confers no despotic powers, and it descends by a curious custom, not from father to son, but from uncle to nephew or niece. "The languages of the Wusurongo, Muspocongo and Ambriz tribes are radically one, and indeed, the natives of the whole of this part of the coast for a distance of 450 miles can understand one another's language. Under the name of Fiote, this common tongue has greatly interested those specialists who have given it attention. In it, vowels and liquids are numerous, and gutturals altogether absent, so that the language has a soft and harmonious sound. The language is remarkably rich in words, and so intimately connected with the great school of African languages must it be, that whole sentences can be understood by natives from the Eastern Coast." (Burton.)

The manners, customs, religious rites, and aboriginal peculiarities of the Congese are sufficiently striking to be the subject of a special work, and are treated at great length and in an entertaining way by Stanley, Johnson, and others.

Their religion is simply a gross fetichism along the coast, and no traces of Christianity remain from the long contact of the natives with the Portuguese. Belief in witchcraft is very general, and develops itself in the most surprising manner. Circumcision is practiced by all the tribes. Polygamy prevails, and wealth, station and inclination determine the number of wives. There is no nuptial ceremony, but the bridegroom makes a present to the father-in-law, provides the bride with her marriage outfit, and bears the onus of the family feast, which is always done in true Congo style. The costume of both men and women varies considerably with rank and degree of European influence; but in general it is very slight.

While the enterprises already detailed were moving forward with varying degrees of success, the International Commission, convening in Brussels in the month of June, 1877, had foreseen the necessity of equipping an expedition which should leave the West Coast at some point near Loanda, directing its operations toward Lake Tanganyika, and endeavoring to complete the line of stations to Zanzibar, or a perfect line of communication across Equatorial Africa from sea to sea. The Committee on the Upper Congo consequently met at Brussels in November, 1878, forming themselves into a corporation with a capital in cash of 1,000,000 francs, with Belgian and foreign subscribers taking part in the foundation of the company. Their aim was announced to be to assure themselves that there existed a practical means to establish regular communication between the Lower Congo and the upper part of the stream; in other words, they wished to know if it would be possible to establish commercial relations between the people of the Upper Congo and themselves, in order to introduce and exchange for the native products objects of European manufacture. The Committee was inspired by views essentially philanthropic and scientific. It took upon itself the responsibility of pre-exploration before embarking in commercial operations, and this is the reason that it adopted the flag of the International Association, conducting its subsequent enterprises in the name of this body. The Committee engaged, as a part of its assumed obligations, to erect stations of the same character as those already built by the Association, filling the same mission as those founded by its agents in the east portion of the continent. But in this experiment the Committee proposed to go further. With the work of philanthropy and science they wished to combine a great engineering enterprise, which had for its object the junction of the navigable portion of the Upper Congo with the Atlantic Ocean, from which it is separated along a distance of 500 miles by a long succession of rapids and cataracts. Stanley's great expedition had just completed its wonderful work, and Europe was greatly excited over the great discoveries he was enabled to bring to the attention of mankind. And this was the inspiration which started Stanley on his subsequent work.

It was in the beginning of 1879 that Stanley, who had scarcely finished his great work on his memorable voyage "Across the Dark Continent," returned to Africa armed



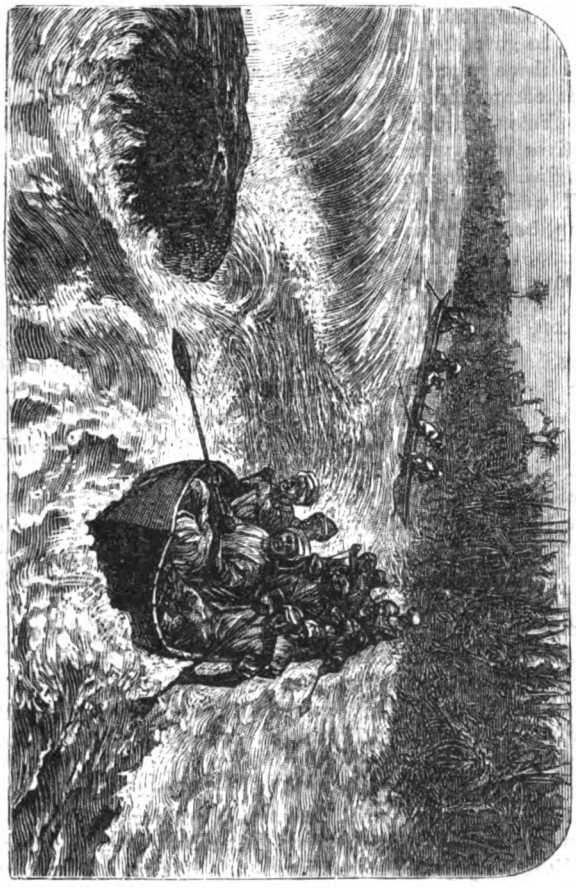
FOREST SCENERY ON THE UPPER CONGO.

with the authority of the International Association. The work which he went to undertake was new to him, but could not have been confided to novices in African travel. With very good sense he, therefore, went to Zanzibar to recruit his immediate followers among those who had previously served him so well, while the Europeans left Antwerp with the necessary material. Toward the end of 1879 the expedition in its various parts united at the Delta of the Congo. It was composed of three Americans, three Englishmen, four Belgians, two Danes, and one Frenchman. Its chief had under his order sixty-eight Zanzibarites, seventy-two Kabindas, a few negroes from the coast, and fifty natives from Vivi, higher up the Congo, engaged from day to day. The Congo is navigable to a distance of 110 miles from the coast. It was at this point that Stanley set to work to found the Station of Vivi. This establishment was built upon a picturesque site, on a hill whose base is washed by the river, and seven miles below the great Falls of Yellala, and a few miles behind the advanced posts of the Europeans trading in the country previously. A narrow valley separates it from a great terrace, where a large city of 50,000 souls could be built. The buildings of this pioneer settlement present the aspect of a rectangle, the sides of which are 600 ft. long by 50 ft. broad. They comprise several stores, barracks for the Zanzibarites, several private mansions of a substantial kind, stables, outbuildings, and the private palace of Stanley, who was and is virtually the Viceroy of the Congo, with millions of subjects under his control. The post has good native fortifications; and the ground was obtained by fair barter with the natives, under a perpetual lease at a stated rental. This was all done in an open and honest spirit of trade, to show the natives that they were not to be treated as our ancestors dealt with the North American Indians, in a scheme of general and complete confiscation. The effect has not only been excellent far and wide in the Equatorial belt, but the natives in every possible manner have testified their gratitude and joy toward the sojourners among them, offering

LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM

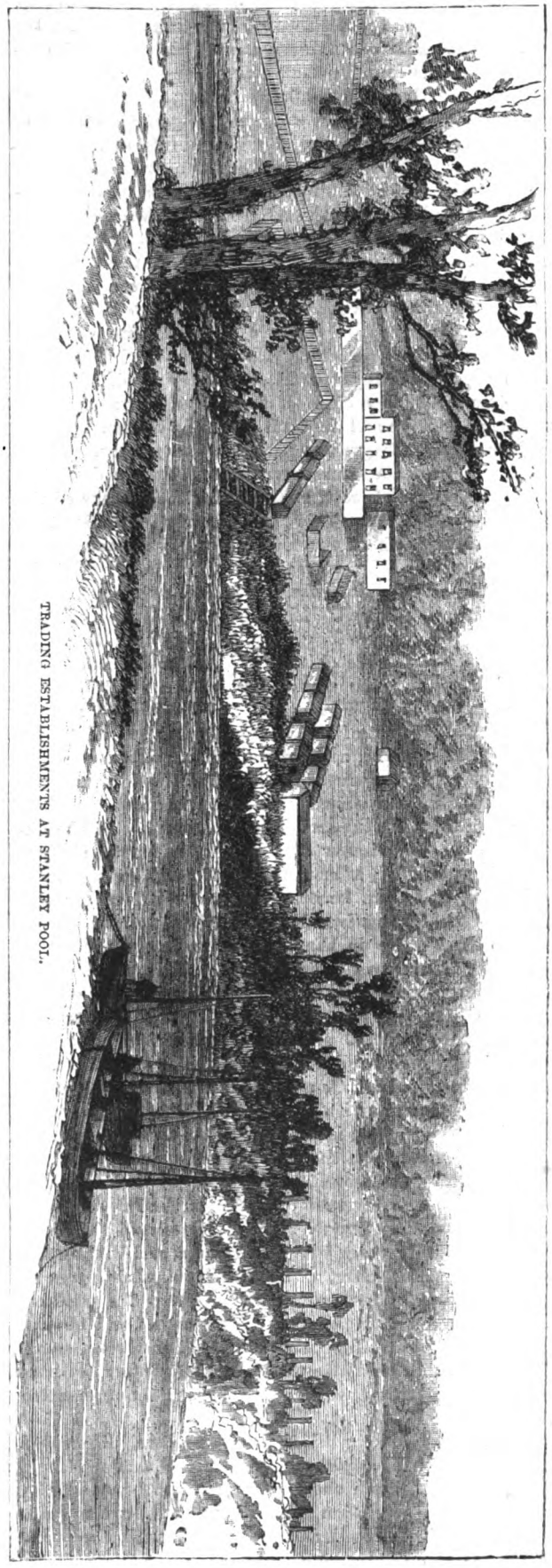
them every assistance available in piercing the interior of the Continent.

The Station at Vivi was founded February 1st, 1880. Stanley then began the clearing of a route which would lead to a point where he proposed to establish a second station, below the Cataract of Isanghila. The distance was about fifty miles through an abrupt, savage country, very mountainous, with lofty mountains and deep gorges. The expedition, now 140 strong, could not find adequate subsistence in this country, and it was necessary to count on their European supplies. Camping under tents owing to the rigors of the climate, they were required also to transport enormous quantities of marine material, tools, and the paraphernalia necessary to build a city in the wilderness, and start steam navigation in the interior of Africa. The great work of the engineer, the sapper and miner, took eleven months. Such was the first section of



IN THE RAPIDS OF THE CONGO.

the route toward Stanley Pool. The Station of Isanghila was finally established at the mouth of a deep creek on a hill 150 feet high. Barracks, a brick house, fine gardens, cabins for the negroes, constituted the principal structures erected by the indomitable Stanley. From this point the Congo, although always presenting obstacles of more or less magnitude along the stream, is relatively navigable for a distance of seventy-five miles. The expedition, therefore, pursued its way up the river, and in thirty-three journeys the material and supplies were transported as far as Manyanga, which was reached in the month of May, 1881. Grave difficulties now threatened the heroic undertaking. Stanley fell dangerously ill, and a constitution inured to the terrible onslaughts of the African fever began to weaken, and the grim spectre, that awful vision of the jungle miasm, flitted before his eyes. At the same moment the natives became



TRADING ESTABLISHMENTS AT STANLEY POOL.

very hostile and defiant, and less accessible to the reasonable grounds urged upon them to assist the enterprise. But the delay did not prove of long duration. At the end of two months Stanley regained his vigor, and conducted negotiations for the friendly cession of the territory on which he built the Station of Manyanga. Situated a little more than a mile from the grand Cataract of Ntombo-Mataka, the spray of which can be seen ascending from a distance of seven miles, the station occupies the summit of a hill 300 feet high, and receives a refreshing breeze from the southwest. The buildings are quadrilateral in form, and the private houses, the workshops, the stores, are disposed about them. A few auxiliary structures have been erected on the opposite side of the Congo to facilitate communication between both banks of the river. Very large cessions of land were obtained from the native chief by Mr. Stanley. Ninety-five miles separate Manyanga from Stanley Pool, following the stream. This section of the Congo is almost totally unnavigable; the soil on both banks is broken by deep ravines along the greater part of this territory. These obstacles, however, were surmounted by the dauntless men, and a way, at least, sufficient for the passage of the convoys was cleared. This leads directly to Stanley Pool by the right bank of the river. Stanley advanced with his men to this lake, where the Congo commences to be navigable, arriving in July, 1881, finding a very unexpected situation indeed. M. de Brazza had concluded, in October of the preceding year, a treaty with the King Makoko, by which the chief ceded, it was claimed, to the French Republic the sovereignty of the right bank or shore of the lake. Whatever may have been or may be the effect of this act of De Brazza, Stanley passed to the left bank of the lake, and summoned a solemn conclave of the chiefs, who guaranteed him and the International Association in the actual possession of that territory. Four months after the arrival of the supplies of the expedition on the shores of the lake, a fourth station, called Leopoldville, after the King of Belgium, was built at Ntamo, and soon became the centre of culture and civilization. The natives from both banks of the Congo soon flocked there in the hope to exchange their products for European merchandise. This station had scarcely been created, in February, 1882, before the ever-energetic Stanley steamed up the Congo a further distance of more than 100 miles; and, thanks to important concessions which he obtained from the native chiefs, he was able to found a fifth station at Itaka, at the confluence of the Quango with the Congo. This last achievement is of the greatest importance: it means the opening of free navigation with the interior, and promises further discoveries of great magnitude.

Four steamers carry to-day the flag of the International Association on the Congo. The *Belgique* and the *Esperance* navigate its water between Banana and Vivi on the lower part of the river, while the *Royal*, which goes at the rate of twelve knots an hour, navigates the perilous section between Isanghila and Manyanga; and the *En Avant* was launched December 3d, 1881, on the waters of Stanley Pool. This little vessel has before her to eastward a free water-course of 1,000 miles, to the very centre of the African Continent.

The results accomplished are, therefore, of greater portent than will appear to the casual reader: their utility and magnitude surpass the fondest hopes of the International Association when it undertook the great work in hand, obtained, it may be said, with the pecuniary aid of no Government, and by means and policies absolutely irreproachable. The instruction given by the Congo Committee, as its agents, conform strictly to those formed by the International Association itself: that humanity, justice and loyalty should mark their intercourse with the native tribes. It is not permitted to resort to violence, nor to make pretentious displays of their material superiority. By persuasion, mildness and kind actions is taught the true way toward ultimate triumph over barbarism. This was the doctrine of Livingstone, too, and he dwelt thirty years in Africa universally loved by the natives. It is true that the kindly way is sometimes a difficult policy, but in the end it is successful, and vexation and delay find their ultimate compensation in the moral benefit, in the progress of ideas and the new habits which are introduced among these African populations. These instructions have never been disregarded, moreover. The first care of Stanley, on his arrival in Africa, after having organized his force, was to inculcate the spirit of tolerance, of charity, self-abnegation, in the relations of his followers with the people of the country, and he gave them his personal example to follow. During the three years under consideration no act of violence was committed by his command, no abuses, no bloody conflicts with the natives. All of the relations with the natives were peaceable and amiable. The French and English missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, who followed Stanley and his companions in this work step by step, bear witness to the exemplary conduct of the expedition, and neither accusations without proof, nor anonymous calumnies, can prevail before the hearty testimony of these disinterested men. On this point the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" are explicit. In a summarized letter found in these publications, and written by Mr. Comber, the chief of the Baptist Mission, dated at Ntombo, on the Congo, August 4th, 1882, this gentleman who had just founded a mission near Leopoldville, is thus quoted: "Mr. Comber warmly expresses his recognition of Stanley's work in having opened the passage to Stanley Pool by the river; he and his colleague had in vain attempted to reach this point by land; they had met from the native African traders in ivory an armed and powerful opposition. Mr. Comber greatly praises the manner in which Stanley treated the natives, the tact, benevolence and firmness which he exhibited in his dealings with the people, and his successful opening of this great highway in a highly satisfactory manner without resorting to force." This is the ocular evidence of an honest witness.

The stations founded by Stanley, like the highways which unite them, have the same character and fill the same want as those on the east side of the continent established by the International Association. They are international; are under a neutral flag, and have the simple protection of the rights of man. All travelers, of whatever nationality; every missionary, whatever his religion; every merchant, whatever may be the object of his traffic, can demand their assistance and claim their hospitality. Such is this European movement, conceived in the interest of general progress. And its acts have been in harmony with its principles. The missionaries of the Baptist Society of London, like those of the Livingstone Inland Mission, have acknowledged the efficacy of the labors of the Association in the interior, and they have been able to plant their own religious institutions alongside of those of the expeditions, following its various agents as they advance. Father Angouard, of the Catholic Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit, has found the same assistance, and renders to Stanley his hearty thanks. When the International Association in 1879 voted a subvention of 20,000 francs to the French Com-

mittee, it was the design to facilitate the erection of two stations of this religious type on the Upper Ogowe. But M. de Brazza, charged by the Committee to found these stations, adopted other views, and hoisted later the French flag in the localities known to-day under the names Franceville and Brazzaville, and was therefore not received with hospitality, on his return, at the International stations along the Congo.

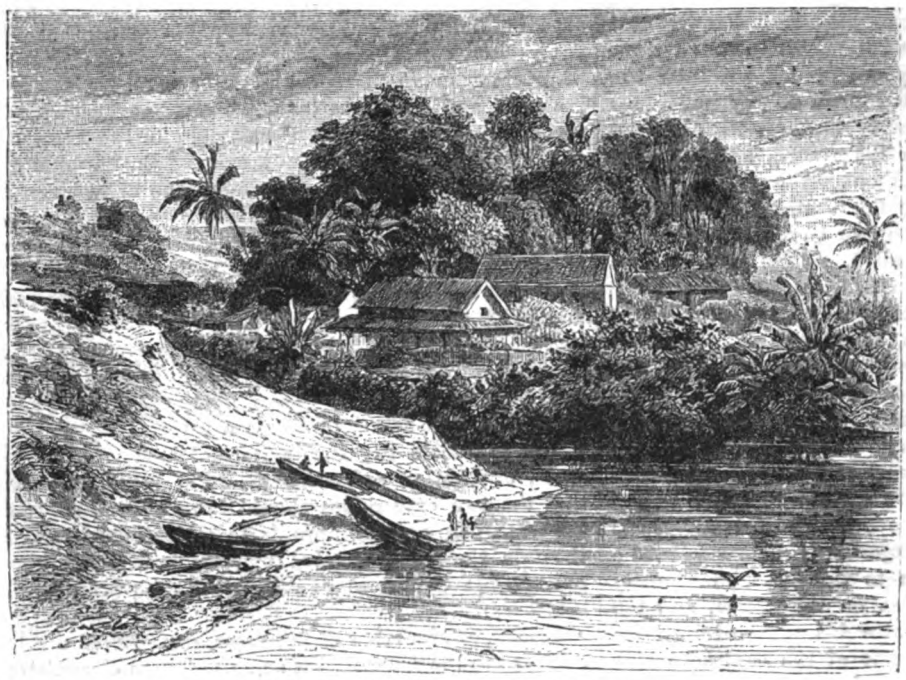
These establishments have no commercial character. No one is able to point out a single mercantile operation made on account of the Committee of the Congo from its origin to the present day. But the stations it has founded—and this result conforms to its intentions—will determine without doubt the creation of commercial marts belonging to the different nations. A single Belgian trader has gone upon this highway up to the present writing. M. Gillis, representing a large house, manages two factories, situated, one on the Embomma, the other on the Noki. The transactions in which he is concerned are personal, but there exists between him and the agents of the Committee friendly and reciprocal relations. With these advantages M. Gillis has formed a company, and he undertakes to transport gratuitously the supplies of the expedition on the Congo, and the Committee, in return, facilitates his personal business relations in Europe. The terms of the contract which bind the two parties do not go beyond this point, and no other Belgian company participates directly in the traffic of the Congo.

The facts given, authentic and precise as they are, determine the character of the undertaking which the Congo Committee imposed upon itself and the manner in which it has acquitted itself in the premises: great progress has been accomplished; five stations have already become the centre from which radiates the light of a Christian civilization on the dark and ignorant peoples of Central Africa, connected by regular highways of communication, carrying to-day European influence and trade a distance of 500 miles from the Atlantic Coast—that is, from the West Coast, in this latitude one-fourth of the total width of Africa. This labor, in its actual results, represents three years of sustained effort; it has taxed human energy and perseverance to their utmost. The resources of the Committee when organized have been absorbed and greatly surpassed. Voluntary subscription alone permitted it to continue the enterprise, while some of its agents in the field have perished in the midst of their dangerous work: They were three Englishmen, Kirkbright, Dean and Hill; four Belgians, Petit, Néve, Hebran and Van de Velde; a German, M. Kerbuck; a Dutchman, M. Joffroy; and a Swede, M. Martinsen.

More than 200 Americans and Europeans represent, at this writing, in Africa the work of the International Association. They are there to conserve it, to develop it and build wisely on the foundations so ably laid. After that the task assumed by the Congo Committee would only be accomplished in part; it will only be complete when from Lake Tanganyika, the great reservoir of the Congo, the river shall be followed to its mouth by a line of regular communication. Two-thirds of the route remain to be traced; along its course there is an immense territory to explore, inhabited by many millions of men. If its modest resources will permit, the Committee intends to extend its endeavors in this direction, sending forth its valiant pioneers marching under its colors, which means peace and humanity. But it is in the nature of things that as fast as its stations advance other organizations will push for the countries thus opened to civilization on the highways made by its agents. Religious and philanthropic missions, industrial enterprises, commercial associations, without distinction of origin or nationality, will speedily profit by its effective work, and doubtless furnish the Committee with the means to conduct its great work to the final end.

This brief account of the labors of the International Association and of the Congo Committee determines the *rapport* which unites these two bodies, which has marked their unity of programme, the similitude of the means employed and the concordance of their aim. Neither on one hand nor the other has it been attempted to make territorial conquest or national profit, nor to procure exclusive commercial advantages. Wherever the agents and explorers of the International Society have appeared or sojourned, the natives have freely ceded such indispensable rights as would create a state of things which would conciliate the aborigines and lead them to progress, civilization and science. It is therefore natural that the two enterprises should have been allied under the same flag, making appeals to all nations to sustain them in their disinterested services in endeavoring to redeem the Continent of Africa from its long ages of barbarism.

To-day, after a labor of five years, one-half of the task assigned to the Asssociation and the Congo Committee is an accomplished fact. The remarkable interest shown in the same work by other agencies, and which grows day by day, is a certain confirmation that the bold initiative of the Association was not taken unwisely, but that it responded to the demands of the age. From 1877 to 1882 numerous geographical expeditions and religious missions were organized on both sides of the Equator, some penetrating the Continent from the north, others from the south, toward the central line traced by the combined efforts of the Association and the Congo Committee. Several European Governments—notably those of Germany, France, Italy and Portugal—have encouraged and largely subsidized these movements. Their simple lines of exploration exhibit generally the great advances made. From the north there have advanced toward the mysterious land of the Equator Dr. Junker and Dr. Schnitzler by the regions where are found the sources of the Nile; Gerhard Rolphs, the veteran explorer of the Sahara, and Mr. Stecker, by the Tripolitan oasis; Mr. Stecker and M. Schuvet by Abyssinia; Signor Gessi, and, after his death, Signors Matteucci and Massari, traversing the province of the African Soudan where the False Prophet still holds high carnival; Colonel Flatters and his unfortunate companions across the Sahara; Dr. Lenz by Morocco to Timbuctoo; Captain Gallieni and Dr. Bayol in the Valley of the Niger. In the other directions, going from south to north and from west to east, we find Dr. Holua in the basin of the Zambezi; the members of the Portuguese expedition, Serpa Pinto, and Iveus and Capello, at the various sources of this grand river, and also in the Quango Valley; the unfortunate Captain Phipson Wybrants and his fellow-explorers on the Sabia; and more remarkable than all, the numerous travelers sent from time to time to Loanda by the German African Society, Herrs Pogge, Schutt, Von Mechord, Buchner, and Lieutenant Wissmann. In the same zone where the International Association and the Congo Committee have operated there have appeared, to eastward, the Abbé de Canzo, Mr. Keith Johnson, Mr. Thomson; and on the West Coast, M. Savorgnan de Brazza and M. Bailay. And these are only the most remarkable of the explorations noted by books of travel or by the patronage and applause of incorporated bodies. How many

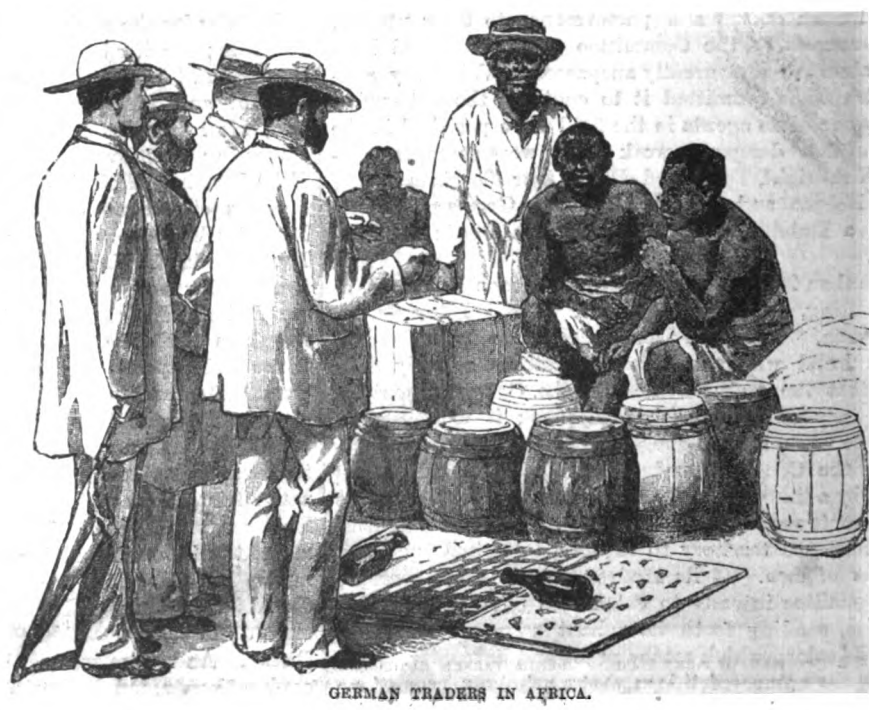


A GERMAN FACTORY ON THE CAMEROON RIVER.

explorations, conceived in a spirit of modest privacy, but eventually yielding important results, could be catalogued in an article of this character if all of the facts were available to the investigator. The religious missions are also much more numerous than we know; the English alone have established six Christian mission-houses on Uganda, at Lake Tanganyika, at Lake Nyassa, on the River Rovuma, and on both banks of the Congo. The Algerian missioinaries, Fathers Delpechine and Duparquet, rival, by their devotion and heroism, the ardor of the Protestant pioneers.

The most casual computation will show that before the close of the present century the whole Continent of Africa will be within the orbit of civilization. The query naturally follows, in the face of the ambitious military movements of France on the Niger and in the Valley of the Congo, whether the great work already accomplished and projected to be finished before the year 1900 is to be disfigured by colonial wars as brutal and needless as those which occurred in Asia and America during the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries? This problem must soon be solved by an enlightened European statesmanship, and on the result will follow generations of peace or war in Africa, as the case may be. The African Association, conceived in the cool head and wise purpose of Leopold of Belgium, has carried on its labors under a neutral flag, recognizing in its progress across the continent the highest laws of barter, an abhorrence of force or conquest, a respect for life and property, and an anxiety to establish the active principles of Christianity among the wild children of the jungle and the steppe. For any Power to conquer unwilling peoples and impose an arbitrary sovereignty over their chattels and territory, introducing the weapons of war and kindling a thirst for treachery and massacre, when these primitive tribes have already yielded to the rules of trade and the softening influences of interested friends and neighbors, amounts to an international crime, which Europe and America should prohibit and condemn.

I think it proper here to state the American position as to the future relations of this great region with the outside world, and I cannot better phrase this eminently wise policy than by quoting from the words of Chief-Justice Daly, the President of the American Geographical Society: "It has been suggested by European writers that an international protectorate should be established at the mouth of the Congo; but I see no occasion to resort to this entangling diplomatic contrivance. It is much better to leave those who settle on the Congo to apply to their condition the principle of self-government, as was



GERMAN TRADERS IN AFRICA.

THE TWO MEN IN GRAY HATS.—"BELLA PASSED QUICKLY IN FRONT OF HER SISTER AND THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER. THE DOOR OF A VAST APARTMENT-HOUSE NEAR BY STOOD OPEN FOR THE MOMENT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

done by the Boers in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal before the English followed and claimed the right to govern them against their own will. The settlers on the Congo and in the country adjacent will manage their own affairs infinitely better than officials acting as representatives of a combination of foreign Governments. In fact, this is now taking place over the whole field of the operations of the International African Association and its co-working organization, the Congo Committee; and the true course is to allow these bodies to go on with their work, and for foreign nations to recognize them as in actual occupation of the country, administering its affairs in the general interests of civilization and to the satisfaction of the native races within its influence for whose benefit it was instituted. Portugal's idea of the colonization of Africa is very different. It is to colonize it, not

for the benefit of Africa, but for the benefit of Portugal. This she may do on that part of the Southwest Coast of which she has long been in a state of possession; but when she assumes to take control of the mouth of the great artery of Central Africa, other commercial nations will say, or at least we will, 'Hands off,' and if need be exercise the power of a large nation to exercise it. . . . . The whole population of Portugal is but a fraction over 4,000,000, and the colored population of the United States is over 6,500,000."

It was in pursuance of this address, delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, that this body petitioned the President of the United States to give recognition to the flag of the International Society as expressing the rightful sovereign authority on the banks of the Congo. President Arthur saw the force of this action, reinforced as it was by that of the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, and he called the attention of Congress to the matter in his annual Message of 1884. This was shortly succeeded by Senatorial action in declaring that the United States pledged itself to the position of recognizing the International Association as its rightful possessor, to the exclusion of other claimants.

This important step by our Government was almost immediately decisive, for it was followed by like petitions from the Chambers of Commerce of Liverpool, London, Birmingham and Manchester, in appeals to the House of Commons to refuse to ratify the Treaty between England and Portugal which Lord Granville had concluded with the latter Power, and which was a about to be submitted to the House of Commons for its ratificaction. The effect was immediate, and the Treaty was pigeonholed, thanks to the American foresight. These facts, together with the appearance of German ambition on the West Coast, and the hopeless entanglements which seemed likely to grow out of French, German, Portuguese, Dutch and other claims of territorial jurisdiction, caused Prince Bismarck to call the Berlin Conference, recently convened in Berlin under his presidency. But it is too early yet to speculate as to what that body will determine; as to what will be the confirmatory action, or otherwise, of the interested Powers; or indeed if such a body, extraordinarily constituted as it is, can, by a most unique experiment, solve what would practically be the disposition of the entire African Continent for ages to come.

Nor must the importance of this aspect of the future of the Congo be underestimated. The stream itself is the most important river in Africa—from every standpoint immeasurably of vaster value than the Nile, the Niger, or the Zambezi. Upon its banks and those of its tributaries there is a population that embraces what is believed to be nearly half the people existing on the Continent. They have a rich territory; they are warlike; highly favored, as far as savages can be, and under intelligent leadership, it must dawn upon the most obtuse intelligence that this Congo people will ultimately dominate Africa.

How important it is, then, when constructing this new empire, so recently outlined, physically and theoretically, by the courage, discrimination and zealous endeavor of Stanley, to lay the political foundation well; to remove the free State from the dragging influence of European interference, and to permit the young Republic to acquire its natural growth, unweighted by princelings, potentates or dictators from abroad, whoever they may be!

THE Rothschilds still keep their ancestral dwelling in the Jewish quarter at Frankfort, although they do not live in it.

THE TWO MEN IN GRAY HATS.

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

"LINDA! Linda! why so late? Your eighteenth birthday, too. But, no! you have no birthday feast to-night. Poor folks cannot afford that."

"Sly *grossmütterchen!* Don't I know better? Don't I know that in the oven is the roast mutton with spices and onions, Fatherland style? In the porcelain kettle the sweet chocolate simmers a welcome. I smell it this minute. And in the cupboard? There is the *pfannekuchen* and salad. Nay; in the corner behind the sugar-box is the tiny bottle of Rhine wine sacred to birthdays! Don't I look through the wooden doors and see it with my soul's eyes? And I take your pretty old ear in my thumb and finger and tweak it *so;* I kiss your pretty old cheek *so*—oh, bestest, sweetest of grandmothers!"

The old woman smiled. She liked it well.

"But you and Bella are still late," she said. "The roast is overdone, and the sweet chocolate—*tchutt*—it will taste a hundred years old. Why did you wait so long?"

"Madame Arblay kept us," said Bella, the matter-of-fact sister. "She had an order for a hundred more Jacqueminot roses late this afternoon."

The two Bedeker sisters were artificial-flower-makers. Their grandmother knew the trade in the old country, and had worked at it in this. She taught it to the little girls as the only wealth she could give them, and a blessed inheritance it proved. When the bright old eyes became dim, when the brave old fingers were too stiff and unsteady to shape and fasten the flower-petals any more, Bella and Linda silently took the mantle of labor from her shoulders and folded it around their young strong ones. Together they wrought with their hands, and held the hunger-wolf at bay. The grandmother kept house in her neat, quaint, German fashion, and blessed the dear Lord for giving her two such good granddaughters.

They lived in two rooms, and were happy. People who work are always happiest. Linda, the younger girl, was an impressionable creature, with slender figure and large brown eyes. She was of an exquisitively sensitive organization, and occasionally had unaccountable dreams and premonitions of things, which a few times had actually occurred.

Their grandmother believed in it. She had traditions of a seer, or *doppeljänger*, who had been in the family a hundred years before, and had possessed the unearthly power of second sight. But our age knows there is no such thing, really. Oh, no! of course not. Nevertheless, Grandmother Bedeker watched Linda unceasingly. The girl was the core of her heart, and was never allowed to go upon the street unattended by grandmother or Bella.

She was not a sad or serious-minded child, however. Far from it. Her nature was as joyous and sunny as a bird's. A laughing sprite of mischief, she dwelt like eternal light and warmth in the heart of the grandmother, and kept the staid, sober Bella from growing old before her time. But she was over-easily influenced by strangers, and there was need that she should be taken care of.

The only time the girl was ever without one or the other of the two was at night. She slept alone upon a little couch in their front room, which served at once as kitchen and parlor. The long, narrow bed was hidden under a rose-color and brown cretonne cover, and was a pretty little make-believe sofa.

Linda was a light sleeper, and fussy at night. It made her restless even to share her couch with quiet Bella, and

it was by her own wish that she slept alone. Grandmother Bedeker and Bella had their bed in the back room. But the door between the two was always open. You will need to remember this arrangement of sleeping-rooms, in order to follow clearly the thread of the strange events that happened.

"A hundred Jacquemnots!" said Grandmother Bedeker. "Very good. More work, more pay. *Jawohl, das ist gut.*"

"And," said Bella, "two men stopped us, and spoke to us"

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old woman, sharply, clutching Linda's shoulder. "How dare you!"

"Truly, little grandmother, I forgot that. The like never happened before. I've made a conquest. The strangest thing! The prince is coming at last to take your poor Cinderella out of the ashes."

"Stupid stuff!" said the grandmother. "Don't let me hear more of it. But what do you mean?"

"Two men asked us if we had dropped a ring upon the pavement——" began Bella.

"Oh, yes," Linda interrupted; "two men, in gray hats. Bella, you have no romance in your soul. Let me tell it. They were beautifully dressed, grandmotherkin, like real princes——"

"As if you knew what a prince was like!" interrupts Bella.

"Don't interrupt, Bel. Where are your manners? I say they looked like real princes, only they had on such odd-looking gray hats. That color of hat is out of fashion, and the shape they wore has never been in fashion since I can remember. The men stood upon the corner at the Brunswick as we passed. They looked at us sharply, *so.*"

"How do you know they looked at you? Do you raise your eyes to men in the street? What have I not taught you?"

Linda laughed.

"No, little grandmother. We don't look at men—that is, not directly. But we see them. We turn our eyes sideways, and give a little glance under our eyelids, to see if they are good-looking, and if they have eyes for a pretty girl. They never know we see them, the stupids! It's a way girls have learned since your time, little grandmother."

"Yes, truly," said the old woman; "and I will not have it. You must do so no more. Men are wolves that pursue fatherless working-girls. The two strangers, they would not have dared to speak to you, only they saw you were watching them. Heavens, Linda, must I always go with you every time you walk upon the street?"

"Heaven forbid!" laughed Linda. "But, *grossmutter*, this was no harm. One of the two was a slim little dark man. The other was taller, and a fair man. He it was who spoke. I did look at him in the face. I could not help it. He had strange, bright-gray eyes, and when they were on me I felt it. He had little whiskers, little and short, in front of his ears. They were gray, like his hat; but his mustache was light-brown. I'm sure his face was fine and handsome, but it had no color. His eyes, his hat, and his face, were all the same. They seemed to melt away into a misty gray."

"*Dummeszeug!*" said Bella. "I saw nothing of all this. After we passed the Brunswick, the two men followed us. The taller one touched Linda upon the shoulder, and asked if we had dropped a ring. We said 'No.' But he held one in his fingers, and told us he had seen it upon the pavement, just after we passed, and fancied it was ours. We assured him no and no again. Then he said the ring was not worth much, and we might keep it. And, grandmamma, he gave it to Linda. He put it upon her finger. It is there now."

"Linda, Linda," said Grandmother Bedeker, "how could you let him do that? It was not right; it was not modest."

"Plainly, I could not help it. I had taken my glove off to fasten my hat, and the ring was on my finger so quick."

"You should have dashed it to the ground, and trodden it in a hundred pieces. Why didn't you, girl?"

"I could not, grandmamma. The man was looking at me," she answered, simply.

The ring was a strange one, representing a serpent with its tail in its mouth. Its eyes were of some unknown gem, and gleamed dull and weird in the lamplight.

Grandmother Bedeker shuddered, and uttered an exclamation.

"Take it off," she said. "That is no common ring. It is a witch-ring—*ein hexenstein.*"

But the ring would not come off. It slid easily around and around upon the slim, girlish finger, yet all efforts to slip it over the joint were in vain.

"To-morrow, go to the jeweler's in the morning, and have it cut off," said the old woman. "It is evil. You must not wear it."

Linda laughed again.

"Why not, grandmamma? Perhaps the man in the gray hat was a prince of the sorcerers; Linda, the magician's bride. Has it not a romantic sound?"

"God forbid," said the old woman, devoutly. "You don't know what you are talking about, Linda. Come away from the window, child."

"Why, grandmother, am I going to fly away upon a broomstick, like a—— There they are now, the very two men."

She had moved to the window a moment before, drawn there without any particular reason.

Grandmother Bedeker looked out.

Standing in the rays of a street-lamp opposite were two men with gray hats. They were looking up at the window.

The old woman pulled down the blind angrily.

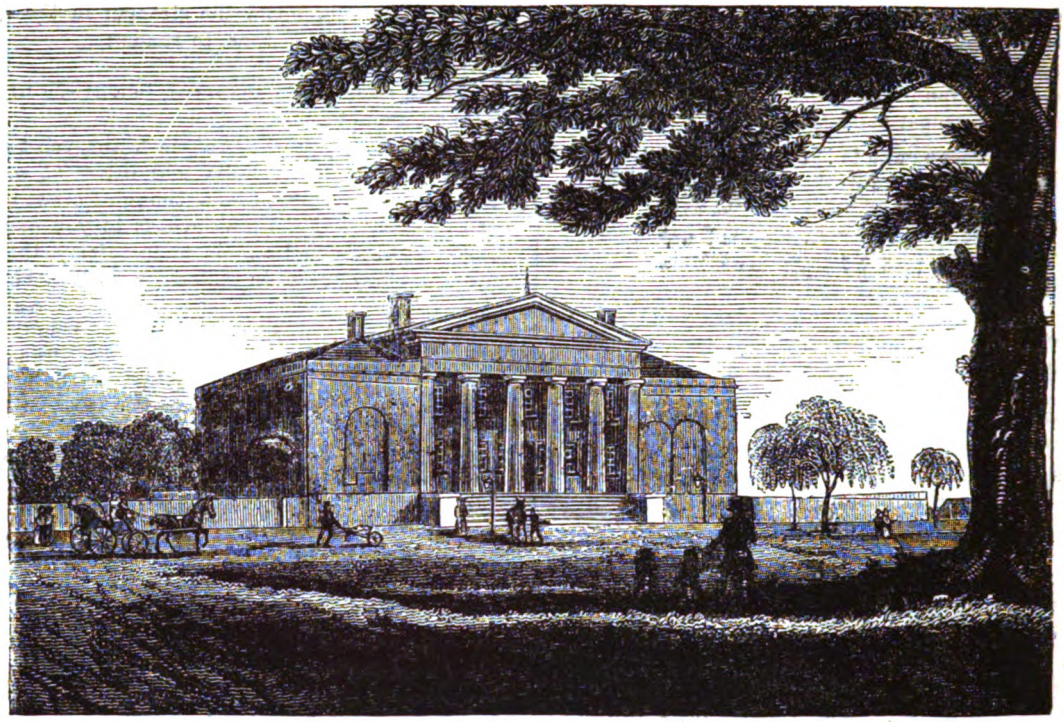
"Oh, but they are impudent," she said. "Now, I must go out with you. To-morrow morning I walk with you to Madame Arblay's, and don't you dare to stir till I come for you at night. The wolves and bears!"

Grandmother Bedeker did not walk out the next morning, however, nor the next. The fog that night brought an attack of rheumatism that kept her in-doors a week. Linda and Bella went to their work alone. Neither did Linda go to the goldsmith's to have the witch-ring off. It never was removed. She wears it to this day.

In the early evening, when the sisters were returning home, there was a tussle and a crowd in the street. Two newsboys were clawing and biting each other like wildcats. A man shoved roughly between the girls, almost knocking Linda down. A hand caught and saved her from falling. It drew her aside, supporting her firmly and gently. The touch was a pleasant one, but it closed upon her arm like a ring of iron.

She looked up when she had got over her confusion. He who had rescued her was a man of forty or thereabouts. He wore a light brown mustache and a slight gray side-whisker. He had a fine, firm chin, and symmetrical face, but singularly colorless. His strange, lustrous eyes were fixed upon Linda, and seemed to draw her very soul toward him. It was the fair man in the gray hat.

He spoke to Linda in a soft, thrilling voice, like the



DEAF-MUTES.— FIRST DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, PHILADELPHIA.— SEE PAGE 551.

tones of a magic flute. Linda's face turned pale, and her eyes grew large and staring.

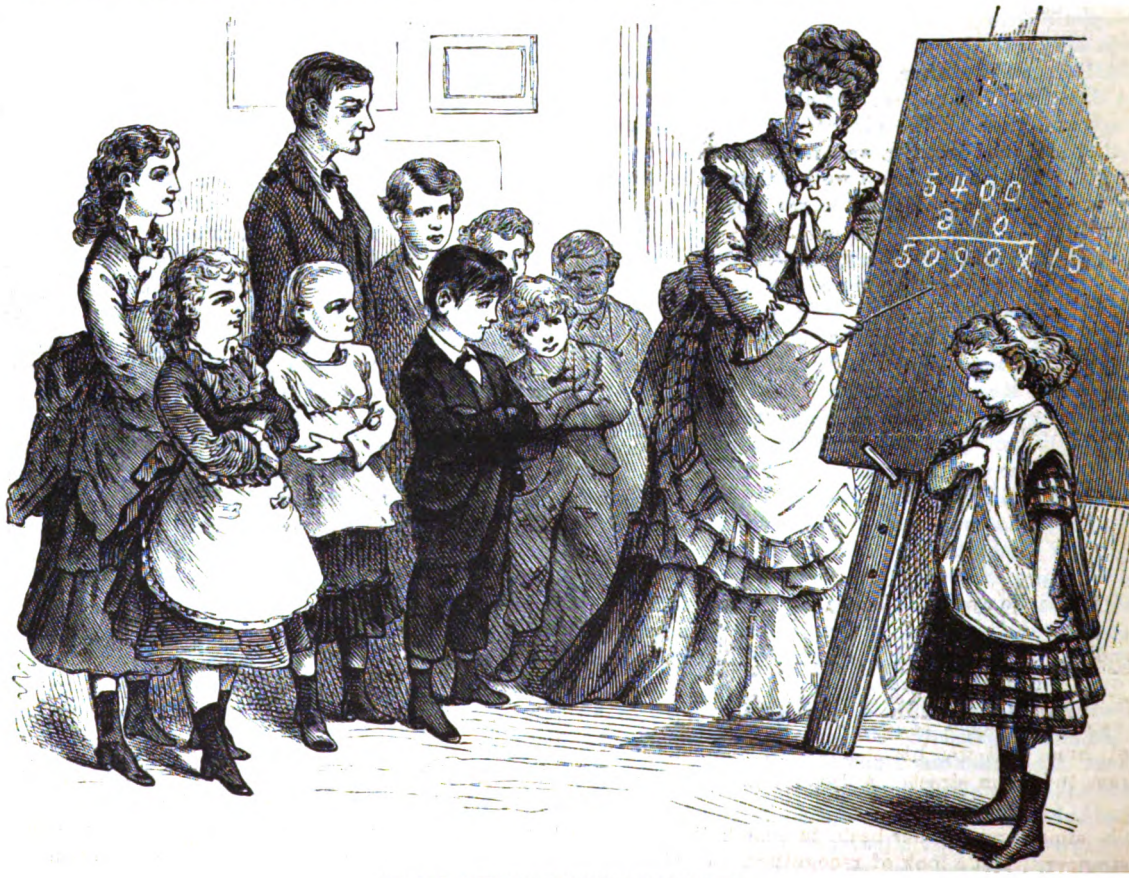
But what he said she never told. Bella, who ran to her breathless the moment she found her, heard these words from the mysterious stranger's lips :

"You will be made an initiate. When you are ready we will come for you, whether it be night or day."

"Night or day !" repeated Linda, in a dream-like voice.

"Are you afraid ?"

"No ; I am not afraid."



AN ARITHMETIC LESSON TO DEAF-MUTES.

Bella grasped her arm in affright and pulled her from him. The stranger bowed gracefully and courteously, and disappeared.

Bella and the grandmother questioned Linda closely about what the stranger had said to her. She told them he spoke of the squabbling street-boys.

"Was that all, child?" asked Grandmother Bedeker.

Linda shook her head, and was silent.

"What did that mean when he said he would come for you if you were ready, night or day?"

"Truly I know not," replied Linda.

But from that day she seemed much changed. No more was her sunny face the light, her merry laugh the music, of the two tenement rooms. She was not sad or depressed, only preoccupied. She went to her daily work with Bella, but it was as one moving in a dream. She fashioned with her slim, white fingers the dainty, bright-colored muslin roses and pansies, as always; but it was mechanically, with her thoughts far away. But whither they wandered was beyond the ken of the tenderly watching sister.

Step by step the girl was passing on to the end. One evening again they were going home from work. Linda suddenly turned down a side street, and began walking away from Bella. Following quickly, the sister saw, some distance off, facing them, the two mysterious strangers. The fair one had his deep, star-like eyes fixed upon Linda, who was walking rapidly toward him. It was his steady gaze that had turned her from the main street. A dread, unseen power, drew her.

Bella almost ran in her haste to snatch the girl from the stranger. But a look of recognition passed between the two. They were close together before Bella could come up.

Once more Bella heard the stranger in the gray hat say, in a soft, thrilling tone, to Linda:

"Are you afraid?"

And once more Linda answered, in a dream-like voice:

"No; I am not afraid."

"Now, indeed, you go not alone again, you two," said the grandmother, when Bella told her. "I walk with you night and morning, Linda, though I crawl upon my poor old knees. If the man speaks to you once more, I give him to the police. It is an infamy, this, if two honest girls may not go to their daily work without being chased by men."

A DEAF-AND-DUMB WEDDING.

True to her word, she hobbles with them to Madame Arblay's next morning, and came for them at night. She kept it up for a week, with much grumbling and scolding at Linda. It was a pretty affair, at her time of life, and with rheumatism in her knees, to be dragged out in the fog like that, for a bold girl who invited men by her glances.

Still Linda said nothing. She seemed mentally and spiritually to be floating away from the protecting arms of the two who loved her. She sat silent and abstracted, while they talked the familiar talk of things which interest women. At night she seemed always to desire to be left alone in the darkness.

So was forging the next link in the chain of this strange human destiny? Bella and Grandmother Bedeker never understood the events of the night when the chain was finished.

What happened to Linda—perhaps what she believed happened to her—was this: She was lying upon her little couch in a deep sleep. She heard a knocking upon the wall, as in a dream. At first the sounds were faint and far away; then they came louder. It was a dream, and not a dream.

She was not yet roused, when the room became filled

with a strange light—not the light of sun or moon or flame. It was more like the most delicate and subtle electric light, if one sought for comparison—yet even that seemed coarse and crude beside it.

In the midst of this ethereal white light suddenly appeared two human forms. They seemed to come in through the solid wall. They were the two men in gray hats. The taller fair one came and stood beside Linda. He looked at her with the gaze that seemed always to draw her to him. On his face was a look of ineffable pity and gentleness, and yet of inexorable purpose. He laid his hand upon her tangled shining hair. He spoke, as ever, in the strange magnetic voice, softer and more thrilling than before, yet there was no quiver of relenting in it.

"Once more, and for the third time, are you afraid?"

For the last time she answered:

"I am not afraid."

But whether she was sleeping or waking she knew not.

The fair man held something in his hand. He touched her lips with a powder.

"Take this," he said.

She knew that she shrieked in terror and agony. Then she knew nothing more till some irresistible force seemed drawing her away from and out of herself. Her soul slipped its material belongings. She, her real self, seemed slowly and painfully leaving the body through her head. This real self fluttered and lingered a moment; then a power within it braced and poised it for flight through the regions of space. She was transformed into a matter that was finer and subtler than air—an attenuated substance, that passed easily and lightly through walls of wood and brick and mortar. The next she knew she was floating and whirling upon great waves of air in the outer world. The two men in gray hats were with her, one close at each side. If she grew faint or affrighted, or wavered in her passage through the air, they supported and upheld her; so she passed to the journey's end. But whither that journey tended, or where it ended, concerning this there is silence; also, of the dread ordeal she sustained no ordinary man or woman knows aught. The faintest whisper of its nature has never been heard by the uninitiate. It is well. The ordeal is one few of mankind may endure and live.

What Bella and the grandmother saw and heard was this: In the deadest still hour of the night—that just before the morning opens—they were awakened from sleep in affright. There was a knocking upon the house that, in their sudden starting from slumber, sounded like thunderclaps. There was a mighty wind. Shutters banged and windows rattled, as with an earthquake shock.

The night had set in calm and clear, and this was an unaccountable weather change. The old tenement shook as if it had been the day of doom. They sprang from their bed, fearing the building would be blown down.

In the midst of the din a terrible shriek came from Linda's room. They ran thither, and found the girl lying upon her bed unconscious. She breathed faintly, but her face was white, her body was rigid, and her hands and feet were cold. They tried all the means known to their simple skill to rouse her, but in vain. Frightened, they sent for a physician. He tried to administer drugs, but her teeth were tightly closed. Heat was applied to her hands and feet. The grandmother and sister rubbed her with stimulants; they moved her rigid limbs; they tried in all ways to bring her back to life.

She remained in her death-like swoon two hours, then she opened her eyes and looked about her. She seemed faint and dead, exhausted, as if from some tremendous physical effort.

They told her how she had been found in a faint, and how they had tried to revive her.

She looked at them and answered:

"What need? I would have come back without that."

The doctor muttered something learned about cataleptic hysteria.

She moved her hand impatiently, as if to wave them and their puttering doctor's stuffs away.

The next two days Linda was too exhausted and ill to tread the worn stairs that led to Madame Arblay's workroom. The third day she took her place beside Bella, among the pretty artificial flowers. The girls went to their work alone. The fiend of rheumatism had once more fastened his clutches upon Grandmother Bedeker.

Then the last link was closed.

The clock in the workroom pointed to half-past five. Madame Arblay's little army of employés ceased work. They chatted, girl-fashion, as they put on cloaks and shawls. They descended the stairs, and were lost among the innumerable host of New York's toiling sons and daughters.

Bella and Linda moved on with the rest, Linda silent, who had been the merriest of them all, Bella speaking now and then, as they passed corner after corner, and this girl friend and that dropped down a side street.

"Hasten," urged Bella, as they left the last one. "It is dark so soon these days. The grandmother is waiting us long since."

"Wait a moment," said Linda. "What is that I hear? It is coming this way."

She pointed forward. Her eyes were fixed like those of a sleep-walker.

Bella looked. A horror crept over her as she saw, coming rapidly and directly toward them, the mysterious strangers in gray hats. Bella passed quickly in front of her sister and threw her arms about her. The door of a vast apartment-house near by stood open for the moment. Bella drew Linda silently into the hallway and shoved the great door to with all her might. It closed with a bang; the lock shot into its place. Bella stood still in front of Linda, with her arm across the sister, to save and shield her.

They were safe!

But, lo! what marvel? Are there miracles and magic in this skeptical nineteenth century? Ay, there are.

The doors opened; they seemed to part of themselves. The dread strangers entered. The fair one fixed his eyes upon Linda. He thrust the frightened Bella aside, he removed her arm from her sister's shoulder. He threw his own arm about the girl; he bent, and kissed her lips lightly, and he said, in a soft, low, yet terrible voice:

"*I want her. She is mine.*"

Bella tried to shriek, to cry for help, but her lips could make no sound. Was she, too, enchanted?

Linda went out with a never backward glance. She walked like one in a trance. Bella followed in dumb terror. A few steps away a church-door was open. The strange party entered. A priest was there in waiting. The fair man drew Linda's arm within his own and led her up the aisle.

Once more Bella tried to break away and give the alarm, to cry out against this unholy wedding-ceremony. The dark man laid his hand upon her and looked steadily into her eyes. She sank cowering to a seat, and covered her face with her hands. In five minutes the gray stranger and Linda Bedeker were pronounced man and wife.

The final link was closed, the two ends of the eternal

chain were welded finally together. But it was no marriage like a mortal marriage.

The destiny was accomplished that had been planned for Linda Bedeker by dread powers she knew not of. Never again the slim white fingers fashioned daintily the crimson muslin roses and the purple muslin pansies. Most often, when men and women behold them, they are clasped in a trance, while the girl utters things unfamiliar, sometimes terrible, to mortal ears.

From town to town, from city to city, she goes, speaking to countless multitudes in great halls and assembly rooms.

In her trancelike state she reads the lives of men and women as an open book; their past and their future; the most secret thoughts of their hearts, whether good or evil.

She speaks words of warning, of prophecy, and now and then of comfort. Here and there are hints of a new faith, a beautiful and awful system of science which is to overturn the painfully gathered wisdom of the centuries.

Her mission is to waken again in mankind the faith in the unseen that has wellnigh died out in this century.

Her lips utter burning words—words that are given to no human preacher, however great, however learned, however famous, to speak. Preachers and laymen are puzzled and confounded beyond expression by her sayings, by the marvels she works. Some say it is all trickery; that they are even able to detect the mechanical agency which she uses. Many scoff, others refuse to hear her, and most disbelieve. But none as yet understand. She communes always with a world in which formless mysteries speak and shadows whisper eternally.

Private, personal speech of this strangely gifted one no man or woman can gain. At public halls, on journeys, at home, wherever she may be, one or the other of the two men in gray hats is always on guard.

In the lonely rooms on ——— Street, New York, two women, a young and an old one, sit solitary and mourn, and will not be comforted.

There are no more birthday festivals, with *pfannekuchen* and a sip of Rhine wine. Of evenings the two glance sorrowfully at the little couch in the corner, with its covering of rose-color and brown cretonne, and the grandmother sighs now and then as if her heart was breaking.

From time to time money and gifts come to them—come in plenty—so that Bella works no more at flower-making. But from the day when she went away with the gray stranger, Linda came not back to the home of the two women who loved her.

She will never come again.

DEAF-MUTES.

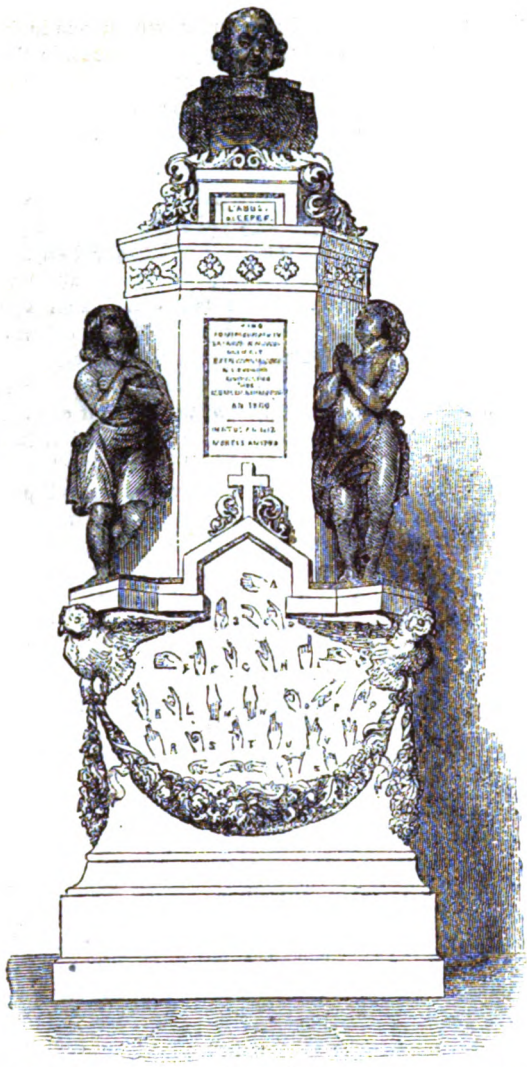
Human nature is subject to many infirmities, all deserving of compassion and help from those more fortunate ones whom Providence has exempted from them. But amongst them all, there is none more deserving of our pity, and also so well repaying any pains taken to better their condition, as the deaf and dumb. Of late years this subject has received the attention of many worthy and devoted people, but by the world at large deaf-mutes seem still to be classed with idiots and others incapable of mental improvement, and therefore scarcely worth attention. Those people who have any experience of them know how erroneous this view is. "It is," says the Abbé Lambert, of the Institution Nationale, at Paris, "a deplorable error to suppose that the ordinary deaf-mute has no intellectual ideas, no notion of duty, but lives in a purely animal state. Daily experience proves that their souls are like a richly-furnished apartment which is in darkness. It is necessary to illuminate it in order to give to each object its form, color and value. But in light there are many degrees, from the feeble ray of a candle to the splendor of the midday sun. The mind of the deaf-mute, like that of the hearing child, receives its first impressions from exterior objects, which attract its attention, employ the imagination, and make an impression upon its soul. Until the time when speech comes in, the deaf-mute is on a par with all other children. It observes, reflects, judges. The moral world is not entirely closed to it. It has some notions of propriety—it distinguishes the true from the false, it can appreciate the difference between a good and a bad action, it can understand that it must submit to others."

So far, then, there is no distinction between the deaf-mute and its more fortunate brethren. But at the age when speech is acquired the difference becomes at once apparent. The hearing child asks questions, and becomes capable, by the mere fact of hearing, of understanding answers and explanations of the daily phenomena it sees around it. Any false impressions it has received are in this way corrected, and imperceptibly and almost without effort its education goes on. But with its deaf-mute brother or sister it is different. The Abbé Lambert illustrates this in the following words: "Have you ever seen or heard of the agony suffered by an artist at his inability to portray the idea he has in his mind? Well, this is in some sort the condition of the poor deaf-mute. He surmises, but he comprehends little; he thinks, and he cannot explain himself. Added to this, there is in him a hunger and thirst after knowledge. As the body desires nourishment, as the eye seeks the light and the ear sound, so his soul longs incessantly for its intellectual sustenance. If he goes to the school with other children, he sees the books, the pens. He would fain read and learn with the others, but, alas! he cannot, and his young companions, seeing his inability to join in their studies or sports, mock and tease him."

So until comparatively modern times deaf-mutes, as a class, lived and died neglected; their minds laid fallow, the powers of their souls stunted, and because of this neglect on the part of their fellow-men, ranked with imbeciles and idiots. Science has conclusively proved this idea to be a wrong one. They are as capable of being taught and of attaining to a high state of intellectual activity as hearing persons, but they must be taught by particular methods and subject to special training.

The ancients had the greatest horror of all that was feeble and infirm; with them poverty was despicable and suffering a scandal. It is no wonder, then, that amongst the beauty and pleasure-loving Greeks the deaf-mute was looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to die. Deaf-mute children in Sparta were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being raised on their behalf. The Romans treated these unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. The first who seems to have seriously occupied himself with this phenomenon of deaf-mutism was the philosopher Aristotle, and he declared congenital deaf-mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity.

In the course of time certain rights were granted to those deaf-mutes who gave proofs of ability; such as had been brought up secretly by their parents, showing some signs of intellect; this gradually dissipated the horrible



MONUMENT TO THE ABBÉ DE L'EPÉE AT ST. ROCH, PARIS.

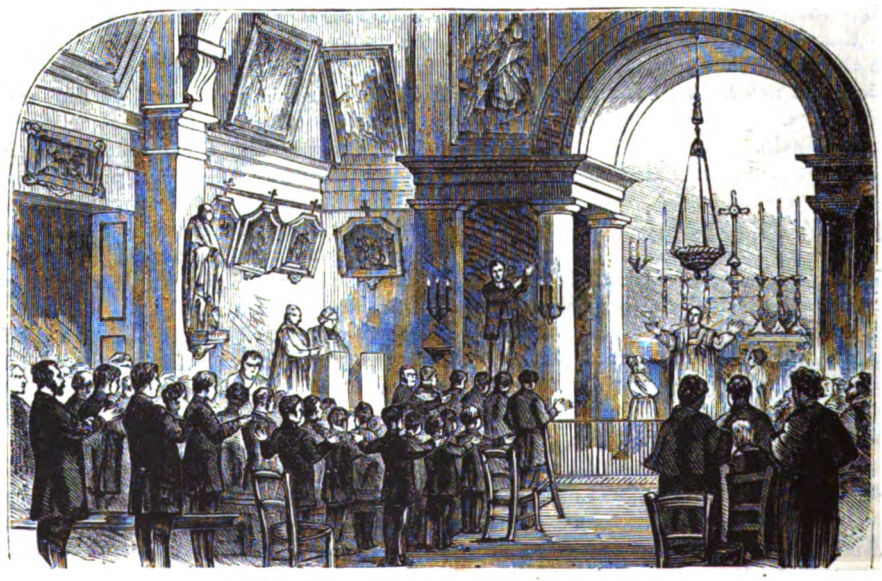
prejudice with which their brethren in misfortune had hitherto been regarded. Pliny mentions a congenital deaf-mute, called Quintus Pedius, who distinguished himself as an artist.

M. T. Müller gives to the Egyptians the credit of first instructing deaf-mutes. They as well as the Persians always respected persons thus afflicted, and their hieroglyphic mode of writing was especially suited for their education. It is doubtless something more than mere coincidence that their better treatment by the Romans dates from the time of the incorporation of Egypt as a Roman province.

But it was not till the advent of Christianity that a spirit of charity began to animate the dealings of men toward these afflicted ones. After the example of the

H. P. PEET, LL.D., FORMER PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB.

Divine Master, the Christian devoted himself to succor the unfortunate, and the sick, the blind, the deaf, the lame, as well as all others laboring under spiritual or corporal infirmities, became the objects of his love and care. But, unfortunately, in the case of the deaf-mute it was only his bodily welfare that was at first considered, and Aristotle's idea of their intellectual inferiority survived with his system of philosophy. So, although better times had dawned for them, little or nothing was done to instruct them, and by the laws of Justinian they were pronounced unfit to manage their own affairs and incapable of making their wills. Their infirmity was regarded as incurable, and St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, held that the congenital deaf-



MASS AND INSTRUCTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, PARIS.

mute being baptized, remained in a state of perpetual infancy—that is, in a state of passive innocence, and deprived of moral responsibility.

M. Müller considers the convents to have been the first schools for deaf-mutes, and at Heidelberg a manuscript dating from the thirteenth century, belonging to a Cistercian monastery, contains an account of the system of dactylology, or manual sign-language, which was used there. But, mixed up with the other pupils, no one seems to have subjected deaf-mutes to any special training, so that they seem never to have been awakened out of their state of intellectual torpor. The first historical instance of such special training and its results, which was looked upon as miraculous, is mentioned by the venerable Bede in the life of the holy Archbishop of York, St. John of Beverley. The date of the occurrence is 685.

Amongst the works of the venerable Bede is one called "De Loquela per Digitos," or "Of Speaking by the Fingers"; and this and the example of St. John of Beverley go far to show that the instruction of deaf-mutes, both by means of signs and articulation, was known to our ancestors as early as the seventh century. What was wanting was the methodical application of such instruction in special institutions, a proceeding which did not

A SONG RENDERED IN SIGN LANGUAGE.

take place till eleven centuries later. The instruction of deaf-mutes in articulate speech is not mentioned again till toward the end of the fifteenth century, when Rudolph Agricola, professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, is said to have trained a deaf-mute to speak.

About the same time the Spaniard, Ramirez de Carrion, undertook the education of the deaf and dumb Prince Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy-Carignan; and another Spaniard, Pierre de Castro, physician to the Duke of Mantua, educated Prince Thomas of Savoy, who was also deaf and dumb. In Germany, J. Pasch, preacher to the Court of Brandenburg, in 1578 taught two deaf-mute children successfully by means of articulation. Rabelais mentions a young Italian called Nello de Gabrielts, who, being deaf, yet understood all that was said to him by watching the lips of the speakers. But to Spain and to Spanish monks belongs the honor of first inaugurating a special education for teaching deaf-mutes language, and Spanish monasteries were the first institutions for such purpose.

Pedro de Ponce was born at Valladolid in 1530, and became a monk in the Benedictine Monastery of San Salvador at Sahagun. He educated three children, the brothers and sister of the Grand Constable of Castile, and also another youth, the son of the Grand Justiciary of Aragon, all of whom were born deaf-mutes. He taught them not only to read and write, but also to answer any questions they were asked. The register of his monastery says of him: "He was distinguished by his eminent virtue, and obtained a just celebrity by teaching deaf-mutes to speak."

He was succeeded in his labors by another monk called Juan Pablo Bonet, who was attached to the secret service of the King of Spain.

Bonet published several works, and in one, called "The Art of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb to Read," he tells us that his method is "artificial pronunciation, the manual alphabet, writing and gestures, or the language of signs." From this book the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée derived his system.

In 1616, Giovanni Bonifacio, a celebrated jurist, showed how, by the aid of signs, language could be made visible, and so taught to deaf-mutes; and after him, a Jesuit of Brescia, the Padre Sana Terzi, invented a means of teaching them to articulate words and sentences.

In 1648 an English physician, John Bulwer, wrote several books on the subject of the education of deaf-mutes, the chief of which was entitled, "Philocophus; Or, The Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend," and therein he undertook to show, as he himself says, "the philosophic verity of the subtile art, which may enable one with an observant eye to hear what any man says by the movement of his lips; so that a man born deaf and dumb may be taught to hear the sound of words with his eyes, and thence learn to speak with his tongue."

George Delgarno, of Aberdeen, who kept a grammar school at Oxford, next wrote a book called "The Art of Signs: An Universal Alphabet and a Philosophic Language," and also another one called "Didascalocophus; Or, The Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor."

At about this same time, Dr. John Wallis, Savilian professor of mathematics at Oxford, started as a practical teacher of the deaf and dumb, and with such successful results as to be able to exhibit one of his pupils, David Halley, before the Royal Society in 1662.

In 1669 Dr. William Holder, rector of Bletchington, published a book, "Elements of Speech," with an appendix concerning persons deaf and dumb, and he disputed with Dr. Wallis the priority of his claim to be considered a teacher of deaf-mutes, even going so far as to say that he had taught one whom Wallis claimed as his pupil.

In Holland we find Peter Montanus instructing the deaf and dumb; and, in 1667, F. M. Van Helmont published a tract called "Alphabetum Naturæ," showing how the deaf can be taught to speak.

But it was a Swiss who, in Holland, first introduced the system known now by the name of the "German" or "oral" method, though it might be called the Anglo-Saxon or Spanish method, seeing that it was the one used by John of Beverley and Pedro de Ponce, long before this time.

John Conrad Amman was born at Schaffhausen in 1669. He was at first a doctor of medicine, but afterward turning his attention to teaching the deaf, is generally considered to be the founder of the German or oral method, as opposed to the French or sign method of the Abbé de l'Epée.

In France, early in the eighteenth century, there appeared as a teacher of deaf-mutes Jacopo Rodrigues Pereira, born at Berlanga, in Estremadura. Pereira was a most successful teacher, but he confined his labors to a chosen few amongst the rich and noble, and so did little to call for the gratitude of deaf-mutes as a class. Kruse, of Leignitz, and Schultze, of Dresden, also took up the work of educating the deaf and dumb. "But," to use the words of Dr. Dasent, in his lecture upon this subject to the Society of Arts, "these were but the individual efforts of isolated philanthropists, though they are remarkable as agreeing in one thing, and that was the possibility of instructing this afflicted class of persons in articulate speech."

The first result of the discovery that deaf-mutes were rational beings, and not imbeciles, was a very painful one for the class affected. It is now an acknowledged fact that the majority of deaf-mutes are dumb only because they cannot hear, and that the fault lies therefore in the organ of hearing, not in that of speech. But at first this fact was not recognized, and surgeons declaring that the affliction arose from a defect in the latter, and not the former only, the unfortunate deaf-mute was subjected to all kinds of painful operations of the tongue, throat and tonsils. And although as early as 1570, Valles, the surgeon of Philip II. of Spain, declared the fault to lie in the hearing, it was only in quite modern times that this useless and cruel practice was abandoned.

But at last a brighter day dawned for deaf-mutes throughout the world, and the poorest and most friendless were to participate in the blessings of that education which, as yet, had been only extended to few, and those mostly of the higher classes. For in the beginning of the eighteenth century were born the Abbé de l'Epée in France; and in Germany Samuel Heinicke, who, with the Scotchman, Thomas Brainwood, were the first founders of special institutions for the education and training of deaf-mutes in all ranks of society.

The Abbé de l'Epée was born at Versailles on November 25th, 1712. The way in which his attention was called to the special training of deaf-mutes was in this manner. Having occasion to visit a certain widow in Paris, he found her on his arrival absent from home, and only two young girls, her daughters, sitting in the room and sewing. The girls received the abbé respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother, the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman, "it is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb!" The abbé, filled with pity,

asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, the Father Vanin (who, with the Abbé Deschamps, had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb), had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement which caused the Abbé de l'Epée to begin his first institution for deaf-mutes at Paris in 1760, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1789. His memory is still, and will ever be, held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb in that city on the anniversary of his birth. He was succeeded in his labors by the Abbé Sicard, Bebion, and others.

Samuel Heinicke was born in Germany in 1729, and died in 1790. He perfected the oral system of Amman, and commenced his work at Dresden in 1754. From 1768 to 1778 he taught a great number of deaf-mutes at Eppendorf, near Hamburg; but in 1778 he removed to Leipsic, and there founded an institution under the patronage of Frederick-Augustus of Saxony. Heinicke rested the principal stress of his instruction upon the learning of speech, and held the sign-language to be unnecessary and even perilous. He was soon involved in a controversy with De l'Epée, and as out of mercenary motives he concealed his method and only pointed to the results, the Abbé had a great advantage over him in the opinion of their contemporaries.

Professor Formaci, in his "Sordo Muto che Parla," gives us the following summary of both these systems. Of De l'Epée's he says:

1. The education of the deaf and dumb should be transferred to the eye, as that which cannot enter by the door (the ear) can be introduced by the window (the eye).

2. The visible form of our language is alone suitable to the deaf and dumb, then writing, and to this form their acquisition of language should be restricted.

3. Ideas have no more affinity for their symbols in sound, than for those in writing.

4. All then lies in translating into writing that arbitrary and conventional link which unites speech with thought.

5. The deaf and dumb can indeed learn to speak, but the results do not by any means correspond with the time and labor required, and therefore have no practical importance, and would not be an equivalent for the loss which the mental education would suffer from the absence of the voluntary extension of mechanical (mimic) exercises.

6. The use of the manual alphabet by the deaf and dumb supplies their aptitude to speak.

7. Every deaf-mute who is not imbecile is in possession of the language of gestures, which is to him a mother tongue.

8. To instruct the deaf and dumb in our language, which is a foreign language to him, and generally to instruct him, one has continually to employ his mother tongue (signs) as a medium, as any one who can speak would have were he to learn a foreign language.

9. Whatever may be the intelligence of the deaf and dumb, their language of gestures remains limited and unequal to their requirements; the teacher ought therefore to aim, as a primary thing, at developing and perfecting, materially and formally, this essential means of acquiring knowledge, so that it may suffice as an exclusive means of instruction.

10. Such an improvement is best pursued in the manner most conformable to the object, after the rules and forms of the language which the deaf and dumb shall learn; so that such modes of expressing himself shall differ only from writing by being the signs of the hand (manual alphabet).

11. There is no impediment to the said culture of signs.

12. The language of signs is the one form in which the deaf and dumb can think.

So far De l'Epée. Heinicke, on the contrary, says:

1. Human thought is not so possible either by gestures or by writing as by the spoken word only.

2. The deaf-mute desires to be taught to speak and read aloud.

3. He cannot remember the infinite variety of the complex combination of written letters to serve his purpose in writing.

4. The deaf-mute cannot advance to and acquire abstract ideas by means of gestures and writing, but solely by the use of spoken language.

5. The method of De l'Epée, which is to teach language to the deaf by gestures and writing, is to be altogether rejected, because it makes them no better than writing-machines.

6. My method has made extraordinary progress in two or three years, and enables the pupil, awake or dreaming, to think in spoken language.

7. The true method of instructing the deaf-mute should be based solely on spoken language, and this on the palate or touch, which takes the place of the absent ear.

8. He can employ the manual alphabet, but only to associate ideas.

9. For signs of ideas and for thinking, there is nothing for the deaf and dumb but speaking and writing.

The experience of more than a century appears to have convinced Europe that Heinicke was right, and his adversaries wrong; but in spite of his system of teaching being now held to have been a mistaken one, the gratitude of mankind is due to the Abbé de l'Epée for his large-hearted and disinterested charity, which took pity upon those for whom others had no pity, viz., the deaf-mutes, who were most numerous amongst the poorest.

About the same time that the Abbé de l'Epée opened his little school in Paris, Thomas Braidwood established in Edinburgh the first asylum for deaf and dumb in Great Britain. He began at first with one pupil, and this asylum became the model and parent of all the earlier British schools for deaf-mutes. Its local name of Dumbiedikes recalls to one's mind Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."

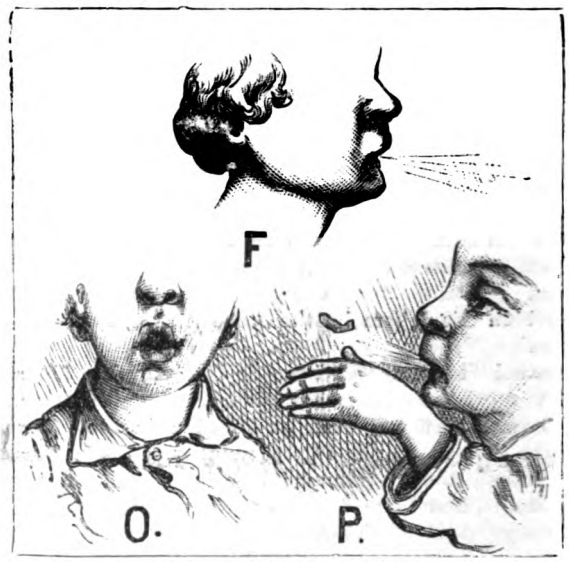
The next asylum founded in the United Kingdom was in 1792, and it was called "An Asylum for the Support and Education of Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children." This institution was opened at Bermondsey with six pupils, and it was soon found necessary to erect a larger building. This was done in the Old Kent Road, and the foundation-stone was laid in 1807, by the late Duke of Gloucester, who became its munificent patron. Upward of 4,500 deaf-mutes have received its benefits, and it has to-day over 320 children under its care. The children of poor parents are apprenticed to various trades, and 1,730 children have thus been apprenticed during the past seventy years, at a cost of over £16,000. In 1875 the Prince and Princess of Wales opened a branch asylum at Margate. The oral system is here, as in most other places, displacing the old conventional sign system.

From these two institutions thus founded sprang up others in different parts of the kingdom: at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and others, and amounting, according to the latest returns, to forty-six.

There are fifty-five asylums and schools for deaf-mutes in the United States and Canada. In nearly all, the improved French or manual system is employed, although more or less instruction in articulation is also given. The controversy as to the relative value of the two systems of instruction—the oral and the manual—is still in progress. While in the United States the authorities are practically on the side of the manual or sign method, the oral seems to have the preference in Europe. This was the decision of the Milan Congress of deaf-mute teachers in 1880, and of the Brussels International Congress three years later.

The New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes has long devoted special attention to

HOW TO ARTICULATE THE VOWEL "A."



HOW TO ARTICULATE THE LETTERS "F," "O," "P."

the work of teaching articulation and the understanding of spoken language. Two of our illustrations refer to the principles upon which this instruction is based.

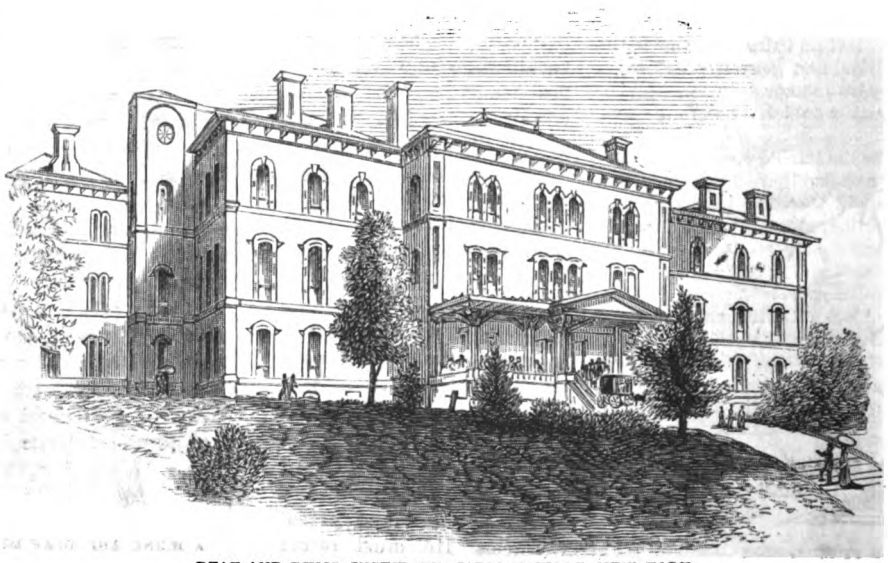
Every sound made by the human voice necessitates a certain action and position of the vocal organs. The lips, especially, play an important part in making the positions visible.

If the reader will press his upper teeth over his lower lip and expel the air from his lungs, he will unconsciously produce the force of the letter "f." Thus the teacher, in explaining to the child the method of articulating "f," causes it to place its teeth and lips as above, and the task is accomplished. (See illustration.)

A CAFE FOR DEAF-MUTES IN VIENNA.

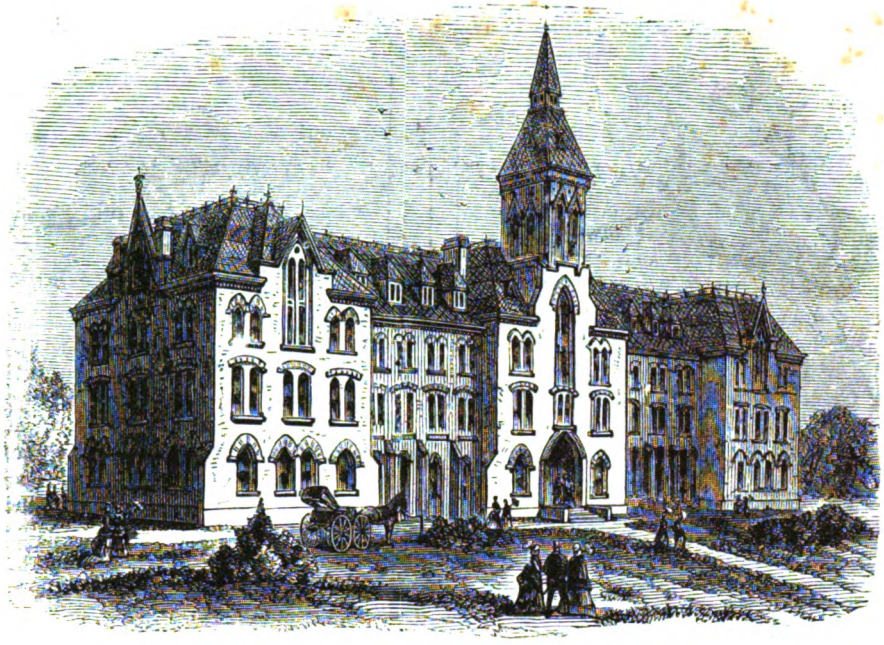
"O" is a very simple sound, caused by forming a circle with the lips. The child, imitating the teacher, expresses the vowel without the slightest difficulty. (See illustration.)

To indicate the force of the letter "p," the lips are placed to imitate the puffing of a pipe, and the teacher makes a corresponding motion. The points of the lips come together, and are then separated with a peculiar force that produces the force of "p." If a little bit of paper be placed upon the back of the hand and held up



DEAF-AND-DUMB INSTITUTE, CARMANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

to the mouth, the air formed by the contraction and expansion of the lips in pronouncing "p" will be sufficient to blow it away. (See illustration.) The child, watching this exhibition, and treating the act more as amusement than a task, imitates the puffing, blows away the paper, and without strain or study acquires the correct force of the letter "p."



DEAF-AND-DUMB INSTITUTE, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

When the motion of "p" is made with an additional vocalization and vibration, the result is "b." This vibration is felt in the throat. The above are only a few illustrations of the principle on which this system is founded. More complicated sounds require fuller and more varied explanation. The first element necessary in a pupil's composition is "imitation." He must learn to imitate every expression produced by the teacher's vocal parts. The conscientious tutor of articulation requires wonderful patience and perseverance. He must resort to all sorts of devices to quicken the comprehension of his pupil. Very frequently the mere showing of the position of the lips will not suffice to make the child produce the sound. For instance, to articulate the vowel "a" in *father*, the mouth must be opened wide, and the tongue kept down. Very often the teacher is

DESCRIBING ANIMALS WITH THE HANDS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER BY SIGNS.

THE FIRST LESSON.

A BLIND AND DEAF MUTE CONVERSING.

compelled to hold down the child's tongue before it can be taught to sound this correctly. A bookfolder is made to do service in such cases. (See illustration.)

If the tongue be permitted to curl up with the point touching the upper teeth on the inside, the letter "l" would result instead of "a." Thus, every sound is taught by visible expressions; but it is not in our province to explain the method of each one. We have given sufficient to indicate the system by which the deaf-mute is taught to articulate.

The numbers of deaf-mutes in the world are roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000, and of these sixty-three per cent. are said to be born deaf, the others losing their hearing by different accidents. The numbers of deaf-mutes in Great Britain amount probably to about 20,000. To meet the educational wants of these, there are on the face of the globe 397 institutions, containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes, and employing over 2,000 teachers.

The causes of deaf-mutism are, according to the Abbé Lambert and other authorities, damp atmosphere, uncleanliness, bad air in dwellings; certain occupations followed by the parents, such as laundresses, excavators, miners, weavers, and all who have to work in damp and badly ventilated places; the age of the parents, either when one or both are too young, or in cases where the mother is much older than the father (the opposite does not matter), developing in, rarely the first, but often the second and third, generation of deaf-mute progenitors, scrofulous and nervous temperaments; marriages of consanguinity, a fault in the construction of the ear, fright, grief, or ill-treatment of the mother before the birth of her infant, awkwardness of midwives at the birth, exposure to cold directly after birth, and the innumerable maladies to which children are subject during teething, convulsions, fevers, and many other causes, some of which have not yet been fathomed. Drunkenness in one or other of the parents is also a predisposing cause, and on this point a Swiss collector of Statistics, M. Merkle, says that he found the fewest deaf-mutes or half-deaf in the wine districts, and the most in the districts where spirit (*eau de vie*) was the favorite drink of the inhabitants. Canon Moufang, of Mayence, says that more than one-fourth of the deaf-mute children admitted to the institutions are the issue of marriages between relations, and the editor of the German *Organ for Deaf and Dumb* gives the following statistics upon the same object: "In Berlin the greater number of deaf-mutes is found amongst the Israelites, where consanguineous marriages are frequent, and the smaller number amongst the Catholics, to whom such marriages are forbidden. The proportions in that city are: Amongst the Jews, one in 675; the Evangelicals, one in 2,175; and the Catholics, one in 5,179."

In China, on the contrary, where the law positively forbids such marriages, the numbers of deaf-mutes are very few.

The National Academy of Science, not long since, transmitted to Congress a memorial prepared by Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone-inventor, on the danger of the formation of a race or variety of deaf-mutes by intermarriage. This aroused a spirited opposition on the part of the people most interested.

They do not hesitate to criticise what they call the professor's bigotry. He urges that marriages between deaf-mutes should be discouraged, because their children are, in most instances, deaf-mutes. That is a result which is flatly disputed. J. F. J. Fresch, one of the most intelligent and most prominent of this class in New York, writes to a Washington paper: "Out of the 500 married mutes in New York city, we know of only half a dozen whose children are deaf and dumb. Out of the 500 mutes in Brooklyn, not one has deaf and dumb children. Very few children are born deaf and dumb—they become so by sickness or accident. At the Wisconsin Deaf-mute School, out of the 700 cases recorded, only three pupils are the children of deaf and dumb parents."

Mr. Fresch adds: "Professor Bell thinks that marriages between mutes and oral persons would be a godsend, and that such union can only be effected by employing the articulation system among mutes. We cannot agree with this position. Whenever a mute enters into marriage relations with a hearing person, peace and contentment disappear."

This last shot will fall harmless at the professor's feet. His wife, as is perhaps not generally known, is a deaf-mute, and a very highly esteemed lady here. The domestic relations of Professor Bell are considered unusually happy. He has carried out his ideas in regard to the articulation system so successfully, that Mrs. Bell is able to understand perfectly what is being said by any one addressing her.

Interesting articles have from time to time been written about those deaf-mutes who, in spite of their infirmity, have attained to distinction in the arts, literature, business and other walks of life. The New York *World* recently published an interesting compilation on this subject, which included the following paragraph:

"Deaf-mute poets are more numerous than is suspected. One of the best-known is Mr. John Carlin, of this city. Mr. Carlin was born deaf and dumb. The others are generally semi-mutes. Besides being a poet, Mr. Carlin is a portrait-painter of some note. He is over eighty years of age now, and is not regularly occupied. Mr. Carlin is also one of the best-known orators in deaf-mutedom. Another wonderful deaf-mute poet, who has recently published a volume of poems called the 'Venture,' is Miss Angie Fuller, of Savannah, Ill., complimentary letters on which were received from Whittier, Holmes and others. Other well-known deaf-mute poets who have frequently appeared before the public are Miss Jennings,' Howard Glyndon,' and Mrs. M. T. Peet."

The above has elicited an interesting reply from "Howard Glyndon" (Mrs. Laura Reddon Searing). She disclaims the right to be numbered amongst the deaf-mutes, saying:

"I lost my hearing when over ten years of age, and speech to a great extent afterward, though I recovered it by dint of successful training years ago. I have not heard of any truly deaf-mute woman who ever wrote poetry, all of those whom you mention being what are called semi-mutes, in contradistinction to deaf-mutes—though I regard the term semi-mute as particularly offensive in such cases, it being used to designate persons who are deaf and not dumb, though its real meaning is half dumb or half mute. All those women whom you have cited can speak, and, though you have given me but indefinite mention among them, I believe I am the only one of them that makes literature an avocation. I believe, too, that I am the only one of them that has published two distinct volumes of poems."

H. Humphrey Moore, the well-known artist, who is now in Paris, is a deaf-mute. His studio was formerly at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York city. Mr. Moore's masterpiece is entitled "Almeh." The scene is laid in the "Hall of the Two Sisters," in the Alhambra, which is reproduced in all its magnificence of coloring. This picture was exhibited in the art-galleries of the Centennial Exposition, where it excited the most intense admiration, and was honored by the medal of the Exposition, and named on the first list of awards. In 1865 Mr. Moore went to Europe. It was at Granada that he first made the acquaintance of his beautiful wife, the very type of Spanish loveliness, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer of the Spanish army. From

Granada he went to Tangier and Morocco. During his residence in Morocco he formed many intimate friendships among the Moors of the higher class. Then he went to Rome. Here he was elected a member of the Cercle des Artistes Internationales.

One of the best known metal-engravers in Boston Mass., is Wallace H. Krause. He is a deaf-mute. Any one who has seen and admired the medals presented to the rescuers of the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *City of Columbus*, which was wrecked at Gay Head, January 18th, 1884, will be surprised to hear that they are all the work of a deaf-mute.

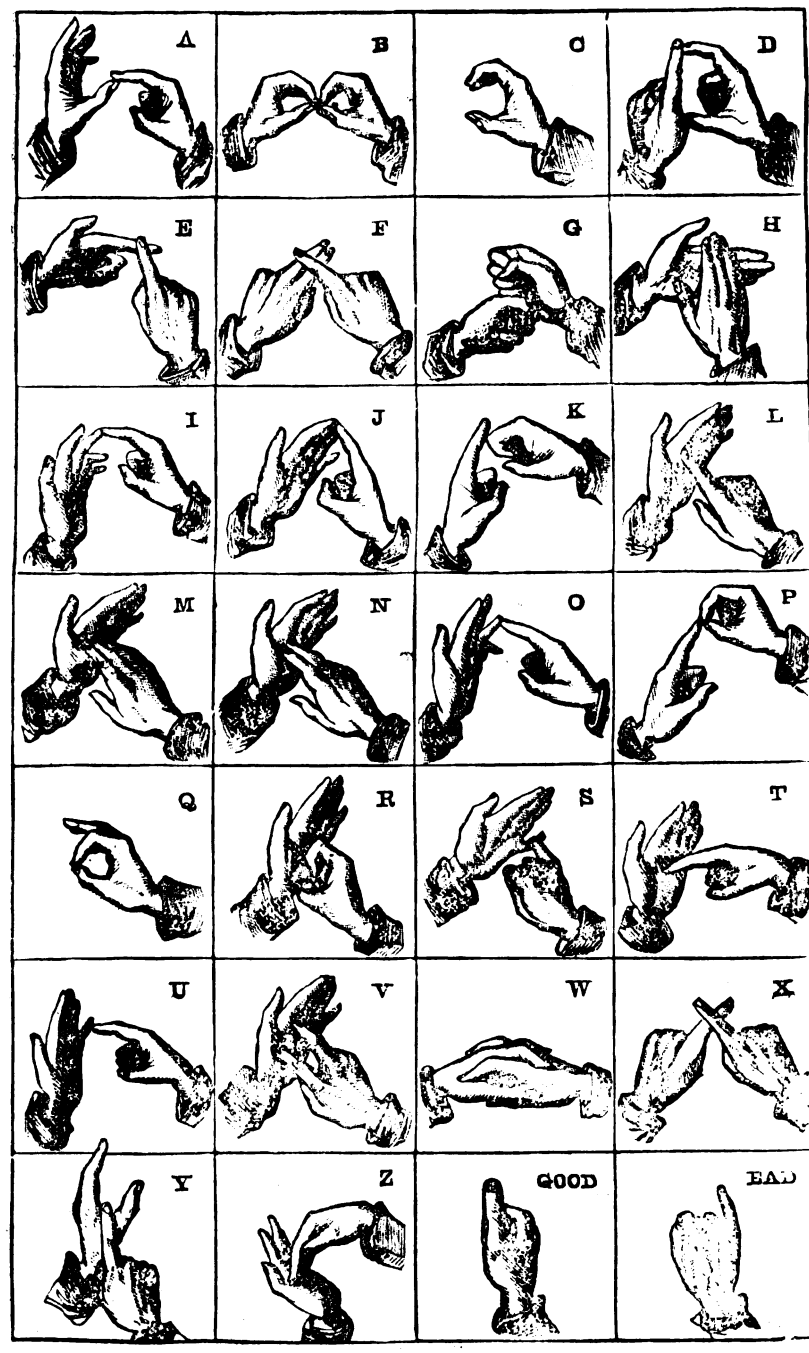
Probably one of the best known and most influential deaf-mutes in the country is Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H. This gentleman is over eighty years of age, and was one of the first pupils to attend the old American Asylum at Hartford.

The deaf-mutes publish several journals of their own. Nearly all of these are published at the State institutions. The largest of these is the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, a four-page weekly, published at the New York Institution. Its editor is Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who was elected President of the National Convention of Deaf-mutes in 1883. This paper has correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States, and in several European cities, with a large subscription list. It discusses questions of all sorts relating to the education, employment and interests of deaf-mutes, and its influence in this direction is very great. The only deaf-mute paper that is independent of State aid is the *National Deaf-mute Leader*, published at Brooklyn. Its editor is Mr. A. W. Bond.

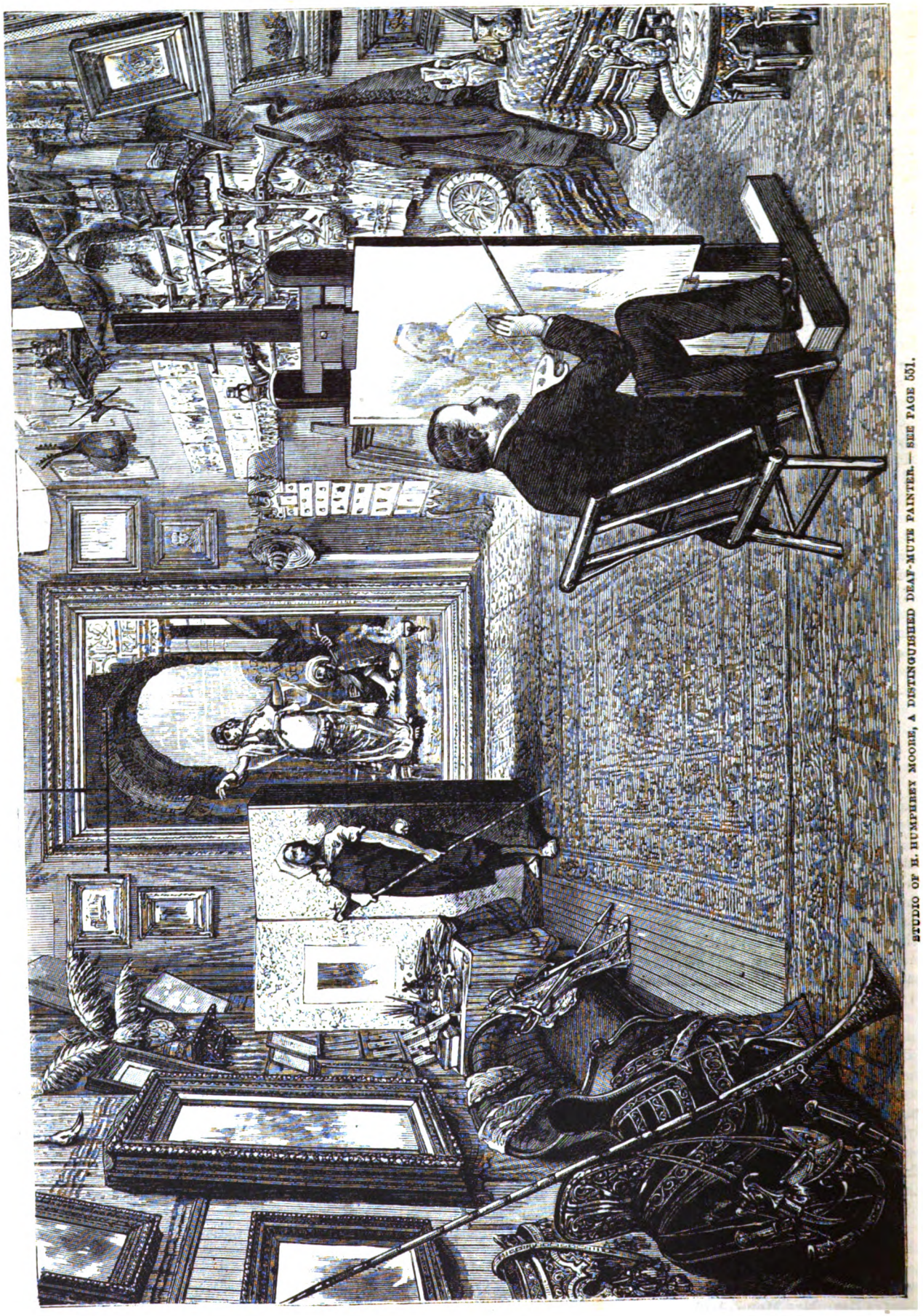
In the Lord's Vineyard, too, we find the deaf-mutes at work.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, a son of the founder of the American Asylum, is pastor of St. Ann's Church in West Eighteenth Street. Services for deaf-mutes in the sign-language are held every Sunday afternoon at half-past three, and the average attendance at these services is about one hundred. About twelve years ago, the church mission to deaf-mutes of the Protestant Episcopal Church was established. It is a society independent of St. Ann's Church, though it generally meets there. The Protestant Episcopal Church was the first to take up the work of looking after the religious training of deaf-mutes after they leave school. Recently Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia; Rev. Job Turner, of Romney, W. Va.; and Rev. Mr. Moun, of Cleveland, O., all deaf-mutes, were admitted to Orders in this Church. They are now traveling from city to city, preaching at stated intervals to deaf-mute congregations. Rev. Job Turner has the control of the southern part of the United States; Rev. Mr. Moun looks after the western part; and Rev. Mr. Syle preaches every Sunday in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Besides Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's, there are connected with the church two other clergymen. About five years ago the Catholics saw the necessity of establishing similar instructions, and this undertaking was placed in the hands of the Rev. Father Costin, of St. John's College, who established a Sunday afternoon service in St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth Street. After two years of labor, which met with great success, he made way for the Rev. Father T. J. A. Freeman, who still conducts this worthy work.

This chapter might be added to indefinitely; but enough has been written to show that, with proper training, the deaf-mute section of the "abnormal classes" more than repays the increasing labors in its behalf.



ALPHABET OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.



STUDIO OF H. HAYNEMEYER NOON, A DISTINGUISHED DEAF-MUTE PAINTER. — SEE PAGE 551.

A DESPERATE PLOT.—"WITH A QUICK, SHARP BLOW SHE SEVERED THE ROPE THAT HELD THE HEAVY CURTAIN-POLE ALOFT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SONG OF THE GIBBET.

By Alfred Thompson.

[*As recited by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in his new play, "The King's Pleasure." Louis XI. was accustomed to hang criminals in groups in the forest.*]

There's a forest, on whose branches
Stretching forth like withered arms,
Clusters hang of fruit that blanches
In the sun—but never warms.
'Neath the leaves are ravens tenting.
Kites are hovering on the wing
Round about—the harvest scenting,
In the orchard of the King.

Ye who love or pity cherish,
Come not near those laden boughs,
Here must hearts in terror perish,
Or to rebel thoughts arouse.
What's this sound the wind is bringing?
Do the foul birds dare to sing?
'Tis the creak of corpses swinging
In the orchard of the King.

envoi.

Prince! within that orchard bleaching,
Thick as beads upon a string,
Clusters hang, to conscience preaching,
In the orchard of the King.

A DESPERATE PLOT;

Or,

AN INCIDENT NOT DOWN IN THE BILL.

"Then I am to understand that there is some one in the way—some one whom you love, eh, Miss Carlton?"

"I do not know, sir, that I have given you reason to understand so, but since you have brought it to this issue—— Yes, there is some one in the way—some one whom I love, Mr. Green."

The tone was contemptuous.

"And he is——"

"Harold Laforme."

"Humph!"

There was a brief pause, during which the man ogled his companion with his amorous eyes.

"Don't forget, Miss Carlton, Laforme is poor, while I am wealthy, and you might do much worse than to marry me. Oh, I'll give you such a turnout as will set the town afire with envious jealousy." Here the man sidled closer to the woman, and endeavored to take her hand. "You shall have diamonds, and——"

"Silence, sir! Do you think to buy me with your gold?" She stepped quickly to a bellcord, which she nervously pulled. "Harold Laforme's love would soften poverty, while yours could only embitter affluence. James," she continued, turning to a servant who had entered in response to her summons, "show this gentleman to the door."

The man turned ashy pale, and trembling with rage as he passed her, he bent his head close to her face, and hissed:

"Have a care! Mark my words, the day will come when you shall rue this. You cannot marry Harry Laforme. I will kill him first!"

"Go, sir!" she cried, haughtily, drawing her beautiful form up proudly. "I despise you and your threats."

With a muttered curse he slunk away.

Nicholas Green, lessee and manager of the Grand Olympic, was not a prepossessing man in appearance. Short and stout, his figure was devoid of grace, while the small bullet-head, set close upon his shoulders, was unmarked by beauty of face or form. Still, Nicholas was a vain man, and made up for nature's slights by artificial means. That is to say, he patronized an ultra-fashionable tailor, and paid unusual attention to his costuming.

Notwithstanding the diversity of opinions held regarding Nicholas's appearance, there were two points on which the majority coincided with him. The first was the fact of his extreme shrewdness, and the second and more important, of his immense wealth; but again there was an open question, in which the public took sides against Green, and this was his integrity.

So the majority were agreed that Nicholas Green was a wealthy, shrewd, unprepossessing rascal, while Nicholas himself differed strongly with them only in the matter of the latter couplet.

Howbeit, while it was generally conceded that he was a rascal, people were a trifle guarded in alleging it, as the conviction, although having taken a firm hold, was only an intuitive impression, and without evidence with which to establish it as a fact, for Nicholas was shrewd, as agreed.

As he left Miss Carlton's hotel he was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Miss Bertha Carlton was his leading lady, extremely attractive in her youth and beauty, and Nicholas had for once so far forgotten himself as to fall in love with her—that is to say, he was influenced by her exquisite face and form in a desire to possess her.

He could not love; he was incapable of a pure passion; but all his gross, sensual nature was aroused by this woman, and he determined to marry her. Not but what he would have preferred an easier and less exacting method of satisfying his amorous inclinations; but that Bertha Carlton should ever consent to become his mistress he was clear-sighted enough to see was impossible.

Calling himself a fool for his pains, he had proposed to to her, never, in his conceit, harboring a doubt but what the glitter of his wealth would overcome any scruples of the heart which might for a moment deter her; but he was mistaken.

Bertha Carlton's pure soul revolted at the thought, and her heart, already in another's keeping, shuddered at the man's audacity. So Nicholas, as he walked rapidly away from the scene of his unsuccessful encounter, was filled with conflicting emotions.

His desires were as strong as ever, but his heart was full of rage, and he plotted revenge; and so adept was he at this sort of business, that, ere he had walked a block, he had resolved upon a scheme which was worthy of his devilish mind.

He rubbed his coarse, fat hands in glee, and chuckled to himself.

"He cannot refuse," he muttered, concluding his rascally thoughts aloud. "He cannot refuse, for I have him in my power."

A vigorous slap on the back at this point so startled him, that for a moment he trembled like a leaf.

"Nicholas, I believe you are plotting murder!" called a loud voice.

Nicholas shuddered again at the words. Turning, he discovered his leading man, a tall, handsome fellow, of about thirty years of age. But, notwithstanding his features were conducive of a good effect, the eyes were unsteady, and did not prepossess one in favor of his character.

"You are the very man, Dayton!" cried Green, quickly, as he recognized him. "Come with me."

Without further parley, he grasped the actor by the arm and led him to a restaurant near which they were standing.

"We will drink a bottle of cham," continued Nicholas. "I have a business matter I should like to talk with you about."

The condescension was so marked that Dayton glanced at him suspiciously, but still followed him into the *café*, where they were both acquainted.

"Send up a bottle and cigars to No. 9," said Green to the waiter, as he and his companion made their way to the private room. "Breakfasted?" he continued, turning to Dayton. "No? Send up a bird, too."

"What the deuce can he want of me?" thought Dayton, at this latter act of unexpected and unusual hospitality.

But he waited patiently, after they were closeted together in No. 9, for Green to make known his desires, for he felt sure that the little man had some extraordinary favor to ask at his hands. However, Nicholas did not immediately open the ball, but sat silently gazing out of the window until the waiter had returned with the breakfast and wine.

"Fall to," he said, as the door closed behind the servant. "I can talk while you eat."

To Dayton's surprise, he rose and locked the door.

"I shall bill 'Romeo and Juliet' for Saturday night," he continued, shortly.

Dayton nodded.

"This is a little out of the usual course, but the date is open, and you are all up in it."

Dayton nodded again, waiting anxiously for something further, as he knew it would not have required a bird, a bottle and cigars to impart this information.

"You will do *Romeo*, of course; Miss Carlton, *Juliet;* and I think Laforme can handle *Tybalt.*"

Dayton did not return any response, and Nicholas paused again and fastened his gaze on the walls of the opposite house.

"Dayton, you are hard up," said Green, suddenly, without turning.

"Generally," answered Dayton, his mouth full of partridge.

"Now?"

"Humph! I suppose I could settle for this 'bot,' perhaps."

"You recollect that little piece of paper you were so kind as to negotiate?"

Dayton winced.

"I think I should like to have that taken up before Saturday," continued the little man, still intent upon the bricks across the street.

Dayton seemed to lose his appetite, and laid his fork, with which he was about to insert into his mouth a tempting bit of bird, back again on his plate.

"Confound it!" he said, moving uneasily in his chair. "I tell you I'm strapped. I couldn't take up that infernal thing if it would save my life."

"Your life is not endangered." Nicholas still counted the bricks. "But you know it might insure your liberty."

"I tell you I cannot do it," cried Dayton, sulkily, as he hastily poured down a glass of wine.

"But, Harry"— here Nicholas turned from his contemplation of the mason's handiwork, and leaning his arms on the table before him, looked at his companion with an insinuating smile—"it must be settled by Saturday."

"I tell you again, man, it is impossible—I haven't the money."

Dayton was growing desperate, and filled his glass recklessly, while he now ignored the half-picked partridge.

"But, Harry," pursued Nicholas, suavely, "I said nothing about money. I want to ask a little favor of you. If you will grant it, the note, and one hundred dollars besides, shall be yours. Will you help me?"

The man's eyes snapped nastily, and he leaned eagerly forward.

Dayton paused, with his glass half-way to his lips, and looked at Green in amazement.

About a year previously Nicholas Green's name had become attached to a note for one hundred dollars as indorser, and without his knowledge, but through the instrumentality of Harry Dayton's facile pen. Nicholas had settled it and retained the document, which he now held over the unfortunate man's head.

"What must I do?" questioned Dayton, in astonishment, setting down his glass untasted.

He would give worlds to obtain possession of the note, and for the pleasure of rending it into fragments with which the wind might play and welcome.

"Will you do it?"

"If it is in my power, most certainly."

"It is in your power."

And Nicholas Green grasped the young man's arms, and leaning across the table, whispered eagerly for a moment.

Dayton's face blanched as he finished, and starting from his chair, he gasped:

"You do not mean——"

"Sh! I mean just that. Will you do it?" he asked.

"You devil incarnate! No! A thousand times No!"

"Humph! Very well. The note goes into the hands of the authorities. I am sorry for you—extremely sorry. Forgers are not generally so very squeamish."

And Nicholas Green buttoned up his frock-coat about his form and moved toward the door, his face clothed in a disagreeable smile.

Dayton watched him, full of conflicting emotions.

Should this man carry out his threat, he would be ruined—convicted of forgery and imprisoned. The thought maddened him.

But the alternative! His blood ran cold as the whispered words of his tempter rang in his ears.

Still, the picture of a convict in a felon's stripes rose before him as Nicholas turned the key of the door and looked back at him with a sneering, taunting smile.

He darted to his side and grasped him by the arm.

"Will nothing else satisfy you?" he whispered, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"Nothing," answered the manager, roughly shaking his arm free and stepping across the threshold.

"Stop! I will do it."

"Now you are sensible."

Green returned as he spoke, and turned the key in the door again.

"Sit down," he continued, "and we will talk it over confidentially."

Like a man who had sold his soul, Dayton seated himself at the table and drained glass after glass.

Nicholas Green, his ugly little twinkling eyes flashing with suppressed rage at the thought of Bertha Carlton and her lover, then unfolded his desires in detail.

* * * * * *

"Oh, Harold, I feel an unaccountable presentiment of evil to-night! What is it?"

It was Bertha Carlton who spoke. It was Saturday night. She and Harold Laforme were standing in the green-room at the Olympic a few moments before the orchestra was "rung in."

They were both in costume, and Bertha's exquisite

form was displayed to its best advantage in the clinging drapery of *Juliet.*

As she addressed these words to Laforme, her beautiful face, upturned to him, was full of trouble and anxiety.

"Pshaw, dear! You are nervous. What is there to fear?"

Harold took her little white hand in his as he laughingly tried to reassure her.

"I do not know what there is to fear, Harold, and I dare say it is nervousness. But look!"

The trembling girl pointed to the door of the green-room.

Harold looked, and caught a glimpse of Nicholas Green as he withdrew from observation.

"Well, dear, what did you see? Only our esteemed manager, who has done you the honor to seek your hand in marriage."

There was an overt sneer in his voice as he spoke.

"That was all," she answered, clinging nervously to his arm. "But you did not see his eyes, Harold."

"No; and neither do I desire to, little one. They are scarcely objects of interest to me. Come, you are trembling; let us take a turn in the passage."

The orchestra was rung in, the play began, and the applause of the audience—for Bertha Carlton was a favorite actress—soon dispelled her despondency. The curtain was down on the second act when the call-boy knocked at Miss Carlton's dressing-room, and informed her that the manager wanted to see her in the flies.

"In the flies?" she exclaimed, unable to disguise her surprise.

"That's what he said, miss."

"Very well."

She could not understand this request. She had no business in the play that would call her to the flies, and it was certainly a strange place for an interview.

Nevertheless, she determined to go, and on her way would stop at the green-room, and notify Harold of where she was going and why; for, with the message, the strange feeling of uneasiness and fear of evil to come returned.

When she reached the green-room she found, to her disappointment, that Harold had not come down from his dressing-room, but she passed on by the prompt-box, behind which the stairs ascended to the flies.

The flies, which consisted simply of a first flooring or bridge, far above the stage, were dark and gloomy. There were myriads of ropes and cleats which were the working-gear of the heavy curtain, and countless drops spread out across the stage in dim, uncertain forms.

Leaning on the rough balustrade that guarded the outside edge of the platform, and to which the ropes and cleats were attached, stood Nicholas Green.

The light from a row of jets in the first groove shone in a narrow streak across the bridge; a dim light near the curtain added its mite to the illumination of the place, and that was all.

Nicholas watched the head of the staircase intently, and as the curtain rung up on the third act Miss Carlton appeared, and, without pausing, went directly to him.

THE SONG OF THE GIBBET.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

IN THE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.—TOURISTS NEAR WANGENBURG.—SEE PAGE 566.

"You have sent for me, sir."

As soon as the manager had recognized her, he turned his attention to the stage below, which was now lighted by the glaring footlights. He did not reply.

"You have sent for me, sir," she repeated, standing before him.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, quickly. "Stand here; my eyes cannot distinguish the characters below. Tell me of the exits and entrances and the action of the play."

She stepped to the rail to comply, thinking the manager had taken this means of viewing the scenes unobserved.

"*Mercutio* and *Benvolio* are on," she said, without turning. "Harold—*Tybalt*—enters with the *Capulets*."

"Humph!"

"*Romeo* enters."

"Dayton—good. Go on."

"They fight."

"Who—what? Who fight? Speak."

"*Mercutio* and *Tybalt*——"

"Ah!"

"*Mercutio* is wounded—they bear him out."

"Enough of that! Come, look at me!"

Startled by his words and tone, she turned quickly.

He seized her round her waist, and drew her to him with a grasp of iron. His breath was quick and hot in her face, and he bent close down to her.

"You spurned me once, but I love you still!" he cried, as she struggled weakly in her fright to escape from his embrace. "Tell me that you did not mean what you said—tell me you will be my wife."

"Never!" she cried, trembling with fear. "Unhand me, sir, or I will scream for help."

"Scream away; you'll not be heard. Think before you speak. Once more—will you be my wife?"

"Never, though you kill me!"

Again she exerted her puny strength against the man's mad passion.

"Look!" he cried, pressing her to the rail. "Tell me what's on the stage?"

She looked over, and involuntarily a cry escaped her lips.

"Harold! Harold!" she moaned.

"Yes, they fight—*Tybalt* and *Romeo*—see! Your lover is lost! The button is off Dayton's foil. He dies in a moment—watch! Not a stage death, but a death in life—the boards will be stained with the blood of *Tybalt*, Harold, your lover—watch!"

For a moment she did not realize the import of the man's words; then, with a shriek that echoed amid the fluttering drops, she turned upon him.

"Oh, Heaven! Is this true?"

"True as steel," answered Green, chuckling as he saw the terrible effect of his words. See! Would you save him?"

"Yes, yes! How? What would you do?"

"At a signal from me he is safe," answered Green, deliberately, somewhat loosening his hold upon her as he fancied his object was attained. "Without it he dies. Tell me you will be my wife, and his life is safe. Speak! See, *Romeo* forces him to the wings."

His wife! She shuddered as he spoke, and for a moment felt that she could look upon Harold's death in peace, were this the only alternative. He would not wish her to save him at such a price.

But, no; he must be saved at all costs, though not so—not so. And, dumb with agony, she looked about her breathlessly for some means of escape.

It was hopeless. Even though she wrenched herself free from the grasp of this fiend, she could not reach the stage in season to save him. If the scene could be stopped! But how?

Suddenly a light of inspiration filled her tearless, burning eyes.

With a superhuman effort she threw Nicholas from her, and was free. He made no attempt to restrain her.

"It is too late!" he hissed. "You cannot reach the stage before your lover is a corpse. Yield—be mine; it is better."

She did not answer. She had reached the staircase, but did not descend.

Against the wall, on a hook, hung a fire-ax.

Before he was aware of her intention, and with a quick movement, she tore it from its fastenings!

Still she heard the ringing of the steel. There was yet time.

With the heavy ax in her small, white hands, and her face pale and set, she flew toward the proscenium, past the manager, who now crouched in cowardly fright, with his hands upheld to shield himself from the expected blow.

She paid no heed to him, however, but rushed on.

The ringing of the swords grew fiercer. The end was near. It came!

With a quick, sharp blow, she severed the rope that held the heavy curtain-pole aloft. With a hum, a rustle, and dull thud, it fell!

The stage, shut out from the glare of the footlights thus suddenly, was in almost total darkness; but leaning over the rail, as her nerveless fingers dropped the ax, she saw, with a glad cry, Harold—safe. Both men had lowered their swords, and were looking about for an explanation of the accident. There was now no need for fear. The scene was ended.

A loud murmur of conversation came up from the auditorium.

Weak from the reaction, Bertha leaned gasping against the rail of the bridge, while Nicholas Green, scarcely comprehending what had so suddenly transpired, still crouched in fear of her.

Recovering herself sufficiently, Bertha made her way slowly to the stairs, casting a look of unutterable contempt and scorn at the baffled manager.

On reaching the stage she tottered. She was overcome with excitement; but recognizing Harold in the opposite wings, she managed to reach him, when she sank fainting in his arms as she whispered the words, inexplicable to him:

"Thank Heaven, you are safe!"

The carpenters soon discovered the cause of the accident—that is to say, they surmised that the rope had stranded, and the manager was sought to quiet the now clamoring house till the curtain could be raised.

But Nicholas Green could not be found. He had fled, fearing Bertha's disclosure, which she made as soon as ever she recovered consciousness.

Harry Dayton, too, was missing, and it became necessary to appease the wrath of the audience at the box-office.

Green and Dayton did not return, and the management of the Grand Olympic fell into the hands of Harold Laforme.

Bertha Carlton continued as leading lady, although she changed her name to that of Laforme.

IN THE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

A TOUR IN THE VOSGES.

By Katharine Lee.

Where can we go, we asked, where we cannot meet the British tourist? Tickets were advertised for everywhere; and wheresoever the Cook is, there shall the British be. The plains of Central Russia seemed about the only un-Cooked region; and as we hate plains and detest Russians, we decided not to go there.

We were going to give up any hope of quiet, when my husband began to whistle a tune.

"The very place for us," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The Blue Alsatian Mountains," I replied; "let us go there. I have longed to go among them ever since I first saw them from Strasburg, and nobody has ever been able to tell us anything about them, except that Erckmann

and Châtrian wrote about them, and that there are wolves there."

We agreed to go. We told various friends of our project. Some had never heard of the Vosges, some thought they were in the south of France, some in Switzerland, and one in Austria. We were warned by some against robbers; by others against wolves, wild boars and other fierce and noisome beasts; and one kind friend offered the loan of a revolver, which my husband refused, on the ground that, if it were loaded, it might go off and hurt some one, and if it were not loaded it would be of no use.

Our preparations were soon made. We would go away for three weeks, and take no more than we could carry—a knapsack crammed with changes of raiment, a bag of sketching-materials, a mackintosh, an ulster, an alpenstock, and an umbrella. We divided these very equally. I took the umbrella. Armed with return tickets to Strasburg and back, we sought the Calais-Douvres steamer. That estimable boats, or these estimable boat (for the dual unity of it is puzzling), "came as a boon and a blessing" to us as usual, or rather, we came to it (or them), and received the negative boon and blessing of no sea-sickness.

There was the usual scramble at Calais, caused by a large body of persons all trying to squeeze through a passage two feet in width at the same time, and a frantic rush to get something to eat, with a very small and expensive result. Calais is not beautiful, and does not smell nice; yet the train seems so loath to leave it, and hangs about it so lovingly, that one can only account for it by remembering that trains cannot smell—I mean in a grammatically active sense: passengers can. For a wonder our carriage was not overcrowded.

The low-lying Flemish country, with its green marshes and golden cornfields, its gray willows and long rows of poplars, was unusually lovely under the July sun and a faintly-clouded sky.

We had friends to meet us in Brussels, who, with a tender forethought, brought us a bag of the most enticing pastry nothings that the mind of man can conceive, or a Belgian cook's fingers execute.

We drove across the bright, pretty city, where all the servant-maids were washing the pavements with long mops—for the morrow was the Sabbath—to the Luxemburg Station. Here we were plunged into the struggling side of Belgian life. Such a fight for places in a train I never witnessed.

We had settled to stop the night at Jemelle. This was because we had never heard of any one else having done so, and we had a morbid longing after being "the first that ever burst into silent seas."

Jemelle is not important. There is nothing to see there. It is just inside the Forest of Ardennes, but the forest is not much of a forest there. Still we expected quiet at any rate.

It was dark when we arrived. The road from the station led down a steep hill, and, avoiding several omnibuses, we set out to seek a lodging. At the foot of the hill a girl accosted us, and asked if we wanted an hotel. We did, so we followed her to a little roadside inn bearing on its front the title "Hôtel de Luxembourg." It seemed clean, so we entered. A middle-aged woman came to answer our inquiries, and we were shown into a little room with bare floor and short bedsteads.

We asked the price of the room. The landlady seemed puzzled. After a consultation in the kitchen she returned, and asked if we would breakfast there.

"Certainly," we replied.

"Then," said she, "I cannot think of letting you have bed and breakfast for less than a franc each. I should be ruined if I did. I assure you it is quite the usual charge."

With the recklessness of compulsory extravagance we ordered supper in a lordly manner.

"What would we have?"

"Whatever we could get. We were hungry and had had nothing but cakes since early morning. Let them give us a good supper."

We got a good supper—exquisitely-cooked fillets of beef, salad, potatoes, sauté, cheese, fruit and excellent beer. But again the extortionate charges appeared, and they wanted a franc and a half each for this feast.

"Do you think we shall hear the trains?" said I, as we went up to bed, and a screech as of a peacock gone mad was wafted in at the open door.

"Oh, no," said my husband; "that must be the last train. Jemelle is quite a little place, and I don't think the night expresses stop here."

Then began a noise and a pandemonium of which Dante had no notion, for steam-whistles were not known in his day. Engine answered engine in jerks and shrieks and yells. Sometimes they vied with each other in loudness of sound, sometimes in length of yell, sometimes in the number of jerks per minute.

We left Jemelle at about half-past ten next morning. The station was crowded with peasants in holiday costume, for it was Sunday, and the third-class carriages seemed crammed.

The Ardennes country did not look specially inviting from the train. It is but moderately picturesque.

What they do with their frontiers in this part of the world is a puzzle to me. There was a station with a Belgian custom-house, and about five minutes afterward another custom-house told us that we were in Luxemburg. But between these two stations, though we looked out very carefully, we could distinguish nothing to mark the frontier. I don't know what we expected to see. Perhaps we should not know a frontier if we saw one.

We staid at Luxemburg till the next train in order to dine, and then went on toward Metz. We had been very lucky in empty carriages hitherto, but at some place about half-way to Metz a mob of unsavory third-class passengers were crammed into our carriage. It was a hot day, and we did not like our company. Presently my husband addressed me across the carriage in an extemporized Latin couplet:

> "Omnibus hominibus hoc sit nimis notum
> Lotharingiæ populum nunquam esse lotum."

It was a pity that he used the German pronunciation of Latin and that he had not noticed that there was a clergyman present; for a priest who was sitting in one corner of the carriage immediately entered into an elaborate Latin speech, defending the cleanliness of his countrymen. Latin conversation is not a strong point with Englishmen, so my husband answered in French, and gave him to understand that he would accept his word for it that the "populus Lotharingiæ" did wash sometimes, but that it must have been a long time ago. This seemed to please him, for he went into the most astonishing fits of laughter, and wrote down the couplet on the fly-leaf of his breviary, and talked hard all the way to Metz.

We went to look at the cathedral after we had found our hotel. It (the cathedral, not the hotel) is a beautiful building, especially on the outside, though the new color of the stone, where it has been mended since the war, gives it rather a spotty appearance.

My husband wanted to go up into the tower, and as I have no fancy for climbing narrow steep stairs, I staid below and wandered down to the lower end of the nave and sat down.

Presently my husband came down and expatiated at great length upon the beauties of the view from the tower. Metz, lying in a great plain, with her girdle of hills, had all been visible; and the three waterways into the city, and the fortifications, were all to be seen; he said the effect was very beautiful, and I have no doubt it was, but I was glad I did not go up all the same.

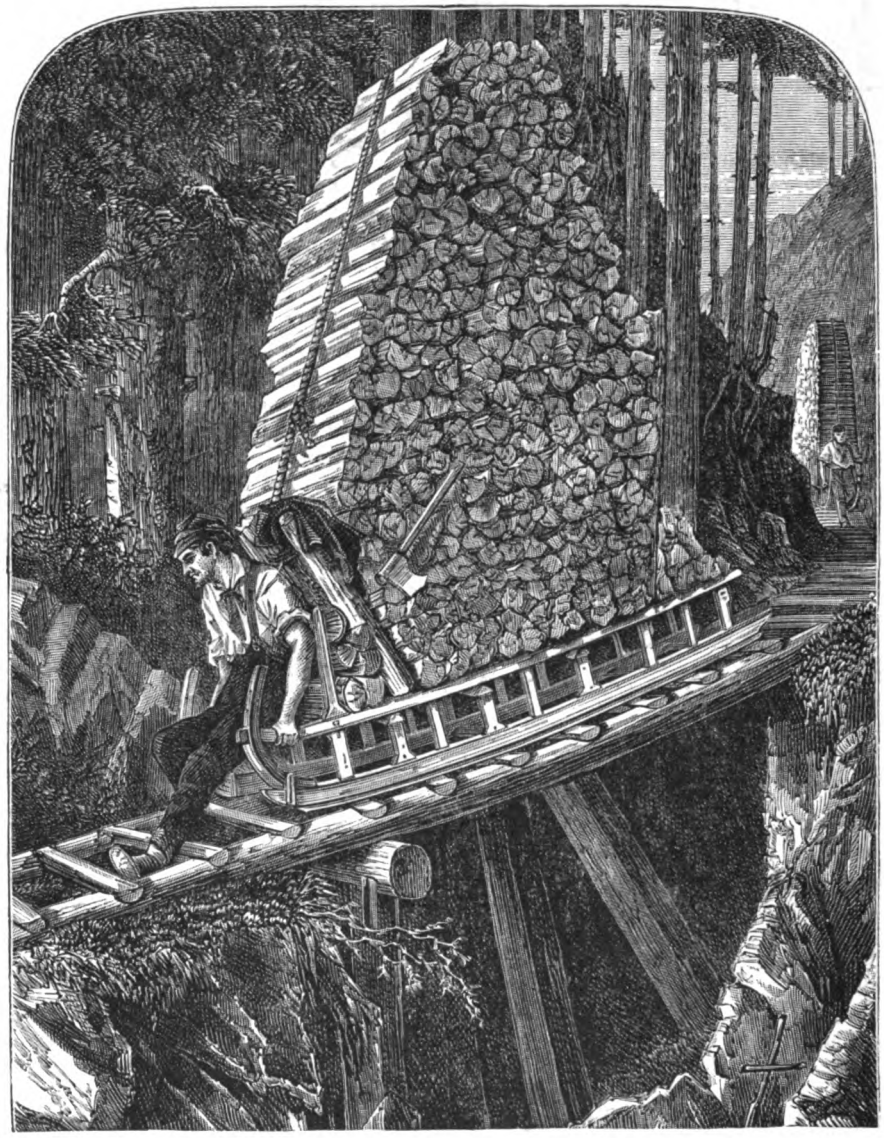
Leaving the cathedral, we went through the town, crossing the canal and river by good stone bridges. Upon one of the latter I stopped to make a little sketch, and was immediately surrounded by a group of children, all deeply interested in my drawing. The exclamations that came over my shoulders were curious: "My God, it is good!" "Jesus, how like it is!" all in the most simple way from childish lips.

My husband, by way of reproving their profane exclamations, turned upon one of these babes, and, forgetting the difference in the Catholic arrangement of the Decalogue, asked in German: "Can you say the Third Commandment?"

"Ja wohl!" was the answer, with the sauciest of grins. "Gedenke des Sabbathtages, dass du ihn heiligest," and so on, which was not at all what *we* wanted on this Sunday evening. The town did not seem in a very prosperous condition. It had somewhat of an empty, swept and garnished appearance, and strongly reminded one of the house in the parables.

It was dull weather when we left Metz; the country looked gray and marshy and dismal. We seemed a long time coming to the mountains, but it was really only three hours. At last a line of blue hills appeared. We were very much excited, and really we had no occasion to be so, for we had all along expected to find the mountains in their old place.

The Vosges are not very high about this end, but they strike away in a long line that gets bluer and bluer. Saarburg was the first station we stopped at that was really in our desired land. It is a little old crumbling town, with a dilapidated wall around it, all old and falling to pieces together; the hills rise from the back of it, and it has seen plenty of good fighting in its time. It does not look as though it will see very much more; it has ceased to be a place of much importance, and I should not think anybody would take it on a repairing lease.



THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE OF WOOD BY SLEDGE-ROADS IN THE VOSGES.

Now we were really in the Vosges. Leaving Saarburg, we plunged straight into the mountains. On each hand of us rose wooded hills, their rocky sides of red and purple sandstone showing warm and bright.

Acacia trees were largely planted along the cuttings; their intense delicate branches waved beside the carriage-windows. Every few moments we caught glimpses of lovely wooded valleys stretching away to the right and left. Then we flew shrieking into tunnels whose entrances were overhung with delicate blue harebells and long fronds of ferns. It was a lovely country, and we knew this valley of the Zorn to be the least lovely portion of it.

Zabern is a wonderfully picturesque little place. Waterways abound, and down almost every opening between the houses could be seen a rushing stream, with women kneeling beside it, or on planks floating on it, busily washing heaps of blue and white clothes. The

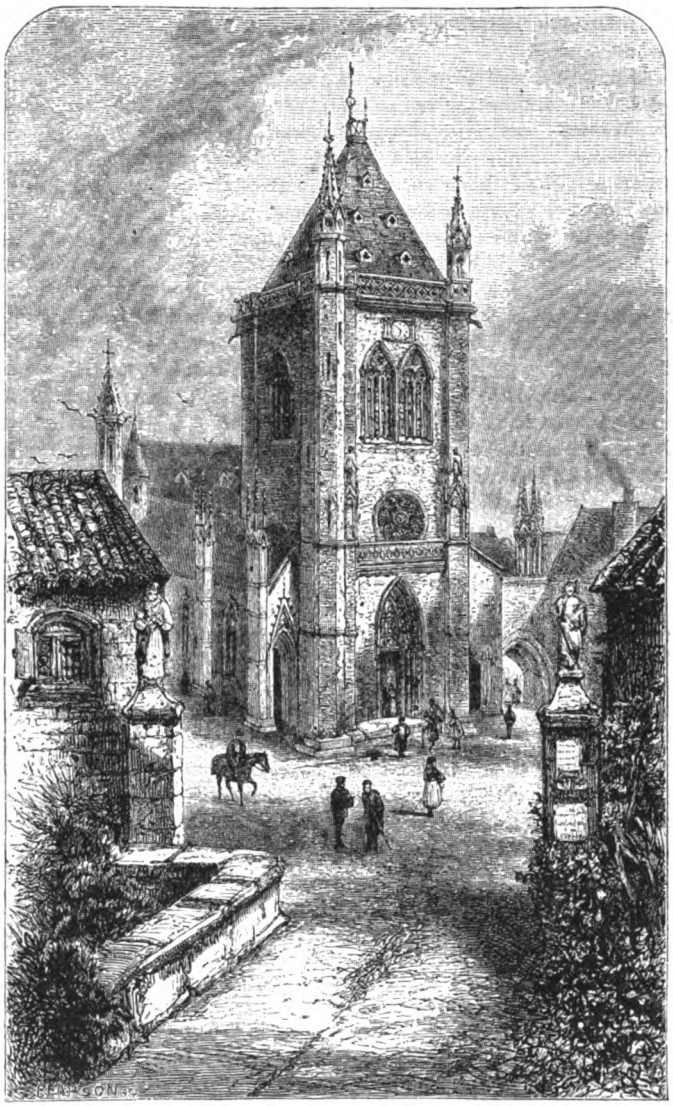
houses are old, many of them timbered, and the streets were paved, clean and pretty. An immense amount of sawing of wood was going on before the houses. Trees had been brought in from the forests, and were being split up into logs.

It rained cats-and-dogs. Fortunately we had not far to go, for the best hotel was the one at the corner of the Platz.

We were shown upstairs into a long room, with windows all on one side overlooking the Platz, but of course all carefully closed and curtained, and they had seemingly been so for some weeks. A long table was laid for the *table d'hôte* which had just begun; some dozen men were seated at it, and the remaining places were quickly filled up.

I give a description of this dinner, as it is characteristic of all the dinners at the German hotels in Alsace, the cooking being more or less good in different places:

Soup, hot, brown water, with a crust of bread in it.



THE CHURCH AT NIEDER-HASLACH.

Boiled salt fibre, served with lumps of waxy potato and pickled turnip in saucers.

Goat, or some other animal, in brown sauce, with excellent French beans cooked in butter; both very good.

Rings of fried fish, with piquant sauce (made of vinegar, oil, and chopped raw onion), served with slices of lemon and pickled gherkins; very good, indeed.

Roast beef, with salad: the latter always delicious — the former variable, but generally fairly good.

Pâtés de foie gras; abominable to me, but doubtless delightful to those who like them,

Stewed cherries and sponge-cakes.

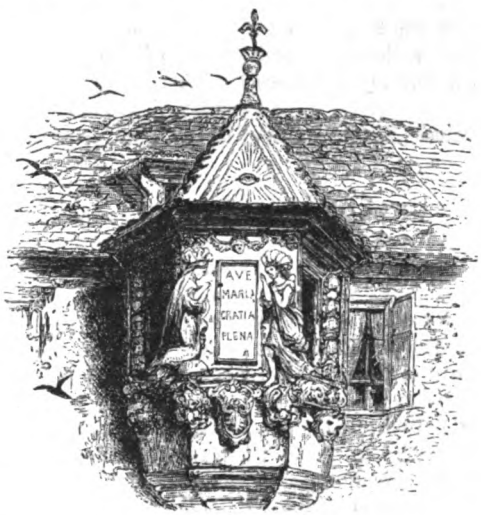
The above was a good specimen of the average Alsatian midday meal. Of course the meats varied—often poultry was served with salad, and the beef took the place of the goat's flesh; and often, alas! the *pâté de foie gras*, which at least was unobjectionable to look at, was replaced by some awful compound of some inside portions of animals—we never asked names; it may have been an innocent calf's brains, but it may not have been; we let the dish go by in silence.

We paid our moderate reckoning — five marks sixty pfennigs, which included a bottle of wine for the two of us—and went on our way rejoicing. We were going to walk to the Hoh-Barr.

We soon left the town behind us, and passed along pleasant grassy fields with fruit-trees growing in them. The road was very good, and the view down the Valley of the Zorn beautiful. After a while we left the fields and entered a wood. We had been going uphill all the way; but in the wood the path rapidly became steep and rocky.

Presently we came out upon a sort of ridge, where the trees grew thinner. We turned and looked back, and beheld a magnificent view of the valley beneath us, stretching away to the shadowy Upper Vosges.

After a somewhat rocky bit of path we came upon a broad road. This was the carriage-road that wound round the hill, and by which we might have come up the whole way if we had desired it; but we had preferred the footpath through the woods. This roadway led us now beside a huge mass of rocks, with birches and brambles, oaks and ferns, growing out of every crevice.



A WINDOW IN RAPPOLTSWEILER.

Straight down from our feet went the precipitous side of the mountain, clothed in trees whose topmost branches lay beneath us. At the bottom of this steep descent lay a broad valley, green and gold in bands of corn and wine, for vineyards were planted beside the grain. Little villages of a deep, warm, red color, stood on this vast plain; and far away in the distance rose—now

gleaming, now shadowy, a point no bigger than a needle, but alive to us with beautiful memories of form and color—the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

To our right the Hoh-Barr joined a long range of wooded hills running right down the whole length of the Rhine Valley. Of course we only saw the nearest of them, and very beautiful they were, all clothed in trees, save one bleak summit—the Schneeburg. We were to go over that, my husband said, the next day, and the view from there would be finer than the one we now saw.

The entrance is in better preservation than the rest of the castle, and exhibits a tremendous thickness and strength of masonry. For some distance it consists of a walled passage, with little rooms concealed in the walls, doubtless for purposes of reconnoitring. In common with most Alsatian castles, the building is so inextricably mixed with its rocky foundation that it is hard to tell which is castle and which is rock; and the original plan of the rocks seems to have guided the builders in their work, for the natural red sandstone is utilized in every possible manner. The place has now fallen into such a state of ruin that it is impossible to trace out even the ground-plan of it.

As we had to leave Zabern at four, in order to get to Wasselonne to meet an omnibus, we were obliged to leave the Hoh-Barr long before we wished to do so.

The walk down-hill of course was beautiful, the sweet smell of the woods and the newly-cut hay in the fields adding to its enjoyment. The weather had become simply delightful; the sky soft and blue, with a few white clouds upon it—just enough to give the charm of swiftly-passing shadow over the landscape.

We had a little time left to wander about Zabern when we got there, and to note how clean and tidy all the people were. Coming from Belgium, the neatness and good clothing struck us forcibly. In all Zabern I never saw a barefooted woman or child; every one had coarse but good sound clothing, and there was no absolute poverty visible.

Several Sisters of Mercy were at the station carrying little black boxes, containing, I suppose, their small stock of clothes. Zabern is Catholic, and, I believe, always has been so.

The land all about here is owned by peasants, and each one has his own little strip of corn, of hay, of barley, of vegetables, and so on.

We passed several little towns or large villages, their red and brown tiled roofs looking warm and comfortable. One village, Maursmünster, possessed a remarkably fine Romanesque church, which we wished we had time to stop and see. The façade has the characteristic Alsatian vaulted vestibule, and fine fourteenth-century windows along the side.

Arrived at Wasselonne, or Wasselnheim, as the Germans call it—they don't know any better—we did not find it attractive.

We found the principal street after a little while, and walked along it looking for the hotel Baedeker had recommended, the *Goldner Apfel*. We found it at last, a low white building, with the comfortable look of an old-established inn about it. The inside did not belie its external reputation. We were shown up-stairs into a large room with several windows in it, and beyond that into a large comfortable bedroom, with old walnut presses, and good beds, and a carpet. Everything was very clean and good, though in a certain sense homely.

We were much struck by the enormous size of some of the boards in the floor; the trees that produced them must have been of an immense girth.

We were not sorry to leave Wasselnheim, except for the comforts of the *Goldner Apfel* or *Pomme d'Or*—they are diglot here—whose like we probably should not encounter that night at least. But Wasselnheim was not in the mountains, and we had been rather tricked in going there at all.

The morning was fine, and our drive along the level road was very pleasant. We had a kind of carriage common in this part of the world—a sort of single Victoria, of a ramshackly and heavy make, yet comfortable for a long drive, and quite good enough for a walking tour.

Our driver was a very interesting man, and rejoiced in the gorgeous name of Kaiser. He had been a grenadier in the French army, and had been in Metz during the siege, and was seven times under fire, yet escaped without a wound. In one battle he was under "*un véritable feu du diable*," when the bullets came like rain. He appeared to have rather liked the fighting part of it, and found it preferable to being idle in Metz. He complained bitterly of Bazaine as a man who cared only for his own comfort and enjoyment, while his soldiers were undergoing privations and hardships.

I never could decide which I liked best, the green and brown of the fir forests, or the gray and pink of the beeches; whichever I happened to be going through at the time I thought most lovely.

We met several carts coming down the road; they were all much alike, were invented in the time of Pharaoh, and are composed of long slender fir poles roughly fastened together, and mounted on wheels. They were filled with logs and bark from the sawmills that abound in the mountain valleys.

We went on, getting higher and higher, and winding round numbers of hills and seeing lovely views every few minutes. Gradually the forests thinned a little, and we came to a wide upland valley, with houses in it scattered at intervals. Fruit-trees grew beside the road. We passed through a scattered village with a church in it, and finally were put down before a large hotel. This was Wangenburg.

It was a white building, with a large portico, and a sort of rough attempt at combining a flower-garden and a bier-garten in front. Several people were sitting on chairs and seats in front of the house, and in a few moments we realized our horrible position.

We had come to the Vosges for quiet, for rusticity, for freedom from tourists, and what did we find? Wangenburg, we learnt, is a great Summer resort of people from neighboring parts of Germany and the Alsace plain, on account of the great purity of the air and the bracing effect of the pine forests.

There were a great many people at the *table d'hôte*—seventy, I should think—and all more or less German, noisy, ill-dressed, and desperately hungry. The meal was a fairly good one, except for one or two fearful compounds of calves' interior arrangements which would have been better consigned to oblivion. A very thin sour wine, white or red, according to choice, was supplied in half-bottles to each person. It was rather like amiable vinegar, but had a certain amount of restorative power about it, as we found all the Alsatian wines had.

The keen delicious air was like a tonic after our walk; it was fresh without being chilly, and was sufficient to repay us for our trouble without the view. The very top of the Schneeberg is crowned by a heap of rocks, and on the flattest part of these is a diagram fixed showing the principal points of interest in the view.

We had to get down to Nideck before dark, where we hoped to find a lodging for the night; so we had to leave

as soon as we could tear ourselves away from the view. Our path lay down the opposite side of the mountain to that by which we had come up.

The Forsthaus of the Nideck was a little, prim, white building, with a door in the middle and a window on each side of it, for all the world like a suburban tea-house. It was built on the slope of the hill, and was reached by a little flight of steps from the road, and a tiny garden full of bright flowers and fruit-bushes was on one side. It was not in the rustic cottage or romantic style at all; and, except from the presence of a truly magnificent heap of manure, possessed no distinctive Alsatian feature.

After a meagre breakfast the clouds lifted a little. We saw the Valley of the Nideck, down which we were to go. I struggled into my damp boots and ulster; they had been sent into the kitchen to dry, but that desirable end had not been attained. My husband shouldered his knapsack, paid our bill, and off we started in the fond hope of getting to Nieder-Haslach in time for the *table d'hôte*, and then pushing on to Urmatt.

As we came to the turn of the road that led us into the forests it cleared still more. Hope celestial had a short time of it in our breast. Then down that treacherous rain came again, thicker and faster than ever.

At last the rain cleared a little; soft whiffs of mountain mist curled about the cliffs, and wound in and out among the gigantic pines and the wide-spreading oaks. As if in special concession to our admiration, the sun even came out for a few moments and illuminated the shining leaves and snowy water, and showed a rift of blue behind the red porphyry walls. It was lovely and wild beyond description. We hurried down the zigzag path that the Vosges Club have made on the side of the cliff, every moment getting a new view of the beautiful falls.

The valley gradually widened as we went on. The broad meadows were green and marshy; the road was running over with water and mud. Cherry-trees, stripped of their fruit, dripped dismally upon us. Not a human creature was in sight; some of the sawmills were working, but we saw no one we could ask directions from. Moreover, it would have been useless if we had, for there was but one road, so we must walk in it.

Presently we came in sight of a long straggling village, and some distance beyond it we saw a church-tower.

"That is Ober-Haslach Tower," said my husband; "now we are all right."

Wet, limp, exhausted, and famished, we trudged at last into Nieder-Haslach, and sought the longed-for portals of the *Goldner Apfel* with not a single lingering hope of a *table d'hôte* remaining in us.

The landlord of the *Apfel* came himself to meet us when we arrived at his door. He was short, he was round, but not stout; he had a bright, shrewd eye, a beaming face, an expression of tenderest commiseration and welcome as he gazed at our dripping habiliments and our hungry faces.

We dined in what clothing we had saved dry, and it was by no means a full-dress affair. I had been foolish enough to wear cotton stockings instead of the silk ones I should have worn; so my feet were sore and blistered, and I could not bear my shoes upon them, but had to wrap them up in a pair of my husband's socks.

Monsieur served us with dinner himself, in a dignified, gravely-polite manner. His son assisted him, and never entered or left the room without a bow to us that would not have disgraced a courtly gentleman.

We got to Urmatt after a walk of about an hour. There is nothing there but a station set in a soft quiet valley, with wooded mountains on both sides.

Rosheim Station is, of course, a mile or two from the town, as most Alsatian stations are.

We passed a few houses beside the road, and then came upon the city gate. Instantly our desire to leave Rosheim vanished.

The gateway that so excited our admiration was a large square tower, with a broach spire and a wide arch underneath. The city walls, with old houses perched upon them or built into them, joined it on either side, and a moat ran beneath them (or did run, for it was dry now). There were two narrower side arches to the tower and a little turret under the spire. A Romanesque pattern ran round it just under the eaves, and a large, very well done fresco of the Virgin and Child was over the principal portal. The Child held a shield on which a coat-of-arms was painted—a red rose on a white field, no doubt in unetymological allusion to the name of the city. Two lines of poplar-trees lined the road, and a group of tall poplars completed the picture.

Through the wide archway, as we came up to it, we caught glimpses of an ancient street, and as we passed the shadowy portal, and came out again into the sunshine, it seemed as though we had stepped back into a former state of existence, and found ourselves in an Alsatian city of three hundred years ago.

It was all old—there was nothing new to be seen. Had the old town been taken up and wrapped away in some storehouse hundreds of years ago, and to-day taken out and set down, it would have worn pretty much the same appearance that it did now. No incongruous new houses mingled with the old; there were no modern shop-windows, no flashy brick and stucco dwellings—not even a green shutter. The brown roofs were bulged and waving with the curvature that comes with the years they had numbered. The timber-fronted houses were black with age, yet they held stoutly together, and the plaster crumbled between their posts. Upper stories of the houses hung over the sidewalks, and the windows in them formed all manner of lines except straight ones. It was the quaintest, queerest, most uneven old street I had ever seen.

We had not gone very far before we saw another gate in front of us very like the former one, only, instead of having walls attached to it, a large, many-windowed building joined it at either side, and the words "Schul-Haus" were written on it.

Fancy a perfect eleventh-century church! a church that has not known restoration or innovation, because it was completed at once and never required it. I had never seen such a thing before, neither had my husband, and we were much delighted with it. No Gothic windows had been introduced, no Renaissance façade built up, to mar its completeness. A pure specimen of Romanesque architecture it was built, and there it remained.

But the curious things about this church that gave it such a special character of its own, were the enormous and remarkable grotesques on the gables and roofs. There was something almost diabolically weird and incongruous about these fearful contortions of stone, compared with the peaceful, quiet beauty of the building. They looked as though they had been placed there in frightful mockery.

On the very top of the roof of the nave was a gigantic and uncouth bird as big as an ox. It turned its back to the church, and was gazing with a clumsy, magnificent contempt, upon the town. At the corners were demons holding men in their grasp, and so huge that they seemed

MERRY WASHWOMEN AT THE TANK IN ROSHEIM.

to dwarf the church. But most curious of all was the figure of a man seated on the slope of the roof, where the tower joined the nave. He was cross-legged, impudent, and leering beyond description. Stone could not be more wickedly impious than this grotesque figure; he positively made one shudder. We puzzled ourselves in wondering why such dreadful figures had been perched upon the solemn, stately church.

One curious thing attracted our attention from the first. The women seemed to have a perfectly inexhaustible stock of washing on hand. We thought at first that they must be like the inhabitants of the Shetland Isles, who, as a schoolboy is said to have remarked, "gain a precarious living by washing one another'sclothes."

The town was admirably adapted for such a calling. Running down one side of the street was a broad, rapid stream of water. This was inclosed in tanks of sandstone about ten feet long by three wide, and between each tank was a stone footway about four or five feet wide. All along each side of these tanks women knelt in little wooden boxes, stuffed with straw to keep the wet out, and here they washed from early morn to late evening. The dousing and rubbing, and wringing and soaping went on all day long, and as fast as one bundle of clean wet clothes was carried off another took its place.

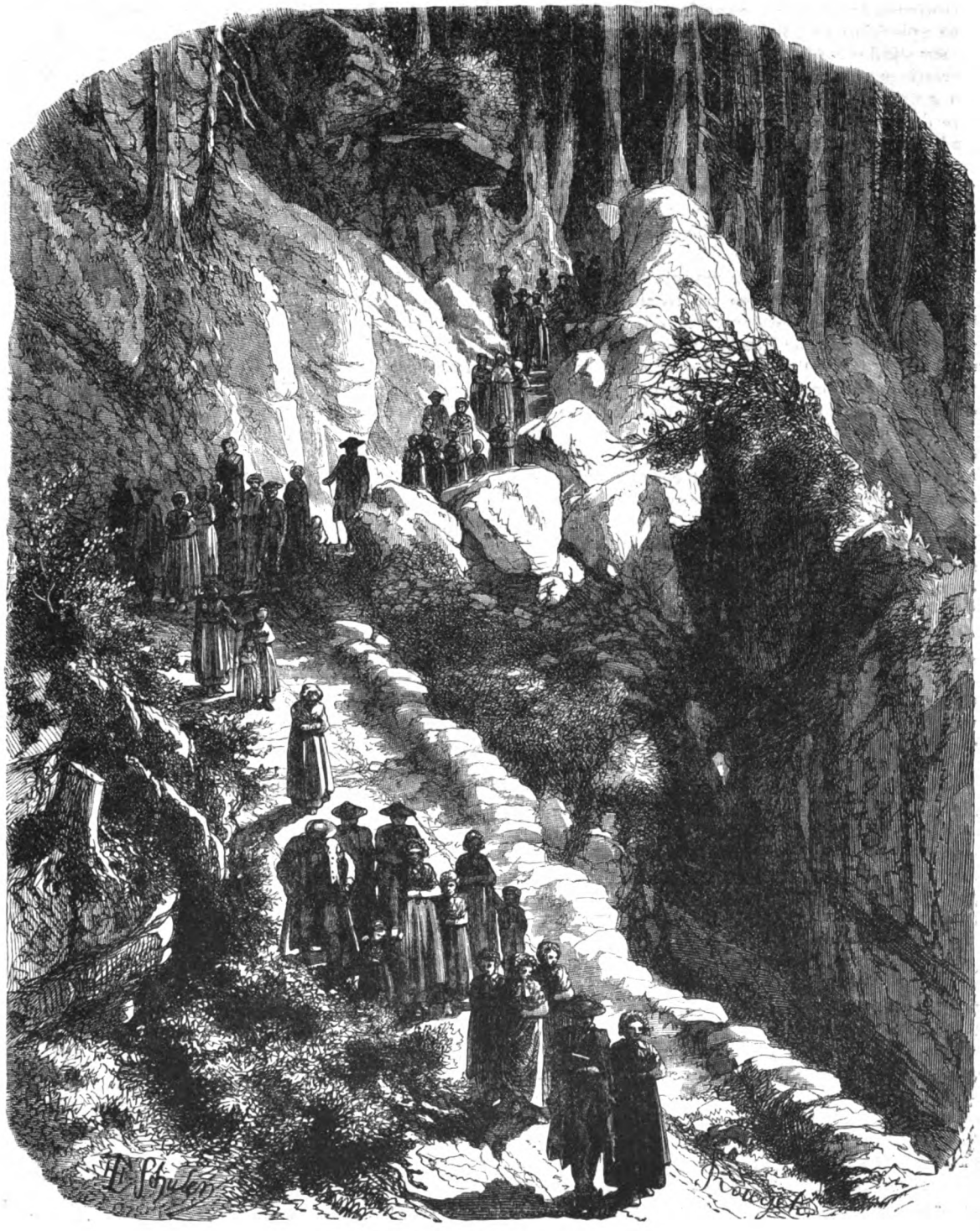
The women's blue aprons and dark dresses, with here and there a striped petticoat or bright handkerchief, made the wide sunny street more picturesque than ever.

There was not much laughing or talking among them; they all seemed too intent upon their work. Little girls, with all the dignity of womanhood, knelt beside their mothers sometimes, and gravely soaped, and pressed, and rubbed with their tiny hands.

It was more beautiful outside, to our thinking, where the marshy, flat, green meadows stretched away to a dim perspective under the rows of gray willows that became misty in the sunlight.

After dinner we wandered about the darkening town. A gentle-faced Sister of Charity was closing the Schulhaus windows as we passed by them. From her appearance there we concluded that Rosheim was still under clerical influence. Whatever the influence was in the town, it was in favor of cleanliness. Rosheim was, without exception, the cleanest town we saw in Alsace. In all our wanderings we never came across a single heap of manure.

It was curious to see an entire town without front doors. The inhabitants, at the time when these houses were built, appear to have had an aversion to entering their dwellings from the street. There is a great round archway beside each house, and that leads into a paved yard, the upper end of which is frequently occupied by



RETURNING FROM CHURCH IN THE VOSGES.

stables or cowsheds, and a flight of steps at the side leads into the house.

Next day a sort of open-air market was held a little way down the street, and women were passing by every moment with their purchases. They were chiefly vegetables, fruit and eggs, for this was a fast day. The younger women were all bareheaded, with neatly plaited hair; the elder ones wore close-fitting white caps. They were all clean and decent, and most of them wore large blue aprons over their dark dresses. The little children were going to school, their yellow heads shining in the sun. They went by in little groups of twos and threes, carrying their slates, and looked smiling and happy. Several women had begun the everlasting washing again, and the splashing and flopping of linen was going on under my window.

The carriage with the tinkling bells drove up, and we had to get into it and leave Rosheim. We were very sorry to do it, but the blue mountains were before us at the end of the gabled street, and we could not resist them. We meant to sleep that night at the top of the holy mountain of St. Odile, in the convent hotel kept by the Sisters of St. Francis, so dreamy Rosheim must be left behind, and we drove down the sunny street toward the mountains.

We had gone quite round the mountain from our starting-point in the valley before we reached the gate of Gerbaden Castle. This entrance is decidedly complicated in construction, and seems, when perfect, to have been admirably calculated for keeping out intruders of all sorts. This elaborate defense forms merely one small corner of the great pile of buildings which once stood here.

Above the inner wall, on a great pile of red sandstone rocks, stands what is now the most conspicuous part of the castle. Two immense doorways seem to have existed in the lower part, but they are now choked with rubbish. A winding pathway beneath the walls led us at last into a great inner courtyard, and presently we stood in what was once a magnificent banqueting-hall. Though most of them have been broken away, a few of the clustered pillars still remain beside one of the windows.

Outside this hall bases of great pillars at regular intervals stand among the brambles and elder-bushes; part of one of them is even now standing, but the rest are a heap of ruins. It may have been a chapel, or a grand entrance to the great hall; there is little left to show what it was.

One of the courtyards was several acres in extent. It was difficult to realize the great size the castle must have been, for it is said to have had within its walls fourteen courtyards, and fourteen gates led out of the castle.

From this mountain-top the whole of this part of Alsace is visible. Gerbaden stands all by itself, and is not linked on to any other mountain. It has the finest possible situation for a stronghold, and every approach to it can be seen from the top. The castle is said to have been built in the thirteenth century, and it was one of the most important fortresses.

We left the thick forests shortly, and drove along a ling-covered hill, with bilberry bushes and the beautiful red berries in profusion everywhere. Masses of stone jutted out from the hillside, and once our road lay between two huge blocks of sandstone as big as a good-sized house, their crevices filled with ferns and grasses. An immense wall crowned this spur of the hill to our right. My husband said it was the "Heidenmauer," a wall that encircled the entire mountain, six to ten feet in height, and six feet and a half thick, and supposed to be Roman, or even Gaulish.

Duke Adalric of Alsace—one of a species of dukes more like those of Edom than of England—took up his quarters on this mountain, and his daughter, Ottilie or Odile, founded the monastery which still bears her name. It has been an important place for centuries.

We left ourselves standing in the inner court of the convent. There was only one door to be seen, so we rang the bell, and were admitted by a sister into a long corridor which was used as a scullery. The sister was a little old woman, with a cheerful, shrewd face, and was very deaf. She wore a black gown and vail, the latter edged with blue, and a large white collar and close white cap. We followed her along the corridor, a bare, whitewashed place, to where other nuns were peeling potatoes and washing dishes. A great many visitors—tourists or pilgrims—were walking about, talking and laughing.

Our deaf friend spoke French moderately. We asked for food and lodging.

"Are you Catholics?" was the first question.

"Here is intolerance!" thought we. "If we say no, or explain that we are members of the Church of England, and leave it to them to settle whether that is Catholic or not, we shall be sent down the hill again."

But we wronged the good nuns. My husband, without a moment's hesitation, answered in the affirmative, and we found that the question was only preliminary to the statement that it was Friday, and therefore we could have no meat.

"Mais nous sommes bonâ-fide voyageurs," remonstrated my husband. "We are more than five miles from home," he added, evidently mixing up the Licensing Act and the canons of the Church; "also we are in the German Empire, and there are privileges attached to that."

But it would not do. We could only have the privilege of fasting. However, the *maigre* soup was excellent, and so was the omelet, to say nothing of the salad and the cheese.

"Would they have given us meat if we had said we were not of their Church?" said I, as we sat at table.

"I trow not," said my husband. "Besides, I wasn't going down that hill again to-night for the Pope, the Pretender and the other Person all in one. I only hope they will remember it in the bill."

We were to lodge for the night in a cell. My husband tried to say something about the fast-day being a "sell" enough for one night, but he could not work it to come out right in French.

After having become less hungry by means of omelets, etc., we went out to explore the mountain. I found a point, a little way down the road by which we had come, from which to sketch the view. The distant hills were of the softest, palest blue, that deepened almost into indigo in the pine forests or the nearer mountains. The bare slope of the Odilienberg was purple and gold with ling and fern and gorse, and variegated with great gray rocks.

We got back to the convent just in time for what would have been dinner, if it had not been a fast-day. I always thought that fasts were over by six o'clock—they always are in the best-regulated Ritualistic families that I have ever met with—but it was not so at St. Odile's. *Maigre* soup, eggs, omelets, salads and cheese—good of their sort, but food on which one did not appear to "get any forrarder"—again formed our meal.

After our meal we walked round the outside of the convent with a French couple stopping at the convent. The view from the garden is not unlike that from the Mennelstein, except that the latter place cut off the view of the

Vosges to the southwest. A pavilion has been constructed on a sort of terrace on the very edge of the precipice, and there one may make oneself comfortable and enjoy the prospect. Close to this is the little Chapel of the Angels, a Romanesque building situated on the extreme edge of the rock. A narrow path goes round it, to which is attached the legend that any girl who can walk nine times the whole way round will be married before the year is over.

It was on the site of this chapel that the angels appeared to St. Odile. It is not recorded that she walked nine times around it. If she did, the guardian spirit was off duty that day, for she died a maid.

We were sorry to leave the beautiful Odilienberg the next morning, with its fresh air and fine views, the courteous nuns and the old convents; but we had promised to be at Bebelnheim, *via* Barr, on Sunday afternoon, so we had to press on.

Coming from the pure, bracing air of the Odilienberg, the plains seemed suffocating; there was not a breath of air, only streaming, pitiless sunshine. I believe, if we had tried to walk to Hohen-Königsburg, we should have dropped by the way.

Then we made our way by Rappoltsweiler, Bebelnheim, where we enjoyed a friend's hospitality, Kaysersberg, and crossed the Weiss to Orbey, where we passed the night.

Before starting the next day, which we did by nine, I made a little sketch of the Lac Blanc (or Weisse See) from our windows, and a few struggling streaks of sunshine came out and cheered our spirits.

The Lac Blanc, so called from a rim of white quartz that goes all around its edges, is a small, greenish lake, with high precipices on two sides of it, and a rocky slope on the other.

The Reisberg (3,310 feet), which is the highest point of the ridge above the lake, is reached by a winding pathway up a stony slope covered with low-growing bushes, coarse grass, and wild marigolds; a few stunted pines are scattered at intervals over it, and a fine view of the still green lake, with its white shores and dark precipices, is to be had all the way.

We met two priests coming down the path; they had come over from France probably that morning. In a very short time we were in France too, for less than an hour's walk brought us to the summit of the ridge. Of course we sat on a stone with one foot in each land promptly, and my husband walked in Germany while I conversed with him from France.

The ridge on which we were at this part ended in a steep precipice on the German side, down which we could look at little green lakes lying far below, and valley after valley beyond. On the French side it sloped gradually down toward pine woods and lower hills; the grass was coarse and the ground boggy, but marigolds and several flowers that were strange to me were growing in it.

We had been gradually descending for some little time, and presently entered a low pine wood, wherein were several beautiful cows, most of them with bells round their necks. A steep pathway brought us to our much-desired hotel.

The Schlucht Hotel is a building after the Swiss toy style, with wooden balconies and marvelous pierced barge boards in the roof.

There were a great many people at the *table d'hôte*, all of whom had driven over from Münster or from Gérardmer, the one fashionable watering-place in the Vosges.

The situation of the hotel is very picturesque, on a sort of ridge thrown across a deep ravine from Hautes Chaumes to the Hoheneck (4,480 feet), and straight down from its balconies a tumbled mass of giant boulders and dense pine forests seem inextricably mixed, until they fade away into a distant valley. It almost seems as if one could from the balcony drop a stone down this lovely precipice to the valleys below.

We were disappointed in our hope of a walk on the Hautes Chaumes, and a climb up the Hoheneck, but at last reached Weiler. This is the chief town in the valley, and has a population of 1,150. There were not many of them in the streets as we passed through it, but their wealth was testified by a fine, handsome, modern Gothic church, built of red sandstone. We rapidly left the town and struck into a valley running out of the left side of the Saint Amarin Thal.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the fine weather had put us into remarkably good spirits. We had concentrated all our hopes upon the Gebweiler Belchen. This is the highest mountain in the Vosges, and is 4,677 feet. In shape it is very like a balloon at the top (whence its French name, Ballon), for a great round knoll rests on a long spur of mountain-ridge, and it is bare and smooth.

After getting some directions we went up a deep sandy lane, until we came to a bare mountain-side. At the top of the lane we sat down, and looked at the white houses in Goldbach that were so pure and fair far off, and such foul dwellings close by, at the lovely valley beneath us up which we had come, and that was now blue in the distance, and the surrounding leafy hills.

Then we walked on, on and on, up an apparently interminable mountain-side. Not a tree was near us, not the least shade anywhere; the sun was scorching hot and the path stony.

We heard at last a cow-bell, and soon came on some dairymen. Refreshed with milk, we trudged on.

"Well, we must be near the top now," my husband said; "it is impossible there can be much further to go, unless the mountain has taken to growing."

"It is quite equal to it," I replied, for I was fearfully tired. "I hope we shall not find the hotel full."

"I won't leave if it is," he answered, sturdily. "I am not going down this hill again for any innkeeper in Alsace."

"It must be nearly four," I said.

"Quite that," he answered. "We have been four hours on this blessed old mountain. I said in Switzerland that next time I went up a mountain I would go in a balloon, but I didn't bargain for the outside of one."

We went on again, and presently I exclaimed with delight on seeing him reach the top. He did not respond, and I found when I joined him that there was yet another top, and a good way off. We went toward it, but we said very little by the way, for where was the hotel? We passed an ordnance survey-hut and pole. At last we came in sight of it, on the further topmost bit of the mountain.

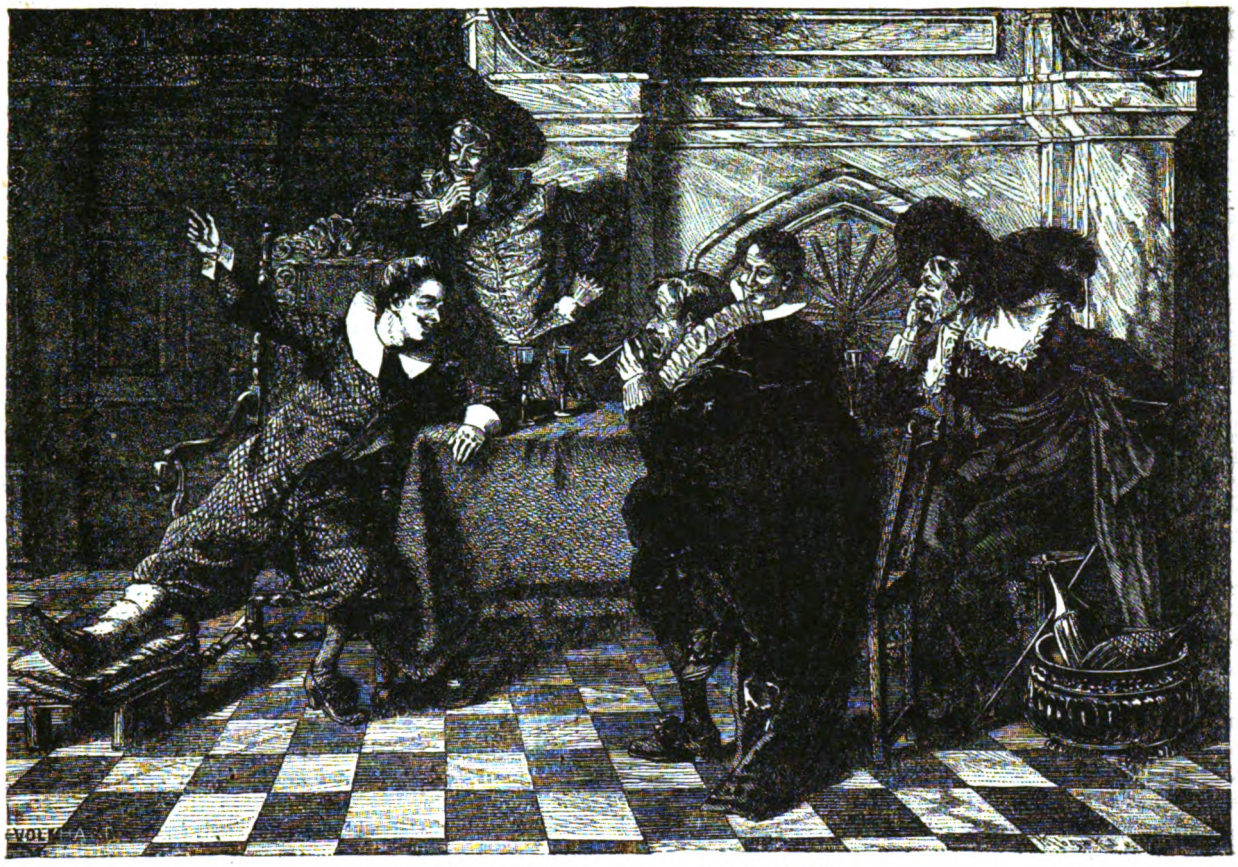
It was built of stone, and had one window, with a wooden shutter to it. The floor was of earth, the roof dripped upon it, the furniture consisted of a dirty plank table and a form; and that was all. There were no waiters, no landlord, no beds, no food, and, worst of all, no drink!

Truly the view was most magnificent. It had need to be, or we should not have looked at it. A deep green gorge separated us from the Storkenkopf, a bareheaded mountain opposite to us on the west. This formed the end of a long brown ridge of hills that ran right back to the Hoheneck, and formed a continuation of the Hautes Chaumes, and makes the backbone of the Vosges system.

It was a broad grass-ridge, bare and brown, with one or two tiny chalets dotted on it, and here and there masses of stone. The pine forests crept half-way up its sides, but did not venture into the cold clear air any further. Numberless wooded hills sloped down from this ridge, and faded away into blue distance; while just below us, in a hollow of pine forests, lay a little green lake, the Belchensee. It was beautiful, lying so calm and bright amid the blue of the woods and the bare hills.

Without shelter on the mountain-top, our next thought was to find a resting-place for the night, and we started blindly for Rolle, near a small lake, and fortunately reached it. Our journey began to lose some of its charm, and we made our way to Colmar more prosaically.

THE FAN-PAINTER.— FROM A CANVAS BY LOUISA MAX-EHRLER.



STORIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.—BY MAX VOLKHART.

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

Chapter XXX.

The squalor and dilapidation which marked the hovel of Mère Simon appeared unchanged, or, if anything, increased, as Henri, for the second time, found himself in front of the open gateway. The rank grass and tangled weeds grew still more luxuriantly in the little deserted garden, and the flowers which had been struggling so bravely for their lives had given up the conflict, and one by one had been crushed to death in the coils of their cruel destroyers.

There was an air of gloom about the whole building, which sent a chill through the young man's breast as, alighting from his horse, he fastened the animal to the fence, and made his way to the entrance of the cottage; a sensation of awe, inexplicable, but none the less a reality; that chilling depression which, in the popular mind, is associated with a warning of approaching death.

The rough bench upon which on that former occasion he had first seen Delphine Simon, was unoccupied; indeed, no one was visible about the place, but the front door stood wide open; and after a momentary hesitation on the threshold, the young man overcame his feeling of repugnance, and with a firm step entered the building.

His first glance was toward the room which had been the scene of that painful interview with Valiska. The little apartment presented the same appearance as upon that but too-well-remembered occasion, except that a couple of chairs had been added to its meagre furniture, upon one of which a slender form, in a plain and sombre black dress, sat with a crossed hands upon her lap, in an attitude of anxious expectancy.

At the sound of the first footfall the pale face was lifted, and the dark-gray eyes turned full upon the newcomer. The room was dim and shadowy, the tiny windows permitting only a few feeble rays of light to enter. Yet, even in this gloom, Henri could perceive the terrible change which a few short days had wrought in that beautiful countenance.

A little pang of self-reproach choked back the words which struggled to his lips. The agitation of the lady was almost equal to his own. The slight figure trembled nervously, the face was averted, and the little hand which he took in his was burning hot.

"Mademoiselle," he at length said, "you cannot imagine how painful this interview is to me. And yet I must thank you for this chance to obtain your pardon for my disgraceful conduct when last we met in this room."

"Monsieur!" murmured the lady, in a low, melancholy voice.

"Yes, mademoiselle. I feel that my conduct upon that occasion scarcely admits of forgiveness. And yet—and yet—your gentle and forgiving nature prompts me to throw myself at your feet, and seek the pardon I so little deserve."

"But, oh! monsieur, you must not reproach yourself for all the wrong. Alas! my miserable folly, my wild infatuation! Oh, Captain Dantan! Tell me that I have

not fallen so low in your estimation as to be beyond the reach of all redemption. I know that I have been weak, sinful, wicked if you will; but to you, at least, I have been true. My whole life lies at your feet, and even yet you can save me."

All this was said with averted face, as if the girl feared to betray to her companion the full extent of the emotion that agitated her.

The effect of the wild words upon Dantan was painful indeed. He had come to this interview to ask for pardon; he had come in obedience to a note from Valiska, begging him to see her for a last time, and now it was unpleasantly apparent that this was to be something more than a mere parting.

Henri had fully recovered from the fit of passion which had spurred him to that mad declaration of love, and he had long ago recognized the folly of his act. He hesitated, and it was with considerable awkwardness that he at length spoke.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "for God's sake do not speak in that way! Duty, honor, everything, combine to separate us."

"But Monsieur Leon is dead," whispered the temptress, "and I am free."

The words sent a shudder through Henri. A revulsion of feeling took place within him, and there was even a slight sternness in the tone of his voice when he replied:

"Alas! that is too true. But my uncle's death can make no change in our situation; and forgive me, Mademoiselle Valiska, if I say that it is better for both of us that things should be as they are. I trust—I sincerely trust—that the day will come when you can look back upon this moment without a single regret. I assure you, if I thought it were otherwise, I should never forgive myself."

"And you do not love me?—you have never loved me!"

There was a tremor in her voice, a stifled sob, which seemed to tell the struggle the girl was making to control her feelings.

"Mademoiselle, I beg of you, I entreat you, do not make my task harder to me than it is already."

"But, oh, I cannot give you up! My happiness, my every hope of happiness—nay, my very life—is bound up in you! Oh, Henri, Henri, *you* will not reject me--you will not trample on the bleeding heart which lies at your feet?"

"Mademoiselle, I beseech you, for Heaven's sake——"

"And for what would you sacrifice me?—for the cold affection of Henriette? Would you give up for the shadow, the mere phantom, of love, a devotion which knows no bounds? See! I will go on my knees to you. I will be your slave. I will—I will——"

"Mademoiselle, you are punishing me too severely for the indiscretion of a moment. Forgive me!" and taking the slender hand in his, he gently but firmly raised the cowering figure kneeling in supplication at his feet. "Forgive me," he said; "but from this moment all must be over between us. I cannot consent to break my vow to Henriette. I cannot—I cannot!"

The sound of footsteps rapidly approaching the cottage put a stop to the young man's words. He paused, and looked inquiringly at his companion. A strange, a terrible change, had taken place in the lady's face. All softness, all tenderness, had passed away. The eyes were now blazing with fury; the cheeks, red with an angry flush. It was the countenance of a Megæra!

"Miserable coward!" she cried, in a deep, suppressed tone, dashing the young man's hand from her with ferocious violence. "I thank God that you have made my task easier to me. Descendant of the murderer Dantan, your moments are numbered! Orloff! Carl!" she cried, raising her voice until it rang through the hut. "Here! here!"

The words died upon the lips of the speaker. She recoiled in blank amazement from the open doorway. A woman stood in the entrance—a tall, slender figure, whose dark-gray robe enhanced the natural pallor of her countenance. Henri was as one paralyzed, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses. Was he mad? Or was this a delusion—a phantom creation of his brain?

No! The slight form, the beautiful face, could not be mistaken. It was Valiska Zortichoff.

But who, then, was this other—so like, that he himself had been deceived? Who was this woman—this woman who had knelt at his feet—who had pleaded Valiska's cause with such depth of emotion?—this woman who now stood cowering and abashed? Again he almost felt as if the whole thing must be a dream—a wild, fantastic vision. He looked from one to the other. In every feature, in every turn of the form, the figures were identical. He grew confused, dizzy, and scarcely conscious of what was passing.

For several moments the silence was oppressive. The two women stood staring at each other, mute and motionless. At length, with a firm step the newcomer entered the room, and placed herself by Dantan's side. This seemed to rouse the other from the spell which had inthralled her. The look of withering wrath which for one moment had devoured Henri again blazed with intensity.

"Wretched creature!" she shrieked, in a voice hoarse from overpowering anger. "What would you do?"

"Save the man I love!"

The answer came in a firm, determined tone. The speaker stood calm and proud, facing the fury of the other with a look of unyielding courage which spoke the soul resolved to meet every danger.

"False to your oath, Valiska! Again I ask you, What would you do?"

"And I—I tell you, Wanda, that I will save the man I love, cost what it may. This life is mine. I have bought it with my love. You shall not touch him. Do you hear me? You shall not touch him!"

The fixed, unalterable determination of the speaker, betrayed in every inflection of the voice, seemed to sting the other to a deeper fury.

"And for this base hound, this descendant of a band of murderers, you would sacrifice your brother, your sister? For this infamous creature you would break the oath sworn on the body of your mother, whose untimely death you have pledged yourself to avenge?"

"I will save him! Go, Wanda: there is yet time for escape!" The answer came cold and determined. "I tell you," continued the speaker, drawing up her slender form to its full height, and facing the fury of the other with stern composure, "I would break a thousand oaths rather than that you should shed one drop of his blood."

The light of a matchless tenderness shone in the gray eyes; the whole face seemed transfigured.

"But he does not love you, wretched girl. Even now he has spurned your love with merciless contempt. He can never be anything to you."

"What do I care! I love him. Do you understand me? I love him!"

"But you cannot save him!" cried Wanda, with a smile of diabolical joy, as, for the second time, the sound of heavy footsteps was heard in the outer hall, and the

huge and ungainly figure of Orloff darkened the open doorway.

The appearance of the old man might well have struck terror to the stoutest heart. His face was of a ghastly leaden hue, which made the deep-scarlet cicatrix of the wound more hideous than ever. His bloodshot eyes glowed in their cavernous recesses like coals of fire, and the scowl upon his distorted features was frightful beyond expression.

"Orloff Ivanovich!" exclaimed Wanda, her voice trembling with excitement, "there stands the last descendant of the murderer of your master. There stands the son of that accursed villain whose cowardly hand struck down a wounded and helpless man. Foster-father of my mother, shall the vile wretch live to gloat over our suffering? Remember the oath! Set your foot upon the head of the serpent, and crush the viper beneath your heel! See, here is the very chamber in which you writhed with agony from the wound inflicted by those ruthless assassins. Here let the last of their descendants perish. Upon him, upon him, I say—strike and spare not!"

The wretched woman had lashed the fury of her wrath to frenzy. The fire of insanity flashed from her eyes, and quivering emotion shook her slender form. She spoke now in Russian, with eager volubility, goading the old man to desperation.

Suddenly, however, in the very midst of her furious words, when her excitement had reached its highest pitch, she paused—a strange, a terrible change stole over her features. In rapid succession the flushed face changed from an angry red to a ghastly and livid pallor; her eyes, swollen and distorted, seemed bursting from their sockets; the miserable woman staggered, and clutched her throat with both hands; the next instant the changing color had given place to a dull grayish hue. She gasped for breath; a stream of bright crimson blood gushed from her mouth; she tottered, threw up her arms, and with a low groan fell lifeless upon the floor.

With the yell of an infuriated tiger, Orloff sprang forward, a long knife gleaming in his uplifted hand. Quick as was the old man's action, Valiska had guessed his purpose. Throwing herself upon Dantan's breast, with her arms clasped around his neck, she covered him with her body. The fatal blow descended, the knife was buried to the hilt in the tender young flesh.

For a space she stood as if unconscious of the agony of that mortal wound; a pure, a severe tenderness beamed from her dark-gray eyes, and a slight smile parted her lips as she gazed with fond devotion on the young man for whom she had sacrificed her life.

"Save yourself, Henri! save yourself, Henri!" murmured Valiska.

The white eyelids closed, the soft arms relaxed their hold, and ere Henri could clasp the slender figure, she had fallen to the floor.

"Madman, you have killed her!" shrieked the young man, as he closed with Orloff, seizing the hand which still held the bloody knife.

The combat was a desperate one. The old man's strength taxed all Dantan's powers. They tugged and strained with panting breath and quivering muscles; the knife had fallen from Orloff's grasp, and he labored to hurl Henri to the earth. With horror the young man felt his strength deserting him. The huge hand of the giant was on his throat; he made a last, a mighty effort. It was successful. The massive body of his antagonist fell with a terrific crash, which shook the frail and dilapidated building. With a cry of joy Henri sprang upon the prostrate form.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was almost dark when Aristide reached the hovel. The melancholy surroundings impressed him as deeply as they had Captain Dantan; but he did not pause to consider these emotions. Life and death hung on his footsteps, and he had come at such a rate of speed, that he was almost breathless from exhaustion when he made his way into the hut. What a sight met his eye! What a scene of weird and ghastly horror!

Two motionless female forms lay stretched upon the bloodstained floor; and nearer to the doorway a fiend was struggling to hold down what seemed to him a monster from the very depths of hell—a maniac who gnashed and ground his teeth; whose blood-injected eyeballs glared and shone with the malignity of a fiend, and who struggled with a strength which threatened each moment to release him. Aristide hastened to Dantan's assistance.

"Thanks, my friend, thanks," faltered the young man. "You are in time to save my life; but would to God you had been earlier, that you might have saved hers as well. Here; help me tie to this brute!"

To the last Orloff resisted with all his strength. He was at length, however, secured, and his wrists and feet firmly bound with the handkerchiefs of the young men. Once satisfied of his utter powerlessness, the old man ceased all efforts to release himself, and lay silent and speechless, devouring with his eyes the frightful scene.

"Henri," cried Aristide, "for God's sake tell me what has taken place?"

"My friend, I cannot speak," replied Dantan. "Help me, I beseech you, to lift this poor girl."

"What! Mademoiselle Zortichoff?" exclaimed Vis, with amazement, as he aided his friend to raise the recumbent figure and place it on the little pallet. "Yes, Aristide; it is to her I owe the preservation of my life."

"But who, then—who, then—is this other? Merciful Heaven! what is this?" continued the speaker, as he turned the body, so that the set white features were visible in the last faint rays of light which stole in through the cottage-window.

"See, see, Aristide!" cried Henri, who had been bending over the wounded girl. "See! Valiska is not dead! Perhaps there is yet hope. Yonder in that pitcher you will find water. Hasten with it, I entreat you!"

In a dreamy, mechanical way, Vis obeyed. In helpless amazement, he stared from one to the other of those two faces, which seemed the duplicate of each other. In the growing darkness of the room the likeness appeared even more wonderful.

"What was this? What was this?" the question revolved and revolved in his mind. "Was the solution to the mystery come at last? Was the dark to be made light?"

"See, Aristide, see! She lives! she lives!"

He turned to his friend. It was indeed true. The pale, beautiful face, was still ghastly in its pallor; but there was a fluttering of the eyelids, a quivering of the lips, which seemed to presage returning consciousness; and as Henri continued to bathe the forehead, these signs of coming life increased, until with a deep sigh the dark eyes opened.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured, in a voice so faint as to be barely audible—"thank Heaven, I was in time!"

"Ah, Henri, I am dying. No; it is useless"—as the young man sought to speak—"no; it is useless. I know that I am dying; but, oh, it is sweet to die for you!"

"Valiska, I entreat you!"

"Yes, yes; I know you never loved me. But I, alas! —oh, why should I be ashamed to confess how fondly I have loved you? Soon—yes, very soon—you will have forgotten me entirely; you will be happy with Henriette. Would she have given her life to save you? What have I not done for your sake? For you I have violated the oath I took upon the body of my dead mother; for you I am a false and perjured wretch! Yes; what Wanda said was true; but, oh, do not think I reproach you! No; I glory in the sacrifice which I have made for your sake!"

The excitement of the speaker caused the wound to bleed more rapidly. Henri bent forward, and strove with trembling hands to stanch the stream.

"Vain, vain!" whispered the unfortunate girl, as she gazed with a feeble smile upon the handsome face bending over her with eager solicitude. "But, Henri, it is easy to die. See poor Wanda; she is at rest, and I, too, will soon lie here cold and still! Will you forget me entirely? There; do not weep. I am not worthy of your tears. Oh, no! I am a base, guilty creature, not fit for you to touch. Do you remember what that old woman said? Alas! it was true. I was the affianced wife of Pierre Marrois. I was the fatal bait that lured the wretched man to his destruction. I was false to him, false to your uncle, false to Henriette; but to *you* —to *you*, Henri, I was true. And now I grow weaker and weaker, and there is yet much to tell; so far I have saved you, but your life is still in danger. There is another bound by that frightful oath—another sworn to seek your death. Here; come closer, closer!"

She paused, closed her eyes, and for a space lay silent and speechless. Dantan drew the head of the sufferer higher on his breast, and Vis again bathed her forehead, now cold with the clammy dews of death. At length strength returned, and again Valiska reopened her eyes. Her voice was so weak that Vis was obliged to draw nearer to catch the feebly uttered words.

"That evening at the cottage—ah, poor little cottage! I shall never see it again. Do you remember Orloff's story—the sad history of my unfortunate parents? Much of it was true; but much, much more, was false—a lie, told only to deceive. My mother was a Russian lady; but my father was Count Paul Eidlesdorf, a German, who held a high rank in the Russian army. When war broke out between France and Germany, my father left the service of the Czar, and came to offer his sword to the Fatherland. He was placed in command of a regiment of Uhlans, and my mother's foster-father, Orloff, served with him in the same troop. You remember the old man's narrative? How, after escaping many dangers in one of the most fierce and desperate skirmishes, my father and he were left for dead upon the field? Do you understand now where was that skirmish? 'Twas here—here, almost in sight of Abois! When consciousness returned to Ivanovich, and he sought assistance for his wounded master, he was captured by five men, whose uniform should have been a guarantee of their honor, for they were volunteer patriots. But, no; these men, who should have respected and pitied a wounded and helpless man, basely murdered the victim whom Fate had thrown into their hands—degraded the soldier by treating him as the foulest and most guilty of malefactors. These merciless fiends, without feeling and without remorse, staining with infamy the uniform which they wore, basely slew those with whom they should have been most tender, the helpless and the wounded. You have heard from Orloff's lips the account of that terrible scene, and I will say no more. When the old man recovered consciousness, where think you he found himself—where? Here in this room. Yes; here it was, thanks to Mère Simon, that his life was preserved. For weeks and months he tossed in delirium on this very pallet upon which I am now dying, and it was here that he swore an oath of vengeance against his master's murderers. The faces of those five men had never been forgotten, and when able to move, his first task was to discover the names of the assassins. This was accomplished with safety, and the fatal list was scratched upon the wall of this room. Ah, do you know what were those names? Pierre Marrois, Victor Robert, Leon Dantan, Alphonse Rousel and George Dantan."

"Oh, God!" murmured Henri, in a voice of agony; "my father, my uncle! And I—I never knew. Oh, Aristide, this is frightful! My father a murderer! Would to God that I had died before I heard this." The young man buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the agony of this frightful discovery. "Oh, forgive me; forgive me for the pain I have caused you. Forgive me, for I am dying, dying! and my—oh, monsieur! beg him to forgive me!" cried Valiska, seizing Aristide's hands. "Oh, what could I do?"

"Go on, mademoiselle; go on, I entreat you," replied Vis. "My friend owes you his life. You cannot doubt that he will remember the debt?"

"Ah, monsieur, 'tis hard, 'tis hard. But I—I *will* be brave for his sake. You remember the rest of the story. When Orloff reached our Russian home, it was to find his foster-child a helpless maniac." Overcome with emotion, Valiska again closed her eyes. "Oh, how weak! how weak!" The pale lips trembled, and it was only after many efforts that the dying girl was able to make her words distinguishable. "Then came my mother's death, and on her dead body we took that oath of vengeance. We swore to hunt down our father's murderers, till not one of their descendants remained. How we have kept that oath you know but too well. Time passed; after my mother had left us we waited patiently, patiently. My brother went to France, but before his departure we had agreed upon our plan. Three years ago, in obedience to a summons from him, we came here to Abois. I was a poor music-teacher, and Wanda in the disguise under which you have known her. Ah, you start? You remember poor Sergius, but you never thought that my charge was a woman. One, two, three years passed after our arrival at Abois, and then the fatal moment came, and we struck our first blow. Oh, for mercy's sake, do not shrink from me," cried the wretched girl, as Dantan recoiled with a shudder at her words. "Oh, do not shrink from me, or I will not have the courage to finish my story. It *was* to meet me that Marrois came to the *fête*, but it was Wanda's hand that struck him. It was Wanda who left behind that glove, which might have proved so dangerous to me had not my brother found the means to steal it, and substitute another. We were safe. No one suspected us, or, at least, there was no proof; my brother had cared for that. Then days passed, and a second time our vengeance fell on the descendants of the murderers of our parents. Those miserable women! Ah, we were pitiless. This time, as before, an accident came near to betray us—the imprint of Wanda's hand upon your sleeve. And again, for the second time, my brother was able to turn away suspicion from himself and my sister, for he, too, shared in the holy work. Oh, God, how weak! how weak! Where are you, Henri? Come closer. I can see you no longer, the room grows dark.

WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

"Oh, I am dying! Now raise me higher. I must finish; my time is short. Your uncle—oh, forgive me—your uncle died by my brother's hand, and now you are menaced with the same danger. Carl lives, and nothing can save you from him but my falsehood, my treachery. One last sacrifice, to betray my brother. Oh, it is hard, hard. And yet, if I save you I can die happy."

A groan broke from the lips of the suffering girl, her arms fell from Dantan's neck, and with a violent exertion she struggled to rise, her glazing eyeballs fixed in strong horror.

Aristide instinctively followed the direction of her eyes, and there, in the doorway, where so lately had stood the hideous form of Orloff, he beheld another apparition.

A tall, thin, and emaciated figure, with pale, cadaverous features; with closely-cropped white hair, and eyes that gleamed with a phosphorous glitter, like those of a hungry tiger.

The blood stood still in the young man's veins as he recalled with a shudder the description which the Baroness d'Aubrac had given of Leon Dantan's murderer. The dying girl trembled and writhed in wild convulsions.

"Carl! Carl!" she shrieked, and throwing up her arms, fell back upon the pallet.

"Oh, Aristide! Aristide! She's dead! she's dead!"

Vis turned at the agonizing cry of his friend. Alas! it was true; Valiska's soul was at rest.

A deep and painful sigh, which seemed the echo of Dantan's mournful words, once more called his attention to the doorway. It was unoccupied; the apparition had vanished, vanished as mysteriously as if, instead of a human creature, it had been some being from another world.

Chapter XXXII.

It was the next day after the tragic events at Mère Simon's cottage. The news, once made public, had spread with unexampled rapidity.

To speak of the excitement as intense, irresistible, overpowering, would be a tame description of the whirlwind of astonishment that swept over the town.

The dark was light, the obscure and sanguinary mystery was a mystery no longer; and what a solution! A *dénouement* as weird and ghastly as that thrilling moment when the *Borgia* unvails to *Maffio Orsini* and his fellow-banqueters the long row of coffins, and the grim, gray figures of the ghostly comforters.

As romantic as some wild Sicilian or Corsican vendetta. In this age of steam and electricity, of hard materialism and mathematical exactness, the whole affair seemed as unreal as if, in turning over the pages of some dry encyclopedia or musty scientific work, the reader had come suddenly upon a scrap of "Orlando Furioso" or "Amadis de Gaul" hidden away between the leaves.

Every one, that is, every one of any importance, remembered the Kaiserlic colonel, whose body had been found hanging by the neck from one of the trees in La Forêt on the day after the great cavalry skirmish, and equally well did every one remember the terrible punishment which this had been near to bring down upon the town.

Père François, Père Antoine, Père Guillaume, and a dozen others, could paint for you the whole scene. The stiff figures, spiked helmets and stolid faces of the Landwehr regiment drawn up in front of the Hotel de Ville; the prancing horses, glittering trappings and fluttering pennons of the Uhlans; the terrified and weeping crowd of women and children; and lastly, the long line of citizens, pale but determined, prepared to bear the issue of the moment with the courage of men, and Frenchmen.

Within the hall the scene was even more exciting, the pale faces of the town officials contrasting so strongly with the methodical and impassive bearing of the German officers; the tall Prussian colonel, with his flaxen beard and huge spectacles; the excitable and dark-complexioned Bavarian major; the imperturbable Wurtemberger, and handsome Saxon.

The oaken table supporting the electoral urn and the roll of the Commune; the expression of anxiety changing to a smile of joy, as one by one the citizens filed in and drew from the fatal urn the ballot of life or death.

It was, indeed, a day of excitement for Abois; a day never to be forgotten in the history of the town; a day to be remembered with shuddering terror.

Nor was this all that Père François, Père Antoine and Père Guillaume could remember. Oh, no! these dark and gloomy recollections served as a background to throw out into more brilliant prominence the dauntless heroism of the Abbé Marteau. Tears stood in the eyes of the old man whenever they told this story of their beloved abbé's self-abnegation. How, when the fatal ballots had been drawn, and Fathers Lechaud and Jean Roland were on their way to execution, the noble Marteau came forward, and voluntarily proffered his life for the redemption of his fellow-citizens.

Thank God! the sacrifice was not required, but none the less did the offer produce the desired result. Even the icy-hearted Bismarck had thawed beneath the influence of this calm heroism.

The vengeance of man by man's self-sacrificing devotion had been turned away; but the vengeance of God!—that stern, immutable justice, requiring "blood for blood, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"?

In the universal joy of the moment, when, thanks to Marteau's exertion, a full pardon had arrived for Father Lechaud and Jean Roland, every one had forgotten that awful declaration, "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." And now, after all these years; now, when the whole story had become a thing of the past, a dim and indistinct recollection—now it appeared that silently but surely, week after week, month after month, year after year, that Power which overrules the destiny of mankind had been forging a thunderbolt to consume the guilty. For many long years those five men, whose cruel deed had well-nigh brought such an awful visitation upon the innocent, had lived there, honored and respected, in Abois.

One by one the murderers of Paul Eidlesdorf had perished miserably—and not these alone, but others, who, innocent themselves, yet from the tie of consanguinity had inherited the heavy debt of blood-guiltiness, until two only of the doomed race remained.

The vengeance of man by man's self-sacrifice had been turned away, but between the executioners of Heaven's justice and the helpless victims a stronger passion had interfered than ever burneth in the breast of the philanthropist or patriot.

Love! supreme, unquestioning love! That matchless self-abnegation which holds no price too dear, so that but a single pang of pain be turned away from the object of its devotion.

Of hate and crime was born the fierce, blood-stained spirit of revenge. Of love came the white-robed angel of mercy.

"And to think that Leon Dantan should have been guilty of such a deed! That the friend I have respected all my life, the companion of my boyhood, the man whom I have always looked up to—— Ah! Monsieur Vis, this is a hard blow; a hard blow, indeed."

The face of Claude Duquesnay attested the truth of his

words. The grave, nay, even severe, expression habitual to him, had given place to emotion and excitement too powerful for repression. He strode up and down the room, the short and nervous steps bespeaking the great struggle going on within his breast.

"But, monsieur," replied Aristide, soothingly, in pity for the evident pain indelibly stamped on the features of his companion—"you must make some allowance for your friend. Think of the hatred, the bitter national antagonism, the stories so freely circulated of German cruelty to French prisoners—mistaken patriotism——"

"Could never pardon such a crime. I see your intention, and thank you for it. You pity my suffering, and, indeed, it is great. To be thus suddenly and rudely awakened to find the friend, the one being on whom you would have staked your life and honor, a wretched criminal, a cowardly assassin. I say again, monsieur, it is hard; very hard."

"But——"

"No," continued the judge, heedless of Aristide's interruption, "there can be but one way in which an honest man can look at this miserable affair. Everything should have combined to protect the victim from his murderer. The respect of brave men for a gallant antagonist, the pity of the strong for the helpless and weak. Oh, it was a vile deed! A wounded, almost dying man confiding in the chivalry of a Frenchman, a fellow-soldier. It was a disgrace!"

"But think of the fearful punishment! I have reason to know that ever since Pierre Marrois's death Monsieur Dantan had been aware of the awful doom which hung over him. Think of the agony of living for so many weeks in the perpetual expectation of death. Let this plead with you for your friend Leon."

"That is it—he was my friend. Had it been otherwise, I could have pardoned something of the heinousness of the crime in consideration of the punishment. But, monsieur, if you understand the full meaning of the word friendship, you will appreciate my feelings."

The agitation of the speaker had robbed him of the power of utterance, and he resumed his rapid walk.

Aristide broke the silence after some time.

"The whole affair is, indeed, very painful, Monsieur le Juge. But it seems to me, if you will excuse my boldness, that instead of repining over the past, we should be at work. An interposition of Providence has saved the lives of Henri Dantan and his cousin, for the time, at least. I say for the time, monsieur; because the full safety of my friend and his *fiancée* is not yet assured. Remember that the chief actor in this drama of revenge still lives."

"You speak of this mysterious brother," cried Duquesnay, suddenly stopping in his walk; "you are right. I am failing in my duty, which is to protect the living, not to weep over the deed. Come, tell me again all that took place at the cottage."

As Aristide had hoped, the implied reproach contained in his last words had not failed to produce the desired effect. The change was wonderful; emotion, excitement, agitation, all disappeared in a moment, and when Monsieur Claude seated himself at his desk it was the grave and stern Juge d'Instruction, and not the heart-broken friend, whom Aristide saw before him.

Again, for the second time that day, did Aristide enter into a detailed statement of the tragedy at the ruined hovel of La Forêt. Prefacing his narrative with a *résumé* of what he had learned from Henri Dantan, he went on to tell the story of that portion of the affair to which he had been an eye-witness.

Almost in Valiska's own words he described the cruel and dastardly assassination of Colonel Eidlesdorf, and of the wounding of his faithful servant; of the rescue and preservation of Ivanovich by Mère Simon, and the long days and nights passed in the cottage of the peasant woman, during which the old man, half crazed from the delirium of fever, and smarting under the agony of his wounds, had but one thought, one dream—Revenge for the merciless slaughter, by the five French soldiers, of his beloved master!

Then came the still more sad and moving account of Vera Eidlesdorf's death; the children kneeling around the bedside of their mother, and following, word by word, the fierce oath of vengeance, as it fell from the trembling lips of the dying woman.

In quick succession followed the other incidents of the story: the arrival of the sisters at Abois, the murder of Pierre Marrois, of Madame Robert and her daughter, and of Leon Dantan.

The magistrate listened with grave attention until Aristide reached that portion of his narrative when, attracted by the exclamation of the dying girl, he had looked up, and beheld in the doorway of the hut the spectral form of the dreaded assassin.

The rapid change which passed over the features of Monsieur Claude plainly proved that his emotion was getting the better of his official impassibility. Unable at length to control himself any longer, he drew a long, deep breath, and striking a heavy blow upon the desk with his clinched fist, he cried out:

"Again, monsieur, again describe to me this miserable wretch, whose hands are soiled with the blood of my friend; this assassin who eludes and mocks at me—me, whose duty it is to protect the lives and property of these poor citizens of Abois! What am I to say, monsieur, to my official superiors, when they ask me what I have done in this affair? Oh, this villain will be my death! Speak, I conjure you, and tell me again what the demon is like!"

"Unhappily, Monsieur le Juge," replied Vis, "I can give you but a shadowy description of the man. Tall, slender, with pale, cadaverous features, closely-cropped white hair, and eyes that glow with the phosphorescent glare of a beast of prey. You remember, without doubt, the picture which Madame d'Aubrac drew of this mysterious murderer? I can add nothing to it."

"And why—why did you not seize him?"

"You forget, monsieur," answered Aristide, stiffly, resenting the implied reproach in the tone of the question—"you forget my position. I had barely time for a single glance, when Henri's cry that mademoiselle was dying drew away my attention. When I looked again, as I told you before, the man had disappeared."

"Oh, this is too much! too much!" exclaimed Duquesnay, springing to his feet and striding excitedly up and down the room. "Who is this man that murders people with impunity—that laughs to scorn the sharp eye of justice? Who—— But stop! What is this you tell me? Did not Mademoiselle Zortichoff declare that it was this *misérable* who effected that strange exchange of the glove?"

"It is true."

"And yet, as I am a living man, monsieur, that glove was locked up in this desk"; and the excited magistrate dealt another rap upon the article of furniture mentioned. "Would you have me distrust my clerk, my poor Guillaume, or the two or three gendarmes who have the *entrée* of my office? I tell you I have known these men for years—almost from my childhood. I have

known their parents. It is out of the question that the assassin could be concealed among them."

"And yet Mademoiselle Valiska was positive in her declaration."

"Oh, I will have this man! Do you hear me, Monsieur Vis? I will have this man, even if I am obliged to search every house, to interrogate every man, woman and child in the town! Say what they will, no one shall have the right to accuse me of idleness. I will send for Dupont at once. I will avenge my friend's death. I will——"

The speaker paused. In his excitement he had approached the door, but at the very moment when he was about to lay his hand upon the knob, it was flung violently open, and Monsieur Dupont, the Chief of Police, entered the apartment.

Claude Duquesnay recoiled from the newcomer with surprise and astonishment. Was this indeed the Chief of Police of Abois—the rigid and inflexible example of official discipline, whom one would as little expect to see influenced by ordinary human emotions as a statue of bronze or marble? This Dupont was plainly agitated; this Dupont was plainly moved by some strong excitement. His face was flushed, his features worked convulsively, and when he strove to speak he stammered so violently, that his words were for the moment unintelligible.

"Monsieur," he stammered, "it is my duty—— Monsieur, I have to tell you—— Monsieur, the strangest circumstance——"

The Chief of Police could get no further, absolute want of breath reducing him for the time to silence.

"In the name of Heaven, what is this, Dupont?" inquired the judge, who had at length recovered from the wonder aroused within him by the strange change of manner in his usually prosaic and unexcitable subordinate.

Dupont took a moment to recover himself and arrange his ideas before he replied.

"Monsieur le Juge," he began, at length, still speaking with considerable difficulty, "I have a very strange story to relate. This morning I received a summons to attend you at this office. I was just preparing to obey, when Alexander Michaud, *concièrge* of a house in the Rue de France, came to me in great trouble. Something awful had happened to one of his lodgers. Indeed, he had every reason to believe the man had committed suicide."

"What?"

"Yes, monsieur; this lodger, a young man, had, according to Michaud's account, retired to his chamber about nine o'clock the night before. From that time he had never left the apartment, nor had any other person been seen to enter it. This, in itself, would not have been strange, for the young man might only have been sleeping off the effects of a little too much wine. But, this morning, one of the neighbors had heard the explosion of a firearm of some kind within the room, and—and—Père Michaud was evidently so much excited, that I considered it my duty to investigate the affair."

"Well, well, Dupont?"

"I followed the *concièrge* to the house, No. 140 Rue de France. The lodger's room was on the fifth floor. The door was locked. I forced it open, and——"

The chief was again obliged to pause for a moment—a moment of tantalizing suspense to the two listeners, who had not failed to be deeply impressed with the words and manner of the speaker.

"Monsieur, a glance showed me that Michaud's suspicions were, alas! but too well founded. The first sight that met my eye was the form of a man, lying face downward, upon the floor of the little room. A small revolver lay beside him, and the bare boards were hideously bespattered and stained with the blood and brains of the unfortunate wretch."

"*Mon Dieu!* Another crime? More blood?"

"Unhappily yes, Monsieur le Juge."

"And who was this unfortunate young man, Dupont?"

Dupont hesitated, and seemed at a loss for the proper word to reply to the question. His hesitation was indeed so marked, that it could not escape the notice of Duquesnay and Vis, and both gentlemen waited anxiously for the chief's reply.

"The room was a mean little place, monsieur—a cheap twenty-franc apartment; scarcely any furniture but a bed, a table, and two chairs; in one corner a battered valise; that was all."

"But the man—the man, Dupont?"

"Upon the table, near which one of the chairs had been drawn, were writing materials, several loose sheets of paper——"

The Juge d'Instruction, surprised and perplexed at the persistent refusal of the chief to reply to his question, gazed with astonishment on the stern face of his official subordinate, which had regained all its usual impassiveness.

"And this——?"

The impressive manner in which the head of the police department of Abois pronounced these last words produced such an effect that it was several moments before Claude Duquesnay could collect himself sufficiently to take the strip of paper which Dupont extended toward him.

At length mastering his excitement, he seized the offered object—a sheet of notepaper covered with closely-written lines—and in a deep, suppressed, and agitated tone of voice, he read aloud:

"A manifestation of Divine Providence has convinced me that my task on this earth is at an end. For years my sisters and myself have been instruments in the hands of an avenging God to execute Heaven's justice on the guilty. Let the bloody corpses of Marrois, of Dantan, and those miserable women, heirs by consanguinity of the blood-debt of Victor Robert, live in the memory of every citizen of Abois as a proof that an all-seeing God does indeed watch over the affairs of man. The base and cowardly murder of my father, Colonel von Eidlesdorf, a wounded and helpless soldier, a sufferer appealing to the mercy of every one, has been avenged. My task is over, since God has willed that we should go no further in our work of vengeance. My poor sisters have gone before me to join our parents in a better world, whither I shall follow them as soon as I have ended this. Place my body, with that of my sisters Wanda and Valiska, beside our father, in the Cemetery of St. Jean. I stand upon the threshold of eternity. Let God alone judge of the motives which actuated me in what I have done. CARL VON EIDLESDORF."

The paper fluttered from the hand of the magistrate; the silence that followed was painful and oppressive. The sound of Duquesnay's voice breaking the stillness set the overstrained nerves of the others vibrating like the explosion of a cannon.

"The assassin of Abois," he cried, with bitter emphasis; "this wretch has indeed escaped the punishment of man!"

"Monsieur," said Dupont, solemnly, "the most astounding part of this affair is yet to come. This man was no stranger to you, to monsieur there, or myself. I recognized the face the moment the body was turned over. The wig and beard were gone, but there was no mistaking the face. It was——"

ADMIRING THE LAST ART ACQUISITION.

The chief paused to give effect to the revelation he was about to make, and glanced at the other two.

In breathless expectance they hung upon his words.

A slight, a very slight, smile of satisfaction stole over the rigid countenance.

Dupont advanced a step nearer, and in a low, impressive voice, pronounced a name—"Charles Guimand."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Twice has the busy world accomplished its weary, annual pilgrimage around the sun.

Twice have the green leaves on the chestnut-trees of Abois withered and died under the wasting hand of Autumn.

Twice has Winter spread her carpet of white velvet over the blooming meadows where Colonel Courcelles and his hussars pranced and curveted amid the blare of trumpets, the glitter of brass, and the flash of steel, for the edification and amusement of the honest townfolk.

Two years have passed and gone, to be buried for ever in the storehouse of eternity.

Two long years, and yet in all that space of time how little change is visible in the beautiful face of inanimate nature—that calm and placid countenance on which, as on the stony and impassive features of the Egyptian Sphinx, the trace of the year's ravages are as a grain of sand in the Desert of Sahara—an atom in the boundless realms of space.

The moss is greener and thicker on the steep, slanting roof of La Bonne Colombe, and the oldfashioned windows and venerable stuccoed walls of the antique building are more markedly in contrast with the plate glass and red brick of its neighbors.

The Hôtel de Ville, recently painted within and without, is as bright and fresh as a new napoleon, and the Dépot de Police shines brilliantly in its annual coating of official whitewash. New edifices, perhaps a dozen in number, have sprung up in the gaps and vacant lots, and this is all.

The stage upon which we have followed for some time the course of our drama is still unchanged, still set for the same scene. But the actors! Oh, where are they? Here all is different, for change is one of the fundamental laws of human existence. A new mayor rules over Abois. Etienne Hilbert, retired upholsterer, sways the baton of magisterial supremacy, sits at the same desk; and, stranger still, dispenses hospitality in the same mansion formerly made so attractive by the geniality and intelligence of poor Leon Dantan. Nor is this the only loss which the official circle of Abois has sustained.

Claude Duquesnay has abandoned the law for the larger excitement of a political life; his voice is now often heard in the Chamber, and report says that it is not one of the least weighty in controlling the affairs of the nation.

Dupont, too, the worthy and efficient Chef de Police, has climbed another step higher on the ladder of advancement, and rules, as the representative of the Prefecture, over one of the large cities of the south.

Stephanie Marrois has returned to her little shop in Lyons. She takes with her Delphine Simon and her grandmother. The crazy girl is to be her charge in the future, and Stephanie has also pledged herself to secure the welfare and prosperity of Marrois's child. She is employed in preparing a plan for the endowment of the Asylum for Poor Children, to which she proposes to devote the wealth of her murdered husband.

Even Jeanne Aglae Marie Seraphine Pichaud and Baptiste Ducorneau have deserted the town, and are now enjoying, as man and wife, all the blissful delights of a porter's lodge in one of the new *maisons de logement* of the capital.

One alone remains faithful to the fortunes of Abois.

Papa Dubois stoutly refuses to move his *cuisine* to Paris, and it is with many a sigh that Aristide recalls the gastronomic *chef d'œuvres* of the immortal papa.

So much for the little people of our drama.

With the others—with those we have known more familiarly, more intimately—the change is even greater. Fulfilling the destinies of mankind, the hermit of Abois has married.

Angelique d'Aubrac's nerves had received such a shock upon the night of Leon's murder, that the little lady loudly declared she would not feel safe unless she could feel a man near her at all times.

Aristide, of course, submitted with the best grace, and is now engaged in the preparation of a wonderful code of philosophical and metaphysical education, which is to make the anxiously-expected Monsieur Aristide Vis, Jr., a shining planet in the political firmament, should the Republic Française be so good as to exist for twenty or thirty years longer.

The baroness is as captivating as ever, but her flirtations have assumed so mild a form, that the most jealous could scarcely find cause for reproach. She is still the friend of and inseparable from Henriette Rousel.

No, not Henriette Rousel, for the cousins have completed the family contract, and are now man and wife.

Henri makes a most excellent husband, and Madame Dantan flatters herself, like all good wives, that her husband has no secrets from her.

We greatly fear, however, that she will never hear the true story of that interview in the cottage of Mère Simon.

"No man," said the philosopher, when questioned by his friend on this very subject, "is obliged to put a whip in the hands of a woman which she may use at some day to lash him," and, we are ashamed to say, the captain has accepted the advice contained in the aphorism

Poor Orloff perished miserably within the year which witnessed the fatal ending of the last of that family which he had served so long and devotedly.

The old man died in the madhouse at Charenton, where, for months, he had lived, a gloomy and morose maniac, his only occupation the monotonous repetition of those names which he had scratched on the wall of the cottage of La Forêt.

In one of the greenest portions of the Cemetery of St. Jean, a simple marble cross bears upon its polished face a list of names. The first is Paul Graf von Eidlesdorf; the last, Valiska Gräfin von Eidlesdorf; below stands written the mournful record of human forgiveness, "*Requiescant in Pace.*"

We can do no better than to echo the last word of the epitaph—Amen!

THE END.

It is said that a young girl has just died in the asylum at Hamburg who possessed the peculiar gift of changing the color of her hair according to the state of her mind. In "periods of sedateness" her hair was its natural dull color; when excited it became reddish, and her anger was indicated by a blonde color. Three days were generally required for the change to be completed, and her complexion also varied in the same periods and in the same direction.

MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

Mr. Bulstead's third and last letter bore the Oxford postmark; as he opened it he frowned. His niece, who had long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

"Now, I will not stand this any longer," cried the irritable old gentleman, dashing his fist upon the table, and narrowly missing the just-arrived and juicy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To five hundred lawn-tennis balls, 12*l.* 10*s.*; to rackets, as per former account, 8*l.* 10*s.*; to marking-machines, 4*l.*; to—good gracious!—to half a ton of whiting, 4*l.*; total, 29*l.*! Good gracious! I say; does the young scapegrace live upon whiting?"

"Oh, it must be a mistake, uncle!"

"Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I have a bill of 2*l.* 10*s.* for dog-collars? Was that a mistake, too? And the wine bill, and Symonds's bill for horse-hire? All mistakes, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady," cried the old gentleman, abandoning the indignantly satirical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you."

With a flushed face Maggie rose from the table, and looked from the window with eyes that saw through their tears little of the square outside. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman, after storming once or twice up and down the room, began to cast uneasy glances at the graceful figure by the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved before and above the present cause of his anger, it was his niece, Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his now cold kidney. "There, my dear, give me another cup of tea. Half a ton of whiting—the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whiting," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quiver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true." The old gentleman was a little more strait-laced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie: I'll give Tom one more chance. I'll go down to Oxford by the eleven-o'clock train, giving him no notice, and see for myself what sort of life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than waste money, I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of those Oxford sparks, why, then"—and Mr. Bulstead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination—"I've done with Nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoon, her eyes bent upon her plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be feared; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters, a man of great obstinacy; and, loving her cousin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bulstead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence: the more as the old gentleman, who had but a few months before forbidden any express engagement between the cousins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in Tom's behalf.

"I shall not want any more tea, thank you, so you may go to your music-lesson, if you like. I shall just go to the Athenæum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage, and if you like you can meet the six o'clock train with it."

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found, to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop. Had it been any one else, he would not have scrupled at attempting to oust him by one of those forms of strategy so well known in club-rooms; but as it was, he run his eye over the *Times* "all standing," and took his seat in the cab not in the best of tempers. "Half a ton of whiting!" he muttered to himself, in tones of fretful speculation, as he passed through Park Lane.

He felt like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go one," as he was called, from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time to the second-floor, where, above the left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black ground, his own name. He knocked sharply, and scarcely waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be "Come in," threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window-seats, in flannels and cigarette in mouth, was a young fellow whose good-looking face was rather manly and straightforward than handsome. He was alone, and got up without much appearance of flurry.

"How do you do, uncle? I thought it was you crossing the Quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know that you were coming?"

Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat, and panted as he looked round. The stairs were steep, and his wind was not so good as it had been.

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, without any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whiting that has brought me."

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whiting!" murmured his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whiting! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's nose.

Tom took it gingerly, and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at ease as he would have his uncle believe, and the old gentleman glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-working, hard-reading student; but still there was nothing objectionable in it. He turned his glance again upon Tom; the latter, with a broad smile genuine enough, was contemplating the bill.

"Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about it? Half a ton of whiting, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly.

"I am not in fault this time, sir; it is the Lawn Tennis Club's account sent into me as secretary. I gave the ground-man the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had the impudence to send it in to you I can't imagine."

"Umph! But how about the whiting, Tom? What is that for?"

"Marking out the grounds, sir."

"Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid of me. Well, I'm very glad of it, my boy," said Mr. Bulstead, pleasantly. The mystery of the whiting was cleared up; but somehow it had made him suspicious.

"Now," said Tom, "will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in the High—not a hundred yards off, sir? and when we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whiting still in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seemed to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the rooms. However, he rose.

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I put my umbrella? Ah, here it is, thank you, Why—what the—deuce—is—that?"

If it had been another half-ton of whiting piled upon the sofa, the old gentleman's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa-cushion was a lady's parasol—a dainty, tiny, wicked-looking sunshade of gray silk; and by it was a glove of too—too apparent French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance; all along he had felt that there was something wrong: this *was* the haunt of wicked dissipation he had half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whiting, indeed! In a moment, and before he had glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the worst of him.

"Well, sir," he said, and there was real sorrow as well as anger in his tones, "can you explain this with equal ease?"

"No, I cannot, sir; but——"

"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your rooms? Fie, sir, Fie! Or where their owner is now, I suppose?" he added, suddenly recalling the scout's seeming attempts to delay him at the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to the inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them."

"And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. I give you my word of honor, I am; and I can't say any more."

The old man was a little impressed by the younger's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course.

"Then let me have a look into your other room, young man, if you wish me to believe you."

"No, I can't do that!" cried Tom, springing, as the other advanced, toward the nearer door, and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that Tom looked more handsome than ever before.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried, imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one—"Make a clean breast of it, and I'll try to forgive you."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Then open that door. You won't?"

"No."

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shilling. Now, sir: one, two—it's your last chance—three! There, sir, I've done with you now, sir—I've done with you—I've done with you!" And, clapping on his hat, with furious haste and yet shaking steps, the old gentleman ran down the stairs, and, his heart full of sorrow and anger, made for the station.

Ah, Tom, Tom! A minute later he opened the inner door, and looked rather anxiously at the half-frightened, wholly pretty face that appeared at it.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"No; but do let me get away. I am so nervous. He was very angry, wasn't he? Yes. What was it about, Tom! Bills?"

"Yes," was the somewhat halting reply; "bills and other things. I dare say he'll cool down. If you hear anything against me, you won't believe it, will you?"

"Oh, Tom, how can you ask?"

"Then there is no harm done," answered Tom, bravely and gallantly. And after reconnoitring from the window, the two left the rooms.

To return to Mr. Bulstead, Senior. It was a great trouble to him. Looking back upon that half-ton of whiting, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that, he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whiting. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still, he was a just and fair man; he had no real intention of cutting off the young profligate, as he termed him in his thoughts, with a shilling. He would make him some sufficient but small allowance; but near his house or near Maggie he would not have him.

He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrances—silent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy Square.

One morning Mr. Bulstead made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some time to find it.

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, fumbling among the heap. "Is that it? No! Nor that. Why, what's this? Well, I *am* dashed!"

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability, escaped him. But now, at the sight of a sun-shade in the umbrella-stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I *am* dashed!"

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and thoughtfully up to the drawing-room and stood on the hearth-rug.

"Were you at Oxford when I was there on the 28th of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly frightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I went to warn him."

"And you were in his rooms while I was there?"

"Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely, and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the Scout's Hole, as he called it."

"So you deceived me between you?" said he, harshly.

"No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming; he was afraid for me, not for himself."

"Did he tell you what I was angry about?"

"After you were gone?"

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire.

"I think," said Maggie timidly, for now it was Tom's favor was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well; since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him at once, and tell him to come up to town to-morrow and call here. When you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room with much outward heat and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe,

CUPID AND PSYCHE.—FROM A DRAWING BY D. HOCK.

and opined that there had been stormy weather up-stairs, was amazed to hear him mutter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! good lad!"

Tom, of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together, Mr. Bulstead told the culprits what he thought of it. No happier trio sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large lump of the chivalrous, and, for the sake of Tom's gallantry, Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage settlement.

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

By Charles Mackay.

"O Sun! awakener of care,
Withhold thy dawning light;
O Moon! the lover's planet fair,
Prolong the hours of night!"
Thus prays the passion-stricken boy,
Extravagant and fond:
The maid as loving, but more coy,
Would willingly respond—
"How fast the moments fade away!
Oh, how unwelcome is the day!"
But lest her speech might seem too bold,
She leaves the loving thought untold

At length, upon a flowery bank,
O'ercanopied by leafy arches,
Form'd by the intertwining boughs
Of fragrant chestnut-trees and larches,
They sit; the nightingale the while
Singing, as if from every feather
In all its frame it pour'd the notes;
And thus the pair discourse together:

"Old stories tell that men are fickle,
False and fickle every one,
And that love by guile untainted
Never dwelt beneath the sun.
Great in sorrow, strong in danger,
Must his pure affection prove,
Who would hope to win for ever
Maiden's passion, woman's love."

"O Amethysta, best beloved!
Since first thine eyes upon me shone,
My soul has had no other joy
Than love of thee, and thee alone:
No other passion shall it own;
And be the doubt for ever far!
Thee at my side, whate'er betide,
In vain the envious world shall war;
I'll love thee still,
Through good, through ill,
My light, my life, my guiding star!"

"And couldst thou, Gilbert, for my sake
Endure the freezing looks of scorn?
If Slander's tongue should do me wrong,
And Pride should call me lowly-born,
Wouldst thou, as now, repeat thy vow,
Nor prove for vanity forsworn?"

"Ah, never! Envy may defame,
And men may censure if they will;
Thy virtue shall disprove their blame,
And Gilbert will adore thee still.
No rancorous tongue shall work thee ill;
And Pride itself, O maiden mine,
Shall bow to worth so high as thine;
And Envy with a sigh confess
Thy least of charms—thy loveliness."

"And couldst thou (oh, forgive the fear—
Fond as a woman's fear should be.)
Couldst thou endure, not scorn alone,
But scorn and poverty for me?
Couldst thou, for Amethysta's sake,
Renounce the honors, thine by birth—
The wealth, the titles, and the power,
And all that men most prize on earth:
And dwell in our secluded cot,
By all thy former friends forgot,
And never chide me, or repine
That I consented to be thine?"

"No, Amethysta! poor the heart
That veers as fortune's currents blow;
And mine shall be a nobler part—
My true affection shall not know
Change or decrease, or ever cease
To prize thee best of all below.
Love, like the beacon on the sea
That warns the tempest-beaten bark,
Still shines, if true, like mine for thee,
The brightest when the sky is dark!"

Thus as they speak his fingers play
Amid her soft luxuriant tresses,
Their cheeks with mutual blushes burn,
Their tender eyes exchange caresses
So gentle is the night of May,
So much the lovers have to say,
They never heed the flight of time;
And it is far toward the hour
When sounds the matin chime,
Ere from their sheltering forest bower,
And bank with early flowers bestrewn,
They rise, and think they rise too soon,
And see the modest eastern sky
Blushing because the morn draws nigh,
And hear the woods and welkin ringing,
With the sweet song the lark is singing.

"Oh, light the touch of Time has been,
And flowers his hand has carried,
Or thus all night in forests green
Our feet would not have tarried.
We have outwatched the moon, my love,
And all the stars but one:
There is no need that we should part
For rising of the sun.
The air so full of odors sweet,
The breeze-encircled hill,
The music of the early birds,
And thy sweet looks and sweeter words,
Invite to linger still."
The maid looked up into his face
With eyes he thought that dimm'd the day,
And the reply upon her lips
Melted in happy smiles away.

TUBBS'S ROMANCE.

Chapter I.

I was aiding in the circulation of Bibles among the heathen of Northern Illinois, one vacation, when I found at the post-office a letter bearing the well-known chirography of Tubbs.

We college men were in the habit of exchanging experiences by mail, with a view to our mutual advantage; for if it happened that one of our Bohemian confraternity struck it rich, he was morally bound to invite some of us to share in his good fortune.

Among all of us, Tubbs held the place of honor in versatility of pursuit. Teaching "deestrict" school was, of course, our chief and common reliance; but Tubbs carried on other avocations besides. He figured as a map-

agent; he roughed it as a railroad-laborer, and if there were any money in the diversion, he might seriously have gone it as a tramp.

Tubbs's letter was dated from a prominent Newport hotel. This did not surprise me, for I had been aware of his intention of going into the mammoth hotel business, in the capacity of waiter.

But the contents of his missive did rather perplex me. He seemed to desire my presence quite peremptorily, albeit somewhat mysteriously, too. He intimated much profit in the field he effusively laid out before me, and ventured some observations I could scarcely approve of, touching my disinterestedness as a missionary to the good people of Northern Illinois.

That evening I took the train for Chicago, stopped long enough at the Garden City to resign my biblical enterprise to the German Israelite whose literature I was diffusing, and in the brief space of three days stood before his royal immensity, the chief clerk of the Grand Central Hotel, Newport, Rhode Island.

There was no such person as Tubbs in that hotel.

"Has any such gentleman been engaged as waiter?"

The clerk was positive that none had.

I left my scanty possessions in the hands of a porter, and proceeded to take an inventory of the remaining hotels. Tubbs was an unknown name among them. I was not looking for Boggs, a big greeny from Vermont, who was getting a knowledge of the world from a porter's pinnacle of observation; nor for Hubbs, a canting Yale sophomore, who was fitting himself for the ministry by performing the duties of assistant scullion; nor for Bibbs, a Boston pedagogue, studying animated nature in the stable. All these worthies were paraded before me for recognition, but none answered the description of the inimitable Tubbs.

Northern Illinois is well supplied with Bibles, or else the people of that vicinity are too much addicted to reading the Chicago papers. My efforts toward elevating the tone of literature among them had not been a marked success in a pecuniary point of view, and unless I could find my rich relation in Newport, who, for the time being, was Tubbs, my lot would not be an entirely felicitous one. I grasped Time by the forelock, therefore, and engaged as waiter in the hotel I had first visited.

Judge of my amazement the following morning to see a well-dressed, somewhat dandified young gentleman, surrounded by a bevy of the reigning belles, emerge upon the seaward veranda and to recognize in the exquisite surroundings the homely physiognomy of the inimitable Tubbs.

"Mulhooly Tubbs, by all that is strange and ugly!" I exclaimed, forgetting, in my democratic ardor of friendship, the proprieties of time, place and position.

I ought to explain that I was temporarily acting in an extra-official capacity, with a dustpan and a large brush.

The brazen upstart whom I addressed affected not to hear me. The delicate daughters of affluence looked my way with a surprised and doubtful, but a quickly averted, gaze.

Tubbs passed on.

I saw that I was recognized, and quickly reconsidering my fell purpose to expose him on the spot, I decided to await developments and explanations.

The same were not long in coming. I divested myself of my menial attire, and, it being the hour of recreation, I ventured out along the sandy shore of the straits, and soon found myself a solitary stranger in the midst of throngs of fastidious idlers, intent on pleasing and being pleased.

This time Tubbs acknowledged my acquaintance. I happened upon him as he sat in the centre of what I afterward learned was the *bon ton* of Newport's best season.

On my approach he sprang to his feet, his features betraying a lively emotion of pleasure entirely new to my past recollections of his lugubrious countenance.

"Reginald Sommerville, I declare! Why, when did you come?" he saw fit to ejaculate, as he villainously squeezed my hand—then adding, in an explanatory way, to the group of bright, expectant eyes, of which I had now become the cynosure: "My dear friend from the West, of whom I have been telling you so much! And have you at last arrived?" he breathlessly continued, in base imitation of Parisian vivacity.

In return for his mean snub of the morning I was again tempted to expose him on the spot, but refrained, and simply retorted:

"Doesn't it seem so, Mulhooly?"

He gave me a warning glance, and then, in a most gracious manner, proceeded to introduce me to his admiring friends.

What had wrought this surprising change in the status of Tubbs? Of course, that question had been puzzling me all the morning, and I was not altogether unprepared for the piece of imposition into which I now found myself dragged.

Buggins is my real name, and my parents saw fit to render my personality still more exclusive and picturesque by giving me the biblical Christian appellation of Hezekiah.

To be suddenly transformed from Hezekiah Buggins to Reginald Sommerville, and to be so introduced and saluted by a circle of fashionable ladies, is what Emerson would undoubtedly have called a violent projection out of the circle of self into the sphere of somebody else. There are some natures which, like most gases, easily expand to the bounds of the situation, exhibiting a wonderful elasticity of character and capacity. All the great frauds and impostors of history have manifested this peculiarity, from Perkin Warbeck, who would have England believe him her rightful king, down to Louis Philippe, who would convince the world that he was Mr. Smith.

We all possess the quality to some extent; but there has been very little of it vouchsafed the Buggins family, as I can personally witness. There is something seductively magnetic, however, in the contemplation of indomitable audacity that may make up for natural deficiencies.

So I found it in the peculiar situation where I was now so violently thrust.

The sublime assurance of my friend Tubbs, the complete and sweeping manner in which he ignored the truth, and the surprising ease and mastery he displayed in entering into the details of the lies he was fairly radiating, had a singularly demoralizing influence, and Hezekiah Buggins, the whilom Bible agent, was in a few seconds launched upon the high tide of Reginald Sommerville's personality.

I found that much of my new self had been previously prepared for me in the bold narrations of my friend Tubbs, and before experiencing freedom in my new situation it was necessary to get my bearings, by gathering the history of my past career as detailed by his impudent fancy.

This was not an easy task for my unimaginative mind.

The villain had seen fit to make himself the hero of sundry impossible escapades with frontier Indians and bears, and had introduced me sometimes as a sort of

man Friday, and again as a foolhardy bravo. I therefore was put to my wits' ends to extricate myself from the horrible positions the heartless wretch had placed me in. Moreover, the fellow seemed to take a keen relish in my mental agony, often pitching me back into the jaws of destruction after I had narrated myself into safety for my fair auditors, and never lending me a helping hand in the chamber of horrors, into which his colossal mendacity had conducted me.

More than once I felt like succumbing, and freely admitting that Reginald Sommerville had indeed been scalped, poor fellow! by the savage Black Feet, or that the last tussle with the gigantic grizzly had really proved too much for him; that I was not what I seemed to be, but my true identity was Hezekiah Buggins—no less, no more.

I resisted the temptation, however, and at length safely assigned myself to the heroism that was not mine, and to the *rôle* that the humor of the moment had so unexpectedly assigned me.

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 590.

Chapter II.

The same evening I disengaged Tubbs sufficiently to have him saunter off with me toward a secluded byway, and at the point of a lighted cigar I demanded a full explanation.

He gravely proceeded to introduce himself to me as Parker Potter, Esq., residence New York city. Mr. Potter, it seems, had been for ten years absent in the Far West, where his father, now dead, owned valuable landed interests. He had just returned, and was on his way to Newport, when, chancing to meet upon the train a most agreeable book-agent, self-introduced to him as "M. Tubbs, Pardeeville University," an idea suddenly occurred to him. Tubbs and he were in the rough, like two Dromios. Why not exchange identities, more especially as he had an interested *motif* in the plot?

Culture is largely hedged in by the refinements of well-fitting garments. The apparel oft proclaims the man. Why not let it proclaim Tubbs to be Potter, and Potter Tubbs?

Suffice to say that Mr. Tubbs willingly consented to gratify the whim of his friend Potter. He engaged to play the part of that gentleman in the little romance of real life, then and there improvised, restraining, however, the poetry of his nature long enough to stipulate a round sum as consideration for the violence done his moral susceptibilities by the imposture.

"And here we are," continued Tubbs, "at the beginning of the second scene—shall we call it?—of the first act. Enter Reginald Sommerville, *rôle* assumed by Hezekiah Buggins, quondam bible-agent, pedagogue, hotel minion, factotum——"

"But always with an eye to business, however humble his capacity," I broke in. "And now suppose we establish some adequate salary for this new theatrical terror of the plains and grizzly-annihilator?"

This had been arranged for, Tubbs informed me.

Personating his friend Potter, he had been in the habit of drawing for that wealthy individual on a certain New York bank. The amount of these drafts had been quite large, and it was the agreement that three-fourths of the proceeds should be regularly turned over to the genuine Mr. Potter, while the remaining fourth paid the expenses of the masquerade and requitted the services of the impostor.

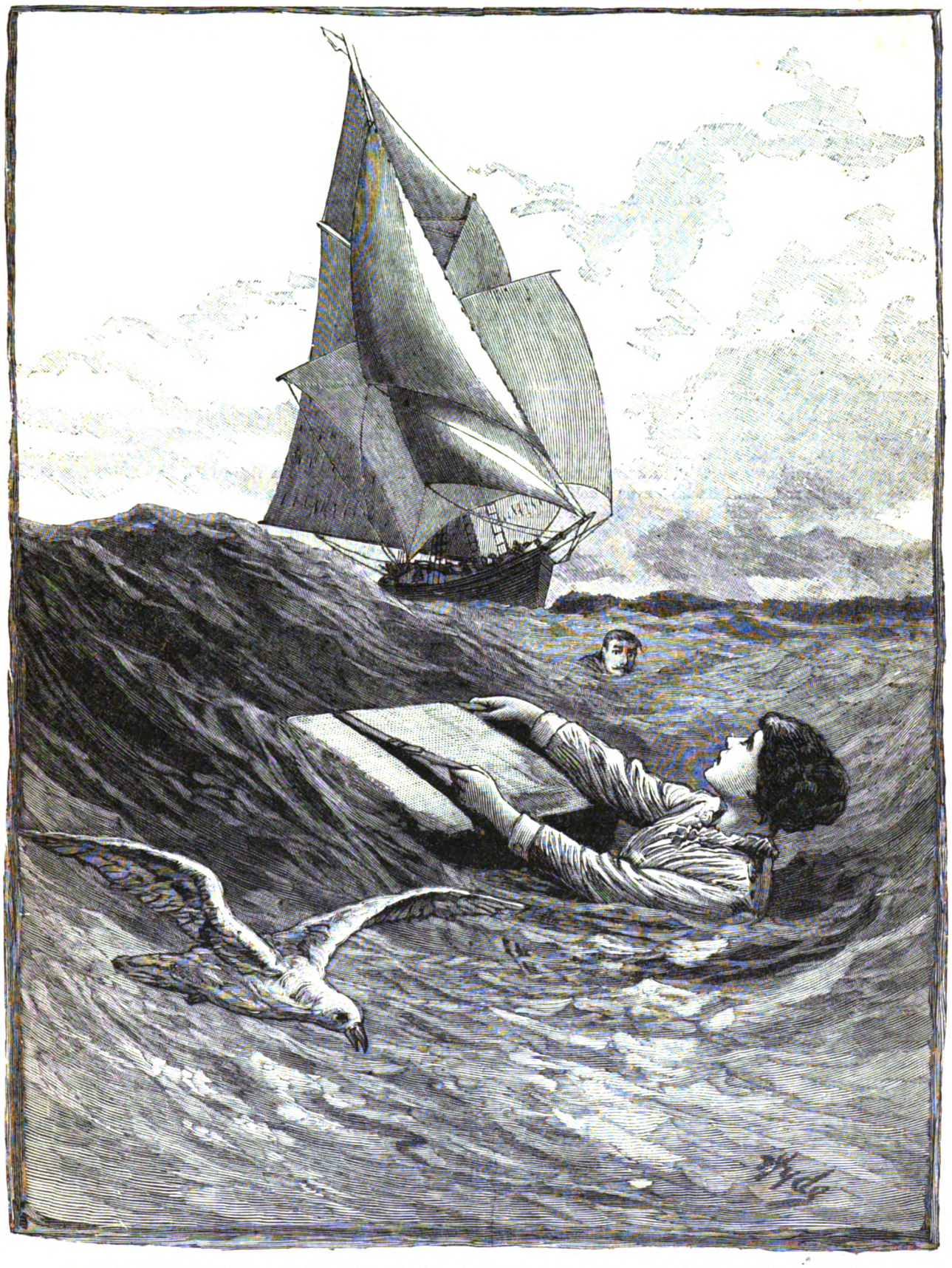
"This morning I received an unusually large amount, five hundred dollars of which I am instructed to pay over to you for your engagement in the drama, and fifteen hundred dollars of which I immediately conveyed to my romantic employer."

"But what," I inquired, "is the object of this expensive piece of deception? Has your *alter ego* in ugliness condescended to clear up that point to your satisfaction?"

"I can't say that I do clearly understand the part I am playing," answered Tubbs; "but I know the labor is pleasanter than what I was coming here to perform, and the pay to me is princely. Such chances do not often come to a fellow who has grown up in desperate straits and whose path has been one of meanest toil. And, Hezekiah, I have had a taste of 'upper-tendom,' its culture, its amenities and its attractions. I have been received and treated—I may say courted—as an equal, for the Potters had a corner somewhere in the *Mayflower* steerage, and this young man's father made a million out of a patent medicine. I find that the romance in which I am assisting appears to have about it some of the features of 'Lalla Rookh.' The coming of young Mr. Potter was not unexpected, and I am led to surmise that he is taking observations *incog.* for the first time of one of the other sex with whom some paternal agreement, expressed in a testamentary stipulation, has linked his interests. His assurance and innuendoes, and my own observations, seem to confirm this."

"Indeed! And whom, pray, is this *Juliet*, to whom, no doubt, you are an assiduous *Romeo?*" I asked.

"Miss Fanny Van Brunt, a lady whose *début*, I learn, created a sensation in New York society circles last Winter. I do not positively know that she is the Mrs. Potter to be, but from hints dropped by ladies of her set, and the manner of the lady herself, I draw my inferences."



TUBBS'S ROMANCE.—"AMONG THE CAMP-STOOLS GOING OVER THE STERN A BLUE OBJECT FLASHED. IT WAS UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION, I PRESUME, THAT CAUSED ME TO MARK ITS SIMILARITY TO TUBBS'S NEW YACHTING SUIT. I DID NOT FULLY REALIZE THE FACT,' HOWEVER, UNTIL I SAW HIS ROUND, HATLESS HEAD RISE ABOVE THE WAVES AS HE SWAM TOWARD THE STRUGGLING GIRL."— SEE PAGE 590.

"No doubt you are improving your opportunities for a first-class flirtation?"

"Well, dear boy," said the homely fellow, with the ghost of a blush, "if the lady cannot resist my fascinations, it is her misfortune, not her fault. To tell the truth, Reginald, this is the most delightful passage in the play. I enjoy it all the more because of the evident annoyance my presence gives a fiercely mustachioed blood, whom Dame Rumor makes Miss Fanny's most ardent admirer. De Witt Talbot has come here specially from New York to press his suit. My appearance on the boards as a rival is wearing on his nervous system."

"Your countenance ought to reassure him. How relieved would he be were I to betray you as the genuine Mulhooly Tubbs."

"My dear Reginald, you should practice addressing me as Parker. But, seriously, I do not find high intellectuality a characteristic of our "first society men." These fellows waste their time at college, you know, and live too luxuriously to have an active mental life. An ex-book-agent should be the last person to hide his light under a bushel, and though it may seem presumptuous to say it, yet I fancy Miss Fanny appreciates my ready wit and—and conversational abilities. This is what irritates the wealthy but vapid De Witt. He has had his revenge, too, in a petty way. You know there are some usages of polite society with which even a college and the book trade do not familiarize a man. Well, I have made several bad "breaks" at the table, in conversation and in the ballroom. These De Witt has noticed and commented on to others, though I think he has no suspicion as to my identity."

"Ha!" said I, drawing a long breath; "the plot thickens. "But what service can Reginald Sommerville execute in this rather shady affair?"

"Oh, it seems necessary to keep up the play which my wealthy friend congratulates me on sustaining admirably thus far. Mr. Sommerville's appearance has been looked for right along, and Potter has posted me as to his past life, and relations to his principal," said Tubbs, with a complacent chuckle. "A few days ago," he continued, "under instructions, I telegraphed my New York banker, 'Sommerville is coming. Shall draw on you for the money.' This I did under Potter's directions. He seems to know what he is doing, as the money was promptly paid. And now let us go over to the Arlington boarding-house, where the author of the romance secludes himself, that you may satisfy yourself further."

It was about nine o'clock when we proceeded to the place indicated by Tubbs. We inquired for Potter, under a temporary appellation his idle fancy had chosen. The gentleman had gone out. We could not learn when he would return.

Retracing our steps to the Grand Central, we were soon in the midst of the gayeties of Summer life by the seaside. The balmy evening atmosphere of the salt sea, the swell of festivity in the corridors and along the broad verandas, the entrancing music, all combined to stir and exhilarate the spirits of the pleasure-seekers.

As the hours passed the revelers in the ballroom were fewer. Couples were sauntering along the broad piazzas to the seaward, or seated in the conservatory and among recesses of the broad hallway. I myself, fatigued with the unaccustomed excitement, retired into a nook behind a pillar to meditate on the changes in the current of my existence.

A familiar voice from some adjoining nook startled me. Listening, I heard:

"But, Miss Fanny, our individuality may often be laid aside. There are versatile characters who play the part of others in real life as well as on the stage."

"It would be well for both of us, I confess," I heard, in an earnest yet pleasant voice, "could we lay aside some of our individualities; but I believe that man never lived who would willingly assume the personality of another in its entirety."

"True," said Tubbs, for he it was. "One may, however, find pleasure in a temporary concealment or change of identity as well as of employment. Much of the pleasure of the drama comes to us by our entering into the personality of the hero or heroine."

"Do we not rather enjoy the drama because it shows the triumph of principle and the reward of virtue?"

"That is no doubt an element of our enjoyment, but you will never agree with me in any proposition I advance."

With a pleasant laugh, she replied:

"To be frank with you, Mr. Potter, you are advancing strange propositions. I do not know what can possibly suggest your line of thought."

"Perhaps a guilty conscience, Miss Fanny," said Tubbs, no doubt with his usual chuckle.

"Speaking of personality, Mr. Potter, you are very much changed since I last saw you, seven years ago. Of course I was then but a little girl, but I did not think you gave promise of the brilliant wit the ladies say you possess."

"H'm!" thought I. "This is dangerous ground."

"The ladies," replied Tubbs, "have brilliant perceptive faculties, and I feel flattered."

"Ah! but perhaps I will change that feeling when I tell you that your cousin Estelle, who has your picture, taken at the age of sixteen, says you are not at all like it."

"Better-looking, of course?"

"No; not that; but—but——"

"Thanks to Estelle, I understand!" laughed Tubbs. "I never traveled on my good looks, but on a combination of brains and cheek."

Here I observed a little of the book-agent cropping out.

What further conversation there might have been was lost to me, not because of any squeamish delicacy on my part, but because a lower and more earnest tone was adopted by both parties.

The next morning I rose very late. I was seated at the table next to Mr. Philip Adams, a portly gentleman, whom the export trade in pork had made a millionaire.

I had been introduced to him the evening previous.

"Your father, Mr. Sommerville," he said, among other things, "was a particular friend of mine. It was by my advice that he went into the Western cattle business. It wsa a lucky venture. No doubt he has spoken to you about his Eastern friends?"

What could I do but assent? When a man drifts from the haven of strict integrity, he is in a current where resistance means certain death.

"You heard how profitably we disposed of his business interests after his death? That was another lucky stroke. You were away at college at the time, but your trustees must have told you of it."

I told him my unknown trustees had fully informed me, and thanked Mr. Adams for his interest in the matter, which, I surmised, was the cause of the good luck.

"Yes," he replied, reflectively; "your father did well out West, and I do not think you were injured. Consumption ran in your mother's family, and when you left

here twelve years ago, you were so pale and weak that your appearance now is a pleasant surprise to me."

All the healthy but plebeian blood of the Bugginses flushed in my face as I explained the tonic effects of the fresh air of the Western plains.

This tax on my imagination had a depressing effect on my appetite, and it was with a sigh of relief that I parted from the old gentleman. Not, however, before he said:

"We will expect you, of course, to make one of our yachting party this afternoon. We start from the Blue Wharf at three. Your friend, Mr. Potter, will be with us."

Walking out of the dining-room, I passed the charming Misses Adams, who honored me with a pleasant recognition, to which I gracefully responded.

I could not help reflecting on the lines of the poet:

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practice to deceive!"

Chapter III.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon the well-rigged yacht of Mr. Adams headed out of the bay before a stiff breeze.

A merry party of about twenty sat or reclined on chairs and hammocks about the decks. In the bow of the boat my friend Tubbs, *alias* Potter, was again the centre of a bevy of chattering young girls and alert mammas. I noticed, however, that De Witt Talbot was seated with Miss Van Brunt in the stern.

The rest of the party were seated in couples on all parts of the deck, or in the diminutive cabin below.

A demure little beauty from Boston discussed metaphysics with me. I made large drafts on a crude knowledge of mental science, and larger drafts on a brilliant imagination, to keep pace with her intellectuality

Her impressions of civilization outside of Boston were, I think, more favorable after our talk.

The breeze freshened and our gallant yacht parted the rising waves into long ribs of downy foam, extending from the bow far away into the distance.

Preparations were made to tack. The little yacht answered beautifully to her helm. Her head turned slowly to the windward, the sails flapped loosely for an instant, then filled suddenly, swinging the spanker-boom round the stern as far as its fastenings would permit, and sending us ahead with a spurt.

At the same instant a feminine shriek echoed from the stern, and De Witt Talbot called out in a frightened tone:

"She's tumbled in. Miss Van Brunt's overboard!"

In a moment all was confusion on board. No one seemed to know what to do.

The old skipper below might have done something, but he was at the helm, happily unconscious of what was going on overhead.

The poor girl had risen to the surface, and was now fast being left behind.

Portly Mr. Adams rose to his feet, and flung over the stern the camp-stool on which he had been sitting. His example was contagious. Every camp-stool, indeed, every loose object on deck, was soon in the water.

The little Boston lady at my side parted with her parasol in this way, and followed it up with a volume of Emerson we had been discussing.

Among the camp-stools going over the stern a blue object flashed. It was unconscious cerebration, I presume, that caused me to mark its similarity to Tubbs's new yachting-suit. I did not fully realize the fact, however, until I saw his round, hatless head, rise above the waves far in the rear.

Meantime Mr. Adams had excitedly rushed down to the skipper, yelling:

"Man overboard! Woman—girl, I mean! Head around!"

The yacht, again obeying her helm, swung round; not, however, before the plucky Tubbs had reached the struggling girl. Holding her safely above the water, he struck out toward the approaching yacht with a buoyancy creditable to his name.

Tubbs, of course, became a hero; but I fancied the few words Miss Van Brunt said to him pleased him more than the adulation of all the others.

Miss Van Brunt was soon dry and happy. Tubbs looked more thoughtful.

The next half-hour we spent fishing for camp-stools and other wreckage. I was so fortunate as to recover my lady's Emerson, for which service her thanks were profuse. We were all happy when Mr. Adams called out, in his oily tones:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will head for home."

Later that evening I found an opportunity to congratulate my friend Tubbs on his adventure of the afternoon.

"I don't like the looks of Talbot," said he, abruptly. "He regards me in a particularly vicious manner. I learn, too, that he was a neighbor of the Potters up to the time Parker went West."

"What of that?" says I. "Our pay ceases only when the real Potter chooses to assume his rightful place—and this, Talbot cannot hasten."

Tubbs was silent and meditative.

"Alas!" thought I, "poor Mulhooly! Another case of moth and candle."

The brilliant panorama of one of Newport's magnificent balls might well drive such thoughts away. A thousand hearts beating happily; the whirl of the dance, the delights of the conservatory, ease and enjoyment in promenade upon the veranda—but why linger longer on so transient a picture?

Tubbs had just led the heiress of the Van Brunt estate to a seat, when a gentleman, whose hasty entrance during the dance I had noticed, tapped him on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear. A word of excuse and Tubbs departed with the stranger, apparently for a brief interview in the conservatory.

"It is his Mephistopheles, Potter," I said, to myself.

I was again in the midst of the evening's enjoyment, forgetful of all things else save the pleasure of the passing hour.

* * * * * *

The New York papers of August 3d contained the following Associated Press dispatch:

"*Newport, August 2d.*—Private detectives from New York arrested here to-night one Tubbs, *alias* Potter, charged with embezzling large sums of money from the trustees of the Potter estate. Tubbs presented himself daily at the First National Bank, personating Parker Potter, Jr., heir to the estate, and obtained at different times six thousand seven hundred dollars. The deception was not sooner discovered, owing to the belief that Potter was actually at Newport. Tubbs presented letters from New York, introducing him to several prominent society people at Newport, by whom the impostor was well received. Mr. Potter returned yesterday to New York, after a short sojourn in the Adirondacks, not having gone to Newport, as was supposed. A letter awaited him from De Witt Talbot, Esq., of New York, informing him of suspicions regarding the identity of the party personating him at Newport. Detectives were immediately sent by the Eastern mail express, and the arrest quietly effected later in the evening."

* * * * * *

It is now five years since the above unhappy episode

THE AMERICAN ALOE OR CENTURY-PLANT, FROM WHICH PULQUE IS MADE.

transpired. Tubbs and myself graduated in due course from Pardeeville University, and are now immersed in the busy work of life.

The sharp scoundrel who made Tubbs his cat's-paw in embezzling from the Potter estate—who had found or stolen Parker Potter's letters and papers, and learned something of his affairs—was never caught. Tubbs escaped only after a tortuous trial and some very humiliating experiences.

After graduating he engaged in some manufacturing business along the Hudson, while I accepted the principalship of the Athensville High School.

Only a week ago I received the following letter, which needs no explanation, and may form a fitting *finale* to our little episode:

"ALBANY, NEW YORK, *February 2d*, 188-.

"MY DEAR HEZEKIAH: No apologies will atone for the long break in our correspondence. It is all my fault. I have been very busy. I wrote you I had gone into manufacturing. I did not say what I made—I was ashamed. All shame has now gone. If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap-making, as a profession, comes next to the ministry. I make soap. I stand up for my profession.

"I have given it my whole attention, and must say I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Soap pays, old boy. It pays to use it. It pays better to make it. By shrewd advertising and good management, my business had come to menace the standing of one of the largest Eastern soap houses. Some months ago I received an invitation to consult with the senior partner of that house. I surmised beforehand the object of the interview. We had been cutting each other's profits pretty lively of late, and unless some arrangement was made one or both houses must go to the wall. We succeeded in making an amicable settlement.

"I found the senior partner a pleasant old gentleman. He invited me to his home in New York. I have been pleased to call there quite frequently of late. He has a charming daughter. Her name is Miss Fanny Van Brunt.

"By-the-way, Hezekiah, if you come to New York next July you will enjoy yourself. I will make it pleasant for you, and you will have the further pleasure of being best man at an interesting ceremony.

"Very truly, your friend,
"MULHOOLY TUBBS."
"P. S.—Particulars to follow."

"AH! Mr. Jones, glad to see you. The verdict is in." "Already?" "Yes, sir; I knew I would get it. You receive $1,000, but you are to pay half the costs." "Fair enough, I am sure. What are the costs?" "$2,000!"

THE VEGETABLE WONDER OF MEXICO.

BY EMILY PIERCE.

THE gift of the gods to Mexico was its famous century-plant, the maguey—*Agave Americana*. It serves as food, drink and raiment. It is cultivated with care, grows wild in the mountains and springs up everywhere in patches as a weed. The variety of its uses is infinite; it seems to be to the Indian what the reindeer is to the Esquimaux—fitted by nature to supply all his wants, its coarse cloth being his swaddling-blanket, and its strong rope tying down his coffin-lid.

The fibre of the leaf, beaten and spun, becomes a beautiful thread called *pita*, resembling silk in its glossy texture, and when woven into a fabric, it is like linen. It is manufactured into cloth and paper, bagging

INDIAN DRAWING SAP FROM THE AGAVE.

and carpets, sail-cloth and sacking. The rope made from it is called Manilla hemp, and is the strongest in use. Cut into coarse straws, it forms the brooms and whitewash-brushes of the country; as a substitute for bristles, it is made into scrub-brushes; and finally, it supplies the place of hair-combs among the common people. From it also the chief intoxicants of the country are manufactured, and herein lies its chief value as a product.

An old Indian tradition tells us that Paradise was Mexico in general, and the Garden of Eden located in Jalapa. They argue that Paradise must have been in the tropics, in a region elevated far above the baleful heat and malaria of the lowlands, in a climate where plants can grow to the utmost perfection. The daily shower requisite to bring nature up to this standard rendered protection to humanity a necessity, therefore nature provided in the one plant the thread, needle and cloth to outfit this first dressmaking establishment, for they use the strong pointed thorns, which terminate the gigantic leaves, as nails, pins and needles.

Although tradition thus adds the maguey to the list of gifts nature has lavished on Jalapa, the region where it flourishes in perfection is the plain of Apam, about sixty miles east of the Capital. What the Orange County dairy region is to New York city, Apam is to Mexico. Here is grown maguey and its product pulque, the national beverage—the Mexican beer. The magnitude and extent of this line of agriculture can be understood from the fact that it affords an enormous revenue to the Government, and two special pulque-trains run into the city each day from Apam, supplying the market with the same regularity as the milk-trains that run into our metropolitan centres. All through the Valley of Mexico this mighty maguey-plant marks the boundary of lands and is utilized as a fence—two rows, with bayonet-like thorns, making an efficient hedge. The plant impresses one as a feature of the country, and is very imposing, lifting its scimitar-shaped leaves, rich and green, ten and fifteen feet in height. It will flourish in the most arid soil, and, like a fountain in the desert, furnishes the poorest Indian with the beverage most grateful to his palate.

In the year 990, a Toltec called Papantzin discovered the method of pulque manufacture, and desiring to bring the beverage into royal favor, commissioned his daughter as cup-bearer. This ancient Hebe, we are told, was young and beautiful—as lovely as her name, and she was called "Xochitl" (the flower). The king drank the pulque and wedded the maiden.

There are two species cultivated, one in the desert portions of the country, and *mescal* (Mexican "tangle-foot") is distilled from the juice expressed from the leaves; the other is the flowering maguey, or century-plant, which is one of the wonders of the vegetable world. In its fifteenth year, in November or December, a central stalk begins to sprout, and its beautiful cluster of flowers is perfected in the following February. The tradition that it blooms but once in a century is quite true; for whether natural development takes place, or its uses are changed to benefit mankind, it fulfills its destiny and perishes. The last monster leaf unfolds a slender stalk the height of a telegraph-pole, which, at a distance, it resembles; and the crowning blossoms are far beyond the reach of a man on horseback. It is not often we see the superb flower on its colossal stem, for the plant that is in bloom is a useless beauty. It is prevented from flowering at ten years of age, the date at which it yields pulque. During its growth it throws out shoots, which are removed from the parent plant when about three feet high, or after two years' growth. A maguey which cost a real (twelve and a half cents), when first planted, will sell from eight dollars to eighteen dollars when ready to cut.

Visiting a pulque *hacienda* at Apam, I was placed in charge of the *Tlachiquero*, who is the practical chief of the pulque factory. We formed a curious little caravan as we started upon our tour of inspection. The *Tlachiquero* did the picturesque, with his dark skin, white dress and immense straw sombréro, his leathern apron, and the implements of his profession hanging at the belt. The patient peons and their donkeys followed, the latter making up the fantastic from being laden with pig-skins, into which is poured the *agua-miel*, or juice of the maguey; while I posed as the adventurous American woman, filled with wondering curiosity.

The plants begin to yield the *agua-miel* (honey-water) only when the flower-stalk is on the point of its development, and it is of the greatest importance for the cultivators to know exactly the period of efflorescence. The *Tlachiquero* goes periodically among his vegetable cows, and marks those fit for milking by cutting a *cross* on the top of the highest leaf. When the maguey is about to flower he dexterously cuts out the central spike, scooping out its great white heart in the form of a deep basin to hold the exuding liquid; visiting it at the end of eight days, he finds the cavity filled with *agua-miel*. For three months the plant is then milked regularly three times a day—3 and 7 A.M. and 3 P.M.—and yields over a gallon each day, each plant averaging about one hundred and twenty gallons before it dies. The process of taking it out of the plant forms a curious picture. The chief implement of the *Tlachiquero*, called an *acolate*, is a long gourd, bored at the point, and into the end is inserted a cow's horn; this end he thrusts into the cavity, and sucks the juice into the gourd by applying his mouth to the aperture in the opposite side. From the gourdshell the juice is emptied into the pig-skins, which swell out into a lifelike resemblance and seem to kick up their trotters and curl up their tails in swinish inebriety. Sheepskins are also used, wool side in, like the wineskins of the East and "Don Quixote." These skins last only two months, and cost twelve reals (one dollar and a half) apiece, which suggests a field for Yankee invention and speculation. After going from plant to plant until the vegetables were exhausted, we visited the *tinacal*, or vat-house, where the pulque is made. The earthen floor was as clean as the deck of a man-of-war and nearly covered by *tinas*, huge vats of oxhide, the hairy side outward. In each *tina* was a thick curd of *madre* (mother) pulque, performing the office of leaven, for the process of fermentation. It was thick and white, and had an ancient and fish-like smell.

We entered the tinacal in procession. Each peon, as he crossed the threshold, reverently removed his sombréro, exclaiming, "*Alabo á Dios!*" ("I praise God!" When the *agua-miel*-laden skins were carefully opened and the liquor ready for pouring out, the *Tlachiquero* seized a long stake from the corner, and making a sign of the cross in the rotten curds, reverently exclaimed, "*Ave Maria purissima!*" to which the Indians devoutly responded. Thus in Mexico they mix their religion even with their drinks. The process of fermentation lasts about three hours, and from the *tinas* the liquid is drawn into barrels for the *pulquerias*, or gaudily-decked shops, which are to be found at the corner of nearly every street in the Capital.

The Government receives a thousand dollars daily in duty on pulque brought into the City of Mexico, and the

railways a similar sum in freight. The rocky, dry lands which are unfit for cultivation, and the hedgerows, are appropriated to maguey. On a thousand acres a million plants of all ages may be flourishing, of which three hundred thousand will be maturing plants, five to six years old; fifteen thousand will yield pulque annually, four thousand of them producing daily an average of three thousand five hundred gallons, worth, at seven cents per gallon, two hundred and forty-five dollars, which is a neat little income.

This abundance of juice is the more astonishing as the maguey plantations are in the most arid soil, frequently in banks of rocks scarcely covered with vegetable earth. The plant, with firm, vigorous leaves, is affected neither by drought nor hail; neither do the occasional frosts which destroy the less hardy crops injure it.

On a first impression, it appeared to me that, as nectar was the drink in Olympus, we may fairly conjecture that Pluto cultivated maguey in his dominions.

Pulque is undoubtedly wholesome and an excellent aid to digestion; the natives consider it the most delicious beverage in the world. But the combined smell, taste and color suggest spoiled buttermilk to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and the spot for wry faces is the railway-station at Apam, where our Yankee friends always gratify their curiosity with a first taste of pulque. They say it is very agreeable after one gets over the first shock—the difficulty seems to consist in getting over that.

It is not usually sold at wholesale, but each maguey estate has its retail shops in town. These shops, called pulquerias (see illustration), are always ornamented with flowers and branches and decorated with saints and virgins; not infrequently one catches glimpses of little altars with gleaming candles. These shops boast most fanciful names, among which I noted "*La Cantina del Merced*" ("The Saloon of Mercy"), and "The Pulqueria of the Blessed Virgin."

The Indians are passionately fond of this beverage; it is not heady in its effects, and only serves to intensify their habitual politeness. It is extremely amusing to watch its effects; they grow intensely polite, handing the pulque-jar to their fair companions and taking off their broad hats to each other; if they meet a woman, kissing her hand as though she were a duchess; full of compliment and pretty phrases, that any one of them might serve as a model for old Turveydrop himself. When they drink *aguadiente* or *mescal*, the distillation of this same maguey — the "Jersey lightning" of Mexico —it renders them wild and furious. The effect is felt in an incredibly short time, and they fight most brutally. Wrapping his *sarepa* tightly about his left arm, the combatant uses his broad sombréro for a shield, whirling it so as to dazzle and bewilder his opponent; then, with his gleaming *machete*, the long, cruel knife which all carry, he commits bloody execution in his drunken rage.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S HEAD.

A REMARKABLE relic is among the personal effects left by the late Edouard Dentu, the publisher of Paris, and its authenticity is scarcely doubted. This is a human skull, and nothing less than that of Cardinal Richelieu. It was found tightly and carefully inclosed in a case of velvet, among other curious objects. It is known that the Minister of Louis XIII. was interred in the Chapel of the Sorbonne. In 1848, during an *émeute*, the tomb of the Cardinal Duke was violated and his remains were scattered. A member of the Constituent Assembly, M. Armez, came into possession of the head, and subsequently gave it to M. Edouard Dentu. If the genuineness of the relic is proved, it will probably be restored to the Sorbonne.

CHIMNEYS.

IN the year 1200 chimneys were scarcely known in England; and one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in a great hall of a castle or lord's house; but in other houses the smoke found its way out as best it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seem to have considered chimneys as the newest inventions of luxury. In the reign of Henry VIII. the University of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that after the students had supped, having no fire in Winter, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour to get heat in their feet before retiring for the night.

Hollinshead, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," said he, "very few chimneys even in the capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the door, roof or window. The houses were walled and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood." In 1689 a tax of two shillings was laid on chimneys.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.

DAMP and put them on a glove-stretcher; sponge with recently rectified oil of camphor, or turpentine; when dry, hang them in a draught for a few days. Doe and buckskin and wash-leather clean with a mixture of fuller's-earth and alum; brush this off and sprinkle with dry bran and whiting. If much soiled, wash in lukewarm water, curd soap and ox-gall; stretch, and rub with pipeclay and yellow ochre, made into a paste with beer; dry gradually, rub when half dry, put into shape, cover with paper, and iron them. For washing gloves, a strong lather should be made of curd soap and milk; put on the glove and apply the lather with a shaving brush, stroking from the wrist to the finger-tops. When clean, remove the soap with a soft cloth, blow into the fingers to open them, and hang, well-opened throughout, to dry. The simplest method of all is to put on the (kid) gloves, and so wash them in a basin of spirits of turpentine till clean. This is the French plan.

THE MORMON BIBLE.

AN investigation of the original Mormon Bible manuscript is now going on at Kansas City. This manuscript, which is declared to be the translation of some hieroglyphics inscribed upon metal plates, whose hiding-place in the soil of Ontario County, N. Y., had been revealed to Joseph Smith by an angel of the Lord, is in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Mo. Mr. Whitmer is now quite an aged man, and the only surviving member of the little band who assisted Joseph Smith in the founding of the Mormon Church. He is a firm believer that the manuscript intrusted to his care is of Divine origin. Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris, were the witnesses who testified, when Smith published the Mormon Bible, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and laid before their eyes the plates that bore the characters of which the manuscript is said

to be a translation. The investigation is being made by Professor Clark Braden, formerly President of the Abington College. The judges appointed for the occasion are Colonel J. T. Childs, of the Richmond (Mo.) *Conservator;* Mr. Ethan Allen, of the Lexington *Observer;* and Mr. Harrison, of the Richmond *Democrat.* One of the principal witnesses to appear before the examining board is Major J. H. Gilbert, of Palmyra, N. Y., he being the printer who set the type for the first Mormon Bible.

THE ORIGIN OF NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

About two hundred and forty years ago, toward the close of Cromwell's life, and thirty-four years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Boston and Plymouth Settlement found itself vigorous enough to send out offshoots; and having heard from the Dutch settlers of New York of a rich and well watered valley discovered by them in 1614, the General Court appointed John Pynchon, Elizur Holyoke, and S. Chapin, of Springfield, settled seventeen years before, to negotiate with the Indians for that tract of land called Nonotuck, where now stand six small towns and villages, chief and first built of which was Northampton. The price paid was a hundred fathoms of wampum (equal to about $100), ten coats, some small gifts, and the plowing up of sixteen acres on the east side of the river.

THE VEGETABLE WONDER OF MEXICO.— PULQUE-DRAWERS WITH THEIR SKINS AND IMPLEMENTS.— SEE PAGE 597.

Wampum (Indian for white) consisted of strings of beads made of white shells, and *suckauhock*, black or blue money, of black or purple shells. Both were used for more purposes than trading with the Indians, coin being scarce. Eight white and four black beads were worth two cents; and a man as often took out a string of beads as a purse to pay an innkeeper or a ferryman, or to balance a trading account.

But Nonotuck was paid for with a good deal besides the wampum and the plowing. For a hundred and twenty-four years there was almost incessant warfare with the Indians. Treacherous ambuscades lay in wait for the trader on his journey, stealthy dark-skinned assassins for the solitary husbandman, and not a few of these fertile fields were watered by the blood of its first tillers. He carried his weapons with him to his work and to the meeting-house, and expressed his gratitude for hairbreadth escapes, Puritan fashion, by the pious names he gave his children.

Preserved Clapp, Submit Grout, Comfort Domo, Thankful Medad, are names that figure in the records of this and the neighboring villages, where we read also that one Praise-Ever Turner, and his servant, Uzackaby Shakespeare, were killed by the Indians. Within sight of Northampton it was, just over the river, in the sister settlement of Hadley—that beautiful old village, with street eighteen rods wide, set with a double avenue of superb elms, greensward in the middle, and a road on either side, looking more like the entrance to a fine park than a village street—here it was that a "deliverance" occurred, long believed by the people to have been miraculous.

One Sunday, when nearly the whole scant population was gathered for worship in the meeting-house, a large body of Indians fell upon them, and, what with the panic and the want of a leader, all seemed lost, when a majestic and venerable figure, dressed in a strange rich garb, fully armed, appeared suddenly in their midst, assumed the command, rallied their scattered numbers, and led them on to victory; then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, no man knew where or whence. No man but one—Mr. Russell, the minister.

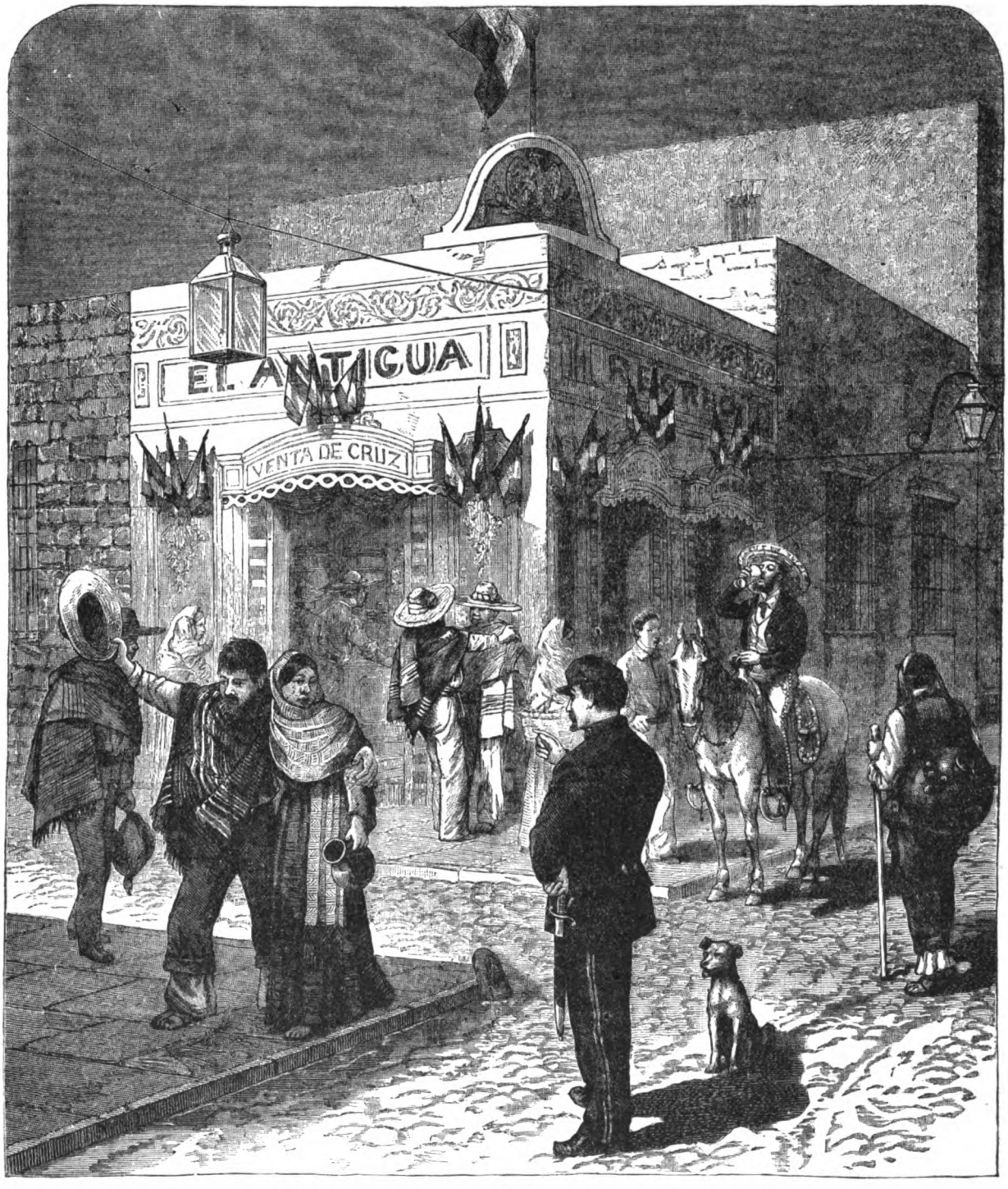
This venerable apparition was Goffe, once a general in Cromwell's army, and, like Whalley, his companion in exile, one of the judges who condemned Charles to death, now forced, even in far America, to hide for his life, since an active quest was maintained, in obedience to the Home Government, for both Goffe and Whalley. For twelve years did good Mr. Russell shelter them, unknown to all but his own family. Whalley died in his house; but Goffe subsequently disappeared, and the rest of his career is unknown.

THE ENDURANCE OF THE ARAB HORSE.

ENDURANCE is the quality most cultivated in the Arab horse. It is necessary that the horse should be able to travel long distances upon scanty food and little water, for in the African deserts the places where man and horse can refresh are few and far between; wells are many miles apart, and even when the traveler has found water for himself and steed, the chances are that no food can be had, except what the horse and his rider have brought with them from their last halting-place.

"Every horse inured to fatigue brings good fortune," the Arabs say. So to speak, he is always on the march. He travels with his master, who is one of the greatest travelers on horseback in the world. He travels to seek his food; he traverses long distances in search of water, and this sort of life renders him abstinent and not easily tired. Sidi-Hamed-Ben-Mohammed-el-Mokhrani, the chief of one of the most illustrious families of all Algeria, says:

"During my long career, in my tribes, by my friends, or among my followers, I have have seen upward of ten



SCENE BEFORE A PULQUERIA IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.— SEE PAGE 597.

thousand colts reared, and I affirm that all those whose education was not begun at a very early age have never turned out other than stubborn, troublesome horses, unfit for war. I also affirm that when I have made long and rapid marches, at the head of twelve or fifteen hundred horsemen, horses, however lean, if early broken in to fatigue, never fell out of the ranks, whilst those that were fat, or mounted too late, have always fallen to the rear. My conviction on this head is based on such a long experience, that lately, finding myself at Masseur (Cairo) in the necessity of purchasing some horses, I refused point-blank all that were presented to me that had been broken in at a comparatively advanced age.

"'How has thy horse been reared?' was always my first question.

"'My lord,' an inhabitant of the city would reply, 'this gray stone of the river has been brought up by me like one of my own children, always well fed, well tended to, and spared as much as possible, for I did not begin to ride him till he was full four years old. See how fat he is, how sound in all his limbs.'

"'Well, keep him, my friend; he is thy pride and that of thy family. It would be a shame to my gray beard to deprive thee of him.'

"'And thou,' I would then ask of an Arab, whom I recognized as a child of the desert, so embrowned was he by the sun—'tell me, I pray thee, how has thy horse been reared?'

"'My lord,' he would answer, 'betimes I formed his back to the saddle and his mouth to the bridle. With him I have reached a distant, very distant, point. He has passed many a day without food. His ribs are bare, it is true; but if you encounter any enemies on your path he will not leave you in peril. I swear it by the day of last judgment, when Allah shall be Kadi, and the angels witnesses.'

"'Hola, there! tether the dark chestnut before my tent,' I would cry to my servants, 'and satisfy this man.'"

BROILING BROTH IN THE HIGHER ANDES.

In Byam's "Wanderings in Chili and Peru," we find the following remarkable illustration of one of the well-known laws of heat: "Feeling very cold, we determined to have some soup to warm us, and as we had plenty of meat and onions, we cut them up, put them into a saucepan with salt and Cayenne pepper, and set them on to boil. I only relate this for the information of those who have not been to great heights, those who wish to go there, and also of those who, perchance, may believe that boiling must be the same thing all over the world. After our soup had bubbled away in the most orthodox style for more than two hours, we naturally concluded that our 'bouillon' was ready and the meat perfectly done, especially as the last had been cut into rather small pieces; but, to our great surprise, we found the water almost colorless, and the meat almost as raw as when it was first put into the pot. One of the miners told us that it was no use trying to boil anything, as nothing could be cooked by water on the top of that mountain; for, although the water bubbled away very fast, the heat was not great enough to boil a potato.

"At great altitudes the water begins to boil long before it arrives at the heat of 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, and as water cannot get hotter than boiling-point, except by the compression of the steam, nothing can be cooked unless some safe means of confining the steam be adopted. I saw directly how matters lay, and sticking the lid tight on the pan, made it fast with heavy lumps of silver that were lying about, attaching them to the handle, and putting others on the top of all. In a very short time the steam got up, and, though it made the lid jump a little, I managed to get a broth, to the great surprise of the miners, who could not conceive what I was about."

THE ORIGIN OF PEWS IN CHURCHES.

Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," which was first published in 1631, though partly compiled in the reign of James I., has the following passage, when speaking of inscribed gravestones in church pavements: "Many monuments are covered with Seats or *pewes*, made high and easie for parishoners to sit or sleep in, a fashion of no long continuance and worthy of reformation." Pews, however, appear to have been introduced much earlier than Weever's time, for Stow, in his account of the "faire and beautiful" Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, which "hath beene new builded by the Parishoners there, since the yeare 1520, every man putting to his helpyng hand, some with their purses, other with their bodies," states that Stephen Jennings, sometime Mayor of London (besides erecting all the northern half) had "the whole South side of the Church glazed, and the *Pewes* in the South Chappell made of his costs, as appeareth in every window, and upon the said *Pewes*."

Lord Bacon somewhere says: "When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, he did use, at Mass, to sit in the chancel, and his Lady in a *Pew*." But possibly the latter was not such a formal kind of inclosure as is now in vogue. Prior to the introduction of *pews*, a strong kind of *benching*, called "*stolyng*," or stooling, by old writers, was used in churches for the general congregation, and benefactions for thus seating a church were frequently made before the Reformation. Bloomfield, in his "History of Norfolk," cites legacies, made about 1502, for "stolying" various parts of the Church of Swaffham (the choir being fitted up with stalls), and particularly for making "all the great *stolys* of both sydes of the myd alley." But almost every part of the kingdom will furnish instances of this practice.

Hood had no ear for music, being, in this respect, like the late Dean Stanley. He could no more sing a tune through correctly than a boar could drill a file of soldiers. Several people observed this defect, and one individual, who had just delivered himself of a rhapsody on music, in which he had indulged before unappreciative Hood, said: "Ah, you know, you've no musical enthusiasm. You don't know what it is!" This was a snub direct. Hood was ever ready with a repartee; his quick wits did not fail him now. "Oh, yes; I do know it!" he replied. "It's like turtle soup—for every pint of real you meet with gallons of mock, with calves' heads in proportion!"

In the *Journal of Science* of June, 1884, is an account by Henry H. Higgins of the piercing of five lawn handkerchiefs by the grass of a closely-mowed lawn, upon which the handkerchiefs were spread for bleaching. All were pierced; some of the blades had grown two inches above the handkerchief without destroying the texture of the lawn. The experiment was repeated with partial success under less favorable circumstances. Many other curious experiments of this kind may be made.

LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.

By Henry M. Trollope.

The Marquis de Dangeau wrote in his journal for the 1st of October, 1684: "Aujourd'hui est mort le bonhomme Corneille." The illustrious dramatist was an old man, for he had been born in 1606. He was a good old fellow in his way, being always an honest and upright man, though the appellation "le bonhomme" was less frequently given to him than to La Fontaine.

Had it been as much the fashion fifty years ago as now to honor great men by anniversaries, in the year 1836 a more gracious homage might have been paid to the author of "Le Cid." At Christmas-time in that year this play burst upon Paris. As a bombshell carries with it destruction, "The Cid" gave sudden and unexpected delight to all who saw it. It is the first of French tragedies that has left a mark; no earlier tragedy is now generally remembered. Corneille woke up to find himself famous. It appears that, though he was by no means a novice, he was as much astonished as any one at the great success of his play. The Court liked it, and the town liked it. It was at once translated into many languages. In France people learned passages of it by heart, and for a while there was a popular saying, "Cela est beau comme 'Le Cid.'" If the good folk in Paris had only bethought themselves in 1836 of celebrating the bi-centenary of the appearance of "The Cid," the event would have sounded happier than of now celebrating the author's death. But fashion rules much in this world. It has not yet become fashionable to recollect the date of a great man's great work—fifty years ago it had not become fashionable to have centenaries at all; so that now, all other excuses failing, we must seize upon the bi-centenary of Corneille's death as a date upon which to honor him. Let us hope that on the 6th of June, 1906, the ter-centenary of his birth, a more joyful note may be sung.

We have said that Pierre Corneille was a good old fellow in his way, but it was his misfortune that his way was not more like that of other men. He was very poor during the last ten or twelve years of his life. He walked out one day with a friend, and went into a shop to have his shoe mended. During the operation he sat down upon a plank, his friend sitting beside him. After the cobbler had finished his job, Corneille took from his purse three bits of money to pay for his shoe, and when the two gentlemen got home Corneille's friend offered him his purse, but he declined all assistance. Corneille was of a proud and independent nature. He is reported to have said of himself, "Je suis saoûl de gloire, mais affamé d'argent." He has been accused of avarice—unjustly, we think—because he tried to get as much money as he could for his plays. If a man wants money, he will try to obtain that which he thinks should belong to him. And if he wants it badly, his high notions of dignity—if it be only mock dignity—will go to the wall. No fine gentleman nowadays would think it beneath him to take $500 from a publisher or from a theatrical manager after it had been fairly earned. Some ask for their $500 before it has been earned. Two hundred years ago a poet was supposed to be paid with honor and glory, but, unfortunately for himself, Corneille wanted more solid acknowledgment. And two hundred years ago the rights of authorship were not so well understood as now. In France, as in England, very few men could have lived by their pen alone. It is true that the dramatists were among the most fortunate, but many years had elapsed since Corneille's plays had been popular at the theatre. In 1670, Molière, as theatrical manager, had given him 2,000 francs for a piece. This was considered a large sum, and it may be doubted if Molière's company ever got back their money. The play was "Tite et Bérénice," and it was played alternately with "La Bourgeois Gentilhomme." We may judge which of the two plays we should like to see best. Corneille had to make the most of his 2,000 francs, for his pension, supposed to be paid to him every year from the Civil List, was always delayed. The year was made to have fifteen months! Sometimes the pension was not paid at all; so that poor Corneille was hard pressed for money in the latter years of his life, from 1672 to 1684, while his years of greatest triumph had been from 1636 to 1642. And he had small resources except what had come to him from writing. His two sons went into the army, and he had to provide for them at a time when his payments from the theatre were diminishing. There is no evidence which should make us think he was avaricious or greedy for money.

In his manner Corneille was apt to be awkward and ungainly. A contemporary says that when he first saw him he took him for a tradesman at Rouen. Rouen was his birthplace, and there he lived until his avocations compelled him, against his will, to live in Paris. Like La Fontaine, he made a poor figure in society. He did not talk well. He was not good company, and his friends were bound to confess that he was rather a bore. Those who knew him well enough would hint to him his defects, at which he would smile, and say, "I am none the less Pierre Corneille." But his physiognomy, when observed, was far from commonplace. His nephew, Fontenelle, says of him: "His face was pleasant enough; a large nose, a good mouth, his expression lively, and his features strongly marked and fit to be transmitted to posterity in a medal or in a bust." Corneille begins a letter to Pellisson with the following verses, describing himself:

> "En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal,
> Je l'écris assez bien, je le fais assez mal;
> J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,
> Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;
> Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui
> Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui."

This is a charming little bit of autobiography. And in the same letter, after the verses, the old poet says, "My poetry left me at the same time as my teeth."

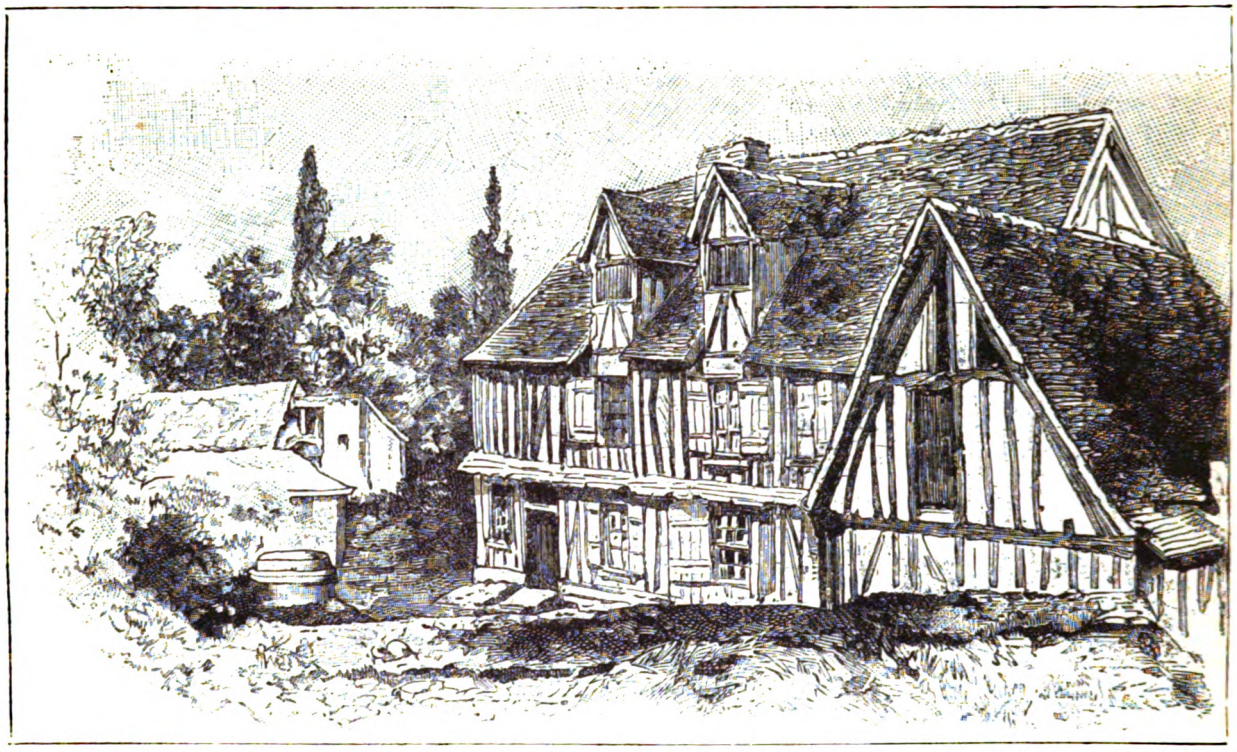
All this he writes, laughing in his sleeve. But often enough he was melancholy and depressed. Again we quote from Fontenelle: "Corneille was of a melancholy temperament. He required stronger emotions to make him hopeful and happy than to make him mournful or despondent. His manner was brusque, and sometimes rude in appearance, but at bottom he was very easy to live with, and he was affectionate and full of friendliness." When he heard of large sums of money being given to other men for their plays, for pieces that the world liked perhaps better than his own, he got unhappy, for he felt that his glory was departing from him. Need we go back two hundred years to find instances of men who have become unhappy from similar causes? There are many such in London and in Paris at this moment. Early in his career, before the days of "The Cid," he was proud of his calling. He gloried in being one of the dramatic authors of his time. He says:

> "Le théâtre est un fief dont les rentes sont bonnes."

And also:

> "Mon travail sans appui monte sur le théâtre,
> Chacun en liberté l'y blâme ou l'idolâtre."

Then he had the ball at his feet, and all the world was

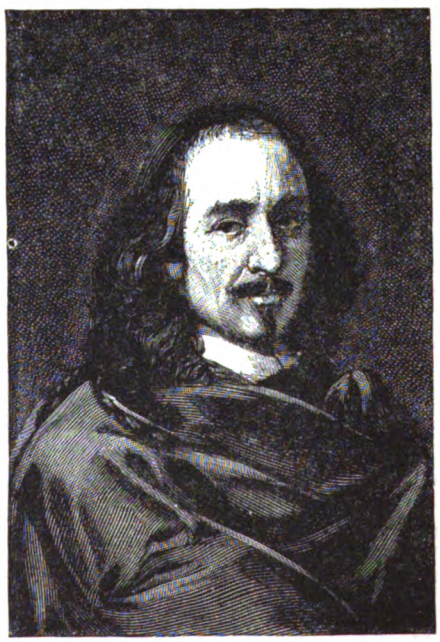


CORNEILLE'S HOUSE AT PETIT COURONNE, ROUEN, FRANCE.

before him. He had just made his name, and was honored by Richelieu—being appointed one of his five paid authors. But minister and poet did not like each other. The autocrat was in something of the same position toward his inferior as is the big boy toward the little boy who gets above him at school. The big boy wanted to thrash the little boy, and the little boy wouldn't have it; but at last he had to suffer for his precociousness. The big boy summoned other little boys to his assistance, and made them administer chastisement to the offender. This was the examination of "The Cid" by the Academy:

"En vain, contre 'Le Cid' un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue;
L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,
Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer."

Corneille was a voluminous writer. He wrote nearly as many plays as Shakespeare, but his later ones are not equal to those of his best days. And he wrote a translation in verse of the "Imitatio Christi." This was a pecuniary success. The book was bought and eagerly read, though now it is rarely taken down from the shelf. But his prose, unlike Racine's, which charms by its grace, is insignificant. And, unlike Racine, his speech when he was received into the French Academy was dull, and disappointed everybody. An Academical reception is one of the occasions in which Frenchmen have always expected that the recipient of honor should distinguish himself. But it was not in Corneille's power to please his audience by making a speech. We need not be too heavy upon him because his glory was not universal. As he said of himself, he was none the less Pierre Corneille. Readers have generally extolled Corneille too highly, or have not given him his due praise. This is partly from the fact that after his great success he wrote much that was unworthy of his former self, and partly, we believe at least, that even in his best plays he is too spasmodic. His fine lines come out too much by starts amidst much that is uninteresting. The famous "Qu'il mourût" (*Horace*, Act III., Sc. 6) is very grand, and the next line, though not English in sentiment, is fine. But the four succeeding lines are washy, and take away from the dignity of what has just gone before. Instinctively Corneille was a dramatist, and had it not been for the laws of the unities which bound him down to conventional and unwise rules, he would in all probability have risen higher in the world's esteem. He was also a poet, having the gift of poetical expression more at his command than the larger measure of composition in prose. His lines are often sweet and very stirring, for a true feeling of poetic chivalry pervaded his subject. None of his lines is more quoted than one in which he proudly spoke of himself:



PIERRE CORNEILLE.

"Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée."

Mr. Lesort writes from Paris: Before the bicentenary, I made a reverential pilgrimage to the house in Petit Couronne. At the door there is the following inscription on a slab:

"Cette maison, qui était la propriété de Pierre Corneille et avait été achetée par son père le 7 Juin, 1608, a été acquise par le département de la Seine-Inférieure le 28 Juin, 1874, et restaurée par ses soins en 1878."

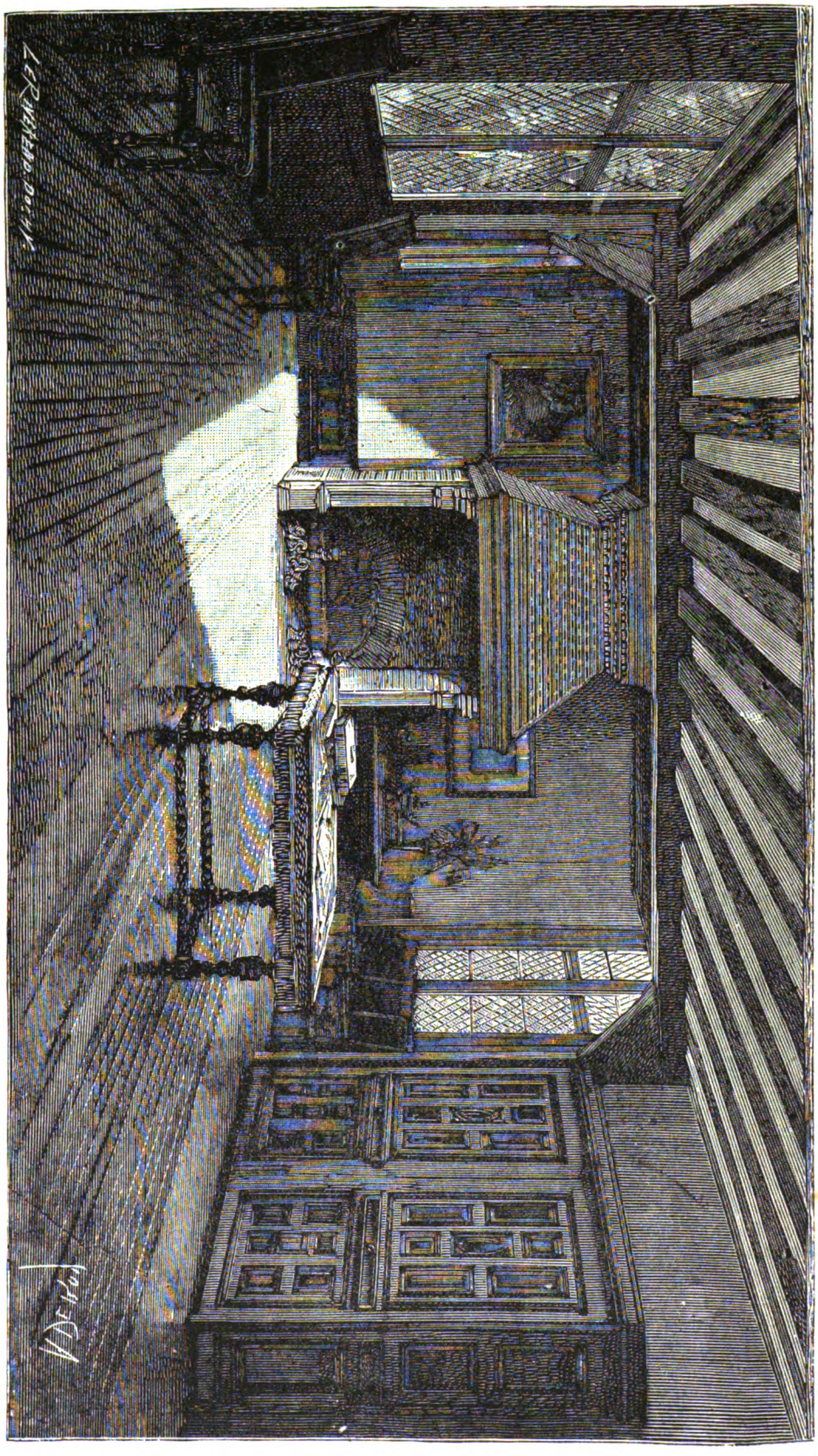
["This house, which belonged to Pierre Corneille, was bought by his father, June 7th, 1608. It was acquired by the Department of Seine-Inférieure, June 28th, 1874, and restored by it in 1878."]

An old officer, made a Knight of the Legion of Honor for his gallantry in Italy, and who knows Corneille and his story by heart, received us.

Everything recalls the life of the great poet; the aspect of the house; the adjoining farm which belonged to him; the old well, on the brink of which the author of "The Cid" often sat; the old lime-covered oven, where Corneille's bread was baked; and the stone trough where he saw his cattle slake their thirst.

In the wall, up which as a boy he must often have climbed, is a square hole, cut by his father to watch the felling of trees in his woodland just in front. In the garden is a table from this forest, sheltered by a lattice, where Corneille ate in Summer.

The engraving shows the exterior exactly. The interior gives us the poet's home-life. On the ground-floor, dining



CORNEILLE'S STUDY AT PETIT COURONNE.

room, kitchen, store-room; above, his study and bedchamber. This house, now the *Musée Corneille*, is full of mementoes of the poet, and contains many articles used by him.

After his death his children sold the house, and it was purchased, as stated on the tablet, by the Government, in 1874.

Of the house in the Rue de la Pie, where he was born, nothing remains but the door of the bedchamber, which is in the *Musée Corneille*, and the front door of the house, preserved in a museum at Rouen.

NAMELESS.

By Rea.

The Summer sun is on the trees,
And not a path is shady;
You sit within the porch to read,
A very dainty lady.
And is't a poem makes you grave,
Or just an old love story,
Of maiden bright and valiant knight
Who rides away to glory?

I know the kind of story well:
The maiden's hair is golden,
The knight wears armor as they did
In days we now call olden.
They make their vows by moonlight, dear,
In language rather stilted,
And then she pines alone for months,
And wonders if she's jilted.

But he comes gayly back to find
She is of maids the truest,
And lovelier far than maidens are
With even eyes the bluest.
Not lovelier, sweet, than you to-day,
With sunshine on your bower,
A leafy nook, in which you look
The very fairest flower.

Would I might right read the story, too,
And chat with you about it;
Perhaps it's just as well I can't—
Indeed, I do not doubt it.
A pretty picture, dear, you make,
And in my heart I'll frame it;
I do not know what you are called,
And so I cannot name it.

HUNTINGTOWER HALL.

By Jane Fay Alston.

Chapter I.

"Paul Berkely, I'm glad to see you out of the doctor's hands, and out of doors."

"Thank you, Miles Adams. The sun is hot; won't you step in out of it, and take a glass of ale?"

The invitation was given courteously, but not with the heartiness that the existence of true liking and friendship unconsciously infuse into the voice.

Such as it was, Miles Adams was ready to accept it. He had been lurking in the pine woods that skirted the heath on which Paul Berkely's cottage stood till he had seen Mrs. Berkely depart, basket on arm, for her weekly visit to the shops at Denham. Then, secure of finding the invalid entirely at his mercy, in one sense of the word, he had emerged from his concealment by a cross-road out of sight of the cottage, and had walked quickly along the highway, like a man intent on his lawful business, pausing as if he had by chance caught sight of Berkely sitting in a great easy-chair in his garden-porch.

"Mrs. Berkely at home," he asked, as he unlatched the garden-gate, and came up the garden-path.

"No. Gone to Denham."

"Market-day? Yes, to be sure. My wife drove over with her sister, an hour ago. Jones, the draper, has his windows full of the latest fashions, and there was no peace for me this morning till madam's roan horse and trap were ready, and madam's purse freshly filled. However, she looks so well in her fineries that I never begrudge them to her. You and I, Paul, may say that we have the two handsomest women in the country for our wives."

"Yes," said Berkely, shortly.

His visitor sat down on the rustic porch-seat. But his host made no move to fetch him the cool glass of ale which he had offered him. He had forgotten it in the irritation of his own thoughts.

They had been bitter enough, as he sat there alone. He was silent and reticent by nature, keenly sensitive and intensely proud. He made no words over troubles which he could neither avert nor remedy. Only his Maker knew the pang that rent his heart at seeing Katharine—his beautiful wife, who was as graceful and elegant as any lady in the land—setting off on foot to Denham, in her dark print dress and coarse straw bonnet, with that heavy basket on her arm!

It had been hard enough to remember her as the village belle, the orphan daughter of the clergyman, as good as she was lovely; to feel how well she might have married; to recall all that she had given up for his sake—and to look at her now! He had dreamed such bright dreams, of fame for himself, or wealth and luxury for Katharine. And this was the end! For a twelvemonth he had been unable even to paint the small sketches of everyday life, by which he had earned their daily bread. A lingering, wasting illness had laid him on his bed; had exhausted Katharine's strength in nursing; had stripped their cottage home of every little adornment which his brush had earned during that one happy first year of their marriage. Their chairs and tables and their bed might yet have to be sold for food; strength came to him so slowly—fancy and thought and feeling seemed so utterly dead within his heart.

In this village he and Katharine had been born. Here they played as children, here they were married, and here he had hoped to win fame and fortune by his great picture of Huntingtower Hall, and the woods, the lake, the heath that surrounded it, with the deep-blue hills in the distance melting in the deep-blue sky. Illness prostrated him before the picture could be finished for the Academy. Lord Huntingtower (the patron whom he had hoped to secure by its exhibition) died. The dowager Lady Huntingtower removed to London. Then all was left to the care of servants. The new earl and countess lingered in Italy, and business matters were in the hands of the bailiff, a hard man, who was already impatient at the delay in payment of the rent for the cottage on the moor.

"Was not all this sorrow enough?" thought the invalid impatiently, as his prosperous neighbor sat down beside him. "Must he be reminded that the coarsely handsome wife of Miles Adams, the farmer, could drive to Denham for toilets that she scarcely knew how to wear, while his Katharine, heavily laden, trudged on foot! Must he also be forced to remember how constantly, how doggedly, Miles Adams had tried to win Katharine for himself? Must he own, in very bitterness of spirit, that it would have been better, far better for her, if she had taken Miles and his comfortable freehold farm of three

hundred acres, instead of the penniless artist, who had conceitedly overrated his own talents, who had failed miserably in his high aims, who might not be able to keep even this poor roof above her head, when a few more weeks had come and gone.

Miles Adams watched his rival covertly. His triumphant rival once, but beaten, cowed, humiliated now.

Miles had not been a guest at Katharine Thorne's wedding. But he had gone to the church. His eyes were fixed to the last moment on the lovely bride, and, in his secret soul, he swore a great oath to be revenged on the man who had won her at some future day.

That day had come, even sooner than he had hoped.

He sat talking of the affairs of the neighborhood until the absent answers of Berkely showed that his mind was wandering. Eleven o'clock struck from the steeple of the village church—the hour at which he had watched Katharine leave the church, leaning on her husband's arm, a little more than two years ago.

"For a week past I've been wanting a chance to see you alone, like this, Paul," he said. "There's something you ought to know, old fellow. In your place I should be angry with the man who knew it and kept it from me. But it's a hard, bad thing to say to any man, and, most of all, I dislike to be the one to say it to you, for reasons that lie two years back of this unlucky time."

"Is old Seth French threatening to turn us out of the cottage?" asked Berkely, angrily. "That is no news, Adams. He was here day before yesterday, and said almost as much to me. If Lord Huntingtower only lived here, there might be a chance for me. He is fond of pictures, they say."

"He either is, or he pretends to be, for purposes of his own," said Miles Adams, meaningly.

Berkely looked up at him surprised.

"How can you know that, Miles?"

"By using my eyes and ears, Paul. *I* haven't been ill, you know. And so no one has a chance to plot and plan behind my back, to bring me to open shame."

"What are you driving at, man?" asked Paul, frowning.

He dimly began to comprehend the mystery that lurked behind the vailed hints of his companion. He knew, or thought he knew, the envy and hatred cherished in his heart, against him, above all other men. Much must be pardoned to Miles Adams on that old score. The loss of Katharine might well drive a man into lifelong yearning for revenge. And while Miles only tried to injure him, Paul Berkely was content to be on his guard against his attempts, and let them pass unnoticed. But, if he dared meddle with Katharine!

"You may as well speak out plainly, Neighbor Adams," he continued, as Miles remained silent; "only I had better warn you off one subject. If you utter one word against my wife, sick man though I am still, you'll find that a little of the old strength is left."

"I had better be silent, I see," said Miles, looking injured. "I *was* savage with you for marrying Katharine; you and she knows it—everybody knows it from here to Denham. But that's past and gone. I have a good wife and a happy home. And because you are a sick man, as you say, I made up my mind to do you a good turn, as I would wish you to do one to me if I was laid up as you are. It isn't a pleasant job; it's quite the other way. As you prefer not to listen, I'm well pleased to be rid on't. And so, Neighbor Berkely, I'll wish you good-day, and go back home."

"Did you come over purposely to tell me this?"

"I did."

"And when my wife was absent?"

"I chose this morning because I was quite sure that she would not be at home."

Paul Berkely's pale face turned a shade whiter. He took firm hold of the arms of his great chair, like one who is summoning nerve to undergo an operation.

"Speak out, and be quick about it!" he gasped.

Now he was sure that his Katharine was in question.

Miles Adams drew nearer to the chair.

"Have you heard that Lord Huntingtower is at the Hall?"

"No. Who said so? What has he to do with your story? Get on with it, Miles."

"That is the story."

"What do you mean?"

"Just answer me this one question, Paul. Have you heard from any one of his arrival?"

"No. How *should* I hear?"

"Only in one way, that is true. The sour old bailiff is in the dark, like you. This is Saturday. Lord Huntingtower has been here since Monday last; that I can swear. And yet I think I'm the only one on the estate who has found it out. You see, the villagers don't know him. He might go into the Huntingtower Arms and no one would be the wiser, for he favors my lady, not my lord. So long as the bailiff don't meet him he is safe, and he keeps out of his way. I knew him as a boy, and I remembered him the moment I saw his face."

Miles Adams had once been soundly thrashed by Gerald Huntingtower for frightening a little peasant girl in the highway, and causing her to spill the soup she was carrying for her father's dinner. Miles had hated the handsome young patrician from that day.

He hugged himself with stealthy delight as he prepared the next turn of the rack for the impatient Paul.

How delicious it was to revenge himself on his two enemies at once; to make one the instrument of his own vengeance against the other; to know that whichever way the scale of victory might turn, the heart of the woman who had rejected him would be wrung to bleeding in the end.

"Why do you come to tell me this?" exclaimed Paul. "Lord Huntingtower's movements are nothing to me. I think he must be mad, masquerading about his own property in such a queer fashion. But if he and the countess are suited, I don't know that it is any business of mine."

"I have seen him every afternoon in the wood over yonder," said Miles, quietly. "A woman has joined him there each time; they have talked together, but so low that I could not hear what they said. Then they have gone on together to the Hall. They have entered by the French window in my lord's private study. Just before dusk the woman has returned through the wood alone."

"Returned—*where?*" asked Paul Berkely, hoarsely.

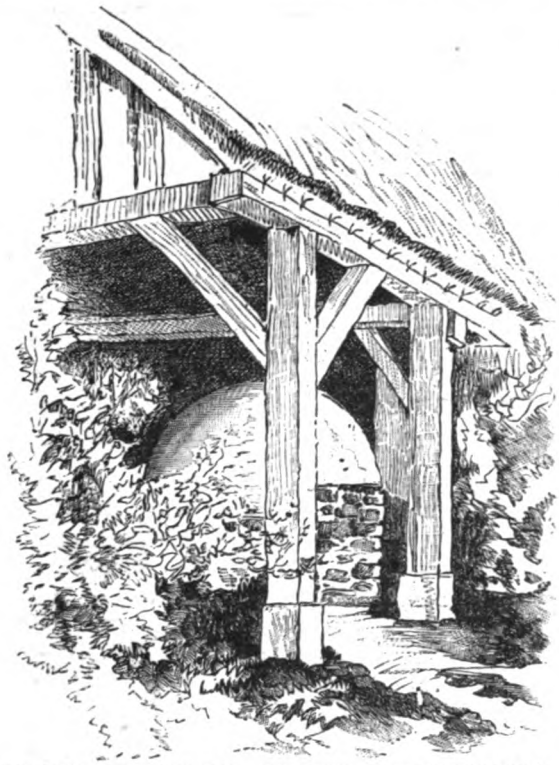
"*Here!*"

"By Heaven! if you have lied to me——" said Paul, starting from his chair.

Then he sank back, and the red flush died out of his face.

On each day of the past week he had slept from two o'clock in the afternoon till dusk. Katharine had taken that time for the exercise which the doctor said she must no longer neglect. He remembered now that she had been a little late once or twice. She came running in, a pink flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, making some laughing excuse for her tardiness.

Till Monday of that past week she had been drooping, mentally as well as physically, from the long fatigue of



LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.—THE OVEN AT PETIT COURONNÉ. SEE PAGE 603.

nursing him; the long struggle of keeping house on nothing; the long attempt to set in order their hopelessly involved affairs.

And, since Monday? Alas! were all women like this—fair and frank outwardly; within, false as hell?

Since Monday, it was all too true that she had been an altered being. The wearied, anxious wife had vanished; the gay, active, energetic Katharine Thorn had come back, bright and blooming as in her girlish days. He had believed his own recovery to be at the bottom of this sudden change; he had rejoiced, and secretly thanked God because of it! Oh, fool—triple, idiotic fool that he had been!

Jealousy is the most mindless, the most senseless of all passions. It builds its edifices without the shadow of a foundation; it pronounces sentence upon its "suspects" without the intervention of judge or jury, and with no inquiry as to evidence or proof.

Half an hour earlier in the day, Paul Berkely had been ready to take this man by the throat for the slightest supposed reference to his wife. As the church-clock struck twelve, he sat quietly in his chair listening to every suggestion made by Miles regarding these stolen forest meetings, firmly believing in his wife's treachery and in his enemy's sincerity and truth.

"I don't ask you to take my word alone," said Miles, virtuously. "I only wish you were well enough to slip into the wood after her to-day, and see for yourself. I heard him call to her to come early this afternoon, so that she could get home before your time for waking."

"I'm strong and well. I shall be there," said Paul.

He went home, grave outwardly, full of glee within. He meant to make one at the interview in the forest later in the day.

Chapter II.

Paul Berkely often wondered, in after years, what kept him from going mad on that day.

Other men had so many interests in life, so many pleasures, so many aims, that if one failed them they could take up the next in order, and go on without a break or pause.

He had Katharine and his art and the home which he loved and did his best to adorn, because it was the setting to his priceless gem. He looked in at the door of the stripped cottage. All the pretty furniaure, the few good pictures, the bits of china, had been sold early in that year. The German clock, in its case of carved oak, with the life-size cuckoo flying out through a Gothic door, and darting back when its cheerful song was sung—it had been his wedding-gift to Katharine, and she had clung to it, half starved *herself*, he feared, rather than let it go. It was in the height of his illness, and comforts were needed for *him*. Vaguely, through his delirium, he saw her sink down, weeping, when the bird flew out and sang "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" as the purchaser removed the clock. He had thought of it each day during his convalescence when four o'clock sounded from the church-tower, and the early Spring dusk set in. He had planned to buy the clock as soon as he could hold a brush. He had been composing his picture in his mind that very morning when Miles Adams appeared.

And it was at four in the afternoon that Katharine had left the Hall! At four this very afternoon—ah! what would happen then? His head whirled; the green earth seemed turning blood-red before his eyes.

"Paul! what is the matter? Have you been worse? Oh, my dear, I must never leave you again!"

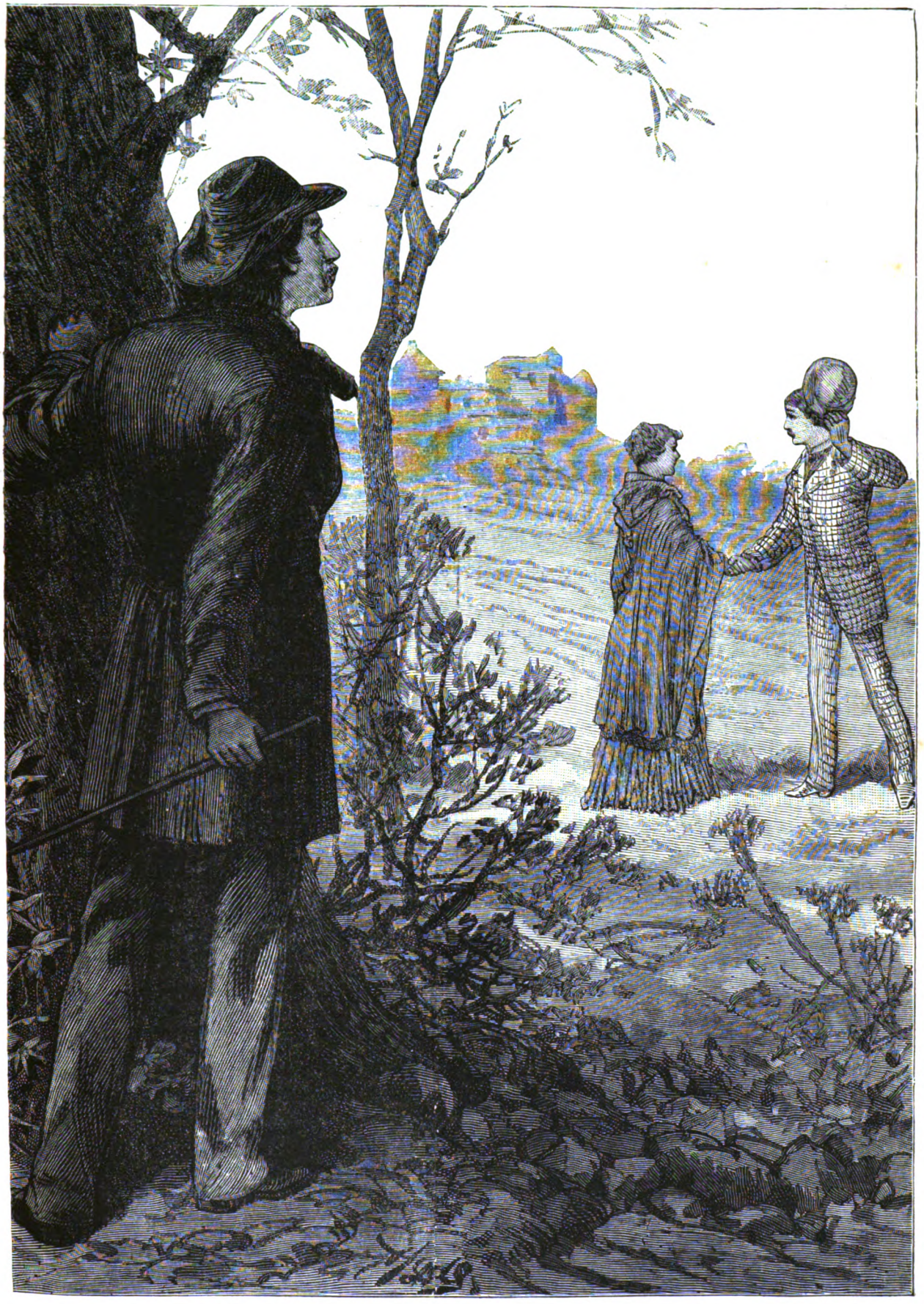
It was his wife, fresh and rosy from her hurried walk, letting her market-basket go anywhere, as she sprang forward and caught him in her arms.

"No; I'm not faint—I'm not worse," he said, trying to release himself. "Only a little giddy. I'll go in and lie down."

She insisted on supporting him, on raising the pillow, smoothing the counterpane, holding a glass of cool milk to his lips.

"What is wrong? Don't you care to have me kiss

THE WELL.



HUNTINGTOWER HALL. —"SPRINGING FORWARD TO MEET HER, HIS HANDSOME FACE ALL ALIGHT WITH EXPECTATION, CAME LORD HUNTINGTOWER."— SEE PAGE 606

you?" she asked, wonderingly, as he turned his face away.

He looked steadily into her dark, deep eyes. Something was in them that he had never seen there before. They were full of impatient joy. But beneath his reproachful gaze it changed to grieved surprise, then a deep blush rose from cheek to brow, and spread downward over her throat. She turned away in silence. He buried his face in the pillow and was still.

She went about her household tasks as usual, but without singing, as she had done all the week. At two o'clock she dressed for her walk. Her husband, watching stealthily, saw that she plaited her hair in a new but very becoming fashion, and wove a scarlet ribbon among its braids.

Over her one good dress—reserved hitherto for Sunday wear—she threw her long waterproof cloak, with its hood over her hair, in the place of a hat or bonnet.

When she was ready she stepped to the bed. Paul had really been asleep at that hour on each previous day. He counterfeited sleep successfully now.

"Poor Paul!" he heard her say; but she did not kiss him.

He did not rise till he heard the garden-gate shut after her. Then he watched from the window, hidden by the blind. Yes; she went straight toward the wood.

Paul Berkely seized his hat and cloak, and sought out a heavy cane with a loaded head. Leaning on this, he followed.

The walk on such a day and on such an errand would probably kill him. So much the better.

His home was dismantled and ruined; his art had failed him; his wife was false. What had he in all the wide world to live for, to care for, now?

He felt as if the spectre of Paul Berkely was treading feebly over that woodland path where he and Katharine had walked in the blissful happiness of their early married days. Sweet days! Yet no dearer, no sweeter, than this latter time of illness, disappointment, privation, through which she had passed so bravely.

How tender, how unwearied, she had been! How she had upheld, encouraged, cheered, soothed him—given him strength and purpose for living—when his heart and hope had failed!

And now, at last, long-continued penury and misery had changed her. She had tired of such a life—who could wonder? She had wearied of the sick man—was she to blame? She had turned from him to this gay, graceful young nobleman.

Why not? Let her go. Some amends she ought to have for the long months of toil, of squalid poverty, in that lonely hut.

Reasoning thus as he hastened along, Paul Berkely saw a sight that scattered his philosophy to the winds.

The windings of the path had concealed Katharine from him thus far. Now he saw her; and springing forward to meet her, his handsome face all alight with expectation, came Lord Huntingtower!

"You are late; and you promised to be early for this last time," Paul heard him say.

And Katharine answered:

"My husband seemed ill and strange. I had to wait till he fell asleep."

"Does he suspect anything?"

"Not *this*. How could he? But he is different. I cannot explain it even to myself."

"Let it pass. I've been waiting for you nearly half an hour."

They turned toward the Hall. Paul Berkely leaned against a tree to recover himself before he followed and faced them.

How he had loved that woman! How he loved her still!

She went gayly on, after ruining his whole life, reckless of her work. "Poor Paul!" Yes; she had said *that*. So much of pity she had felt for him.

The foundations of the earth seemed to rock and sway beneath him as he thus renounced his last faint faith in the truth and affection of his wife.

And heaven—*was* there a heaven, or a God, or only a vast blue expanse above our heads—clouds resting on clouds—and nothing more? He had been in his own way a religious man, grateful for all the good bestowed, and endeavoring to avoid all evil. But evil, plenty of it—black, bitter, burning evil—lay close before him now and for evermore—if he could live!

"Curse God, and die!"

Those words seemed spoken in his ear, just as they were spoken ages ago, to Job in the midst of all his woes.

Job suffered—no one could deny that he had great griefs; but one at least was spared him. Job's wife did not desert him for a stranger. She was true; she stood by him. Out of the depths of her own misery she gave him that advice, meaning, no doubt, to follow his example, and to be with him in death as she had been in life.

"Why should she be universally condemned for such counsel, when life grew too hard to be endured, and she longed for release for her husband and herself?" thought poor Berkely, pressing his hands to his burning forehead, where his brain seemed to boil and whirl in an unceasing sea of flame.

And so he came stealthily toward the French window of Lord Huntingtower's study, which stood half-way open, plainly hearing his wife's voice within.

"Poor, dear Paul! I am sure he half guesses our secret. It will be impossible to keep it from him any longer," she said.

"I *know* it!" shouted Paul, springing into the room.

Katharine, in her rustic finery, stood at the further end, on a kind of dais, with Lord Huntingtower kneeling at her feet. He wore the dress of a cavalier. His plumed hat was lying on the floor beside his sword. His face was hidden as, with his head turned aside, he pressed his lips to Katharine's extended hand.

Between this group and the window stood a young and very lovely lady, whose artist's blouse could not conceal the grace of her figure, or the dignity and elegance of her carriage.

She stood at an easel, palette in hand, and on the canvas before her the cavalier and the rustic beauty were faithfully reproduced. The tableau lasted but an instant.

The cavalier and the fair artist stared in silent astonishment at the intruder; but Katharine sprang from the dais, rushed across the room, and led him, tottering and trembling all over, to a seat.

"Paul, how *could* you do such a mad thing?" she asked, sorrowfully.

"Your husband?" inquired Lord Huntingtower.

"Yes, my lord. And this imprudence may kill him," replied Katharine.

Lord Huntingtower hurried out of the room. He soon returned with a decanter and glasses on a tray.

"Blanche, do you give the wine to him, dear," he said to the lady who looked on, with infinite pity. "Let Lady Huntingtower hold it to his lips, Mrs. Berkely."

Lady Huntingtower! And the picture? Paul understood it all now. He had heard that the young countess was an amateur artist of no mean capacity.

He drank the wine. Strength came back—not because of the cordial, but because Katharine was true.

"I don't know how to apologize," he faltered. "Miles Adams came to me with a strange tale to-day, my lord. He had seen you meet Mrs. Berkely—Katharine—in the wood and bring her here. He had not seen her ladyship—I did not know she was here. You will never forgive me, Katharine," he concluded, silenced by the deep blush that dyed the face of his astonished wife.

"She might not, if you were well, Mr. Berkely," said the countess, seeing that no one else was able to speak. "You have taken us all by surprise, you see. But if you don't get worse through it—my dear, close that window; the draught is too strong for an invalid."

They busied themselves about him as kindly and tenderly as if he had been an invited guest instead of an intruder on their privacy.

Katharine's only rebuke was the exclamation:

"How could you fancy I could think of any one except you, Paul, when you have only just been given back to me from the grave? You don't know how ill you have been. The doctor would not allow you to know. You must never doubt me again."

"I never, never will. It was living in torment, Katharine," said Paul, hiding his wet eyes on her shoulder.

"Yes; it was scarcely fair—only that he was not himself," said the pretty little countess, slipping off her holland blouse, and appearing in a neat and coquettish home dress of dark-blue silk, with collar and cuffs of costly foreign laces. "We have all been plotting for your good this week, Mr. Berkely. On that very Monday, when your informant saw my husband in the wood, he had been at your house, and, while you slept, you were robbed of something that we value very highly."

She drew a curtain away from the opposite wall. There, in a splendid frame, hung Paul's great picture of Huntingtower Hall."

"I think you will still be able to finish it for this year's exhibition," said the earl. "My wife has been hastening on her own picture as a companion to it. Next week your wife thought you would be strong enough to bear the journey here, and we meant to look on humbly while you two artists painted 'against time.' As you have made the journey in your own way"—the earl laughed in spite of himself, and they all joined him—"we shall just make a prisoner of you on the spot, and not allow you to return."

So it was settled. Katharine hastened back through the wood to pack her things, and Paul's painting apparatus, and to close their house.

The next day every one was gazing at the Huntingtower carriage, as it stood before the church-door; and Miles Adams nearly choked with spite when he saw Paul Berkely walking feebly up the aisle to his own pew, leaning on the young earl's arm.

Lord Huntingtower, having heard that there was great dissatisfaction among his tenants in consequence of the bailiff's too strict rule, had come down, unknown to any one except his house-servants, for a short visit, that he might inquire into grievances personally, and at his leisure, on the spot.

The countess was young and romantic, fond of the real country, but by no means inclined to the life of dinner-giving and company-entertaining which a country home too often entails upon its possessors.

"If I may go with you, and run about the park in my home-dresses, and paint when I like, I shall enjoy it. But I cannot endure a second edition of 'the season' at Huntingtower," she said.

So the servants were warned to keep silence, and they came down. The bailiff was ignorant of their arrival; the country people knew nothing of it.

Lord Huntingtower, calling to inquire for Paul, whom he had known as a boy, and liked, heard from Katharine the sad story of his failure and defeat.

The countess, full of sympathy for a brother-artist, was prompt to act. By her advice the earl purchased the unfinished picture, paying a sum for it which she named.

It was removed to the Hall during one of Paul's deep slumbers, and thither he would have followed it in due time if Miles Adams had not noticed and misconstrued the visits which Katharine, out of gratitude to her benefactress, made in the interests of the second picture to the earl's study, now fitted up as a studio for his wife.

Paul, once more happy, soon recovered strength and health, and the double work went successfully on.

Paul's picture won approval and made his fame. The earl's generous check had long since banished the wolf from his door. The cottage was more beautiful than ever as the Summer days went on; the dear little cuckoo sang again in his old corner, to the secret dismay and bewilderment of the kitten on the hearth, who set up her back and rounded her eyes whenever that mysterious bird appeared, far out of her reach.

Nothing is wanting to the happiness of those two fair English homes, and by every one except Paul Berkely the misery of that one day seems entirely forgotten.

He does not forget. When one has gone down "into the depths," and stood upon the very brink of despair, and blasphemy, and crime, a glimpse is given into the latent possibilities of fallen human nature too startling not to be remembered.

But he loves his wife more tenderly than ever, because for a few hours he wronged her by giving credit to a slanderer's falsehood, and thoroughly disbelieving her unfaltering tenderness and truth.

"In the days—now far distant—when I frequented the *foyer* of the Vaudeville in its old home on the Place de la Bourse," says a theatrical contemporary, "an expression current among the actors of that theatre for some time puzzled me sorely. This was no other than the monosyllable 'bath,' pronounced, of course, 'bat,' and signifying 'good'; but why it bore that meaning and whence it originated were mysteries. One evening, when the phrase in question had been more frequently applied than usual to a piece then in rehearsal, I begged Mlle. X. to enlighten me; whereupon, to my astonishment, she laughingly remarked, that being 'Angleesh,' I ought to know. 'What has that to do with it?' I asked. 'Everything,' she replied. 'You must remember that formerly your best letter-paper always had the word "Bath" stamped on it. Well, some one chose to fancy that, as the paper was good, "Bath" must necessarily mean as much. *Voilà tout.*"

About the second year of the reign of King George III, a man of the name of George King was convicted in Dublin of a capital felony. He drew up a memorial to the King, which he forwarded with the following lines:

"George King to King George sends his humble petition,
Hoping King George will pity poor George King's condition;
If King George to George King will grant a long day,
George King for King George for ever will pray."

The man was pardoned.

COLONEL F. G. BURNABY,

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE).

THE Soudan campaigns are costing England dear. Hicks, O'Donovan, Stewart and Burnaby — these are men for whom we could have wished a better fate than to be speared by gallant Arabs "struggling to be free." In a time like ours, when it is often complained that the age of romance has ceased, a career like that of the late Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards is so unusual that he is worthy of some longer notice than that ordinarily accorded to the soldier who bravely meets his death in battle. For Burnaby was more than a soldier. He was a man who, without being in any sense entitled to be called great, yet united in his person many of the qualities which men are most accustomed to admire. His physical bravery and his extraordinary personal strength are almost as well known today as are the similar qualities of Richard Cœur de Lion. His intellectual were on a corresponding plane with his physical qualities. His mind was strong, active, tenacious. He had decided opinions, and expressed them with emphasis. He was as ready in debate as in action. On the platform at large political gatherings he displayed the same qualities of energy and dash which he displayed on the Khivan steppes, or before an Arab fortress in the Soudan. If he was unpopular at the Horse Guards, he was daily becoming more popular with the people; and by his adventurous journeyings in Asia and his repeated excursions in balloons, he added something to our knowledge of both geography and aeronautics. Burnaby was therefore a public man in a wider sense than that in which the mere soldier, however distinguished, is a public man. His qualities of mind were not rare; but seldom have mental and physical qualities been so happily blended.

COLONEL F. G. BURNABY.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby was born at Bedford, March 3d, 1842. He was the son of the Rev. G. Burnaby, by Harriet, sister of Mr. H. Villebois, of Marham House, Norfolk. His family was a good one; and he could boast, it is said, of being nineteenth in descent from Edward I. At Harrow he distinguished himself more by his mastery of modern languages than his knowledge of the classics. His literary tastes were developed early; for rebelling, as so many high-spirited boys have, against the fagging system then so prevalent in large public schools, young Burnaby wrote a hot protest, which was accepted and printed by the editor of *Punch*. From Harrow young Burnaby passed to Germany, where he much improved his knowledge of modern languages, and on September 30th, 1859, he was gazetted cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), with which crack corps he served ever since, rising to be lieutenant in 1861, captain in 1866, major in 1879, lieutenant-colonel in 1880, and colonel in September, 1884.

Captain Burnaby was able very early to indulge his taste for foreign travel. In 1868 he left England for a long Continental tour, visiting Bayonne, Bordeaux, the Pyrenees, and Pau. Wherever he went adventures attended his steps. Now he was helping the soldiers of some little French town to extinguish a fire; then riding across country on a curious horse (*"Qui saute comme un chamois; qui marche comme un locomotif"*) after half-tame foxes scented with aniseed; or, again, armed with a bedpost, he would be aiding a young Frenchman to beat back in Tangiers the attack of some Moorish soldiers eager to arrest rash dancing-girls, who had been secretly showing the Giaours the real Moorish dance (not the Hebrew jig, which is usually palmed off upon the ignorant tourist). From Biarritz Burnaby crossed into Spain, visiting San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar, and crossing to Tangiers, whence he returned to England. He eventually became a proficient linguist, being able to speak no less than seven languages (including Arabic, Russ and Turkish) with fluency.

In 1870 Captain Burnaby was in Russia, and on his way home he passed through Paris, then in the hands of the Commune. The year 1873 saw him again in Spain, where the Carlist War was raging. From Madrid he made his way to Vittoria, and thence to the Carlist lines.

SOMERBY HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, COLONEL BURNABY'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

These he easily penetrated, and passed on to San Sebastian and thence to Irun. Next year the colonel again visited Spain, this time as the correspondent of the *Times* on the Carlist side. His letters show considerable literary facility, and some of his descriptions excellent specimens of the best kind of rapid writing. His next journey was a much more formidable undertaking. It was nothing less than an excursion to Central Africa to join General Gordon, then employed under Ismail Pasha in suppressing the slave-trade in the Soudan. From Suez Burnaby sailed down the Red Sea to Suakim, whence, with a caravan party, he journeyed on camels across the desert to Berber. From Berber he addressed his second letter to the *Times*, dated January 13th, 1875, describing his desert journey, and dwelling upon the dreadful horrors of the slave trade which Gordon was then endeavoring, with such extraordinary exertions, to suppress. From Berber Captain Burnaby sailed up the Nile to Khartoum, whence he pushed on by boat far up the White Nile. His third and last letter to the *Times*, dated from Soubat, Central Africa, February 5th, 1875, gives some interesting details of the work then being carried on by General Gordon.

While at Khartoum Burnaby made a resolution to ride alone to Khiva. It was like the man to make so wild a resolve, and it was like him, too, to carry it out with such unflinching courage and such readiness of resource. Not long before, Colonel C. M. MacGregor had been foiled by the British Government in his attempt to penetrate to Merv. Fifteen months after MacGregor had returned from his eight months' ride, Burnaby set out on his adventurous journey. He proposed to ride through Khiva to Merv, to see what the Russians were about in Central Asia. It was a difficult and dangerous journey; but accidental circumstances have perhaps given an undue prominence to the undertaking. With MacGahan to coach him as to the route, with the assistance of Mr. Schuyler at St. Petersburg, with a ready knowledge of Russ, with the certainty that there was a Russian garrison at Khiva, and with plenty of money and an unrivaled physique, Captain Burnaby started with unusual advantages. His feat is in no way to be compared to the much more dangerous and adventurous journeys of Vambéry and MacGahan, nor has "The Ride to Khiva" the same interest or worth as Vambéry's "Travels," MacGahan's "Campaigning on the Oxus," MacGregor's "Khorassan," or O'Donovan's "Merv Oasis." Much of his journey was over ground traveled almost daily by Russian merchants; and the pith of the enterprise was the ride of three hundred miles over the desert in the depth of Winter, from Kazala to Khiva. Advertising skill, and the fact that his book was published at a moment when the public were eager to obtain

MRS. FRED. BURNABY, AUTHOR OF "HIGH ALPS IN WINTER."

information about the doings of Russia in Central Asia, are the two chief reasons which led to the extraordinary success of Captain Burnaby's book. It is a book, too, written in just the vein to tickle the taste of the circulating-library public—light, easy, and good-natured, with bits of personal description and some good descriptions of natural scenery.

Leaving Charing Cross with eighty-five pounds of baggage, on the 30th of November, 1875, Captain Burnaby quickly made his way to St. Petersburg and thence to Orenburg. From Orenburg to Kazala was a ride of 664 miles across the snow-covered desert; and at Kazala the traveler was welcomed politely by the Russian commandant, Colonel Goloff. Fearing, however, a design on the part of Goloff to send him a prisoner to the Fortress of Petro-Alexandrovsk, Captain Burnaby declined Colonel Goloff's proffered escort, and set out, with only his servant and guide, on the ride of 370 miles to Khiva. A visit to Khiva, in 1875, was a very different thing to a visit to the Khan's capital twelve years before, when Vambéry, disguised in his Dervish rags, was the first European who had penetrated to the mysterious capital of the Khivans. Much had happened in the meantime. Said Mahomed, in whose austere presence poor Vambéry had trembled with such good reason, had humbled himself to General Kaufmann; and when Captain Burnaby visited the Khan he incurred no more risk, says Mr. Charles Marvin, than an English tourist visiting the capital of any Indian feudatory prince. Burnaby accomplished his ride in thirteen days, nor did he suffer any extreme hardship. Once, indeed, he ran much danger of frost-bite, having by inadvertence left off his fur gloves. Falling asleep in his sledge, he woke to find his fingers a lurid blue, while his wrists and the extremities of his arms were like those of a dead man. Vigorous rubbing, however, restored the circulation. By the Khan of Khiva the English captain was received with consideration, and "I must say," wrote Captain Burnaby, "that after all that has been written in Russian newspapers about the cruelties and other iniquities perpetrated by this Khivan potentate (Vambéry had seen the eyes of Tchaudor Turcomans gouged out by order of this same Khan), to find the original such a cheery sort of fellow." At Khiva the English officer stopped some days; and then, instead of pushing on to Merv according to his original intention, he decided to turn off to Bokhara. But before he had time to leave, an imperative message came from the Russian Governor Ivanoff requiring his presence at Petro-Alexandrovsk. On arriving at the fortress (two days' journey from Khiva) Burnaby found a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, ordering his immediate return. The Beaconsfield Cabinet had yielded to the diplomatic pressure of the Court of St. Petersburg, and had recalled the zealous traveler, who was prying too closely, the Russians feared, into their Central Asian transactions. Burnaby returned by almost exactly the same route by which he went. The publication of his book soon after his return at once raised him to the rank of a notoriety.

Enough has been said above to indicate Burnaby's true position as a Central Asian pioneer. He does not stand in the front rank of such; but his journey was a fine example of the private enterprise of an officer determined to undertake a useful duty for the good of his country.

In the Autumn of 1876 all eyes were anxiously turned toward the East. The Bulgarian atrocities had been committed, and had given Mr. Gladstone the text for his fiery pamphlet. Lord Beaconsfield had characterized the rumors from Bulgaria as coffee-house babble. Journeying on the Danube, Canon Liddon and Canon MacColl had seen a Bulgarian impaled upon a pike. Other witnesses came forward, who alleged that the impaled being seen by the canons was a stack of beans. Public opinion ran high. There were many who declared that the Turks ought to be driven out of Europe. A strong Russian party was formed in England, and it was evident that before long war would break out between Russia and Turkey. Such was the state of affairs when Burnaby, fresh from his Khivan exploit, determined to cap it by another ride. "Were the Turks such awful scoundrels?" said the guardsman to himself. He determined to ascertain; and accordingly, in the Autumn of 1876, he found himself leaving London with his faithful servant, Radford, and with only five months' leave in which to explore Asia Minor. In this brief time he rode over two thousand miles of country, much of it barren wilderness. The journey gave him ample material for a second book, "On Horseback Through Asia Minor." It was distinguished by the same qualities of fluency, happy good nature and high spirits as "The Ride to Khiva"; but it proved less of a public success. The exploit was less striking; the route better known. From Scutari Burnaby traveled almost due east past Angora and Sivas to Erzeroum. From Erzeroum he made a southerly detour to Lake Van, and continued as far east as Khoi, near the northern shores of Lake Urmia. Thence he struck northward, reaching Kars, and finally embarking at Batoum for his return journey. He returned with a good opinion of the Turks, and with a much increased dislike for the Russians and their mode of government. This journey was saddened by the death, at Dover, of the faithful Radford, who had followed his master with uncomplaining fidelity through all his adventures. The faithful servant had contracted typhus fever at Constantinople. The fever developed itself at Vienna, he arrived at Dover unconscious, and died at the end of the second day on shore. Radford was buried at Dover, and his master put this record on his tomb: "He was a brave soldier, a faithful servant and as true as steel."

Burnaby's "pals" always felt that he would die in his boots. Nothing was too reckless, too dare-devil for him. This dare-devilism he loved in others; hence his love for the gigantic trooper servant Radford, a private in the Horse Guards (Blue), whom he nursed during the ride through Asia Minor with the devotion and care and tenderness of a woman. Burnaby's grief at Radford's death knew no bounds, and he sat in the Guards Club for many days alone at a table, his head in his hands, when no one dare break in on his grief, not even the Prince of Wales.

The next year (1877) found Burnaby again in the East. Russia had declared war against Turkey, and Captain Burnaby went out to join the Turkish forces as agent to the Stafford House Committee. But though his position was purely that of a civilian, he could not bear to be out of the fighting. Accordingly he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at several engagements. He endured all hardship cheerfully, and defied all dangers with impunity. With his strong views on the Eastern question, it is not surprising that Burnaby should have endeavored to obtain a hearing for them in the House of Commons. Accordingly, in June, 1878, he was accepted as the Conservative candidate for Birmingham; and it is characteristic of the man that he should have selected the very hotbed of Radicalism as the place wherein to expound strong Conservative opinions. From the beginning the captain's candidature was hopeless. He made a series of

rattling political speeches, and attended a series of noisy meetings; but he had no chance against the Midland triumvirate, Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain and Muntz. It speaks well, however, for the plucky fight that Burnaby made that, at the General Election in 1880, he obtained 15,716 votes. After his defeat he did not despair of Birmingham, and he recently visited the Midland capital in conjunction with Lord Randolph Churchill, the other Conservative candidate. In June, 1879, Major Burnaby married, at St. Peter's Church, Onslow Gardens, Miss Elizabeth A. F. Hawkins-Whitshed, only child of the late Sir St. Vincent Bentinck Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart., of Killoncarrick, having a beautiful domain under the purple heath-crowned Sugar Loaf Mountain in the County of Wicklow. The widow is young and beautiful and full of the love of adventure that characterized her dashing husband. One day he said to her, "Why don't you do something out of the humdrum of Mayfair afternoon teas?"

"What *can* I do?"

"Ascend Mont Blanc!"

"Dozens of women have done that."

"Then do it on Christmas Day."

Mrs. Burnaby took her liege lord at his word, and while he was out in Zululand, she, aided by the celebrated guides, Jules and Jacques Balmat, made the ascent, a thing hitherto unheard of. Though she cannot be credited with discovering the good effects of cold dry Alpine air in cases of chest-complaint, she has at least the distinction of being the pioneer of Alpine climbing in Winter. In the Summer of 1881 Mrs. Burnaby arrived at Chamounix for the first time. She was in bad health, and the doctors feared consumption. She had tried in vain all the usual Winter health resorts—Algiers, Hyères, Mentone, Meran. From none did she gain more than temporary benefit. But the pure mountain air of Chamounix gave her new life. She left with health restored. But the depressing airs of the valleys had the usual result, and after spending a bad Winter at Mentone, Mrs. Burnaby resolved to take the management of her health into her own hands and to try a Winter in Chamounix. The doctors and friends protested; but the result was excellent. Since then Mrs. Burnaby has spent most of her time in Switzerland. She has become one of the most expert lady climbers, and her pleasant book, "The High Alps in Winter," contains a climbing record which many Alpine clubmen will never equal. At Zermatt and Chamounix Mrs. Burnaby's slight figure is well known, and it is to Switzerland that the Queen has sent her sympathetic inquiries for the widow so suddenly bereaved.

Burnaby was a very swift runner. He was the best runner in the Horse Guards. Mr. Herbert, of Muckross, was the champion of the Foot Guards. One lovely June morning, in the height of the London season, a strange scene was witnessed opposite the palatial residence of Lord Dunraven, in Mayfair. His lordship had given a splendid ball for the Prince of Orange (Citron). After supper, when the bloods were enjoying the B. and S., with its attendant cigar, the question of running came on the *tapis*. Burnaby was named, so was Herbert. A match was then and there made, several hundreds of sovereigns being "put up." The contestants were stripped, save their underclothing, and in dancing-pumps were started for a hundred-yard race, the Prince of Orange's set backing Burnaby, the Earl of Dunraven's "lot" backing Herbert. A few milkmen, one or two policemen, a brace of cadgers, and some very early birds, beheld the two runners speeding like the wind along the asphalt. Herbert won, to the great delight of the brigade of Foot Guards.

Burnaby, when stripped, was a perfect Hercules. Great knots of muscle stood out all over him. He lifted two ponies, one under each arm, with the greatest ease. A blow from his stalwart arm would fell an ox. Never was there a more gentle, unassuming fellow. He was the hero of his set, the idol of the young fellows. The Eton boy who shook hands with "Fred" became a "swell" on the instant.

Burnaby was not liked at the Horse Guards, as he was always doing strange things during his Winter leave of five months. The Duke of Cambridge telegraphed him to come back from Russia, so as to prevent his ride to Khiva, but the wary Guardsman proved too much for H.R.H., and avoided the post or station to which the telegram was sent, having gotten a "straight tip" from a Russian officer. He was hated in Russia, and he returned the hatred with all his might. He longed for a tussle with the Big Bear on the frontier of England's India possessions, and the recent annexation of Merv by Russia almost set him wild.

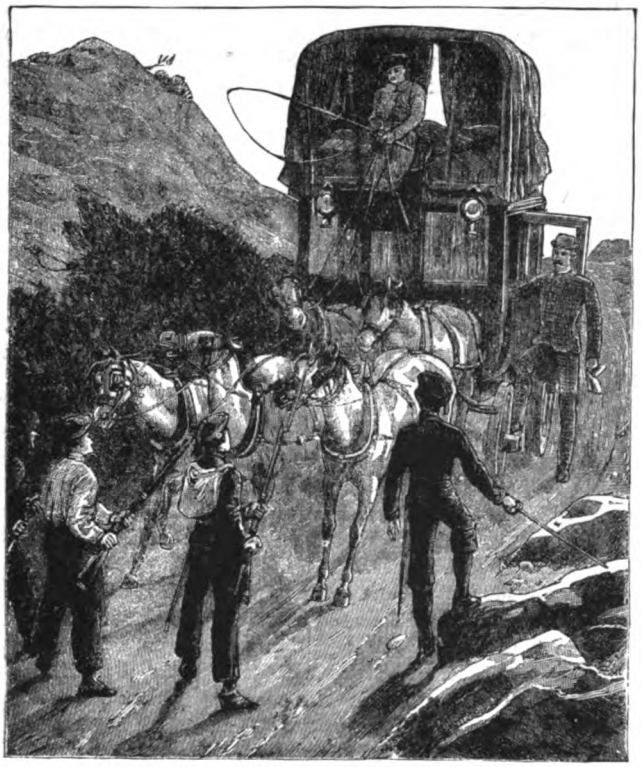
Of the last two or three years of Colonel Burnaby's life comparatively little need be said. It was his earnest wish to take part in the Egyptian campaigns, but only in the present Nile expedition had he any official position. He was present with his old comrade, Baker Pasha, at the first battle of El Teb, where the Egyptian forces were disastrously defeated, and one of our sketches shows him riding tranquilly out of the *mêlée*.

At the second battle of El Teb he was found in the thickest of the struggle, and his personal prowess on that occasion attracted much attention at the time, both at home and abroad. "As we moved on," wrote one who was present, "firing the while, numbers of the rebels, most of them armed with spears and others with huge cross-hilted swords, rose up boldly within two hundred yards, and rushed for us at breakneck speed. It was marvelous to see how they came on, heedless and fearless of death, shouting and brandishing their weapons. To the right and left they fell, but those who survived, even when wounded, rushed on. A few got within five or ten paces of the square, proving how many bullets it takes to kill a man. There was no running away yet on the enemy's part, only a sullen falling back. At length we cleared the front with the Martinis, and then, with a cheer, rushed the fort. Colonel Burnaby was the first to mount the parapet, firing with a double-barreled shotgun into the rebels, many of whom still hung about the works."

It was a wild *mêlée* of bayonets and spears, in which, in the midst of all the confusion, the herculean form of Burnaby might be seen towering above his fellows, laying about him like a Paladin with the butt-end of his gun. In this struggle he got badly wounded, and for a long time had to go about carrying his arm in a sling.

In the last expedition Burnaby was officially attached to General Stewart's Intelligence Department, and almost his last work was to conduct a convoy from Korti to Gakdul.

As the dark Arab wave rolled down on the English square at Abou Klea, Colonel Burnaby rode out in front of the left rear face to assist some skirmishers who were hard pressed. All got in but one, and Burnaby dashed between this man and a sheik who was charging upon him. The sheik fell, struck by a bullet, but the spearmen were close behind. One dashed on, aiming his long spearblade at Burnaby's throat. Reining in his horse, Burnaby leaned forward, and parried the Moslem's rapid



COLONEL BURNABY AT THE CARLIST OUTPOSTS, IN 1871. SEE PAGE 612.

thrusts, but the lance was too long to permit him to strike well with his sabre, though he twice touched his foe.

Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if playing on an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. Just then another Arab passed Burnaby, in pursuit of a soldier, and turning suddenly, thrust his spear into the colonel's right shoulder.

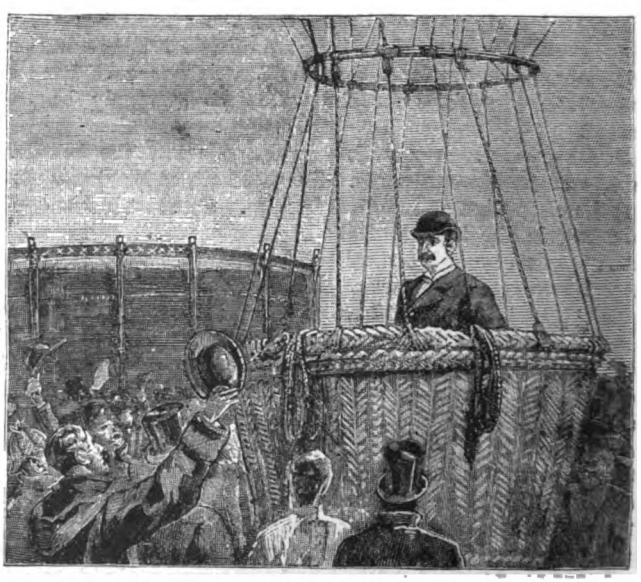
The wound, though slight, caused Burnaby to twist around in his saddle, to meet the fresh attack. A soldier sprang forward and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at the moment, it enabled the first Arab to deliver his spearpoint full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second blow before he let go his grip on the reins and fell to the ground. Half a dozen Arabs were then about him. With blood gushing from his gashed throat, the dauntless guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man, dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying.

THE SPINNSTUBE.

THE peasants of Central Germany are a social race, and their Winter life differs widely from that of our own farm laborers. As soon as the harvest is gathered in and the evenings lengthen, a number of diversions are commenced which help to pass them pleasantly away. In both countries, it is true, the public-house is the social centre, but in Germany it possesses allurements which few of our public-houses can boast. No moral or social stigma attaches to a visit to the smoky parlor which is frequented by men of all classes, and where they meet to converse rather than to drink. But though the chief, it is by no means the only, attraction of the house. The skittle-alley is a great place of resort. Early in the afternoon it is frequently occupied by the *élite* of the village —the clergyman, the head gamekeeper, a few of the richer peasants, and it may be the schoolmaster, if he has come to years of discretion and happens to have a holiday. Then a sober and judicious game is played, and much sound criticism and sage discussion as to the merits of every single ball may be heard both before and after it is given.

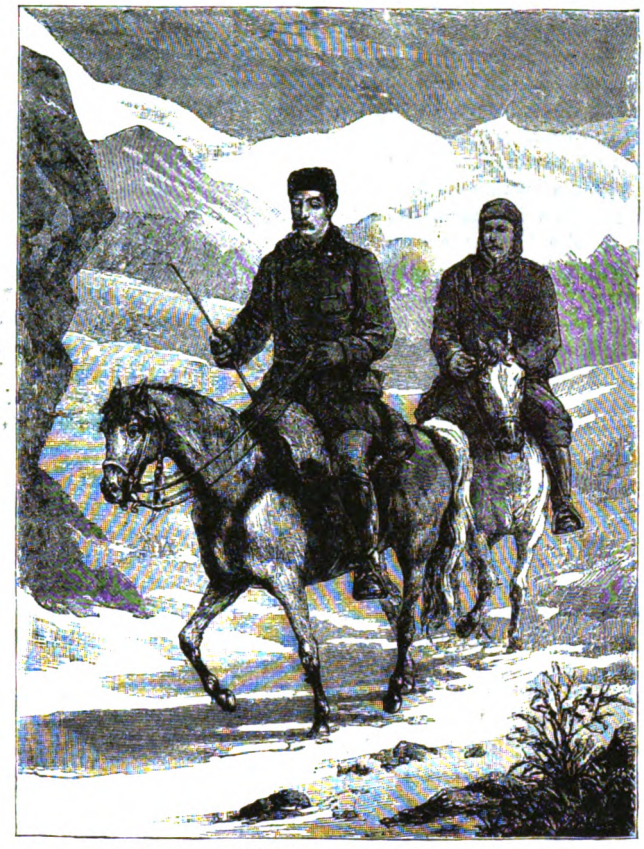
Of an evening, however, after the petroleum lamps have been lighted, the alley belongs to the youth of the place, and play becomes fast and furious. In such hours the sound of the balls may almost always be heard, except when the weather is cold enough to permit the rarer joys of sledging and skating. In the large hall, which is only heated on great festivals, or when special orders have been given, such of the peasants as have a musical bent meet two or three times a week to practice. On these occasions, the somewhat awful respect on which age usually insists is laid aside, and the patriarch of the village takes his seat contentedly beside the boy who has just been confirmed. These musicians are the most regular of churchgoers. Every Sunday they mount the loft assigned to them, and their performance adds not a little to the charm of the service, for they always play tolerably and often exceedingly well, so that they are sometimes invited to give a concert in distant towns.

It will be seen that the men have ways enough of amusing themselves, and that the women are left a good deal to themselves. It is true that a dance is given every week or two in the large hall of the inn, and that in some villages there are societies for vocal music in which the girls, too, take part. Yet their evenings would often seem long and lonely if they were not ingenious enough to find reasons, or at least excuses, for gathering together. The chief of these used to be the spinning-room. Every village had its date on which spinning



COLONEL BURNABY STARTING IN HIS BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

was supposed officially to begin, and for days beforehand the girls were busy getting their wheels in order. All the Summer long they had stood neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, for there was field-work to be done, first the hay, and afterward the corn. to be gathered in, the fire-wood to be brought from the neighboring forest, and apples to be carefully chosen and set aside for the Christmas-tree, while the others had to be cut into slices and taken with the plums to the kiln to be dried — indeed, a woman's whole labor had to be done. But now that Winter had brought its rest, the time had come for cozy evenings spent in pleasant chat and work so light as scarcely to seem an exertion. Every girl who had any self-respect took a pride in her wheel, and was almost as proud of its neatness as of the length of her thread, and, what rarely happens among the poor in our days, the oldest were generally reputed to be the best.



COLONEL BURNABY ON THE RIDE TO KHIVA, 1875.

From the earliest days a certain sanctity has been ascribed to everything that has to do with spinning. The great goddess who was the wife of Odin viewed it with especial favor, and regarded the maiden who could spin quickly and neatly as a fitting match for the greatest of her husband's heroes. She has long been dethroned and obliged to wander about *incognito;* but as Berchta or Frau Höhle, by whatever name indeed she may be known to the descendants of her ancient worshipers, she remains true to her old love of this occupation. She tends the flax-fields with a peculiar care, and keeps a jealous guard over the mysteries of the spinning-room. She secures a merry Christmas to the deft and diligent maid, and takes care in due time to provide her with a good husband and a comfortable home, while she sends the ugliest and most impudent of her imps to tie knots in the hair of the careless hussy who lets her thread get entangled or ill-uses her wheel. It is long since any one has seriously believed such stories; but the sentiment they embodied was till very recently alive among the peasant population of Germany.

So on the first day of the spinning season, as soon as the evening meal was finished, girls might be seen trooping down the village street, each carrying her wheel, to the appointed house. The matron was ready to welcome them to the warm dwelling-room, and in a minute or two they were all seated, and had begun to chat and spin. Everything in the form of a woman with a wheel was freely admitted; but, as a rule, it was only the unmarried girls that came. After the gossip of the day had been thoroughly threshed out, the old songs were sung and the old tales told; and they never seemed to pall the simple audience. This is perhaps one of the reasons why so much of the legendary lore of Germany has been preserved. The stories a girl first heard in the spinning-room she told long years afterward to the grandchildren clustering around her knee. So, 'mid song and chatter that never interfered with the work, the time would pass away till eight o'clock struck. Then, or shortly afterward, the door would open, and such of the youths of the village as had discovered that there was something in life more amusing than skittles would steal shyly in. At first they would stand in sheepish groups near the door, but in a few minutes they would find themselves, they scarcely knew how, close behind the objects of their admiration, and then there was low talk which was

COLONEL BURNABY AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE TEB, FEB. 4TH, 1884.— SEE PAGE 612.

rendered inaudible to the bystander by the purring of the wheels. It must be confessed that the thread spun at such times was apt to be a little deficient in quality; but only an hour was allowed to such frivolity. As soon as nine struck the girls returned to their homes, to meet at the next house on the following evening.

In the good old times, the first meeting of the season was usually held at the clergyman's house—that is, if he was a married man and well stricken in years, and then his wife and daughters would take their places beside their neighbors, though they rarely followed them to other houses. These meetings, it must be owned, were somewhat lugubrious affairs. The girls felt they must be on their best behavior, and the few youths who ventured up to the parsonage put on their best coats and their church manners. They were generally well known to be betrothed to one of the maidens present; but they seemed ashamed of the object of their choice, and stood looking fixedly at almost anything in the room except at her. Still these opening assemblies were felt to be good things. They were a kind of grace before meat, which lent a sanction to the levities of the following evenings; and, besides, they were a great honor, for no one thought of going without being especially invited, and no one was invited of whom the Frau Pastorin did not approve.

The circle that began at the parsonage closed at the ale-house; but on that night the spinning was little more than a farce. The hostess, it is true, had prepared her best private room for her company; but they had no heart for work. They knew that they hall above had been heated and lighted, and the village fiddler engaged, and that as soon as the tiresome clock would drag its slow hands round to seven, the young men would break in upon them, and lead them away, after a little feigned reluctance, to dance, sing, and play forfeits till midnight. On such occasions the mirth might not be very refined, but it was both innocent and sincere, and on the following evening the girls would assemble quite soberly at the first house in the village except the parsonage.

Such was the social influence of spinning in the villages. It played almost as important, though a less picturesque, part in the houses of the yeomanry which are scattered here and there over the country. As soon as supper was over, and the little children had been put to bed, and soothed to sleep by singing and sugar-plums, the lady of the house and her elder daughters would bring out their wheels. Soon after the maid-servants would enter, one by one, each bouncing an awkward courtesy, and take their seats at a distance from their mistress great enough to denote respect without preventing conversation. When the day had passed quietly over, the talk did not differ widely from that of the village; but if one of the maids was conscious of having been seen to fail in any of her duties, she would take this opportunity of excusing or begging pardon, in some indirect way, for her neglect; if the mistress knew she had been unnecessarily sharp or harsh, she would either ask the girl she had offended to start one of her favorite tunes or begin the air herself, and thus a reconciliation was effected without humiliation to either party. The hours spent in spinning were hours of comparative social equality, and women of tact and intelligence often used them in such a way as to render them of inestimable value to their servants. As in many parts of the country each knew she was spinning her own flax for her own dowry, she was more ready to listen to advice and criticism than she might have been if she were working for another.

In the country, however, as well as in the villages, Love, as he is used to do, found out his way, and the last hour was understood to belong to him, though some transparent stratagem was generally adopted. If one of the man-servants had cast an eye on any of the maidens, he usually found about eight o'clock that he had something of the utmost importance to say to the master, which, if he were not at home, could only be confided to the mistress. After a word or two a jug of small beer was handed to him, and he was asked to take a seat, which he usually found in the very place he most desired. Youths from the neighboring farms would wander over with impossible messages, and be treated in the same way, so that during the last hour other things besides flax were spun. At such a time, while sipping your host's oldest wine with him at a side-table, it was often amusing to watch the simple wiles of rustic coquetry. When the favored lover of two girls entered, each would instinctively move her chair to make room for him at her side, and then spread her petticoats to a prodigious extent to hide the fact. When he endeavored to place himself by the first she would say, "Why do you come here? There is room enough over there by Anna"; and if he bashfully followed her suggestion, Anna would retort, "Why don't you go to Elze? Didn't you see she made room for you as soon as you came in?" And so the strife went on through Cupid's whole litany, which remains much the same, in whatever dialect it may be spoken.

Spinning by hand is now rapidly becoming a thing of the past. But few of the rising generation have ever seen a spinning-wheel, except on the stage, and in Germany, too, the old customs, the old habits, the old occupations, are gradually giving place to new. Human fingers cannot vie with machinery in deftiness and certainty. But in the Spinnstuben, Germany is losing a social element which it will be difficult to replace. The factory life that must succeed them seems sadly prosaic in comparison; but it is pleasant to remember that, whatever may become of them and the other relics of the olden time, Love's catechism will never remain unasked or unanswered, and that, where Love passes, Poetry will assert her right of way.

THE MUSK-DEER.

According to Dr. Macgowan's collation regarding the history of musk as presented by Chinese writers, the musk-deer is found through the mountains of Yun-nan, Szechuen and Thibet. This little animal is so timid that it often dies of fright. It feeds on juniper leaves and reptiles. In Spring its peculiar glandular pouch is greatly swollen and inflamed, and the secretion is always voided by the deer on the same spot, and covered over with earth. In such places, deposits of musk of a superior quality are found, amounting sometimes to twenty pounds in weight, and of so pungent a nature, that if carried through a garden or wood it prevents fructification. The valuable substance no sooner leaves the hands of the hunter than skillful manipulators adulterate it for the wholesale dealers, who further so debase it for the trade, that there is finally in the mixture offered very little indeed of genuine musk, say only ten per cent. Musk is said to be destructive to intestinal worms and an antidote to the venom of serpents.

Vanity is our dearest weakness in more senses than one; a man will sacrifice everything, and starve out all his other inclinations to keep alive that one.

HEALTH.

By John A. Symonds.

Too blessed thou, couldst thou self-conscious be
Of thine own blessedness! couldst thou but live
Contented with those gifts the minutes give;
Thy bare existence being felicity!
No burden of the world's pain weighs on thee:
Thou ne'er hast felt fate's worst imperative:
Those weariest words, Forget, Forego, Forgive,
Are found not yet in thy philosophy.
Thrice blessed thou! Though one had eminent wealth,
Fame, knowledge, wisdom, mastery of his art;
Yet were he naught matched with thine ignorance,
Thy poverty, thine insignificance!
To thee, being young, God giveth the better part;
Unworn, unvexed, unwearied, thou hast health!

THREE DAYS IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

By G. A. Davis.

A narrow strip of land runs far out into the misty, many-colored sea; a sharp, high, rocky wedge, at whose furthest and highest and steepest point the tall, white column of the lighthouse rises, bare and massive.

On the right hand foams and chafes a line of roaring surf; on the left, a long, low, gentle swell washes and whispers along the little strip of stony beach; and on both sides the cliff rises naked and brown and almost perpendicular.

There is a grand and simple severity in all the lines of the picture—the treeless promontory that cuts into the great circle of the sea and sky with a grand, undulating sweep, like the crest of a wave—and for color there is only the warm golden green of the turf that looks soaked in sunshine, the vivid white of the lighthouse walls, with a bit of old gray stonework in the little house nestled at its base; the dense deep sapphire of the sky, and the changing blues and violets and grays of the sea.

It was the morning of the first day. On the little strip of beach between the cliff and the surf a man and a woman were basking in the sunshine—the man, with that air of enforced and business-like laziness that the American chiefly wears toward the middle of his Summer vacation, as one who enjoys the *far niente* under protest and pines for the rush and scramble of the city once more; the woman, with an *abandon* as complete as that of an Italian lazzarone.

She lay on her back on one of the few little patches of white sand between the stones, and boulders, and tangle of kelp, and fibrous red and purple seaweed. Her hands were crossed under her head, slightly lifting it, so that her gray eyes could sight the horizon on a perfect level between the toes of her stout little walking-boots, and she looked as if she were no more likely ever to stir again from that attitude of utter repose than were the rugged, seaweed cliffs above her. Only her lips moved a little; she was murmuring to herself a soft purring whisper against the monotone of the sea.

"What are you saying, Elsie?" asked the man.

"Nothing—I mean nothing you care to hear. You would call it mystical nonsense."

But after a second's pause she went on again.

"'Thou and I in the spirit-land
A thousand years ago,
Saw the waves wash on the strand,
Heard their murmur low;
Vowed to love and ever love,
A thousand years ago.

"'Thou and I in Syria——'"

A slight, impatient movement interrupted her.

"You see I was right," she said, quietly, and relapsed into silence again.

"Well, *isn't* it nonsense?" asked her companion, half petulantly, half entreatingly. "Elsie, dear, I wish to Heaven you knew no more of poetry than you do of—arithmetic!"

"Alex, dear, you ought to have been more sensible than you were when you married me. You know I told you at the time that I should make you consummately miserable. I cannot conceive why you did it; but all the same——"

"All the same I *did*," he broke in, rather hotly, coming nearer, and laying a hand on the soft arm above her head. "*Don't* talk so, Elsie; it's unbearable."

She turned her head a little and looked up at him with curious, compassionate, but strangely unsympathetic eyes. They were the only noticeable points in her face. Elsie Carton was no beauty, neither piquantly ugly nor fascinatingly plain; she was like fifty other well-bred women whom you meet in society every day—or would have been, but for those vaguely expectant, unsatisfied and painfully questioning eyes.

"Dear, I am so sorry; but it's *so* hard not to talk as one thinks, and if one may not be open and unguarded with one's own lawful husband, with whom can they speak their mind."

She laughed, and Alex smiled, though he sighed in the same breath.

"You were really a very nice old fellow!" she said, gravely and soothingly. "When I say that I don't see why you married me, you know it's entirely because I am so disagreeable and exactly the reverse of what you ought reasonably to have cared for. It's such a pity! You ought to have had some one who could understand the things you like—business and the practical side of life, and science, and all that sort of thing—somebody with a nineteenth-century mind, in short. Poor old fellow! I wish——" She broke off, and her eyes went out to the gray sea-line again.

"There is a storm coming," she said, abruptly.

"So I told you," answered Alex, quick to catch at the change of subject. "The equinoctial will be on us before we have time to get out of this hole. Never mind; I dare say we can stand being shut in for a day or two."

"Mind! I shall be only too glad. I wish I were tied fast here like Andromeda, and never obliged to stir again."

The little stones crunched and rolled under somebody's feet, and Elsie Carton and her husband raised their eyes at once, and saw a figure coming toward them round the little strip of beach.

It was a tall man, noticeable for a thoroughbred, half-foreign air, who, as he came nearer and passed them, raised his hat, just glancing over Elsie as if she were part of the general prospect.

"That must be the fellow who came so late last night," said Alex, watching the retreating figure along the beach. "He was up and off before sunrise this morning."

There was no answer; but, turning, Elsie's husband saw that she had raised herself on her arm, and was looking after the stranger, too, with a knitted brow, and the perplexed and anxious look deepened and intensified in her eyes; and suddenly, as he watched her, a nervous shudder came over her, shaking her as if with a spasm of cold.

"Why, what ails you, Elsie? You are not chilly, surely?"

She shook her head, and pressed her hands for a second over her eyes.

"No—oh, no! I think that man must be walking over my grave, that's all. Come, let us go back to the house."

* * *

In the lighthouse there were but two bedrooms set apart for the accommodation of the wandering public, and one of these had been empty during the week that Mr. and Mrs. Carton had already passed there. Its present tenant arrived late in the evening, having ridden out alone from the nearest spot of human habitation, and for the whole of the first day he absented himself, coming back in the twilight on his big brown horse, tired from long gallops over the miles of bare green downs that rolled and undulated between the ocean and the Sound.

COLONEL BURNABY AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEB. 29TH, 1884.—SEE PAGE 612.

But the next day he was at breakfast, and though, after the manner of the place, no introduction took place between such transient visitors, it was presently discovered that he was Mr. Ralph Moray, of St. Louis, and that there even existed a dim and distant thread of business connection between him and Carton.

He was a man somewhere on the near side of fifty, who might have been called handsome and could never be called old.

There was something in him that fascinated Elsie Carton; and her husband, who rarely saw her interested or attracted by any human being, was infinitely delighted to see her listening eagerly to their desultory breakfast-table talk, though she said nothing herself.

They separated for the morning, and Carton and

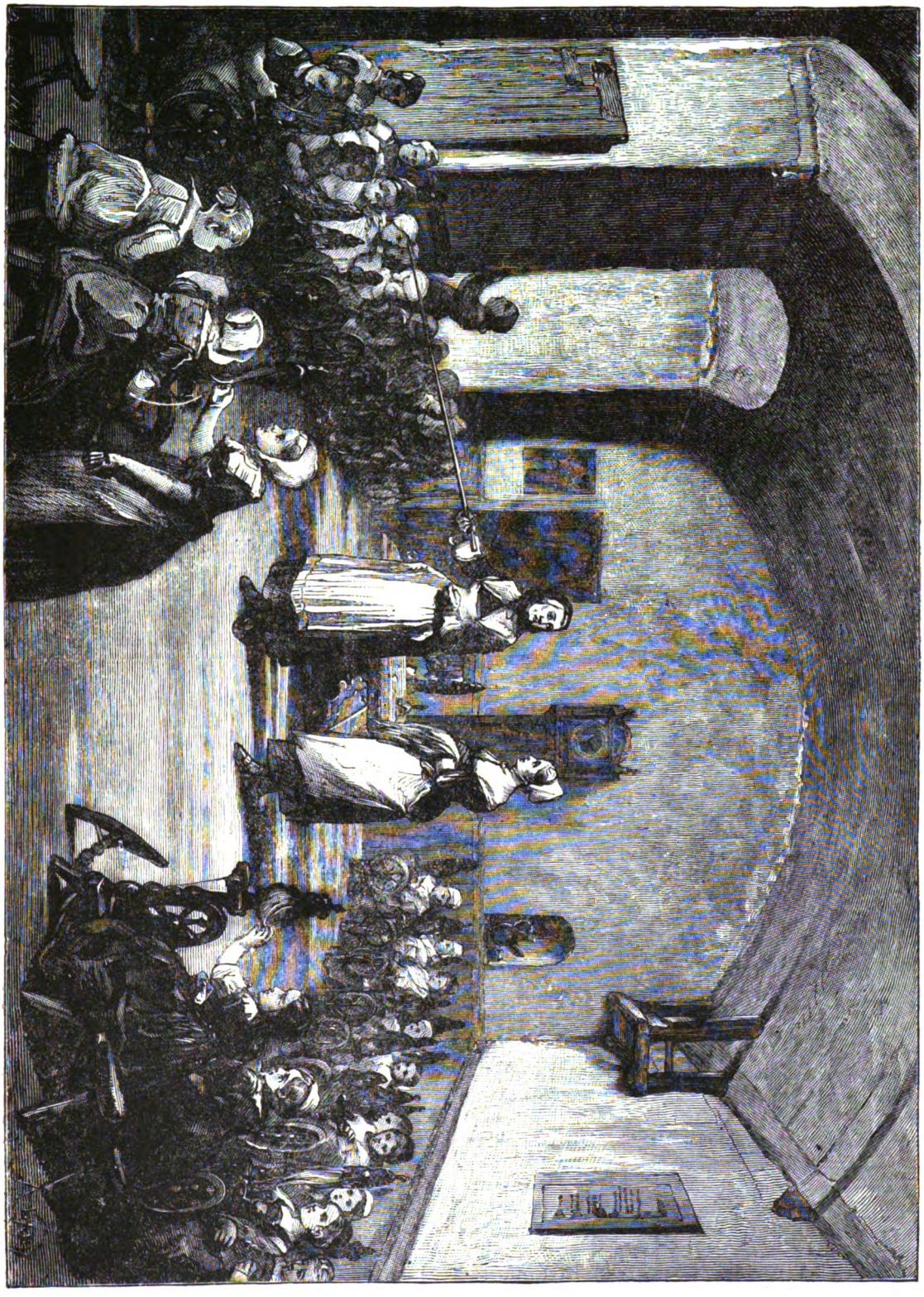
BURNABY TELLING OF HIS EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN TO HIS CLUB IN ENGLAND.

the lighthouse-keeper took their guns, and went off over the downs for a long-promised day of wild-duck shooting.

Mrs. Carton and Mr. Moray stood on the steps for a moment and watched them go. He had excused himself from joining them on the ground of being a poor shot and out of practice.

"Why did you come here?" asked Elsie, suddenly, turning to him for the first time.

It was like the question of a little child, and her very voice had taken a strange, hesitating, childlike tone. She looked very young and small in her girlish flannel dress, leaning against the porch, and looking up at him with her vaguely questioning eyes.



THE SPINNSTUBE.—A SPINNING SCHOOL IN GERMANY.—SEE PAGE 616.

"Because it was the Ultima Thule," said Mr. Moray, smiling down into them. "I rode over these glorious downs till I could ride no further. I did not come to shoot."

"There is nothing else to do—for a man," said Elsie, dreamily. "I sit on the beach all day in the sun. Mr. Carton finds that dull, and I suppose it is."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Moray vaguely.

He looked down at her and through her, as people look when their thoughts take infinite flights, and the two stood still for a minute or two in silence before they separated.

Elsie wandered about restlessly half the morning, long before she went down, with her shawl and the book she never read, to her nook under the cliffs.

If Alex had been near she would have noticed certain symptoms, that always worried him strangely, in his wife—a nervous, fluttering hurry, an impatient expectancy shown in every glance and movement, that he could never understand.

"Do you want anything, Elsie?" he used to ask. "Are you waiting for anything?" And then she would start, and with her eyes glancing wistfully aside, and her nervous fingers twisting together, answer:

"Nothing—certainly nothing! What *could* I be waiting for?"

The mood was strong on her this morning, and she wandered up and down the stony little beach, and climbed the wet, seaweed-cushioned boulders as far out into the low surf-lines as she could venture.

She never stopped to gather the seaweed and kelp, and the queer star-fish and colored pebbles that have such a fascination for loungers by the sea. Her eyes were busy searching out the filmy-gray horizon, and following the flight of the gleaming white seagulls and the long undulation of the blue waves—

"The changing mound and foam that passed away."

It was always with the same troubled gaze, the look that made people say, "Mrs. Carton always seemed to have something on her mind."

Gossips—from whom the best society is not wholly exempt—had long ago woven a tissue of domestic infelicities for Mr. and Mrs. Carton upon this slight woof alone.

At last she sat down, and resting her chin in her hands, brooded in the sunshine like the Sphinx.

She was sitting so when again a footstep sounded on the pebbles, and the tall figure of Ralph Moray came by.

He raised his hat again, and would have passed by, but she spoke to him:

"Won't you sit down here?"

And she motioned with her hand to a flat boulder near her, cushioned deep with sun-dried seaweed.

Moray sat down without a word, and without a word—only a long, contented sigh—Elsie leaned her chin in her hand again.

They talked after a while; and again, had Alex been near to see, he would have wondered, and rejoiced, perhaps, at the change in her manner—it was such a rare delight to him, poor fellow! to see his dreamy, eccentric wife behaving as other women of two-and-twenty behave.

And yet it was not exactly as other women or girls would have treated a stranger of barely twelve hours' acquaintance that Mrs. Carton met this man; it was more as a very frank and confiding little child would cast itself upon the protection of some one to whom it instinctively felt itself akin.

"Is it possible, Mrs. Carton," asked Moray, suddenly, "that I can ever have met you before? I have been puzzling over it for the last ten minutes, and, though I cannot recall a feature of your face, your voice sounds as familiar to me as my own. I suppose it can't be, for you say you have lived all your life on this side of the water, and I have come back this Summer after more than twenty years abroad—and yet I cannot help fancying that we have met."

"I knew you thought so," said Mrs. Carton, quietly. "It must have been—— I have been trying to remember it, too."

"But that is absurd!" breaking into a laugh. "If *you* have never been in Europe, nor *I* in America, during your lifetime, how can we possibly have known each other, except in a previous state of existence?"

"Do you believe that is possible?"

"I have never defined in my own mind the limits of possibility," said Moray, looking into the gray eyes that fastened upon his with an unreserve as utter as an infant's. "There are more things in heaven and earth than I believe philosophy will ever dream of—or, at least, do more than dream of. We have all had our season of dream and speculation and groping into the unknown."

"It is *all* such a groping!" said Elsie Carton, slowly.

"So it is—until one learns to steady themselves on the one tangible centre of all things—the duty of the present."

"The duty!"

She said it after him as if her lips scarcely knew the sound of the word.

"Yes," he said, looking steadily at her, and curiously, too. "The great aim and end of life is a mystery and an uncertainty to most of us, but the duty that we wake up to every day is always plain enough, and if we do *that*, we shall have no time to grope into the unknowable beyond."

"But if I *must!*" cried Elsie. She leaned over toward him, her hands clasped on her knees, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes glittering with a wild fire. "If I could forget utterly, for ever, or only once, for one moment, *remember* entirely, I could rest. *Now*, I am always trying to find my way as people do in dreams; there is a vail behind me and a vail before me that I can half see through, but not all—and I know that what is beyond is better than what I have here. It is as if I had been happy once and lost it, and cannot even remember what I have lost!"

She stretched her hands out with a wild gesture toward the sea, where the tide was rolling in with long lines of breakers gathering beyond the bar.

Ralph Moray's eyes had passed from her face to the purple sea-line, and as they brooded there they were saying in the eye's subtle language:

"I have lost it, too—but *I* remember!"

"It is always clearer to me when I am by the sea," Elsie went on. "I cannot tell you how it is, but I seem to be nearer to myself, to be more myself when I can hear it and see it. And I hate to be with any one, or to talk to any one, when I am on the shore; I want to be alone the whole day long—all alone. That was why Alex brought me here."

"And you wish me to go, I suppose?" said Moray, with a sudden smile, making a feint of rising.

Elsie stretched out her hands, her breath coming quicker, like a startled child's.

"No—no; I want you to stay."

The shadows wheeled and lengthened, and the sun passed away from the stony strip of beach, and the two sat in the shadow, while the high tide ebbed again and flowed back with a hollow thunder from the bar.

Alex Carton came home with his gamebag filled, hot and tired; but before he could bathe or eat he must hurry out again to call Elsie.

He found her nestled among the rocks, with Moray near her.

"Talking away like two old friends," he muttered to himself. "By Jove! what an extraordinary little woman it is. I haven't seen her decently civil to a man before—since we were married."

The three walked back together over the cliffs, and Alex was in the best of moods; but when he was alone with his wife he made as near an approach as he had ever done in the four years of their marriage, to a lecture.

"Elsie, dear, I'm awfully glad you find this Moray an agreeable fellow, and I'm delighted to see you talk to any one; but I don't think it precisely the thing to sit five hours *tête-à-tête* on the beach. It doesn't do with a perfect stranger, you know—don't you see it yourself?"

And Elsie looked up with her azure, wondering eyes.

"Doesn't it? If you say so, Alex, of course I will never do it again."

So the evening and the morning were the second day.

* * * * * *

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Brown, pouring the coffee, "the equinox is upon us!"

It was morning, and the wind that had been warring round the lighthouse all night long had now brought with it a cold driving storm of rain. Everything outside the windows was drowned in a white sea-fog, that the wind sent and lifted continually, only to sweep back again in denser wreaths about the drenched promontory. The seagulls beat their long, wet wings with hoarse cries about the stone tower, and the surf drove its roaring lines of foam far round the point into the sheltered Sound.

"It's a bad time o' year for folks to come out here," resumed Mrs. Brown. "When it comes on for a regular three days' storm, most of 'em wishes they was back ag'in where they belong—and I don't blame 'em."

The two men discussed probabilities with the lady of the lighthouse; Elsie, as usual, said nothing. She was not well this morning, and Alex was worried, and watched her furtively; she had been restless all night, and her eyes looked dark-rimmed and wakeful.

"I suppose we must make the best of a day indoors," he said, resignedly, as he leaned against the window after breakfast and watched the driving fog.

"I must persuade my horse to make the best of a gallop for an hour at least," said Moray, and went out in riding-boots and mackintosh, to conciliate that reluctant quadruped.

All the while that he was gone Elsie crouched at the parlor-window, with her face pressed to the pane, dumb and almost motionless.

Her husband walked the stone halls with his cigar, read the visitors' book and the week-old papers, and the "Congressional Reports of the Life-saving Service," and let her alone; only once he came behind her and drew her head back on his arm; but it moved passively, and lay there as a stone image might have lain where it had fallen.

He knew the mood of old—a mood wherein the body seemed detached and unresponsive, and the soul utterly withdrawn from the circle of surrounding things; he had learned his lesson at last, and learned not to try to coax it back.

So he only kissed her brown hair once quite quietly, and went away again, leaving her watching silently at the window.

Suddenly he saw her start, and her eyes lighted up. Ralph Moray was coming from the stable in his wet, shiny mackintosh, with the rain dripping and streaming from every little fold and salient point; and as he passed the window, he raised his face, flushed and freshened with the wind and storm, and smiled at Elsie.

For the first time Alex seemed to see how handsome the face was, and how young it looked still.

"Where are you going, Elsie?"

She had risen suddenly, and with a swift, yet mechanical step, and a strange, fixed look in her eyes, was moving toward the door.

She stopped short and looked irresolutely round.

"I—I wasn't. I don't know, Alex."

He went to her and laid his hand on her shoulder, and as he did the outer door opened and shut quickly, and Moray's step crossed the little hall and bounded up the stairs.

Elsie's eyes, wide open and wild, seemed to follow the sound, and then turning away and shaking off her husband's hand, she flung herself into a chair and burst into a passion of sobbing.

"Elsie, Elsie, what is it? What ails you? Are you ill? Can't you tell me?"

Alex hung over her, entreating and praying; but the only answer that came at last between her sobs was a bitter wail:

"I *can't* tell you! I don't know! Go away and leave me—leave me alone!"

And there was nothing else left for him to do.

* * * * * *

The early supper was finished, and the long, storm-bound day nearly at its close. The driftwood fire in the little parlor was lighted, and blazed and crackled cheerily on the brick hearth; the fog and rain outside were no longer visible, but louder than ever raged the voices of rain and wind and sea.

The surf was lashing the top of the cliffs; its roar filled the air, and mixing with the pouring sheets of rain, came wreaths and clots of brown, yeasty foam.

"A regular 'Walpurgis Nacht,'" said Moray, pressing his face against the pane. "What a diabolically weird sound the wind has!"

"It makes me think of the old Scotchwoman who was dying when it was storming so," said Elsie's low voice, coming out of a dusk corner. "Sic an' awfu' nicht to be fleein' through the air.'"

"It's a night to sit close round the fire and make oneself comfortable," said Alex, prosaically. "Will you have a cigar, Mr. Moray? Mrs. Carton allows it"; and they drew nearer to the hearth.

But Elsie sat back where the shadows from the firelight fell across her face, and showed her half-lying, half-crouching form, and her clasped hands hanging over the arm of the chair, stretched out to Moray.

They talked—the two men, at least—but it was in a broken, desultory way that had not much heart in it.

Alex had set the stranger down as an "uncomfortable fellow," whose manner was absent and preoccupied, and might possibly be called haughty.

There was a shade of nervousness in it to-night, and when a keener cry came long-drawn over the sea, and swept piercingly round the bare stone tower, he winced like a woman.

"There'll be work for the coastguard-men somewhere along the shore to-night," observed Alex, after one of the long pauses. "It must be a grand sight when a big wreck comes ashore."

"Ah!"

"Have you ever seen anything of that sort?"

"Once," said Moray, abruptly; and then, as if fearing that the answer had been a brusque one, he added: "I've seen as much as most men perhaps. I was on board a vessel wrecked in an equinoctial gale twenty-two years ago."

"Indeed? Then you can give us a real sailor's yarn," said Alex, cheerily. "Tell us how it was."

THE SPINNSTUBE.—THE IDLE WHEEL.—SEE PAGE 616.

"I have never told it," answered the other, his voice lowering a little. "I've never spoken of that night; it gave me a horror of the sea that twenty years could scarcely wipe away."

In the silence that followed the wind sank suddenly away; the rushing of the rain sounded loud and hollow, and the surf thundering against the cliffs seemed to roar nearer and more threateningly.

A shrill cry rang at the window, and something brushed by the pane with the wind—a storm-drenched seabird, driven in to shore.

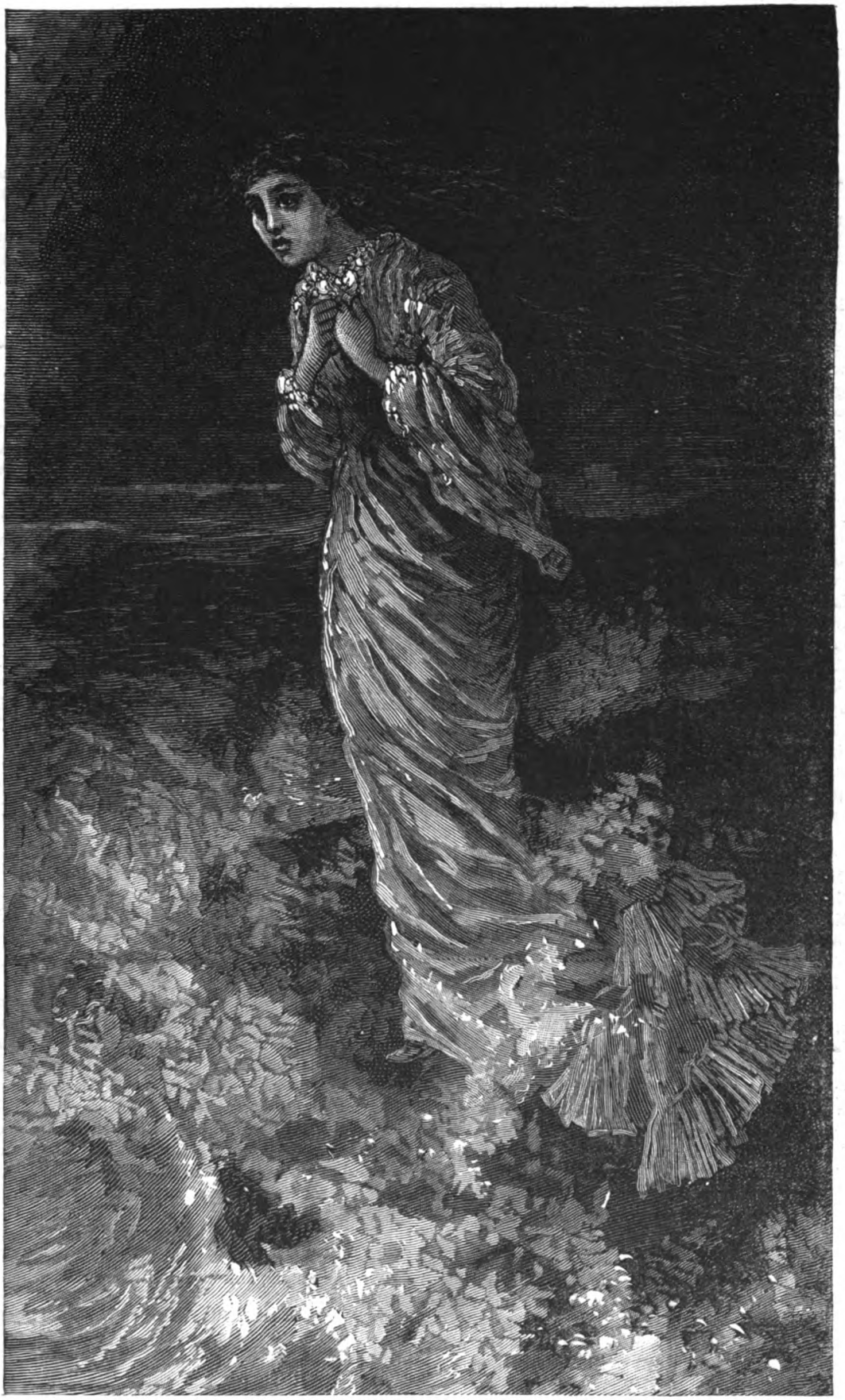
There was something so weird and awful in its wail that the two men started and stared aghast for a second, and then suddenly there rose out of the dimness in the room another and louder cry: "Ralph!"

Elsie Carton came with one swift step into the firelight, and stood before them.

Both sprang to their feet; but neither man spoke a word, for there was something in her face that held them spellbound.

It was Elsie Carton's face no longer; the soul of a stranger looked through the familiar flesh, annihilated all its old identity and blotted out every trace of the woman who was Carton's wife. So they all three stood for a second, and Moray's whisper broke the silence:

"My Heaven!"



THREE DAYS IN A LIGHTHOUSE.—"FOR THE SPACE OF A SINGLE BREATH THEY SAW HER, HER HAIR BLOWN STRAIGHT ALONG THE WIND, HER LONG, LOOSE ROBE TWISTED ABOUT HER LIMBS AS SHE POISED THERE."—SEE PAGE 619.

"Don't speak to her," whispered Alex, catching his arm. "Don't notice it! She will waken of herself."

"What—*what* is it?" stammered the other. "What does it mean?"

But before any other answer could be spoken, Elsie stretched her two hands out and touched him.

Like a man in a dream Moray sank back into his chair, and the woman on her knees beside him.

"Ralph, Ralph, darling, have *you* forgotten, too? Ralph, I have found it all at last—I know!"

There was no other sound for a minute than the sound of the storm outside, and within, the quickened breathing of the two men.

"Have you forgotten me? I was Alice, your little Alice—your wife. Say you remember me, Ralph! It isn't so long—twenty-two years—and a soul lives for ever and loves only once, you know—you can't forget me! Don't you remember that night, Ralph?—the wind and the sea and the black night full of raging voices, and the groaning and grinding of the wreck on those awful rocks, all those awful hours!—and the waves like great walls crashing down on us, and tearing my body out of your arms? Ralph, I have tried to remember it—all the time I was trying; my own memory in another woman's brain was fighting to get back your face and *you*, and sometimes it seemed so near, so near that I could almost see it, almost clutch it fast, and then it was gone again! That was why I never could love Alex Carton; and yet I was his wife—Alex's wife! How I hate that woman! I hate this body down at your feet. I want to get out of it and away—away, into the air and the great spaces, free as we both were before we were born into human shape—free with you, Ralph—darling!"

"Elsie!" shouted Carton; and then he turned in an agony upon the other man. "You scoundrel, what have you done?"

His right hand clinched Moray's shoulder; but it was unheeded—only a single gesture, trembling yet imperious, kept him back.

"Why don't you speak to me, Ralph?" pleaded the low voice, so awfully strange in Carton's ears. "Don't you love me? Don't you know?"

And Moray spoke as one speaks to the dead, all alone in that last watch that each of us has kept or must keep in the time to come.

"I love my wife here and in all eternity—I know that my wife's soul loves and will love me for ever."

They looked into each other's eyes, as if their two souls must touch and mingle there; in the woman's eye a great rapture, but in his an awe so great that it silences even Carton's passion.

At last he spoke again, softly and very low.

"Do you remember how we parted?"

"You kissed me," she cried, a great shudder convulsing her whole body and her white, upturned face. "You kissed me when the wave came rolling over, and you said, 'For one minute, Alice—it doesn't take long to die," and then the sea was over us, and it washed out my soul, but it left yours in the body. Oh, Heaven, it was cruel!"

Ralph Moray started to his feet, the great drops standing on his forehead in agony. In a minute Alex had caught Elsie; but she writhed away from him. At the touch of his hand a struggle passed through her, like the throes of a painful death, and then with a sharp cry ceased as suddenly, and she fell as the dead fall, and lay as still, and the two men stood alone above her.

* * * * * *

It was in the hours between midnight and dawn; the wind and the sea roared on, but the rain had ceased and the storm was dying.

Ralph Moray sat in the empty parlor, over the ashes of the fire; the lamp had burned down to a sickly glimmer, but it showed his face still, worn, and gray and haggard with memories and unutterable thoughts. It had been very still in the house for hours—ever since Alex Carton had carried the white, senseless woman up-stairs, and all the bustle was over, the hurrying for restoratives, the whisperings and going to and fro, and the message at last, "Mrs. Carton was quite herself again. Mr. Carton had seen her in these attacks before, and there was no danger." Now the silence had reigned for hours—Ralph had forgotten how long—and suddenly there was a footstep near him, and a wild voice in the room, rousing him out of his stupor.

"Moray! Good Heaven! she is not here!"

"What do you mean?" he cried, starting to his feet, and facing Alex Carton, pale and breathless.

"My wife—she is gone!"

In an instant the two men had dashed from the room. There was a lantern on a shelf in the little stone hall, and Moray, in one breath—the cooler of the two—had torn it down, lit it, and flung open the heavy door, which was never locked by day or night. There was no time for words, and no need; they both knew, with an instantaneous conviction, where to look for her.

Out in the awful night, in the wind and darkness! The black clouds were racing overhead, the far, few stars gleamed white through their rifts, and in the east a gray line showed like a film above the blackness of the sea.

On that narrow point of land which cut like a wedge into the air and the ocean the wind tore and raged like legions of fiends, scattering the foam and spray from the boiling surf until the air was thick as with dust.

Struggling against the blast, that, as it seemed to them, must have whirled the girl's slight frame already over the cliff's edge into the sea, the two men staggered on, holding the lantern high, to fling what faint light it could across the barren desolation of the tiny strip of land and the raging storm and ruin of the sea.

They saw the bare black ledge of the cliff like a knife-blade cutting the spray; they saw the surf flinging white, writhing arms high above it as the giant rollers crushed and battered the rocky wall; they saw the pale, shivering stars and the ghastly gleam of dawn, and then suddenly, as if she had risen out of the storm, they saw Elsie.

She must have been crouching on her knees near the edge of the cliff, holding fast with her bare hands to the rock and turf, for she started suddenly out, a straight white shape against the black sea and the white spray.

For the space of a single breath they saw her, her hair blown straight along the wind, her long loose robe twisted about her limbs as she poised there, and then a fiercer gust flung the spray higher, and one great wave leaped up and over her, round her and far beyond her, along the rocks, spreading its shattered walls of hissing, curdling foam.

Then there was no longer a woman on the sharp black ledge; nothing but the naked line of rock, the sea, the storm, the stars, and the cold gray line, where little by little

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

* * * * * *

They stood on the wet beach, when the tide roared sullenly back from the shore, and waited for what never came.

"I have lost her for ever," groaned Alex. "I never understood her—I never shall know——"

"God knows," said Moray, solemnly, with his eyes fixed far away, where the gray line of the troubled sea, that had drowned two human lives, met the shadeless light of the heaven that had taken in one deathless soul.

TWO KISSES.

By M. E. W.

Two kisses, darling, stand out clear as fire
Through all the gladness of our wedded life;
Each perfect as a shrine of holy love,
Each pressed on thy dear lips, most precious wife.
The first was snatched from ruby lips that glowed,
As conscious of their beauty, on that morn
When thy low "Yea" had crowned my ardent prayers,
And taught me unto what bliss I was born.
The rising sun shone on us bright and fair,
And as its beauty mirrored in thine eyes,
I took my kiss, and with it, at thy touch,
Entered that moment into Paradise!
The second—ah! the agony of love
With which I gave that kiss with bated breath.
I held thee in my arms all fragile, weak,
As given back from out the jaws of Death;
And then I kissed thee. And the setting sun
Shone on the pallid lips that clung to mine
(Drawing in strength by force of my strong love),
And cast a halo round thee half divine—
Those kisses mark the eras in my life:
Both born of love, and that love born of thee,
Both gilded by the sunshine t from God,
Are sacred both, enshrined in memory!

GENIUS AND TALENT.

About fifty years ago it used to be the fashion among men of letters to draw invidious distinctions between genius and talent, very much to the disadvantage of the last-named highly respectable and desirable attribute. Now all comparisons, as everybody well knows, are naturally odious; but the comparison between the two particular forms of ability—being usually drawn by the people who considered themselves to possess genius in the strictest sense, while most of their contemporaries possessed only that inferior article, talent—was, of course, a peculiarly offensive one. The genius, it used to be said, needed no driving of his lofty Pegasus; the steeds that drew his lordly chariot could move as they liked of their own accord, and were sure to lead him in the end, without any guidance on his own part, to some splendid, glorious, or dazzling conclusion. Mere talent must pore over and ponder its humble work; but genius, noble genius, could afford to disregard such human weaknesses as conscientious labor, and to pour its unpremeditated lay forth at its ease upon the listening ears of an astonished and delighted public. Taking pains, our geniuses told us, was a degradation far beneath their exalted level; they had only to act as the inspiration seized them, and they could turn out magnificent works of art or literature almost unconscious of the slightest effort.

This was the high-flown sentiment of a high-flown age, an age that too often allowed itself to be led astray by its own maxims, and to mistake the rapid outpouring of fluent eccentricity for the true note of divine genius. On the other hand, it has been well said by a far more profound and genuine thinker, that genius is nothing more than an infinite capacity for taking trouble. This last description, indeed, offends at once against many people's conventional notions as to the spontaneity and unconsciousness of genius; but it is, we nevertheless believe, by far the truest, the deepest, and the best one. And it is also a very encouraging and helpful view for every one of us; for it not only breaks down the imaginary barrier between genius and talent, but even that between either genius or talent and mere ordinary hard-working industry. It suggests this great and important truth, that nothing really useful or valuable can ever be done without application, and that, with application, there is scarcely anything quite inaccessible to us. The genius, we venture indeed paradoxically to believe, is nothing more in the last resort than a man endowed with an extraordinary capacity for taking pains. Whatever he attempts he endeavors to do, not well enough, not tolerably, not nicely, not perfunctorily, but as perfectly and as admirably as by any possibility his hands or brains can help him to do it. He is simply the very best and most careful workman, the workman who takes the greatest trouble with the particular work—be it what it may—that he is called upon to do.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

In the case of the Persian women of villagers and laborers, the vail is entirely dispensed with, and they may be seen following their occupations like the women of their class in Europe, or other parts of the world where the Mohammedan faith has not instilled the idea that the females of the nation are to be carefully watched and excluded from the gaze of all but their lords. Most of the harem women are of Circassian, Georgian or Armenian blood, and are often fair in complexion, well formed, and handsome, with large black languishing eyes, rich red lips, and even, pearly teeth. Their natural charms are, however, often destroyed by the custom they have of painting their cheeks with various colors, by constantly smoking, which spoils their teeth, and by the habit of tattooing on their persons various fanciful figures. A fine head of hair is looked upon as indispensable to a harem beauty. If nature denies this adornment, it is supplied, either wholly or in part, by artificial means—a custom which (I am told) is not unknown in a certain country of which Teheran is *not* the capital. A shift and trousers of colored silk or cotton constitute the dress worn within doors, supplemented, if the weather be cold, by a jacket, shawl, cloak or furs. The head is enveloped in a silk handkerchief, so arranged as to form a kind of turban. When the women go outside, they fold themselves in a wrapper of "blue checked stuff," which covers them from head to foot, only leaving a small laced opening for their eyes, but through which it is impossible for any one, even the lady's own husband, to detect the personality of the wearer. It is of something of the same nature as the *saya* of Spanish South America; and, like the Peruvian ladies, the Persians cling to their *incognita* with the keenest relish, as one of the few fragments of personal liberty which they possess. Frankish civilization is slowly penetrating Iran. But it has not yet progressed so far as to induce the women to wear gowns. These they call "trousers with one leg," and prefer to possess this garment with the normal number of subdivisions.

TABLE-NAPKINS.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after

dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not benefit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order, beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left side of the plate, far from the liquids, liqueurs, and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts.

The Empres Eugénie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg, made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte-Beuve, was disgraced, and left off the visiting-list, because at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon, and drained with its tip. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far, that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open—which, unless he is in love, he can do—and note what others do.

A LOVE-SONG.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS BENCZUR.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOLE.

The mole can easily draw double its own weight in below the ground, and seven times its own weight on the level surface. It requires more water than food, and runs long distances underground to drains and ditches, and will, if need be, puddle a hole or sink a well for water to lodge in. It travels a considerable distance in a day, and runs as quickly backward as forward. It is very active and cute, and burrows out of sight in a moment. A voracious eater, when it gets its belly filled and a good drink of water, it goes to bed, Jim says, like a little pig. Its nose is delicate and soft and sharp, and few animals have a keener smell; it is said to smell a worm three feet distant in the solid earth, work its way toward the surface, snatch the worm, and pop backward to the burrow. In a run you can observe small openings where the mole has deviated in search of worms, and popped backward to the run. The worms have an intuitive terror of moles; by their sensitive sense of the earth's motions they feel the moles burrowing, and crawl as fast as they can in terror from the mole's pursuit. Like a rabbit, the mole smells the hand of man at the traps or the earth; so the mole-catcher carries a piece of wood like a carpenter's foot-rule, whereby he presses the earth level in the runs; and sometimes he carries a wisp of barley straw, so that the smell of the human hand is not communicated. Popular belief will have the mole blind, and there is a number of old country rhymes of false wisdom, *e.g.*:

> "If the mole could see as well as it could hear,
> It would keep the world a' in a steer."

The old phrase speaks of being as blind as a mole, but a

mole is not blind; its eyes are like two small black spots, set well back between its head and its shoulders, and it can project them and as quickly draw them back.

The mole's natural life is spent below the earth, and it only comes to the surface in search of food or water, or to cross a road. It runs zigzag whenever it can get the smallest insect or grub, and seldom goes a yard in a straight direction, except in the main run, and it can turn itself in the run like a worm. It runs every six hours, and, strange to say, runs more actively about the witching hour of midnight than during the whole day, and then it makes the greatest destruction of the slumbering worms. It is a striking fact that if this voracious animal be imprisoned without food for twelve hours it will die of sheer starvation.

When the ground is covered with snow it burrows most, and is most active, and in rainy weather, when the worms rejoice in the earth, "any amount" of moles, old Jim says, can be caught.

The mole is a splendid architect and sure builder. It constructs perfect subterranean galleries. The nest is a wonderful building, bearing immediately above it as much earth thrown up as would fill a moderately-sized wheelbarrow. The soil roof of the nest is so strong, that an ox may with safety stand on it, in spite of its being surrounded and intersected by runs, by which the family can separately escape in case of sudden danger. In one I saw there were at least, within a foot from the nest, four main runs, and these main runs again had three immediate branch runs toward the nest from the wheat-field, making twelve within two feet of the nest, while there were many escape runs toward the surface for hiding.

A favorite place for nests is about old broad hedge-

TAIL FEATHERS.

roots, where the moles have plenty of room, and where their nests are concealed by the undergrowth, which again protects their surface runs from being trampled by the hoofs of horses or cattle. And the moles, nesting on either side of the hedge, stick religiously to their own side of the field. Between the nest and the water there is a main run, and to an experienced eye its only distinguishing feature is that it is somewhat more direct than the other runs. But the mole-catcher observes it in an instant, and he catches most moles there at the time when the moles are returning home from their food or water.

It is wonderful how the moles find their long ways home, and it is remarkable the distance they travel every twenty-four hours in the ins and outs and confusing number of intersected runs. Moles multiply very fast: they pair for the season, and breed four or five times every year; and they are among the few animals which have preponderance of males. Their young run about shortly after they are born, and are taught to run in the main run first, the parents leading the way. The mole is said to be affectionate, and to brave death for its offspring or its mate, and to be found sometimes starved to death beside a trapped mate. It prefers dry loam or sandy soil, and does not much frequent stiff clay soil, which is both wet and cold, and difficult to burrow in. For every one that is to be found in clay soil ten will be found in dry loam. And it is a noteworthy fact, if true, as it is said to be, that there are no moles in Ireland.

A CURIOUS WEDDING.

The following narrative, related by an old gentleman, then about seventy years of age, as having occurred in his youth, is given in *Notes and Queries* (1852):

"A nobleman having broken his constitution and injured his estate by a career of dissipation, determined to marry and reform; and having paid his addresses to an heiress, and been duly accepted, the wedding-day was fixed, and great preparations were made for its celebration. In those times news traveled slowly, and the intelligence of the courtship only reached the lady's aunt (from whom she had large expectations), in a distant county, three or four days before the bridal day. She was, however, an energetic woman of the old school; she posted to London, and made such good use of her time that she succeeded in setting the match aside. But the letter announcing this was only written by her niece late on the preceding night, and was dispatched very early on the proposed wedding-day, and being taken to the bridegroom's bedside, was read by him there. A short time after he told his valet to go into the servants' hall and inquire if any of the women would be married that morning. The servants, knowing their lord's generosity and fondness for joking, thought that he wished to signalize his own marriage by portioning another couple, and laughingly declined. The valet returned and said, 'There is nobody that can be married to-day, my lord, but the country wench that came up last week, and she says that she has no sweetheart!' 'Oh!' he replied; 'tell her to put on her Sunday dress and come to me in the blue breakfast-room!' He dressed in the suit prepared; they met, and the result of that interview must be known by its consequences. A mantle and vail of lace were thrown over the country dress of a modest, handsome and lively village girl, and she became that morning a peeress of England! Much sensation was caused; but in the world of fashion it was only a nine-days' wonder, for the married pair went immediately from London. She possessed an excellent disposition and strong good sense. With renewed health and spirits, his lordship's enjoyment of country life increased, his property improved by care, and, above all, a beautiful progeny surrounded him and their devoted, domestic mother, who affectionately closed his eyes in peace, receiving his parting blessing many years after his happy choice."

This occurred about 1740.

A FEATHER

By Dr. Hans Gadow.

It requires no scientific knowledge, and only the most superficial observation, to know that birds' feathers vary infinitely in shape, hue and glory. We have the gaudy plumes of the peacock and the more sombre garb of his mate; the black covering of the raven and the snowy plumage of the ivory gull. But when feathers are examined from the anatomist's point of view, the bright hues which give them character, and even the endless forms of the bird's covering, become altogether secondary, and, as it were, trivial matters of detail. The study of the development of feathers shows that they are identical in origin, and that, however much they may differ in their

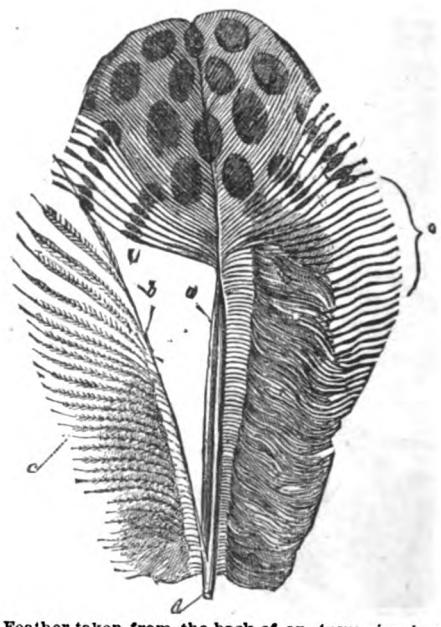


Fig. 1.—Feather taken from the back of an *Argus giganteus*: *a*, the Shaft; *b*, Aftershaft; *c*, Branches composing the web: these branches being taken away from the one side both of the shaft and the aftershaft; *d*, part of the Barrel. Natural size. (*After Nitzsch.*)

adult state, they have certain broad invariable features in common. First, then, let us examine the anatomy of a feather.

The hard substance of the feather—that is to say, the part which resists alike wet and putrefaction—belongs to the same category of horny productions of the animal body as hairs and finger-nails.

We can separate a full-grown feather—such as that of a fowl's back—into three different parts (Fig. 1).

First, there is the quill or *scapus*. It is the strongest part of the feather, and consists principally of a long narrow cone, the basal part of which, called the barrel (*calamus*), and out of which pens are, or were, made, is hollow, round, transparent and colorless: whilst the

upper and far longer part, the proper shaft (*rachis*), is more or less quadrangularly compressed, and filled inside with a pithy substance, very similar in appearance to the white and light interior of an alder twig. This quill carries the barbs (*rami*), which form the second important part of the feather, as they, although small, number several thousands in a large feather, and compose, by their standing so closely together, a compact flattened plane, which we know as the webs or vane (*vexillum*).

Fig. 2.—One radius taken from a hawk's down. (*Largely magnified.*)

Fig. 3.—Radius from Ramus of a pigeon's quill.

These branches lie opposite to each other on two sides of the shaft, and consist of flat *lamellæ* or bands, gradually tapering toward the margin of the feather. They lie with their flat sides one on top of the other, and are so placed that one edge looks upward and outward, while the other looks downward and toward the body of the bird.

Thirdly, there are the *radii* (Figs. 2, 3, 4 and 5). They have the same relation to the rami that the latter have to the shaft, so that each ramus with its radii is a miniature feather in itself, only the manner of their arrangement is different—the radii attached to the upper edge of the rami pointing in the direction of the tip of the feather, while those issuing from the under edge are directed backward and outward. Near the base they are also flat *lamellæ*, ending, however, in a very fine point. The number of radii on every ramus is very large, and this can be seen with the naked eye. They are the tiny things seen between the branches of the web when we hold the latter up against the light, and carefully try to detach them from one another. In attempting to do this, however, we at once remark that we cannot so easily separate the rami from each other, but that they cling to each other as if they were glued together. This is the result of the peculiar structure of the radii, which, as we shall soon see, are of very different shapes.

Fig. 4.—One radius taken from the same Ramus, but from the side pointing toward the tip of the Feather showing the Cilia and Hooklets. (*Greatly magnified.*)

In most cases there issue from the outer side of those radii, which are directed toward the edge of the whole feather, additional, very thin, thread-like lashes, which we can see only under a strong power of the microscope. These are called by the scientific name of *cilia* (Figs. 2, 3, 4 and 5). Their greatest development takes place, on the average, in the middle part of the radii, where some of them are bent at their tips like hooklets, called on this account *hamuli* (*h*). These hamuli are of very great importance, in spite of their surprising smallness, because their tiny hooklet-shaped tips, clasping round the somewhat thickened edge of the next radius, fasten on to the latter, and thus hold all the radii together (Fig. 5). By this arrangement a double advantage is effected. Firstly, the neighboring radii, and through these also the rami, are bound, or combined together, to a flat and broad plane—the so-called "web"—by means of which the bird can cause a pressure on the air, and is enabled to rise into the air and to fly. Secondly, the whole web is now elastic to a very great extent, as by the motion and bending of the web all the innumerable single hooklets slide up and down on the edges of the radii as in a hinge, so that a tearing or loosening of the radii becomes almost impossible.

The cilia themselves exhibit, in the several kinds of feathers and in the different families of birds, very great variations in shape, as well as in their number. The total number of the cilia and hooklets on every radius amounts, on an average, to a dozen, half of this number being transformed into hooklets. Again, in several places, and in different kinds of feathers, even on one and the same bird, the cilia consist simply of quite short points—as, for instance, near the tip of a feather off a duck's back. Others again have the shape of very small

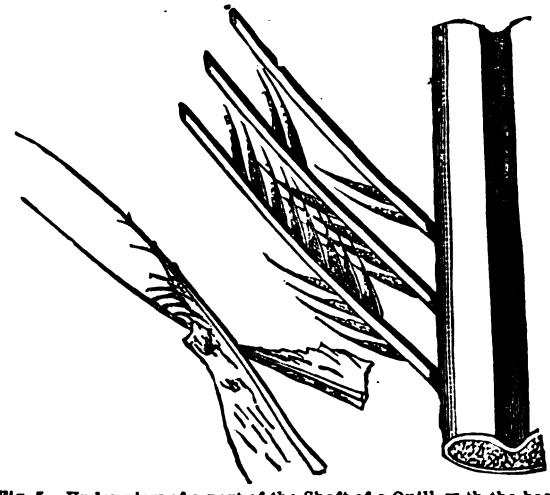
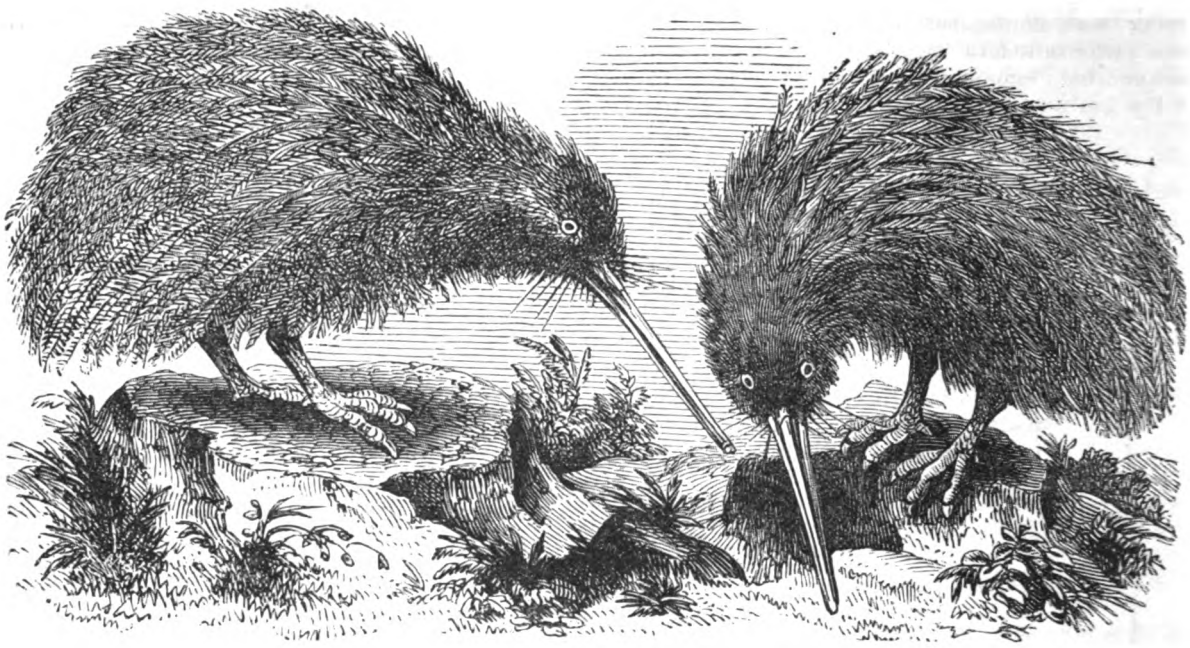


Fig. 5.—Under-view of a part of the Shaft of a Quill, with the basal parts of three Rami, the Rami showing ten radii as figured in Fig. 3, and ten radii as seen in Fig 4, magnified. In the corner are seen two radii in their natural position, showing how the Hamuli of one radius clasp round the edge of the radius of the neighboring Ramus. (*Much magnified.*)

irregular cups, or, especially on the tips of the downy feathers, they are represented merely by small knots. Accordingly, some authors make a distinction between simple, knotted and branched radii.

It may here be observed that these cilia, with their variations, the little hooklets, are not, as formerly was the general opinion, equivalent with the rami, or even the radii, but that they are to be looked upon as excrescences of the surface of the radii, because, with the help of a strong microscope, we find that some of the cells of the radii have a more rapid and larger growth than the others, and so, by their growing larger and longer, give rise to the rough surface of the radii, and to the several shapes which are known as knots and hooklets.

Another part in many feathers is the so-called after-shaft, or *hyporachis* (Fig. 1). As it consists of a shaft which sends forth again smaller branches in two opposite directions, it seems like a separate feather by itself. The whole after-shaft springs off at the inner side of an ordinary feather at the place where the barrel goes over



THE APTERYX.

into the pith-containing and web-carrying shaft, where the so-called "soul" of the feather sticks out (this region of the feather being known as its "nabel"). Such an after-shaft shows its greatest development in some of the ostrich-like birds; in the covering feathers of the cassowary, dromæus, and apteryx, it is of the same length, and exactly of the same structure, as the real feathers, so that every feather taken from the back of such a bird seems to be double.

In most of the other birds the after-shaft is very small —as, for instance, in domestic fowls, ducks, geese, waders and singing-birds. Many other birds—as, for instance, the owls, cuckoos, pigeons, cormorants, etc.—want the after-shaft entirely. It is, moreover, never found on the great quills of the wing and tail (Figs. 9, 10). Let us now, for curiosity's sake, count up how many of all these parts mentioned above, one single feather may consist. We take, for example, as I have one just handy, an eagle's quill, the web of which is fifteen inches in length.

On the inner web I count about eleven hundred rami; on the outer web about nine hundred. From each side of one of the longest rami of the inner web issue about fifteen hundred pairs of radii; consequently, on that single ramus there are at least six thousand radii. The ramii at the different parts of the web being of a different length, we will accept as the average number of the radii of every ramus about 2,000 pairs, or 4,000 single radii.

On every ramus of the outer web there are about 600 pairs or 1,200 single radii. Every one of the latter again sends out about ten cilia and hooklets on the outer web, as well as in the inner one, with this result:

Inner web has 1,100 rami with 4,000 radii, equal to 4,400,000 radii.

Outer web has 900 rami with 1,200 radii, equal to 1,080,000 radii.

The whole web of 2,000 rami has thus 5,480,000 radii, with the cilia and hooklets equal to about 30,000,000.

So this single feather contains about two thousand rami, five million and a half of radii, and the surprising number of more than fifty-four millions of cilia and hooklets! The rami and radii being added, it consists, roughly speaking, of sixty millions of parts. How large, then, will be the number of these things in one of the long and beautiful feathers of a bird like a peacock may be imagined; for, in fact, they exist in numbers almost impossible for us to estimate.

A bird is born unfeathered. The feathers grow after it emerges from the shell; for the fluffy down with which the skin of the young chick is clothed is but the promise of the covering of its maturity.

How, then, is developed such a complicated and delicate structure as a feather, which contains at the same time so much strength and elasticity? This leads us to inquire into and follow its growth from the earliest stages to the perfect form.

The commencement of the growth of a feather is surprisingly simple. Let us take for examination the egg of a young fowl, or a duck, after it has been sat upon by the mother long enough for the embryo, or young animal, to be developed by her animal heat from the substance of the egg. Let us look at the end of the first week at the still quite soft skin of the embryo. In birds, as in mammals, the skin consists of two principal layers: first, a very thin horny layer, which surrounds the whole of the bird externally—this is known as the *epidermis;* secondly, a thicker, softer, and more tenacious underlayer, immediately covering the muscles of the body—this is called the *cutis*, or leathery skin. The cutis is very juicy and full of blood, and forms the substance which, when tanned, we ordinarily know as *leather.* Between this cutis and the upper layer—viz., the epidermis—exists another soft and juicy layer, which belongs to the epidermis, or, to speak more correctly, the epidermis belongs to this second layer; because this middle layer (*rete Malpighii*) really forms the epidermis, being the part which renews the latter when it is worn off by daily friction. Such a wearing off of the epidermal layer is seen in the scurf which falls from our heads in daily life. The *rete Malpighii* itself consists of a layer of small cellulæ, visible only under the microscope.

But now to return to our chick. Its whole skin gets in many places small irregularities of surface or elevations which, gradually becoming bigger and higher, form small pimples (*papillæ*). The whole thing is caused by a swelling of the cutis and the *rete Malpighii.* Very

soon, however, the base of this small lump sinks deeper, carrying with it the surrounding epidermis, and so causes a growth to form, from the middle of which projects the first beginning of the future feather, the so-called *pulpa pennæ*—or "feather-pulp."

When examined under a strong power of the microscope, a longitudinal section of the whole organ would appear, as shown in Fig. 6. The whole is the papilla, with the pouch-like depression, and all is covered by the epidermis (*e*), underneath which is the layer of cells of the *rete*

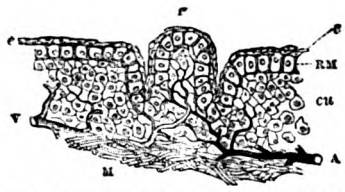


Fig. 6.—Longitudinal or vertical Section: the whole is the Papilla, with the pouch-like depression, covered by the Epidermis (*e*) RM, layer of cells of the Rete Malpighii; *cu*, Cutis, or true skin; M, Muscles; P, Pulpa, or germ of the growing feather; A, an Artery, and V, a vein in Cutis, that supply the future feather in the blood. (Magnified.)

Malpighii (RM), and below that the true cutis covering the muscles (M). In this cutis are seen an artery (A) and a vein (V), which are the blood-vessels which supply the future feather with blood—*i. e.*, the means of nourishment. The elevation (P) is the pulpa, the real germ of the feather.

This pulpa now begins to change its simple form. The basal portion (that nearest the flesh of the bird) becomes, as it were strangled, and gets an onion-like shape (P^2, Fig. 7), whilst the upper part (P^1) increases in length, and stretches upward more and more. The surrounding cells (RM) of the *rete Malpighii* multiply, and the latter grow also in length, by dividing themselves longitudinally and transversely, and then getting hard and horny, like our finger-nails. Then every one of these series of cells grows to a fine horny thread, which begets, moreover, on the sides smaller threads, only visible with a lens, perforating the epidermis. We now see sticking out of the top of the "pimple" a little tuft of about a dozen bristles, like a small paint-brush. The outer layer (the epidermis) is torn by this process, and falls off in small scurfy pieces at the time when the young chicken comes out of the egg.

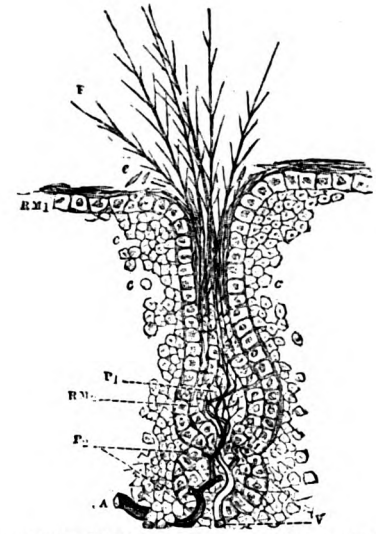
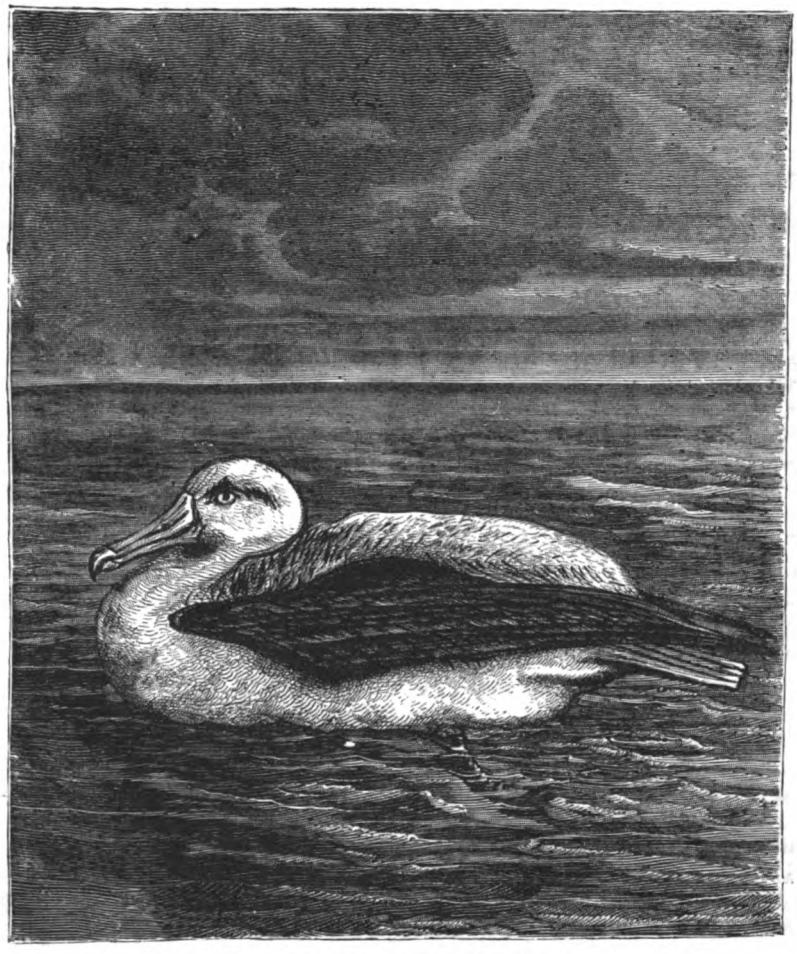


Fig. 7.—Longitudinal Section of a growing downy feather of a bird in the shell. The bristles have pierced the Epidermis (*e*), which falls off in small scurfs. RM, Rete Malpighii; *c*, Cutis; P_1, P_2, Pulpa; A, V, Artery and Vein; RM^2, the inner layer of the Rete Malpighii, formerly the outer layer of the pouch, before being so deeply pressed down (Fig. 6).

A longitudinal section of such a young primitive feather exhibits the following aspect (Fig. 7): F is the small feather-brush; *e*, the falling-off scurf of the epidermis; RM, the two layers of the mucous layer, or *rete Malpighii*, like the finger of a glove drawn back half-way into the glove; P, the upper part, and P^2 the basal part, of the pulpa, in which the artery and the veins are seen.

Now, such feather-brushes being distributed over nearly the whole surface of the body, the young bird, when it emerges from the egg, has got a soft covering, which serves as its first protection against the cold and wet. However, such a simple covering is not sufficient for very long, since the young bird, as it increases in size, cannot any longer be covered and



THE EIDER-DUCK.—SEE PAGE 639.

warmed by its parents; besides this, it will have to fly, and for this purpose it wants large and strong feathers.

The small, tiny feathers, therefore, the growth of which we have examined already, after they have fulfilled their purpose, fall out, the artery ceasing to carry any more blood into the upper part of the pulpa, and so, consequently, the feather-brush dries up and dies.

The basal, onion-like half of the pulpa, which had become separated from the first foundation (seen in Fig. 7), begins to grow, and becomes so long that it sticks out to a considerable distance from the body, and pushes the first downy feather-brush off (Fig. 9). At the same time the surrounding cells of the mucous layer grow and multiply in number very quickly. At first, branches develop out of the uppermost cells quite similar to those which we have seen in the first covering of the nestling. These branches stick out of the skin, and form the top of the new definitive feather. The outermost cells of the mucous layer transform themselves into a horny, thin, and transparent sheath for the young feather. Later on, the feather having grown larger, this sheath bursts, and falls off in pieces. At this stage the bird is now in the condition known to every one as "pin-feathered," and when it shakes itself the scurfy scales fall off in every direction. Then the pulpa grows more and more in length, and forms that part, which, full of blood and nourishing juice, and of a reddish-blue color is the basal half of the not yet fully-grown feather. A transverse section of this part would give us the appearance shown in the cut below (Fig. 8).

At first, one of the marginal cells increases considerably in bulk at the expense of its neighbors, and occupies the greater part of one side, usually the side nearest the body (*r*); it ultimately transforms itself into the strong shaft of he feather, giving a base for the rami with their component radii, etc. These rami originate from the remaining marginal cells of the *rete Malpighii* (RM), and form, as we have shown above, the web of the feather. When the web has grown to its full length, the marginal cells cease to produce rami, and amalgamate into a strong horny ring (as it appears in transverse section). It is this part which is called the "barrel" of the feather.

Everywhere, when the shaft with its rami is perfected, the function of the pulpa ceases, the vessels inside it dry up at its summit, and as, at the same time, the juice contained in the pulpa is used up, the pulpa naturally gets shorter, and retires upon itself toward the base of the feather. Only the outer shell of the pulpa remains, resting like a small cap upon the summit of the pulpa, and as the latter retires little by little at certain intervals, a succession of these small transparent air-containing caps is formed inside the barrel, known as the "soul" of the feather. This "soul" is familiar to everybody who has cut a quill, as it has to be withdrawn before the pen will write (Fig. 10).

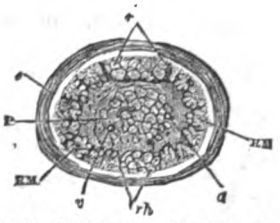


Fig. 8.—Transverse Section of a growing Feather at about the middle of Fig. 9, where the letters *sh* are put; *e*, the Epidermis surrounding the whole pouch, immediately adjoining the layer of cells of the Rete Malpighii (RM), the cells once more surrounding the Pulpa (P); *r*, the collection of cells which go to form the shaft; *rh*, those cells which go to form the aftershaft; *v*, *a*, sections of the Vein and Artery. (Magnified.)

Finally, when the feather has reached its full size, it is attached to the skin by only a very small portion of it, the pulpa having contracted to its original onion-shaped bulb. The feather is now perfect.

The beautiful, and often surprisingly magnificent, coloring of the feather, is derived from pigment, which is collected in the *rete Malpighii*, and is probably also generated therein.

We see the same arrangement in the color of the different races of mankind. The black color of the Negroes,

Fig. 9.—Longitudinal Section of two growing Feathers, the smaller one in a stage where the bristles or branches of the tip of the young feathers have just pierced through the broken and partially split off sheath (*sh*); *e*, Epidermis; RM, Rete Malpighii; P_1 and P_2, the two parts of the Pulpa; *c*, Cutis; *a*, the Artery supplying the Matrix of the young feather with blood. The barrel of the feather not yet developed. (Magnified.)

the Papuans, and the Aborigines of Australia, the coppery-red of the American Indians, the yellow of the Mongols, and the brown of the Malays, is produced by black, red, yellow, or brown pigment cells, existing in the mucous layer of the *rete Malpighii*, and shining through the transparent epidermis. In Europeans, however, this layer contains no pigment whatever, but the blood and flesh shine through the upper skin, and produce the rosy, whitish tinge characteristic of their skin.

When the feathers are abraded or worn with use, or when the bird gets its Winter coat or its breeding-dress in the Spring, a necessity for developing new feathers arises. Then the small pulpa (P2) revives, new juices being supplied to it by the artery, and, increasing once more in length, again goes through the process we have

described above, and pushes out the old feather exactly as in its infant stage it got rid of the original downy plume. This process being carried out in many feathers at the same time, the bird "molts." Again, when a feather is torn out of a bird at any other time than the molting season, the pulpa is always ready to supply a new one. Thus it happens that, when one of our pet birds loses a feather, or even if one pulls out its whole tail by accident, we have the comfort of knowing that in

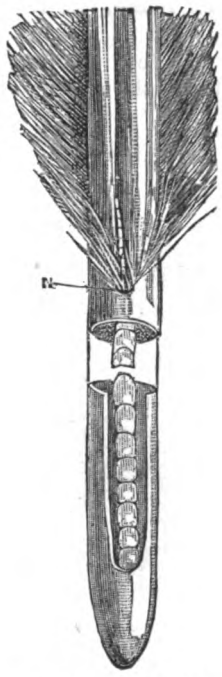


Fig. 10.—Basal part of Quill of the Bearded Eagle (*Gypaetos barbatus*). The barrel is cut open, showing inside the so-called "soul" of the feather sticking out at (N) the Nabel. (Natural size.)

a few weeks it will develop a fresh and perhaps even more beautiful plumage (Figs. 9 and 10).

A few words may be now devoted to the different kinds of feathers. According to their structure and the different parts of the body on which they are found, we may distinguish several kinds of feathers, which, while not strictly different from each other, often show, even in one and the same bird, all kinds of intermediate forms.

Firstly, there are the downy feathers (*plumulæ*). These are rather short, fine, and generally white, with a weak shaft, but have comparatively long and very thin rami and a few radii, though they generally want the cilia and hamuli. These plumes, known as down, are situated in the fully-grown bird between the "contour" feathers, which we shall describe further on. They are entirely covered by the latter, and are thus not visible from the outer surface of the body. Their exclusive use is to provide the bird with a warm covering; they are therefore most developed in the swimming birds, especially in those which live in cold climates. To us they are of great use, as we use them for filling our coverlets and pillows; those considered the best and most in demand being the "down" of the eider-duck (*Somateria mollissima*).

The first covering of the nestlings is also composed of down-like feathers, and not before the lapse of a considerable time do the young birds get true feathers, like those of the parents. These nestling plumes are of a great scientific interest, as very possibly they indicate the remnants of a former state of primitive feathering, showing that the birds of former periods were covered simply with feathers more like those which are now seen merely in the first plumage of the young ones.

Naturalists have acknowledged, as a law of universal value, that the young of animals, especially when they are in an undeveloped state, differ in many points from their parents, and that these differences point to a state of lower organization resembling that of their ancient progenitors. Thus by the appearance of the young animals we are led to suspect their probable relationship. Accordingly, many naturalists have used the feathering of birds and the different conditions of the nestlings at their birth as means of classification, and have divided them into two great orders, called *Ptilopædes* * and *Psilopædes*.† Thus the chickens of the first order, the *Ptilopædes*, when hatched, are covered with down all over their body, and are able to supply themselves with food from the moment of their exclusion from the egg; whereas, the second order, the *Psilopædes*, are hatched without any down upon them, and are brought into the world naked, helpless and blind, depending on the care of their parents for a supply of food and warmth, until they become strong enough to shift for themselves. A familiar example of a psilopædic nestling is seen in the sparrow, canary and thrush, while the chicks of the domestic fowl or duck, of a coot or a moorhen, are illustrations of the psilopædic birds. A young coot or moorhen, which, when hatched, looks like a tiny ball of black down, will, on the approach of danger, take to the water at once, and we have more than once found the nest with eggs partially hatched, with the bills of the little ones peeping through the shells, but none of the other nestlings in the nest itself; they had all swum away, or hidden themselves among the reeds.

This kind of classification, however, has not met with universal approval by zoölogists; for, though the differences of these two groups of birds are very great, the birds of our own era exhibit too many exceptions to the rule. Thus, for instance, although the birds of prey when hatched are covered with a rather thick downy covering, they are helpless and blind at birth, and cannot leave their nests. Once more, the young gulls are hatched with a thick downy covering, but sit for a long time in their rudely-formed nest before they make an attempt to take to the sea.

A very remarkable exception to the state of development in which certain birds leave the egg is seen in the talegallas and megapodes. The latter, to which the mound-building *Megapodius Freycineti* belongs, live in Australia and the Moluccas, and as the eggs are very large, the hen does not sit at all, but buries them in the black lava sand by the shore. The sand is then warmed by the hot tropical sun, and loses but little of its heat by night, and thus the eggs are hatched from the heat of the sand—this temperature being almost the same as the blood of the bird, viz.: about 104 degrees Fahrenheit. The young megapodes, however, leave the egg neither in down nor yet quite naked, but with feathers over their body, and wings sufficiently developed for flight.

Still more wonderful is the talegalla bird, found in New South Wales. We have watched in the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens a pair of these birds, and observed how the male in the breeding period collected with its feet all the available moss, withered and rotten leaves, small branches and earth, and built with them an

* From the Greek words *ptilon*, a downy feather, and *pais*, a child, or young one.

† From *psilos*, naked, and *pais*.

immense heap. This heap he continually increased until it reached a height of six feet, with the diameter of not less than ten. He then made deep holes in different parts of this mound in which the hen then deposited her eggs. For many weeks nothing more was noticed than that the cock occasionally inspected the heap, when he must undoubtedly have turned the eggs. The heap itself showed a rather high temperature from the fermentation of the rotten leaves and other fermentative substances. This peculiar attempt had been given up by the officers of the gardens as hopeless, as they supposed that the climate was not fit for such kind of hatching, when one morning the keeper observed a young fowl crawling out of the heap, and saw, to his greatest astonishment, that this chick immediately flew over the neighboring fence. There then arose a hot chase in the "Thiergarten" by the alarmed keepers after that wonderful bird, until they got hold of the megapode chick. During the next days several other chickens were found, one of them having been unable or not strong enough to pierce the heap; and so it was found suffocated.

One might suppose that these birds have never had any down covering at all, since they leave the egg fully feathered. But more recent inquiries have shown that the young megapodes, as well as the talegallas, have had down before being hatched. This downy covering is much the same as in the ordinary domestic chicken, but gives place to the new feathers, which become developed and push the down off before the bird leaves the egg, and thus the first molting takes place already within the shell.

This is again a very remarkable example of the way in which the young of animals repeat in succession all the different stages of development through which their progenitors have gone; for without this presumption of inherited peculiarities, the downy state within the egg would be as inexplicable as it useless.

But we have, perhaps, spoken at too great length about the down. We have now to treat the most important of all feathers, the so-called "contour-feathers"—those, in fact, which are ordinarily known as "feathers." They are distinguished by a strong barrel and a long shaft, armed with a double web emanating from its opposite side; the down, on the other hand, has branches projecting equally all round, like the branches of a fir-tree.

They are called "contour feathers" because they are on the outside, and give the visible shape or "contour" of the bird. These are the feathers exposed to the light. They often possess the well-known brilliantly variegated colors, and are therefore of the greatest importance in determining the species of birds. These "contour feathers" are of several kinds. First, there are the ordinary clothing feathers. They are generally short but comparatively broad and more downy near the barrel; they form the covering of the head, neck, breast, back and the under part of the body. It is generally only the tips of these feathers that are colored, whilst the other parts are gray, whitish, or indistinctly marked.

The second kind of contour feathers are those which serve for flying, and are generally long and stiff—the so-called "quill feathers." Those which are situated on the wing are called *remiges*, whilst those of the tail are the *rectrices*, because they help to *direct* the flight of the bird through the air; as the tail, which generally consists of from ten to eighteen feathers, can be closed or spread out

WAVING PLUMES OF THE OSTRICH.—SEE PAGE 637.

like a fan, and turned either to the right or left, like a rudder. In good flyers—as, for example, birds of prey, pigeons, swallows, etc—the tail is very long and well developed. In bad flyers, on the contrary—waders and swimmers, for instance, the tail is short. Finally, in the ostrich, which does not fly at all, it is quite neglected, or developed for mere ornament.

Intermediate between these two kinds of feathers—those for covering and flying—there is a number of others, all of which have special names; but to describe would lead us too far. In addition to the magnificently colored feathers of some birds, as the peacock, we need only mention the most striking variations of the "covering-feathers." To these belong the almost entirely ornamental and remarkably pretty and long feathers of the back of the head of the male heron, the crown-pigeons, etc. The beautiful feathers of the bird-of-paradise, so often carried on the ladies' hats, are not the quills of the wing, but highly developed and transformed feathers of the breast. So, also, those which compose the "bow" of the peacock are not tail feathers, but its extraordinarily developed covering feathers. The wing-feathers of the African ostrich have lost their character as remiges (rowing feathers), and have become the well-known waving-plumes, whilst those of the wings of the penguins, which only dive and swim, have turned quite small and scaly. The remarkable, bare, stiff and round points in the cassowary's wings are feathers whose whole development is confined to the quill—the web part being entirely absent. In this manner, also, the eyelashes and the bristles on the bills of numerous birds are explicable; they still show, but only at their base, the remains of a former web, and the presence of this web proves that they are to be considered as feathers, and not hair, as was formerly supposed.

COVERING-FEATHERS OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

We have now only to describe the distribution of feathers over the body of the bird. In only a few birds—as, *e.g.*, in the cassowary and the penguin—are the feathers equally distributed over the whole body, leaving no bare spots whatever, except the bill and feet. In almost all other birds, it is found, on examining the body when plucked, that many parts are entirely destitute of feather pores; these places being covered by the overlapping of the feathers of the neighboring parts of the body.

The proportion of these naked parts, called *apteria*, to the feathered ones (*pterylæ*), is important for the systematic classification of birds, as has been pointed out by Dr. Nitzsch, the discoverer of this arrangement. According to the different parts of the body where these "feather-tracks" are found, these tracks themselves have different

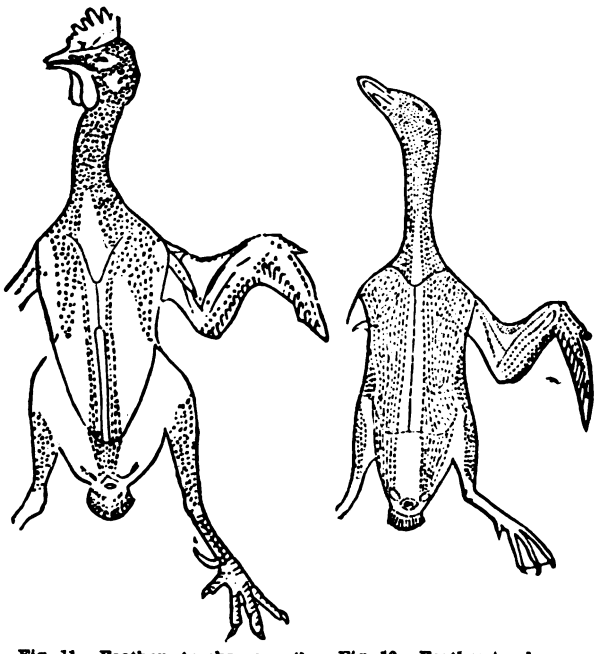


Fig. 11.—Feather-tracks on the under surface of the body of a Cock (*Gallus Bankiva.*) (After Nitzsch.)

Fig. 12.—Feather-tracks on the under side of the body of a Duck (*Anas Penelope.*) (After Nitzsch.)

names—as, for instance, the neck, shoulder, and belly-tracks. But as a more minute description of the immense variety of these marks would lead us into too lengthy a discussion, we shall simply content ourselves at present with a few sketches of the best known birds, by way of illustration (Figs. 11 and 12). It may, besides, be easy for our readers to verify these remarks by reference to the birds in question.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE fact is gaining more and more attention among medical men that one of the most important causes of Bright's disease of the kidneys is mental overwork and worry, which "impairs vasomotor control." The immoderate use of alcohol, and other bodily abuses, contribute forcibly, and an examination of candidates for Civil Service examinations in England, and other classes of persons who, for long periods, have subjected themselves to extraordinary mental strain, show that the urine in most cases contains the dangerous symptom of albuminaria. Practitioners say that interstitial nephritis often exists, long undiscerned, in businessmen who have lived under a state of constant mental tension; and also in persons long affected by grief or anxiety. "When interstitial nephritis or some other form of chronic Bright's disease is in existence, but practically dormant, mental strain may spur it into dangerous activity, and thus lead to a premature death." The warnings given by these affections, long in advance of the incurable point, should be heeded, as would be a danger from poisoning or accident.

AMONG the papers of most general interest at the Montreal meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year, was one by Dr. G. Dobson, recently printed. The subject was the distribution of mammals. One instance pointed out was the resemblance between certain bats of the Australian and Ethiopian regions, by which it was apparent that communication once existed between these continents. There probably had been a chain of islands between Australia and Africa, which had existed for a short period, by which route the bat had passed from one place to the other. Bats are widely spread in Madagascar, but there is only one species in India which shows a strong resemblance to the Madagascar bats, wherefore it is evident that at no distant day they had a common ancestor. Dr. Dobson therefore inferred that there must have been a chain of islands from Madagascar to India, and, at a later day, from India to Australia. The Indian Ocean has not been thoroughly explored, for traces of such islands, but it is known to contain many submerged banks.

A RECENT writer describes an ingenious trick of the meadow-mouse of the Illinois prairies to secure the grains of wheat that constitute a large portion of its food. Selecting a stalk that gives promise of a large, well-filled head, the mouse cuts it off as high up as it can reach; owing to the proximity of the surrounding grain the stem will not fall, the butt-end drops to the ground and another cut is made about four inches up the stalk; the process of cutting off sections of this length is repeated until the grain is within reach. Here the mouse leaves a collection of straws about four inches in length, together with a shattered head, to puzzle the farmer.

AN English shipbuilder has been studying the "lines" of fishes which are noted for their speed in swimming, in order to gain new light upon the best shape for fast-going ships. He comes to the conclusion that a length of not more than five to one of breadth would be better than the extreme proportions of ships now in vogue; and that the greatest breadth of a ship designed for speed should be considerably in advance of the midship.

MORTILLET, the great French anthropologist, has formulated his views in regard to early man in Europe, expressing these points: During the tertiary age there existed a being intelligent enough to produce fire and to fabricate stone implements. This being was not yet a man: it was a precursor—an ancestral form, to which Mortillet gives the name *man-ape*. Man appeared in Europe at least 230,000 or 240,000 years ago, and the first human type, so far as now known, is represented by the Neanderthal skull. This type, essentially autochthonous, was slowly modified and developed during the quaternary period, resulting in the type of Cro-Magnon. His development in industry was slow but steady, and regular.

RECENT researches of Professor Schubeler are interesting. He found that dwarf beans taken from Christiania to Trondhjem, about four degrees further north, and grown there, gained more than sixty per cent. in weight, and that thyme from Lyons, planted at Trondhjem, gained seventy-one per cent. Seed from Norway, sown in Breslau, decreased greatly in the first year, and, generally speaking, those plants which are capable of maturing at all in or near the Arctic regions, produce much heavier seed than when grown nearer to the Equator.

ALUMINIUM.—The usefulness and the employment of aluminium in the arts have been greatly limited by the difficulty or impossibility of soldering it either to itself or to other metals, though this has been partially met by the device of depositing upon it a film of copper. M. Bourbouze has recently published in the *Comptes Rendus* a process which gets over the difficulty. He uses alloys of zinc and tin, or preferably of tin, bismuth, and aluminium, which, he says, take upon the surface of aluminium as ordinary solder does upon other metals; he therefore coats the aluminium with these, and any other metal with tin, and then the surfaces may be soldered as usual. For objects which are to be worked after joining up he uses a solder of forty-five parts of tin and ten of aluminium, which will stand hammering or turning; for ordinary joints less aluminium is required. The process is effected with the common soldering-iron, but nothing is said as to the use of any flux.

SPONGE-CULTIVATION.—The transplantation of sponges promises to become a commercial enterprise of some magnitude. The French are already at work. The field selected for the first experiments is the coast of Algeria, and the species to be acclimatized are the choicer kinds of "Turkey" sponges, found in the Archipelago and on the Syrian coast. With modern diving appliances, says Professor Mattieu Williams, fine specimens can be deliberately selected, and carefully removed with a sufficient amount of adherent rock to render their transplantation a fairly hopeful enterprise. Thus raised, they will be placed in perforated boxes and towed through the water to their new homes, where, if the experiment succeeds, they will multiply in the course of the following year, and yield a good crop in the course of three years.

THE opinion was long held, and is still held by some, that the mammoth did not live in Northern Siberia, where his remains are found, but in the more southern latitudes, and that these remains were carried down by rivers. It was considered incredible that an animal allied to the elephant, which now lives only in tropical regions, should have existed under a climate so rigorous as that of Siberia. The opinion that the remains were floated down the Siberian rivers is now, however, abandoned by Russian naturalists and other observers who have carefully examined the country. Had the remains of the mammoth been carried down from the far south by the Siberian rivers, they would have been found mainly, if not exclusively, on the banks of the long rivers, such as the Obi, Yenisei, and the Lena, and in the deltas formed at their mouths. But such is not the case. "These are," says Mr. Howorth, "found even more abundantly on the banks of the very short rivers east of the Lena. They are found not only on the deltas of these rivers, but far away to the north, in the islands of New Siberia, beyond the reach of the currents of the small rivers, whose mouths are opposite those islands." But a more convincing proof is that "they are found not only in North Central Siberia, where the main arteries of the country flow, but in greater numbers east of the River Lena, in the vast Peninsula of the Chukchi, in the country of the Yukagirs, and in the Kamtschatka, where there are no rivers down which they could have floated from more temper-

ate regions." Besides, it is not merely in the deltas and banks of rivers that the remains are found, but in nearly all parts of the open tundra; and Wrangell says that the best as well as the greatest number of remains are found at a certain depth below the surface in clay-hills, and more in those of some elevation than along the low coast or in the flat tundra. Had the Mammoth lived in the south we should have found its remains most abundant in the south, whereas the further north we go the remains become more abundant, and in the islands of the Liachof Archipelago, in about latitude seventy-four degrees, the greatest quantities have been discovered. Again, according to Hedenstrom, the bones and tusks found in the north are not so large and heavy as those in the south; a fact which still further confirms the opinion that the Mammoth lived where his remains are found, inasmuch as the greater severity of the climate in northern parts would certainly hinder the growth and full development of the animal.

CAPTAIN C. G. LUNDBORG, late a captain in the Swedish Navy, exhibited recently to the members of the American Yacht Club, of New York, a peculiar ship-model which he has invented. He showed two models constructed on his plan. An idea of these models may be given by saying that a cross-section is like an old-fashioned dice-box cut in two, and the load water-line is at the point where the sides approach each other nearest. The models had an extremely sharp entrance and a delicate run. They had also twin screws, supported by an extension of the lower part of the hull. These screws are at such a distance from the stern-post that the water strikes them at a right angle, or nearly so. With such a model, Captain Lundborg is confident (from experiments made under the Froude system) that he can obtain a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. "I had observed," said he, "fishes in swimming below the surface could go with great speed and little apparent effort. But when they approached the surface there seemed to be greater resistance to be overcome. It led me to think that possibly the greatest resistance was at the surface, and that the generally accepted rule, that the resistance increased as the square of the velocity, was not correct. By experiments I found that the resistance increased in a greater proportion to the speed at the surface, and in a less proportion below. I find that Beaufoy, who, in 1798, conducted a series of experiments by the direction of the British Government in regard to resistance, arrived at the same conclusion. As you will see, I have conducted my ship so that the load water-line is at the point of her smallest beam, and her extreme beam is beneath the surface."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IN machinery, an eccentric and a crank amount to the same thing. You will find the same coincidence among you.

"SAM, I have lost my watch overboard. It lies here in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it?" "Yes," replied Sam, "there are divers' ways."

DON'T squeeze any small, square, and suspicious-looking envelope that happens to come among your wife's letters. It will probably contain her new bonnet.

A BURGLAR having been frightened away by a young lady, her father wanted to know how she did it. "Did you threaten to shoot the rascal?" he asked. "No, pa; I looked *daggers* at him," she replied.

A YOUNG woman, on alighting from a stage, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I haven't—he's gone a-fishing," innocently replied the damsel.

HERR KREUTZHUBER is a member of the Austrian secret police. Being on his way home after midnight, he observed a placard on a street-lamp. "Ha! Those scoundrels of Socialists have posted a placard denouncing His Majesty!" said Kreutzhuber to himself. Being determined to destroy the placard, he climbed painfully up the lamp-post, and having secured the treasonable document, read—"Fresh paint!"

"GRACIOUS me," said old Mrs. Parvenu, "how much do these business-men weigh?" "Why, mamma," replied her daughter, "I don't think they weigh any more than ordinary people, do they?" "Yes, they do." "What makes you think so?" "Well, I saw in the paper to-day that one of them failed last week, and lost forty thousand pounds. No wonder he failed. I should think he would lose his health entirely and be a living skeleton."

"THE story is told, and it is good as a story," says Mr. A. A. Boddy, in his recently-published account of his journey to Kairwan, "that the French sent their officials through the country with instructions to ascertain the names of the rivers, mountains, ruins, etc. On the completion of the map a very large proportion of the places were found to bear the name Ma'arifsh. The proportion was unnaturally large, and it was strange that ruins and rivers and mountains should all be called Ma'arifsh. Yet all the explorers solemnly assured the authorities that, upon addressing the natives out of their phrase-book in a set sentence, 'What is the name of that place?' the Berber, or Zlass, or other Arab, had replied, 'Ma'arifsh.' These mountains and rivers and objects of interest were, in fact, all labeled with the interesting name—in Arabic—'Don't know'—river Don't-know, the Don't-know Mountains—Oued Ma'arifsh, Djebel Ma'arifsh."

"HOW ARE you getting on at school?" asked a parent of his somewhat indolent son. "I got kept in again to-day." "What about?" "About two hours and a half."

A FRENCH actress who was graduated from the laundry asked an old manager what he thought was her "best line of business." Glancing at the sumptuous wardrobe, he replied, "The clothes-line still, mademoiselle."

A YOUNG lady explained to her lover the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

A YOUNG lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother, George Henry, saw in the girls, that he liked them so well; that for her part she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

LITTLE BROTHER (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman): "Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?" *Mr. Smiler:* "Yes—very well, indeed." *Little Brother:* "Then you had better look out; mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."

AN old lawyer, in examining a witness who had been in the army, said, "Come, soldier, tell us what you know of this matter." "I am no soldier—I am an officer," haughtily replied the witness. Whereupon the old lawyer said, calmly, "Well, then, officer who is no soldier, tell us what you know."

AT a grand dinner a very heedless gentleman who talks a great deal forgets that his neighbor, a young lady, is unusually tall, and cries out, "I do not like big women!" The lady bites her lip; the gentleman sees he has made a blunder; and, to repair it as gallantly as possible, he adds, "When they are young, madam!"

A WIFE'S CONTRIBUTION.—A St. Louis artist is consulting a lawyer about his wife, one of his grievances being that she sent a broken frying-pan to an art-show where some of his pictures were on exhibition, with a request that the hanging committee would give it a position as "an example of the way in which the talented Mr. X. provided for his family necessities."

LOUD and angry disputes were of daily occurrence between Jones and his worthy spouse. This had been going on for years, when suddenly there was a calm, to the great surprise and relief of the neighbors. The other day a friend accosted him in the street: "Well, Paul, I hear you have given over quarreling with your wife. Is that true?" "Perfectly true. We haven't spoken for the last two months."

SIS and Tom were sitting in the drawing-room, and she was getting sleepy. "What time is it?" she asked. He looked at his watch, and replied that it lacked five minutes of eleven; and just then being struck with an idea, he asked, "Why is my watch like you, my pet?" "I don't know." "Because it is very pretty," he replied. "And why is my watch like you?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why is your watch like me, my dear?" "Because it won't go," she replied, with a yawn. Then the young man went home.

THERE is an old story of the Comte de Saint-Cyr, who tried to get out of Paris during the great Revolution. Being stopped by the sentry and asked his name he replied, "Monsieur le Comte de Saint-Cyr." "Il n'y a pas de messieurs," was the gruff response. "Comte de Saint-Cyr, then," he rejoined. "Il n'y a pas de comtes." "De Saint-Cyr." "Il n'y a pas de 'de.'" "Saint-Cyr, then." "Il n'y a pas de saints." "All right, then, Cyr, only." And then the reply came back, "Il n'y a pas de Cyrs (sires.)" And so the poor man wandered out into the world nameless.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PHILIP EYRE, who lost his life in the battle of Duika, was once a clerk in the Dublin Post-office. He was careless in his work, and one day the head of the department angrily told him he would never earn his salt as a clerk. "What shall I do, then?" asked Eyre. "Better go and enlist. You'd make a good target." Next day Eyre did not put in an appearance, but late on the second came strolling in leisurely. "Well, sir," demanded the enraged chief, "explain why you were absent without leave yesterday." "Oh, I took your advice and enlisted. Thought I'd just call in and bid you all good-by!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

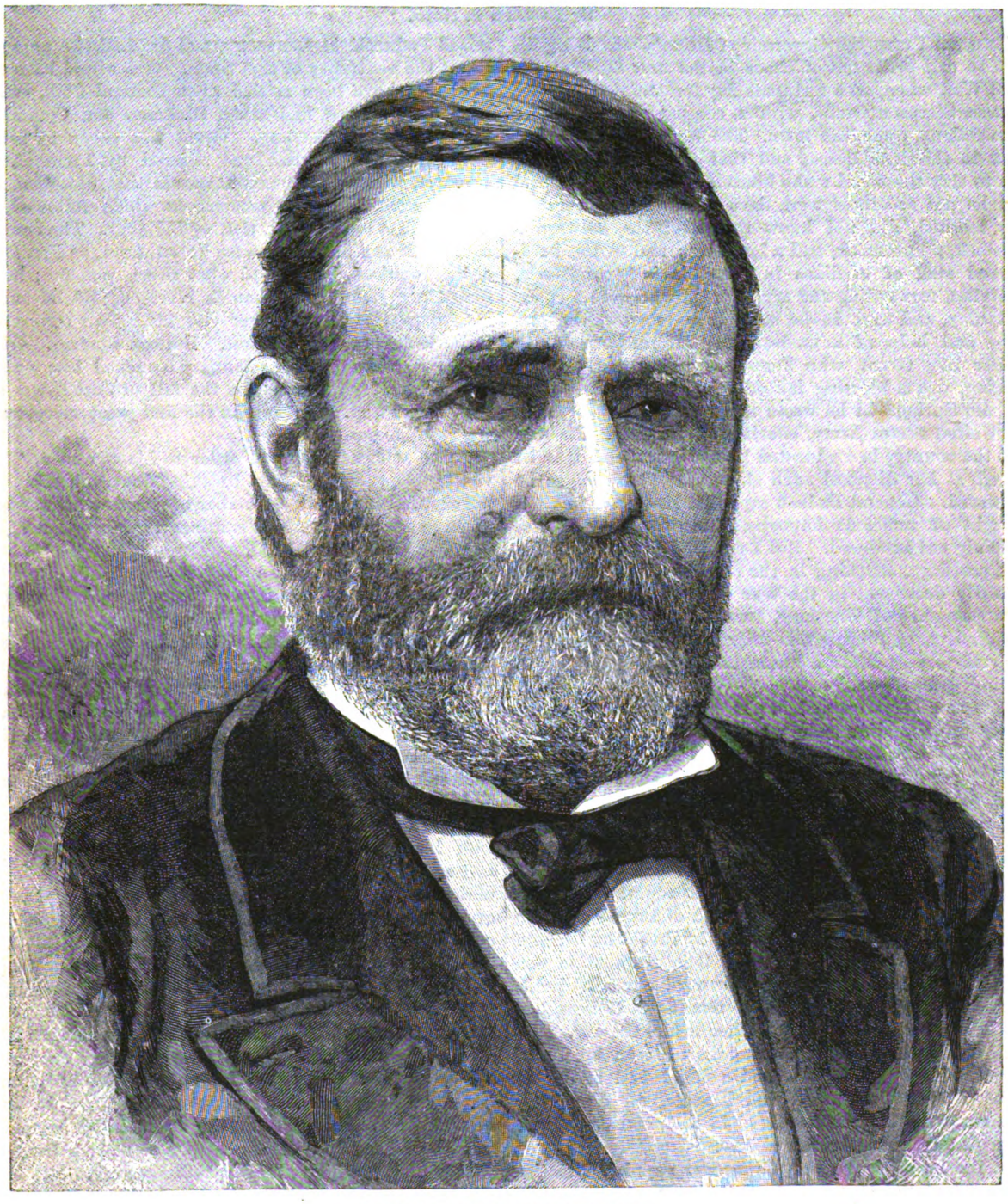
AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SINIGUALA.—BY A. RITZBERGER.

BOON COMPANIONS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX.—No. 6. JUNE, 1885. $2.50 PER ANNUM.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ESTIMATES OF GENERAL GRANT.

THE interest which pervaded the country during the anxious days of General Grant's illness recalled attention to his life, character and career. In every part of the United States men thronged to learn the latest intelligence which gave or weakened hope. It was a silent testimony to a widespread belief in his greatness. Our readers will not deem it untimely that we place before them two thoughtful estimates of Ulysses S. Grant, as General and as President — estimates in which he is studied as nearly as possible in the light that future generations will regard him.

GENERAL GRANT.

By EDWARD E. HALE.

RICHARD YATES, the Governor of Illinois, was doing his best to call order out of chaos in the first flush of the Civil War, when, on a fortunate day for America, Captain Ulysses Simpson Grant, with a company of volunteers from Galena, came into town. The story goes that Grant went to the State House, and that the Governor asked him to stay there and make himself generally useful, and that he did so—those were days when people, afterward very learned, did not know the difference between a havelock, a haversack, and a howitzer; and to the hard-pressed staff of civilians in the Illinois State House, receiving, forwarding and arming men who were farmers yesterday, and were to be soldiers to-morrow, the presence and help of a modest, well-informed, unselfish soldier like Grant, who knew everything and claimed nothing, was a blessing indeed.

From Springfield he wrote to the Adjutant-general of the United States Army, offering his services. He said that the country had educated him to arms, and that he placed at her disposal such skill and experience as he possessed. General Badeau says that the letter was not thought of sufficient importance to preserve. It was certainly not answered. But I cannot believe that, even in those days, anything in the form of a letter was ever willfully destroyed in the War Department. And, if I were Secretary of War now, I would distinguish my administration by finding this unanswered letter and properly displaying it, as a lesson to the young soldiers of coming generations.

Governor Yates learned in a moment to appreciate the quiet, unpretending man whom he thus found at his right hand in Springfield. Of course Grant was not destined for long indoor service, even in such important work as he did in beginning the organization of those Illinois contingents which were destined to be so large and so famous. At the end of five weeks Governor Yates offered him, and he accepted, the rank of Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. He reported early in June to General Pope, and on the 7th of August, with no solicitation from him, he was named by President Lincoln Brigadier-general of Volunteers. The nomination was suggested by Mr. Washburne, afterward our Minister in France. He was a townsman of Grant's in Galena, but they had never spoken to each other before the war. The truth was, that, in the three months between April and August, this quiet captain and colonel had made his mark. Yates, Washburne, and Lincoln, all discerning men, saw that they had a soldier in their own State, and were glad to recognize his ability.

On the 1st of September, Grant was appointed to the command of the District of Southeast Missouri, and he made his headquarters at Cairo, Illinois. He instantly seized Paducah, in Kentucky, and finished the nonsense about the neutrality of that State. One would have said it should have been settled when General Polk, with a Confederate force, had taken Hickman and Columbus, both within its borders. Grant was eager to retake Columbus, and at last was ordered by Fremont, his superior, to make demonstrations in that direction, but not to attack. In the movements which followed, he won his first real victory, that of Belmont. The country counted it as a defeat, because he withdrew, as Fremont's orders required, but he did what he was sent for; he inflicted a greater injury than he received, and he taught his troops their own power and his. Two days after, Halleck superseded Fremont. Halleck confirmed Grant in his command, and in January launched him on the movement which resulted in the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson. These were the first great successes of the loyal forces.

Grant said, in a general order to his own men, "The victory is not only great in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in one battle on this continent." More than 14,000 prisoners had surrendered.

Grant was at once made Major-general of Volunteers. "He stepped at once into a national fame." At that moment, indeed, the whole North was gasping for successes, and wanted a man. Was Grant the coming man? Millions of men and women hoped that it might be so.

On the 15th of February, he was assigned to the District of West Tennessee, with Sherman to replace him at Cairo. Sherman congratulated Grant on his promotion. "I care nothing for promotion, so long as our arms are successful, and no political appointments are made." This was Grant's characteristic reply.

A misunderstanding followed between him and Halleck, his superior. "I must have enemies between you and myself," Grant wrote, and for several days he was under arrest. But Halleck, on the 13th, said, "Instead of relieving you, I wish you to assume the immediate command, and lead the army to new victories." And this is just what Grant did. On the 6th and 7th of April the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing was fought, on ground which had been selected by General Charles F. Smith as the point for Sherman's disembarkation when the movement south began. General Grant's account of this battle now removes it from the myths of history. But for a long time it left a cloud on his reputation as a commander. None the less did he retain his command. But the advantages of his victory were lost from the doubts of those above him in military rank. His headquarters were fixed at Corinth, and when a year had ground by so slowly, the advance on Vicksburg began.

"The truth is," says General Badeau, "that Grant's extreme simplicity of behavior and directness of expression imposed on various officers, both above him and below him. They thought him a good, plain man, who had blundered into one or two successes, and who therefore could not be immediately removed. But they deemed it unnecessary to regard his judgment, or count upon his ability. . . It is impossible to understand the early history of the war without taking it into account that neither the Government nor its important commanders gave Grant credit for intellectual ability or military genius."

It may be added that the trained politicians at Washington made just the same mistake afterward in estimating Grant, when it came to their turn to have to do with him.

On the 4th of July, 1863, he took Vicksburg, and all the Southwest except Western Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, fell into his hands. Forty-two thousand prisoners surrendered with Vicksburg to the national arms.

"My dear General," wrote Abraham Lincoln to him, "I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country." After some account of the criticism in his own mind of the campaign, the dear, good man adds: "I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." Halleck, who had been able to thwart him again and again, wrote: "You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children that their fathers were of the heroic army which reopened the Mississippi Valley."

He was now made Major-general of the Regular Army. The victory at Gettysburg was won the same day. From that day, as Robert E. Lee said, the ultimate victory of the North was only a question of time. Perhaps Grant never showed such sublime scorn as when this speech of Lee's was reported to him.

The Mississippi was open, but on the 19th and 20th of September Rosecrans suffered a severe repulse on the Chickamauga, and was forced to retreat into Chattanooga. Grant was ordered to send Sherman or McPherson to his relief, and to take command at Nashville as soon as his health would permit. A new command was made for him, that of the Mississippi, to which those of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio were subordinated. At this moment General Bragg thought he had compelled the evacuation of Chattanooga, that it was a mere "question of time." But Grant, when he appointed Thomas to the command of this beleaguered army, telegraphed him, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible." Thomas replied: "I will hold the town till we starve." Grant started for Chattanooga, much of the way on horseback. "Lame and suffering, he was carried in the arms of soldiers over the spots which were unsafe on horseback." Once arrived there, he appointed Sherman to the head of the Army of the Tennessee. In five days after his arrival, Hooker, in co-operation with him, reopened the road to Nashville. The first anxiety, that for food, was thus removed. Sherman was marching four hundred miles across the continent. On the 15th of November he reported to Grant that his army was at hand; on the 16th the general officers together reconnoitred the ground; on the 25th the battle was fought which made the place historical. At the end of that day Grant had all the strong positions of Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga Valley and Missionary Ridge, with forty of the enemy's cannon and 6,000 prisoners. He reported at Washington, "announcing a complete victory." Halleck replied, on Thanksgiving Day: "This is truly a day of Thanksgiving." And on the 8th of December Lincoln wrote to tender to him and his command "my more than thanks, my profoundest gratitude." "God bless you all." And he ordered a second day of Thanksgiving. Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to Grant. Nobody now thought him a dull man, who stumbled into victories. Congress revived the office of Lieutenant-general of the Army, and on the 1st of March Grant was appointed to that rank.

In April of the next year the national forces entered Richmond. Lee and Johnson surrendered to the national armies, and the rebellion was at an end.

It is well worth while to go over these steps by which General Grant steadily rose to the place which he holds in the love and confidence of his countrymen. He begins, a quiet citizen, so obscure that the War Department does not acknowledge his modest letter. He comes out at the end of three years Lieutenant-general of the Army, and Savior of the Country. In later years there are sometimes found people ignorant enough to speak as if his one great military quality were a certain bulldog tenacity only. "He had the country behind him," such people say; "and he had only to wait, with time with him, and the rebellion had to fall." How came he to have the country behind him? How had he won the absolute confidence of all men—of Stanton and Halleck and Lincoln in the Government, and of every loyal man and woman in the North? He had won all this by deserving it. He had won it by a series of unexampled successes, not traversed by one failure, which, step by step, led the way to that position of absolute command which he occupied at the end.

Military genius is not the only thing which goes to the make-up of a great general, far less of a great man. But it is a very essential thing, if a man is to bring to an end a civil war fought by Titans. And this genius Grant had, in an eminent degree. The history of each of his campaigns shows it—in a variety of plan, a readiness and resource, which even a civilian can appreciate. It comes out the more vividly because, in those armies so suddenly raised, he often had to use green timber for his building, and had to adapt his plans to the material he had. Nothing is more interesting than the details of dispatches, written by his own hand, in the Vicksburg campaign, in which he really instructs his well-meaning subordinates as to the ways in which they shall execute his orders. He could descend to the smallest minutiæ, if it were necessary, even while he was working out the largest schemes.

"If it were necessary." But the moment it is not necessary he leaves the subordinate free. His confidence in those who deserve confidence is supreme. And the loyal love which attaches him to the great generals with whom he serves, pathetic as it often is when the details are revealed to us, is going to stand out in history. He knew when they could stand alone, and he never fretted them. The generosity with which he praises them in his dispatches is lovely. The care with which he asked for their promotion, and the watchfulness with which he saw that resolute and quiet work should be rewarded, as well as brilliant and popular achievement, appear all through the dispatches. "I would not like to see one of these promotions at this time without seeing the other." So carefully can he think of others.

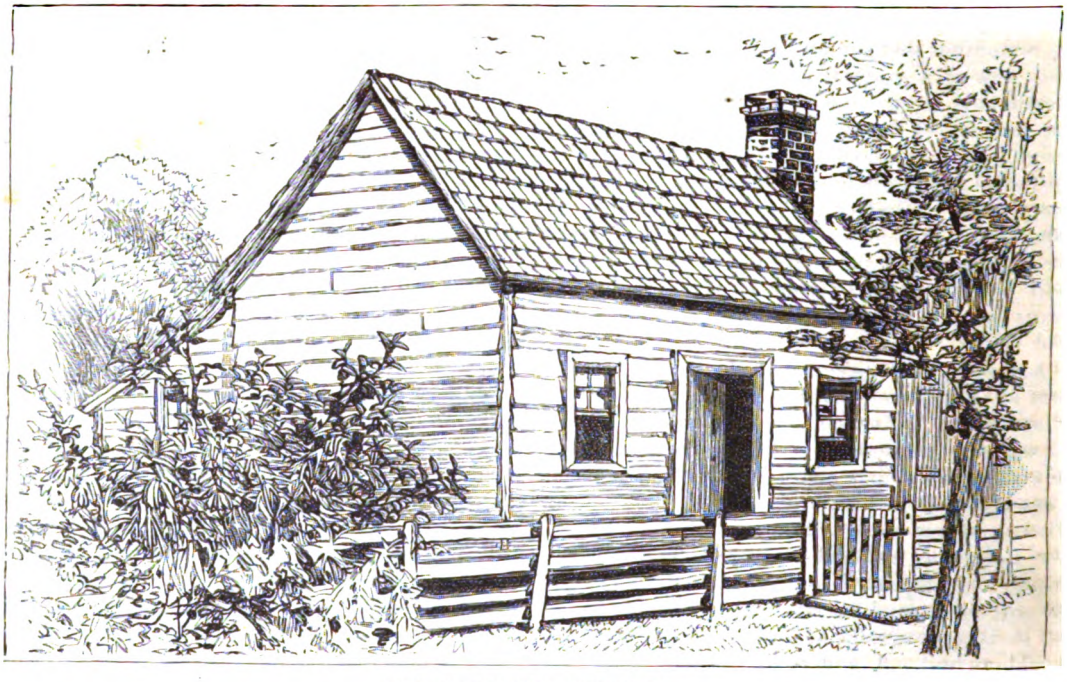
When in the saddle, pressing the great march at the end, by which he threw in front of Lee the force which

prevented him from joining Johnston, you would say he might for once have concentrated his mind on that single affair. But at that very moment he was sending his commands to all parts of the country. That one hand held the thread which radiated everywhere, and that one head gave the instructions which throbbed along those lines. "There was not a colonel on the Arkansas River who held an independent command." That is the language which one of Grant's distinguished generals used, in speaking to me, in his indignation at this criticism, which implies that Grant was not comprehensive in his range.

No man reads well the history of his campaigns without seeing that his one thought is his country and her success. There is never any wretched intermixture of anxiety about his own popularity or standing. He fairly seems to fight his own existence. And this modesty, this indifference to the place he fills in the newspapers of to-day, or the chronicles of to-morrow, often deceived the more superficial people around him. Nay, it deceives superficial people to-day, and they do not see the place that he is to occupy in history. When he had brought the war to a close the officers who were intimate enough with him suggested that he and they would like to see the army they had contended with so long. But Grant announced his intention of returning to Washington on the morrow, to direct the disbanding of the Union forces. "The expenses of the war amounted to four millions a day, and it was important to save this cost to the country." He was indifferent to the spectacle of his triumphs, so he could secure the reality of their result.

For Grant carried into his Presidency the qualities which had given distinction to his campaigns. As before, the trained politicians could make nothing of him. He offended those of his own party quite as much as he did those of the other side. As before, he gave full credit to his subordinates, and he brought on himself much more discredit than he ever deserved, by the loyalty with which he maintained his faith in them. But no man ever said that his hands were stained with any peculation—even at a time when press and public were crazy to detect fraud. And never did he draw the screen of his favor over any cause which needed searching investigation. His vetoes, once and again, show that he understood that his place was no post of ornament. His submission, once and again, to Congress, shows that he knew he was no dictator. Whatever the politicians thought, the country thought, thinks and will think, that he meant to do what was right, knew how to do it, and did it where smaller men would have failed.

Dr. Sears, of the Peabody Trust, told me once that he came East from Missouri with information regarding education, society and politics there, which he thought would be new to the President, who is ex-officio a member of the Peabody Board of Trustees. General Grant talked with him as affably as he did with every one. And Dr. Sears found to his surprise that in his personal correspondence he had informed himself of the very affairs on which Dr. Sears thought he had learned new things. The old habits of a commander-in-chief held; and the President of the United States was keeping up his private sources of information as to the welfare or the needs of every section of the land.



GENERAL GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

It has been to the present misfortune of his great fame that, as a Republican President, he had opposed to him nearly half the journals of the country, and half its public men, to whom it was a matter of policy, not indeed to defame him, but to make light of him, and to imply that here was a skillful general indeed, but nothing more.

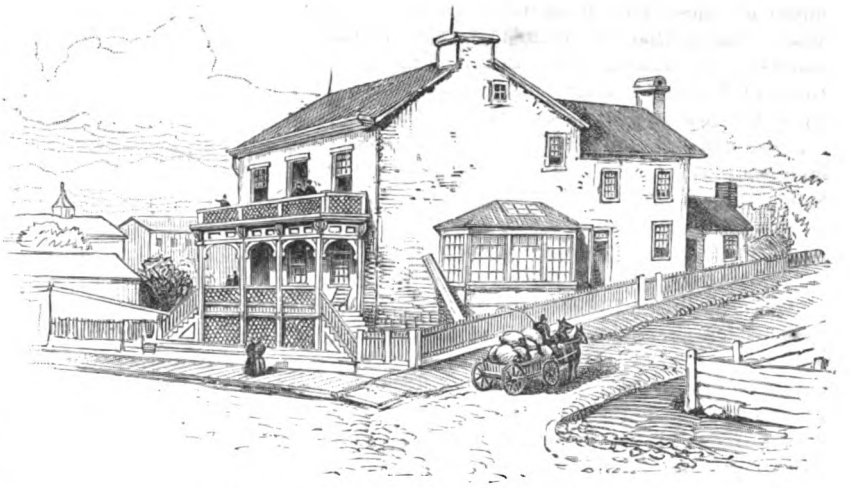
But history sets right such accidents. Washington was fairly maligned in the last years of his life, under similar temptations. And now every word of such abuse is forgotten. Grant has never been slandered as Washington was. As time goes on men will see and say more and more that the qualities which gave him success were the qualities which stand. They cannot die, and do not. Unselfishness, courage, truth, honor, modesty, simplicity, these are the traits which made him what he was in war. These are the traits which he showed as President of this nation. They are the traits which drew all admiration

on him when he traveled abroad, almost like a prince. They have been the characteristics of his life as a private man.

Such qualities do not fade out from the memory of men.

GENERAL GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF GENERAL GRANT.

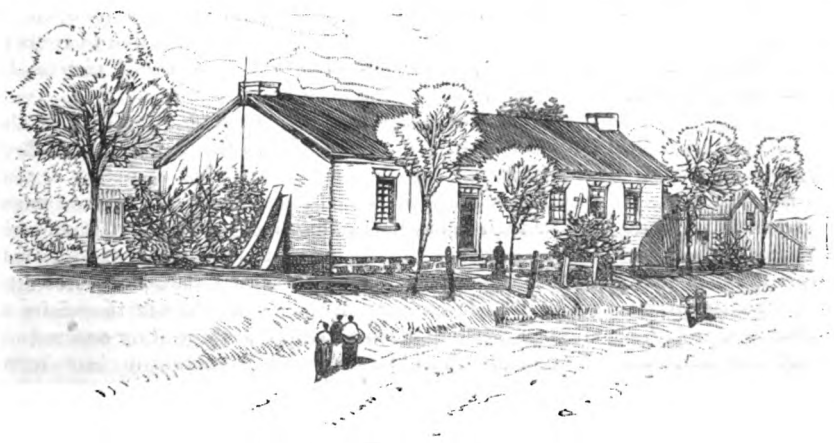
The opinions of contemporaries are not to be relied on with regard to the nature and importance of current events and transactions. The policy of governments ; plans and schemes of political action ; the conduct and habits of society ; the standing of men of letters, of scientific men and philosophers, on which we set the seal of approval or censure, are sure to be carefully considered in a succeeding era, and very often with a complete reversal of previous judgments. With regard to the world's verdict about military commanders, great captains in war, the case is different. Posterity may reverse the opinions of to-day as to the wisdom of a contest or as to its results, but it cannot deny that certain battles were gained and certain campaigns won under a certain leader. Volumes have been written about the upheaving of Europe by Napoleon Bonaparte, but no word of disparagement of his fame as the great military chief of modern times. Wellington had many enemies and detractors, but no voice was raised against the military genius of the hero of Salamanca, Badajos, Talavera and Waterloo. Whatever may be the personal characteristics of Von Moltke, his superb direction of the armies of Germany in the war with France has never been questioned. For what a general achieves is positive, absolute. He loses or he gains a battle. He wins or fails in a campaign. History will deal with the consequences of battles lost or gained. But the work actually performed cannot well be disputed, so that the acknowledgment of the fame of a great general is coexistent with his victories.

There is a remarkable exception in the case of General Grant. There are many who flatly deny that he is a great military commander. The tenor of the criticisms of his detractors has a wide range, and embraces much that is absurd and contradictory. Of course no one can deny to him certain achievements in the field. But we are told "It was all luck." "He blundered into it." "It was owing to the splendid officers under him." "He could have done nothing with Lee had he taken the matter at the start : after an army had been created and disciplined, Grant came in and reaped the laurels." "He greatly outnumbered Lee in all his battles. There was no generalship about it ; pure stubbornness." "Butchery." Others less censorious mildly suggest that it cannot be that General Grant's military fame rests on a perfectly solid foundation, since so much is said in disparagement of it.

Who are they who circulate such criticisms ? What do the criticisms amount to ?

To answer these questions, let us look at the situation of the country at the time the tremendous contest commenced between its two great divisions ; divisions separated by what has been termed the color line—in other words, the line between the Slave States and the Free States. This contest has been called the "Great Rebellion," "Insurrection," "Civil War." Strictly speaking, it was neither the one nor the other. It was worse, more far reaching, more important in results, than any mere rebellion could have proved to be.

It was a mighty, stupendous effort made to disrupt the Federal Union and force a territorial division of the United States in the manner just stated. Compromise was impossible, since there could be no compromise where the very existence of the nation was at stake. For it was not a war undertaken to conquer a peace, as the phrase is, nor to settle a boundary line, nor for any ordinary purpose which sets governments by the ears. It was a war in support of paramount ideas. On one side, this paramount idea was to preserve the Union of the States. On the other, to preserve the institution of slavery, threatened by the progress of events. Never has there been such a war since the first record of the times when kings went forth to battle. Neither in all the wars of the earlier ages, of the Roman conquests, of the Spaniards and the Moors, of the Franks and the



GRANT'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

Anglo-Saxons, of the later wars of the Continent of Europe for nearly the whole of the last century—never among all these had there been a war like this war, whether with regard to the numbers engaged, or the tenacity of the contest. It was a war between friends; people of the same blood, bound together by the strong ties of interest as well as relationship; between people of equal valor and might, each fighting for the one paramount idea; a war between cultivated, Christian peoples, a portion of whom honestly believed that the condition of slavery for the black was by divine authority, and was in truth the indispensable foundation for a republic—an idea preached from the pulpit by the clergy and believed in by good people. These States occupied an area of territory which took thousands of miles to traverse, woven together by numerous lines of railways, with magnificent rivers, and an immense length of sea and gulf coast. This territory—thrice the size of the German Empire, or of France or Austria—this was the power which claimed the right to separate itself from the Union and erect a government of its own. They demanded that they should be permitted to go in peace, and asked that a commission be appointed to arrange terms. There was a party at the North, not large but noisy, which favored the proposition rather than that the country should embark in war. Many of these still survive, and it is among this class that the detractors of General Grant are to be found.

At this period there was no standing army beyond a corporal's guard of about 25,000 men, employed on the frontier or on guard duty. There was a large number of officers, graduates of West Point, and of these the South claimed, and perhaps correctly, that those who remained with their States outnumbered, and were superior in ability to, those who remained loyal to the Union. It is a fact that more had resigned their commissions, previous to the war, from the North than from the South. And it is certainly true that General Scott had long before this indicated Robert E. Lee as the ablest officer in the army, and strong hopes were entertained that he would not desert the old flag. Everything at first favored the cause of the South. It had every advantage that a four months' preparation could give. The negro was docile, and submissively remained to till the soil and perform all menial labor. This enabled the South to put all its available force into the field. The North was slow to realize that war was possible. The veteran leader, General Scott, found himself physically unable to undertake a campaign, and sent in his resignation. The country yearned for a man to lead the armies. They were ready to believe in any man who would undertake it.

We well know what followed. It is useless to recapitulate the operations under McClellan, or those of Burnside at Fredericksburg, and of Hooker at Chancellorsville. These brought the country to a state of utter discouragement.

At the beginning of the war there was living in Galena, in the State of Illinois, a man still young—he was thirty-nine—who had previously seen service as a soldier. I mean Ulysses S. Grant. At this time he was in partnership with his father, under the firm name of Grant & Son, Tanners. He had graduated at West Point in 1843, and as second-lieutenant was detailed to frontier duty. Three years later came the war with Mexico, and this second-lieutenant rapidly fought his way through the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca, and Monterey, under Taylor, and thence under Scott at Vera Cruz, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Mexico, into a brevet-captaincy, having received his first promotion on the battlefield. The brief war over, he resumed frontier duty till the year 1854, when he resigned from the army and engaged in civil occupations. Six years later the great contest broke out, and Captain Grant offered his aid to drill and muster men into the immediate service. His West Point training and his eleven years of military experience made him valuable in that capacity—so valuable that the work was speedily followed by a colonel's commission, and he took command of a regiment.

Four years later we find this man, in command of all the armies of the United States, with the title of Lieutenant-general, accepting the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia.

How is this space of four years to be filled as applicable to the question, What is to be General Grant's place in history?

I have no purpose of giving an account of his campaigns, or of entering into any detail descriptive of his military achievements. These have been written over and over again, described and re-described from every point of view, by astute critics, North and South. The facts are simple and concise. From his colonelcy to brigadier-general, from brigadier-general to major-general, from the command of a regiment in 1861 to the command of the united Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, in 1863, his promotion came step by step, in natural sequence, as battle after battle was won and permanent success secured. These different encounters, from the first march on Paducah to the contest at Chattanooga, have become household words throughout the land. They made strong the heart of the nation, discouraged by unfortunate results elsewhere. For the great Southwest had been brought under control of the Union Armies, the Mississippi opened to New Orleans, the Confederacy cut in two and its strength broken beyond repairs.

General Grant's successive promotions could not be due to the lack of brave and competent military men in the field. At Chattanooga the officers under his command embraced such names as Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, Burnside, McPherson, Slocum, and many others. He had been placed at the head of this brilliant array of military talent because he had by his achievements earned the position. And he had earned it by the universal assent of his associates.

The campaign finished, General Grant received a commission as Lieutenant-general, and proceeded to Washington. In May, 1864, he commenced his campaign in Virginia. In April, 1865, General Lee surrendered. The end crowns the work. His four years of hard, unremitting service proved General Grant to be a commander of deliberate judgment, cool, prompt, tenacious, and undisturbed by surprises; at the same time quick in conception and rapid in execution. If he met with checks, he was never outgeneraled, never defeated.

In 1868 General Grant was elected President of the United States, and re-elected in 1872 to the same office. The heat and rancor of party strife, developed in a contest for control of the Government and its patronage, rather than in support of any individual, make it difficult to form correct judgments of recent Administrations. But the best friends of General Grant are forced to admit that he was not fitted to administer the affairs of state, at least at such a crisis. He certainly entered on the discharge of his duties with an earnest desire to serve the country. He evidently had a distrust of politicians, and some of his first appointments of Cabinet officers indicated a determination to break loose from their influence. He had to learn that he might as well manage an army

without officers as to conduct a government without the aid of those educated to its uses and purposes. Failing to carry out his first conceptions, General Grant made the mistake of taking certain personal friends into his counsel—men on whom he believed he might rely for honest advice and information. These friends betrayed him, but he could never bring himself to believe it, and he steadfastly adhered to them. It gave his political opponents a great advantage, and his honest supporters cause for disappointment and regret. The affairs of state were in the main well conducted, and the National Debt reduced in regular installments. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted, the *Alabama* Claims disposed of, and the Northwestern Boundary Question settled. But it must be recorded that a painful impression remains in regard to the eight years of General Grant's administration by reason of his trusting to corrupt, venal men, whom he thought to be honest, by whom he was deceived and misled. Further than that, no imputation survives against the personal integrity of the great soldier. His motives were unquestionably pure, and his efforts in the right direction. He came to the head of the nation's affairs at a period of great confusion, with the condition of the country unsettled. A reckless spirit of speculation was abroad, and scandalous practices abounded. General Grant had no fitness for the work of coping with these elements. The Philistines were upon him, and he struggled vainly in the toils.

It is a dangerous experiment for a great military commander to attempt the *rôle* of statesman. In this connection, I recall the circumstance that, on my first visit to London, I went to see Apsley House, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington. It was surrounded by a high iron barricade, built by the duke to protect him from onslaughts on his person and property by the mob. This was after he had finished his great military achievements which terminated at Waterloo. Shortly after, he embarked in politics, and became the most unpopular man in the nation. He was hooted and pelted as he passed through the streets, and, as I said, he surrounded his house with a barricade to protect it from assault. After a period the tide turned, the disgraceful clamor was silenced, and at the close of his life the duke was the idol of the people. The moral is significant.

To-day we see once more not only a united country made one by the power and might of the Constitution, but also through the affections of all the peoples, North and South. To-day these United States are represented abroad by individuals from every section of our great land, and to-day every section is represented in our Cabinet councils, and in the various positions of trust and honor under the Federal Government.

I repeat my assertion: Never was there such a war! Never was there such a peace succeeding such a war. A new era of goodwill was inaugurated (since slowly but surely developed) when General Grant paroled the whole of Lee's army and allowed every man to go to his own home. It had its immediate practical development when, on General Lee's suggestion to General Grant that the horses of the cavalrymen were the private property of the soldier, Grant replied: "They are included in the terms of the surrender; but I will instruct my officers who receive the paroles to allow the men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms."

This circumstance did more to win back the South than a volume of codes and constitutions, and it demonstrated the noble qualities of General Grant as a *man*, just at the time when he had won his renown as the great Captain of the Age.

THEN AND NOW.

By Rita.

I hear the happy laughter of the brook,
  The whisper of the breeze,
Through this same glade my tired eyes may look
  At sunlight and at trees.
Yet what is it the spring-time lacks to-day,
  Being rich in these?

I see the burnished rocks half-clothed in foam,
  The laughing waters' gift;
I hear the birds' songs from their leafy home,
  Through leafy silence drift.
On what strange wings have past and sad years flown
  In flight so swift?

Above the pulses of the beating air,
  That stirs the trembling leaves,
Across the clouds that make the sky more fair
  Than foam-waves make the seas;
I see another day that dawns above
  These self-same trees.

I see it dawn and brighten and grow deep,
  With joys I dare not tell;
I see it die in sorrow's deathless sleep,
  I hear the parting knell
That warns me Hope has done its best and worst,
  Since I have loved—too well.

Go back, my heart, to tired days and hours,
  This day is not for you!
Though this same Spring once held these self-same flowers
  In sweeter scent and hue;
Earth is not heaven, and Love no life embowers
  With rose—and not with rue!

CATHERINE *versus* KATE.

"Catherine!"—"Yes, sir!"

"Is there anything the matter with my eyes? Please tell me, Catherine."

"Allow me to look, sir."

The first speaker was an athletic and handsome man, the beauty of whose intelligent face was marred by the defectiveness of his expression. His interlocutrix was a tall and dignified woman. She was neatly attired in black silk, and she wore an apron and a white cap. Her complexion was beautiful, her features were regular. But her comeliness was defaced by large blue spectacles and by the defectiveness of her teeth. Notwithstanding these blemishes, however, the housekeeper presented a very pleasing appearance, and as she approached her master, an expression of peace stole over his countenance.

"Allow me to look at your eyes, sir," she said.

He permitted her, without reluctance, to do this, and, standing with her back to the light, she seemed to examine them attentively.

"I see nothing, amiss, sir," said she, in a tone which was at once cheerful and respectful.

"Nothing?" he rejoined. "No redness? No signs of inflammation?"

"None whatever, sir."

The master sighed.

"I am a very sensitive person," he remarked.

"Yes, sir."

"And I have a presentiment that my eyes may be sorely tried to-day, Catherine."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, sorely tried. I should like to tell you why. Can you spare me half an hour?"

"I am at your service, sir."

"Then sit down, Catherine. I can't talk while you stand."

The housekeeper obeyed. She placed a chair at a modest distance from her master and seated herself, folding her hands meekly.

"I wish you didn't wear spectacles, Catherine!" said the gentleman.

"I am sorry to displease you, sir," returned she. "But they are essential to me."

"I beg your pardon. I am getting old, and you must excuse my crossness. To-day is my birthday. I am thirty-eight."

"Indeed, sir! You look much younger."

"Thank you, Catherine. You flatter me. But I am thirty-eight to-day, and in two years I shall be forty. It is a depressing thought. People of forty can no longer pretend to youth. I am growing old. Is it not so?"

"No, sir. I believe, if you could be induced to go into the cricket-field and take a bat—nay, if you could be persuaded to enter a ball-room and take a partner—that you would do as well as the youngest, and *feel* as young as you look."

"Catherine, beware!" cried he. "You don't know how you are tempting a man who has renounced society and given up all idea of enjoyment. Do you know that I was once Captain of the Southernshire Muffs? And do you know that I was once considered the best dancer in Southernshire?"

"I am not surprised to hear it, sir."

"That is strange—since you have never known me as anything but a hypochondriacal bookworm."

"You take in the *Field*, sir, and I have often seen you absorbed in the cricketing news. And as to dancing, sir, no one can see you walk without knowing that you can dance!"

The master smiled.

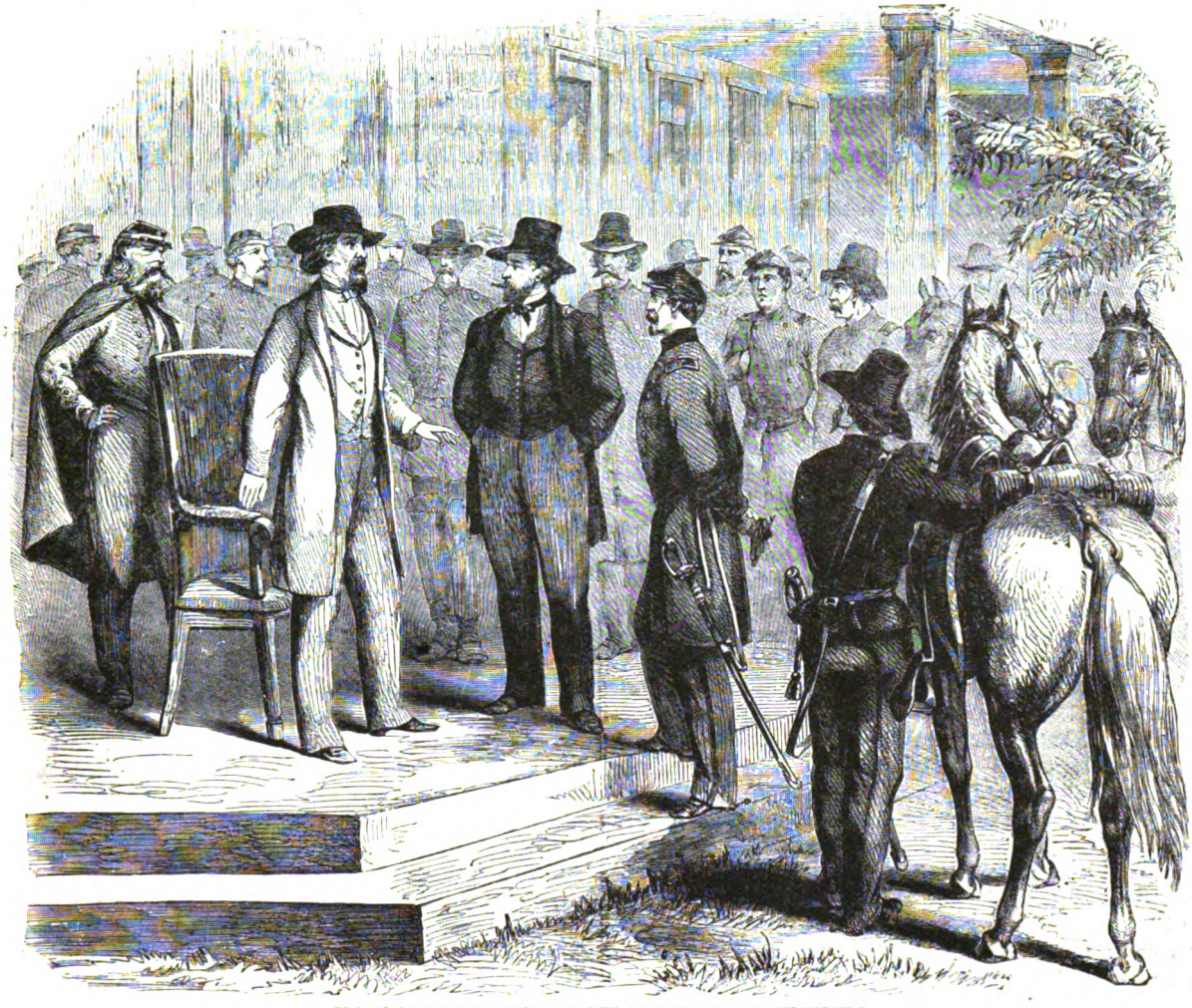
"Yes, Catherine, I have been a great cricketer and a great dancer. I was jovial among men and polished among ladies. I was social and I loved society. I am not vain, but I should like you to know that many people expressed regret when I retired from the world."

"I don't wonder, sir."

"You are very kind, Catherine. Yes, they regretted my departure. Only *one* said nothing. Her unkindness wounded me and I fled."

"I am sorry for that," said the housekeeper.

GENERAL GRANT LEAVING HOME AT THE OUTSET OF THE WAR.



GRANT AND PEMBERTON AT THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

"You are a faithful friend, Catherine, and I feel it due to you that I should tell you something of my past life. How many years is it since we have lived together in this solitary place?"

"It is only three months, sir."

"Only three months? Well, it must then be four months since I became the owner of this property—since I left the world and became a hypochondriacal bookworm. But I was poor; and not all my prowess in cricket and dancing could win me my heart's desire. I loved, Catherine."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, I loved. I loved my beautiful cousin Kate. But her father was rich and I dared not say to her, 'Come, share the poor barrister's crust.' So I loved her, but did not speak."

"You loved her, sir? I wonder how men love?"

"I loved her from the bottom of my heart. I liked to be always with her. I couldn't bear to see her talking to other men. I loved to give her presents. Catherine, I denied myself the necessaries of life to give her flowers and pretty things. She smiled sweetly and took them, and then she turned round and flirted with another man—a wretch called Lord Angelo."

"She turned and flirted at once, sir, do you mean?"

"No. She smiled on me for some years. Then Lord Angelo came into the neighborhood, and she smiled on him. I was at a discount. She clapped her hands when he made one ridiculous run, and she looked aside while I was bowling down half a dozen wickets. And when Lady X—— gave a ball she danced with Lord Angelo all the evening, and never once with me. She tore my heart to pieces, Catherine. We had been playmates from childhood, and she knew I loved her, and yet she turned voluntarily from me and gave herself to this miserable Angelo!"

"Gave herself! Did she become engaged to him, sir?"

"No. But she encouraged his attentions and slighted me. She may be engaged to him now—or even married to him. I do not care. She was heartless."

"Nay, sir, you must not abuse one woman to another. Supposing you misled the lady? Supposing she loved you, and was mortified by your silence? Supposing she employed Lord Angelo as a bait to lure you on? To be sure, that is an old artifice and a stupid one. But when a woman loves—and thinks her lover half-hearted—even an old artifice may serve her turn."

"Half-hearted, Catherine! But I loved her so dearly that I went on thorns when I saw her with that little jackanapes!"

"That is how men love, sir. You cannot understand how she loved."

"But she did not love, Catherine."

"How are you sure of that, sir, if you never spoke to her?"

"She would have given me to understand, had she loved me. We were cousins, and very intimate."

"Ah, sir, the most intimate cousin is still a woman! Perhaps she thought that she did give you to understand, and you understood not. A woman's hint is sometimes too fine for a man to see. You should remember, sir, that when you deal with women, you deal with organisms so tender and delicate that no masculine eye but Shakespeare's has ever been able to detect their subtleties."

"Catherine, you speak from a noble heart! But I—who have loved—know more."

"It seems to me, sir, that you mistook manly jealousy for love, and womanly pride for indifference."

"You think she loved me?"

"It is not for me to express an opinion, sir."

"Oh, Catherine, if I thought—— But no—I must steel my wounded heart. You have not heard all. Four months ago my godfather died; he left me his fortune and this place. Suddenly, I found I was a rich man."

"And—you hastened to your cousin, sir, and—told her of your fortune, and asked her to share it?"

"Not so, Catherine. I employed finesse. I could not forget the monkey Angelo, who had always been rich, and I determined to discover if she really loved me. So I went to her and said, 'Frankly, Kate, I love you well, and I live in two rooms in a narrow street, and I fare hardly, and when I go abroad I walk or take an omnibus, and my pleasures are few and cheap. Will you share all this with me?'"

"And did she say No, sir?"

"Not exactly. She flushed very red, and she rose up and said, 'John, how dare you treat me with such contempt?'—and she swept from the room, like a very duchess. For she is as tall as you are, Catherine, and when she chooses, very stately and majestic."

"And from this, sir, you think the lady did not love you?"

"Surely, my good Catherine! She reproached me for asking her to share my poverty."

"But you had become rich, sir."

"She did not know of that."

"Oh, sir, I think you must mistake. News travels fast. Mark my words: she *did* know, and, knowing, did she not mean, 'How dare you treat me with such contempt thus to employ finesse to discover if I love'? Sir, I tell you again that men know naught of the delicacy of a woman's sensibilities! Indeed, sir, I can but echo your cousin's words: How dared you try to deceive her? How dared you doubt her single-heartedness? How dared you try her nobility? Oh, fie, sir! How dared you approach the woman you loved with a falsehood upon your lips?"

"Catherine! you take away my breath!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I apologize. I spoke warmly, sir, because my own heart felt very full. Your story reminds me of my own, and it recalls past days when—if I was not entirely happy—at least the hope of happiness lay before me. It was a cruel thrust which took that hope from me. Heaven help the poor lady whom you say you loved, if she has suffered as I have!"

"Whom I *say* I loved! Catherine, you go too far! Whom I *say* I loved! Why, I loved her so well that it is for her sake I have shut myself up here, seeing no one, going nowhere! Catherine, I believed you were my friend."

"I am, indeed, your friend, sir. But I am a woman, and my heart aches for the woman to whom my friend and master has given pain. I—who have endured the like—know how deeply you must have wounded her."

He sighed.

"But she was over-hasty with me. She went away at once, out of my reach. I meant no harm."

"Sir, the boy who plays with a pistol means no harm. But he may shoot some one to death, notwithstanding."

"She has made me no sign since."

"What sign would you have a proud woman make to a half-hearted lover, sir?"

"Catherine, your words are very bitter, but your face is kind. We were cousins. She might have sent for me, or written to me."

"May I remind you again that men do not understand women? I—who am also a proud woman and who have also endured insult from a man—seem to know more of your cousin than you do."

"Catherine, your tongue is sharp. But tell me—for it kills me to dwell upon myself—what man has dared to insult you?"

"The man I loved, sir."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir. I had loved him all my life. I only waited for him to speak. I loved him, sir, with a love of which you have no idea. The very world was sacred to me, because he dwelt in it. I thought of him morning, noon, and night. I fell asleep with his image before my eyes, and I awoke with his name upon my lips. If he gave me a rosebud, I treasured its withered petals; if he touched my needlework, it became hallowed to me. When he smiled, I was in heaven; when he talked, the society of the gods was mine. I saw no man but him. All other men were pygmies in my sight. He so possessed me that when I looked in the glass, I marveled that my face was mirrored there and not his!"

"And this man did not return your love, Catherine?"

"He returned it, sir, as men do return love. He liked to monopolize me. He couldn't bear to see me talking to other men. He heaped me with presents and pretty things. He thought, poor fellow! that women like fans and gloves better than esteem and confidence. But he doubted me, sir. He played with my finest feelings. He tried to test my love, he, who did not know what love was!"

"He was a villain, Catherine. But how did he test your love?"

"Sir, he had been unsuccessful. Suddenly, he achieved a triumph. I heard of it, and my heart leapt; and I—who believed in him—thought he would come and offer me his fullness. He did come; but he tried to deceive me. He said, 'I am a disappointed man; will you share failure and mortification with me?' Oh, sir, it was a base and unworthy trick. I would have shared a hovel with him. But when he had a wide house——"

"He was a brute, Catherine. He deserved to be horsewhipped!"

"Ah, do not say so, sir! He was to me only what you were to your cousin."

"Catherine!"

"Yes, sir. You—both of you—handled the love of a woman to try its strength and its worth. Your touch was agony!"

"Oh, Catherine—when I loved her so much!"

"When you *doubted* her so much, sir! You thought—as many men think—that a woman who weds a rich man weds for riches."

The master groaned.

"Catherine, for the first time since you entered my service you have been cruel to me," he said.

"I ask your pardon, sir. I have overstepped my province. I must beg you to forget what I have said. I will leave you now, sir."

"Nay, wait a moment. I told you this was my birthday. It is also hers. She is exactly eight years my junior."

"Is she, sir!"

"I have a feeling that she may come and see me to-day. For many years we have kept this day together."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I would rather not see her, Catherine. As you say, I doubted her and I offended her. I believe that she will come. But she will come with reproaches, not with love. I cannot refuse to see her; but I would rather not look upon her face."

"It is not for me to offer advice, sir; but before you take a decided step, let me implore you to remember how little you know of a woman's heart. You angered your cousin, but no doubt she has long ago forgiven you, and would go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara, with her hand in yours. Sir, I speak from my own heart and my own experience."

"Yes, Catherine. *You* have loved. My cousin does not know what love is. She go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara with her hand in mine! No, no. She will come to-day; but she will never look kindly on me again. I cannot brook her scornful gaze. At the very thought, my eyes seem to burn. Surely, surely they are inflamed! Look again, Catherine!"

The housekeeper examined his eyes once more.

"They look weak, sir," she said. "Your eyes should avoid contact with the light, sir. Would you allow me to bandage them?"

"Certainly, Catherine."

She arose and quitted the room, soon returning with a large silk handkerchief, with which she tied up her master's eyes.

"Can I do anything more for you, sir?" asked the housekeeper.

"No, thank you," he replied.

Then Catherine retired, and the master was left alone. He did not stir. He continued sitting where the housekeeper had left him, giving way to a profound and melancholy reverie.

"She did not love me," he thought to himself. "She is not a woman like Catherine, to love as Catherine loved. She never seemed unhappy. She was immeasurably angry with me for a very small offense. And she has never written or taken any notice of me since I came here. No! I will not look upon her face again."

As he uttered this resolution aloud, a servant opened the door and announced that a lady wished to see him; and, ere he could reply the rustling of a silken skirt made him aware that the lady had already entered the apartment. Then the door was closed. He and she were together, and alone.

"Why, John!" cried the lady.

"Is that you, Kate?" asked he.

"It is I, John. My dear John, what on earth is the matter with you? Are you ill? Why are your eyes bandaged?"

"Inflammation threatens them, Kate."

"Inflammation! I am very sorry. Are you in pain?"

"No. I am not exactly in pain. Sit down. It is kind of you to come and see me."

"I came because it is your birthday and mine, and we have always kept our birthdays together, John, since I was eight and you were sixteen."

"Thank you, Kate."

"Last year we had a picnic on this day."

"We had, Kate. You drove to the place in a dog-cart, with Lord Angelo."

"Yes, John. No one else offered to drive me, if you recollect aright."

"I would have driven you with the greatest pleasure, had you suggested it."

"Indeed! Bien obligé, monsieur! I suppose you would also have danced with me at Lady X——'s ball—where you sulked all the evening in a corner—if I had suggested it! You are singularly gracious, John. But the end of the world is not yet, and I am still a woman."

"Have you come all this way to reproach me, Kate?"

"No, John. I came to ask how you were, and if you enjoyed life in this secluded place."

"I do *not* enjoy life; and it is probable I shall never enjoy life again. I can do nothing but resign myself to my fate."

"It is not a bad fate; you are a rich man, and——"

"Pardon me, it is a very bad fate. I am separated for ever from the person I love best in the world."

"From the person you love best in the world! I wonder how men love, John?"

"Catherine expressed the same wonder half an hour ago."

"Catherine! Who is Catherine?"

"My housekeeper. The person from whose society I now derive my only happiness."

"Really, John, you astonish me!"

"Catherine is a lady, Kate. I engaged her, because in height and complexion she was like you."

"You flatter me, indeed! Is she like me in other respects?"

"Not very. She is older and graver, and she devotes herself to me."

"Where did she come from?"

"I don't know. She presented herself here, and I engaged her because she pleased me. As I told you, she reminded me of you."

"And do you really know nothing about her, John?"

"I *did* know nothing whatever, Kate. To-day she has told me a part of her private history. She has told me the story of her heart."

"Are you sure she is not a designing woman?"

"Quite, my dear Kate. What designs could she have?"

"She might design to win your affection, John."

"Nay, Kate. She has loved."

"Or thinks she has loved, John."

"I tell you, Kate, she has loved. If you had heard her passionate language you would not doubt it. There is a depth in that woman's soul which no shallower mind could fathom."

"Which *I* could not fathom, you mean! Beware, John! You take a mighty interest in this Catherine."

"I do. She makes my life happy—that is, as happy as it ever can be now."

"Some day you will make her an offer, John."

"I! I make an offer to any woman! No, Kate! Never, again!"

"Some day, I say, John, you will make her an offer, and, as a cousin, I will give you a piece of advice. Couch your offer in honest words. Be a man, and don't fancy you are only acceptable because you are rich. Remember that a woman who weds a rich man does not necessarily wed for riches."

"That is the very thing she said just now, Kate."

"Is it? She is a wise person, then, and a true woman."

"She is, indeed, a true woman. Alas! that such a woman should have misplaced her affections! She loved a fellow, who tried to keep a secret from her—who came to her, pretending to be other than he was—the scoundrel!"

GRANT AND MEADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"Now, don't abuse him, John! It seems to me that he only behaved to Catherine as you have behaved to me."

"You are cruel, Kate. Would you compare me to the villain who insulted Catherine?"

"I cannot say. Ask Catherine what she thinks—she, in whose soul, as it appears, there are depths my shallow mind——"

"Nay! Not even Catherine shall come between your image and me."

"Thank you, John. It is pleasant to know that when you are about to wed Catherine, you can still think kindly of Kate!"

"I am not about to wed Catherine. She is my good friend, but she will never be my wife. No, not even if you marry Lord Angelo."

"I marry Lord Angelo!"

"Yes. Are you not going to do so?"

"Certainly not. What! Marry Lord Angelo — an empty-headed flirt, a well-dressed nonenity! No, John! When I marry, my husband shall be a man of sense. I have seen such a man once, and he is not Lord Angelo."

"Who is he?"

"Well, John, he is about your age and your height, and your size. And he is clever, and has read a thousand books, and he knows everything, and people call him a rising man; and yet he can run and row, and ride and play cricket, and even dance, with the best."

"Upon my word, he must be an Admirable Crichton!"

"He is, John."

"And do you love the fellow?"

"Well, John, I will leave you to judge. I love him so

well that the world is sacred to me because he dwells in it. I think of him night and day. I fall asleep with his image before my eyes, and I awake with his name upon my lips. If he gives me a flower, I treasure its withered petals; if he touches my needlework, it becomes hallowed to me. When he smiles, I am in heaven; when he talks, the society of the gods is mine. I see no man but him. All other men seem to me like pygmies. He so possesses me that when I look in the glass, I marvel to see my own face there, and not his!"

"Why, Catherine said these very things of the man she loved!"

"I am not surprised. We are both women; and when a woman loves, this is how she loves."

"But this fellow, Kate! Who is he?"

"Who is Catherine's false lover, John?"

"I don't know. I never asked. I didn't care to ask. Why should I—what is Catherine to me? Who is the man whom you love, Kate? Good heavens! I could strangle him! Who is he, I say? Strange that he should turn up the moment I went away!"

"Don't excite yourself, John. You will increase the inflammation in your eyes."

"But who is the fellow? You are killing me! Who—who, I say, has won your heart? Who is he?"

"Who is the fellow? Why, John, he is the man who wouldn't drive Kate to her birthday picnic, and who wouldn't ask Kate to dance at Lady X——'s ball. He is the cleverest man in all England, and the most athletic—the Captain of the Southernshire Muffs, and——"

John tore the bandage from his eyes, and lo! Catherine—in her white cap and apron—stood before him. But

GENERAL GRANT STRICKEN DOWN WHILE PREPARING HIS MEMOIRS.

her teeth were like pearls, and she had eyes that danced, and her blue spectacles lay beside her on the table.

"Catherine! Kate!" he stammered.

"Oh, John, forgive me!" she cried, with tears and laughter. "When you went away, I couldn't bear it, and it was Kate who came to you in spectacles and a wig, and with patches of black on her teeth, and always a piece of ivory in her mouth to alter her voice, and it is Kate who has been Catherine for three months. Oh, John, I couldn't help it, and though you do think me so shallow, and though I was so angry with you, I would go to the North Pole, or journey through Sahara, with my hand in yours!"

* * * * * *

"So this is how women love!" said John, after they were married. "I should have mourned my life away. You came and took me by storm."

"Yes, John," replied Kate. "But it was dreadfully naughty of me, and the escapade is not one that any well-behaved girl would emulate. We must be very careful that the story never gets abroad."

"Must we, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed. I couldn't bear that any one should know it."

"Then, my dear Kate, I'm afraid I have incurred your severest displeasure."

"In what way?"

"I don't like to tell you, love. You will never forgive me!"

"Nonsense, John! Do you doubt me still? Tell me at once."

"Well, then, we can't keep our story secret if we would. For I have written it out in my best hand and in the choicest language.

BEETHOVEN ANECDOTES.

BEETHOVEN'S own room was always in a state of confusion defying description. Music-books and papers lay on all the furniture, or were piled up like pyramids in all corners. Heaps of letters which had been received during the week or month covered the floor. The remains of a hearty breakfast lay on a heap of proof-sheets. Here a *few* full and *many* empty bottles, there the sketch of a quartet or symphony; and to bring all these various objects into harmony, a thick layer of dust covered everything. It will be easily understood that in such a well-arranged establishment the composer had often the greatest trouble to find what he wanted, and he continually complained about it, but always blamed others. He considered himself most punctilious in arranging his things. He could have found a pin in the dark; but people never left things in their proper places.

It seems scarcely credible that Beethoven once had to search fourteen days—not for a pamphlet or a few sheets of paper, but for a clean copy of a thick book—his famous "Missa Solemnis"—which he considered his best work!

RESULTS OF FREE TRADE.

A SPEAKER in the Kensington Parliament recently introduced in his speech the following amusing account: "Yesterday morning I rose early. My hot water was brought in a Belgian zinc jug; and, as is my wont, I worked half an hour in my garden with a Belgian fork and an American hoe. I then took off my French boots, put on a pair of Algerian slippers, and went into breakfast, which consisted of bread made from Odessa wheat, Normandy butter, Russian chicken, grilled, American bacon, French eggs (poached), Mocha coffee, and Swiss milk. Comparing my Geneva watch with the American clock, I found it was time to set forth; so I put some American tobacco into a French pipe, and having lighted it with a Swedish match, I went to the railway-station, with its Belgian iron framework, from which a German engine drew me to the city over rails made in Belgium. Here I worked for four hours with an American stylographic pen, and then went to luncheon—American wheat-bread, butterine from Canada, Australian mutton, Swiss cheese, Vienna beer; the knives were American and the waiter was a Swiss. I consoled myself with a Havana cigar, and continued my toil. In the meantime I dispatched a box to a friend, closing it down with French nails, and further securing the same with Russian cordage. My friend was advised on Belgian paper. Through stooping, I found I had lost a button, which was promptly replaced by a Dutch one. At seven I prepared for dinner by drinking half a glass of Spanish sherry with Dutch bitters. My dinner was made up of Portugal oysters and Chablis, *consommé* soup, which came in a powder from France, tinned *entrées* from the same country, Norwegian hare, Swedish blackcock, American beef, and Belgian potatoes, Italian cheese, and French wine; a trifle of Chartreuse and a Manilla cheroot followed, and a cup of East Indian coffee brightened me for my journey home. Arrived there, I entered by opening an American lock, which was on a Swedish door. To please my wife, I bought her a box of Dutch confectionery and a French-straw bonnet, and for my little girl a German toy. Here I found my wife playing German music on a French piano, with a French shade on the lamp. I took out my Italian violoncello, and having applied some fine French resin to my new Leipsic bow, played for some time with her. Abruptly breaking off, I told her my adventures during the day in much the same language as above. She grew excited, being a Fair-trader, and assured me that, though men might have such experience, the case was different with women. I replied by reminding her that she got her bonnet, silk for dresses, trimmings, ribbons, lace, gloves, boots, and most of her clothes, from France, mantles from Germany, her hair from Russia, and her teeth from America. We got to high words; so, putting on my French boots and gloves, seizing my Malacca cane and French-felt hat, I left the house, hailed a hansom with a pair of American wheels, and spent the rest of the evening at the French plays. Going home in an American tramcar, I arrived, to throw myself in an American chair, whence I noticed a great blot of ink on my new French wall-paper. Ere retiring, I partook of some Belgian rabbit, curried, washing it down with brandy-and-water, sweetened by French refined sugar. Finally, I reposed on a bedstead of the same nationality."

ACROSS THE BLACK SEA TO TIFLIS.

BY DAVID KER.

THE sea-voyage from the Crimea to the western extremity of the Caucasus reverses a well-known proverb into "A good beginning is a bad ending." The end of the voyage is unquestionably its worst part, but all its disagreeables are fully atoned by what has gone before. The very scenery is a blending of all countries and all latitudes—Swiss mountains looking down upon French

vineyards, dainty little Italian towns nestling in the skirts of dark Russian moorlands, and Persian gardens springing up under the shadow of Swedish forests.

Nor are the seaports themselves at all inferior to their surroundings. A painter would love to copy each and all: Kertch, the Crimean Naples, with the white-pillared ruins of the Temple of Mithridates looking down upon the smooth, sunny-blue of its glorious bay; Novorossisk and Tuapsé, dotted like chessmen over the vast purple ridges that surge up, wave beyond wave, into the very sky; fairy-like Soukhoum, a little nook of Italian scenery nestling in the lap of the everlasting hills, which stand over it like some war-worn veteran, with his children at play around his feet.

Is there any enjoyment, after all, like being at sea on a fine day? The clear blue sky overhead, the tiny wavelets dancing in the sunlight, the fresh breeze quickening your pulse and whetting your appetite—perfect quiet all around; no post to bring you unpleasant letters, or to disappoint you by bringing nothing, and all the struggles and worries, and anxieties of shore-life left behind like a dream. Would one be better off in a stuffy railway-car, changing one's posture incessantly, and every time for the worst, till the mere possession of limbs at all becomes an intolerable grievance?—awakened just as one has fallen asleep by a seemingly wanton demand for tickets on the part of an unfeeling conductor; listening in sullen despair to the deep, rhythmical, unbroken snoring of your companions, with the certainty that next morning they will all abuse *you* for "keeping them awake all night with that horrid row!" and getting out about daybreak with an unwashed, uncombed, uneverything feeling of discomfort and misanthropy, beside which Timon of Athens would have been an absolute Peabody.

Not without reason, indeed, did a brave old sailor slightingly pronounce the dry land to be "a good enough place *for a day or two*"; a saying which is forcibly illustrated on the sixth day of our voyage from Odessa (the starting-point of all the Crimean and Caucasian steamers), when, just as night sets in, the white peaks of the Anatolian mountains begin to glimmer along the southern sky, and the low marshy banks of the Rion—barely distinguishable from the unwholesome white mist that broods over them—loom shadow-like over the darkening sea.

The relative position of Poti and Batoum is another instance of that untoward destiny which has made Russia, turn which way she will, a spectator of advantages denied to herself. On one side, an irreclaimable morass and a miserable anchorage; on the other, a fine harbor and an eminently defensive fortress. The inequality of fortune having put the latter into the hands of heathen Turkey instead of Christian Russia, the northern civilizers of mankind, after years of costly and laborious effort to make a tolerable roadstead out of the gutter on which Poti stands, have been compelled to fall back upon the simpler method of taking Batoum by force.

I will not describe my happily short stay in Poti itself, which even Mr. Murray's red-bound "Koran" could scarcely transform into "a place where the passing tourist may spend a pleasant hour." An official report might sum it up as follows: "Local products, fever and cholera; population, frogs; revenue, varying according to the success of the overcharges; manners, none; customs, very hard to pass with baggage; chief article of use, quinine; internal communication, impossible; government, every man for himself, and the police for all." And when, at four o'clock the next morning, I tramp out under a pouring rain to the depot, along a road seemingly modeled after the Slough of Despond, and, having fought my way to the ticket-office through a spongy mass of wet Georgians and Imeritians, get into the cars one mass of mud from head to foot, I am fully consoled for all discomforts by the consciousness of having got away from Poti.

It must be owned, however, that the Poti-Tiflis Railway, unlike things in general, shows its worst points at the outset. As far as Tcheladid, the whole country is a drowned jungle, waist-deep in water on either side of the track, and enlivened by a "chorus of frogs" that would have gladdened the heart of Aristophanes. But as we advance, the ground becomes higher and firmer, green hills begin to lift themselves against the sky, the bright morning sunshine chases away the ghostly mist that broods over the fatal morasses of the Rion, and the genuine Caucasus rises before us in all its splendor.

Untraveled readers who hear of Caucasian post-roads and Caucasian railways would find it hard to remember that this quiet region, which can now be traversed as safely and commodiously as Saxony or the Tyrol, was so recently the scene of one of the fiercest and bloodiest conflicts recorded in history. But here, shut in by black, broken crags of immeasurable height, with the river lashing itself into foam far below, and just space enough between the precipice above and the precipice beneath for our train to slide past, one begins to realize what the conquest of such a region must have been. The march of an army through such defiles (which, moreover, are as nothing compared with the grisly gorges of Northern Daghestan, in which Prince Vorontzoff's army perished) incumbered with wounded and pursued by an implacable enemy, with a fire-flash from behind every bush, and the whole mountain-side alive with the cracks of the fatal rifles, would be grim work. To those who question the fighting power of the Russian soldier, there is one all-sufficient reply: "He conquered the Caucasus."

And so we fare on our way, amid strange alternations of scenery—now gliding beneath the shadow of mighty cliffs that seem already toppling to overwhelm us, and now rushing through a quiet little green valley, dotted with tiny log huts—at one moment looking down into a yawning chasm, and the next catching a glimpse of some ruined castle perched eagle-like above the clouds.

All at once the cars come to a sudden halt in front of a long, low, rudely-built shed, planted upon the only visible piece of level ground; and here passengers and baggage disembark *en masse*, as if the train had been stopped by brigands. What does all this mean?

It means that a recent "landslip" (a common occurrence among these formidable precipices) has carried a portion of the line clean away; and the cars and wagons drawn up in long file at the foot of the great mountain-wall are to carry us across the twelve miles of rocky hill and gaping ravine that lie between us and the second train, which awaits us at Suram. Accordingly, I and three other victims squeeze ourselves into the first wagon—a rickety affair, all hoops and tarpaulins, like the skeleton of a starved omnibus—and go zigzagging up the great ascent, over a road which, to do it justice, is not easily matched elsewhere. For here, as in the Highlands of Scotland and the Western States of America, men have learned that spade and pickax are surer weapons than bayonet and cannon, and that no race, however warlike, can long defend a country once fairly laid open by lines of communication.

Upward, ever upward—past frowning rocks, and tiny hamlets, and green plateaus, and foaming torrents—past creaking wagons drawn by broad-horned oxen, and flocks

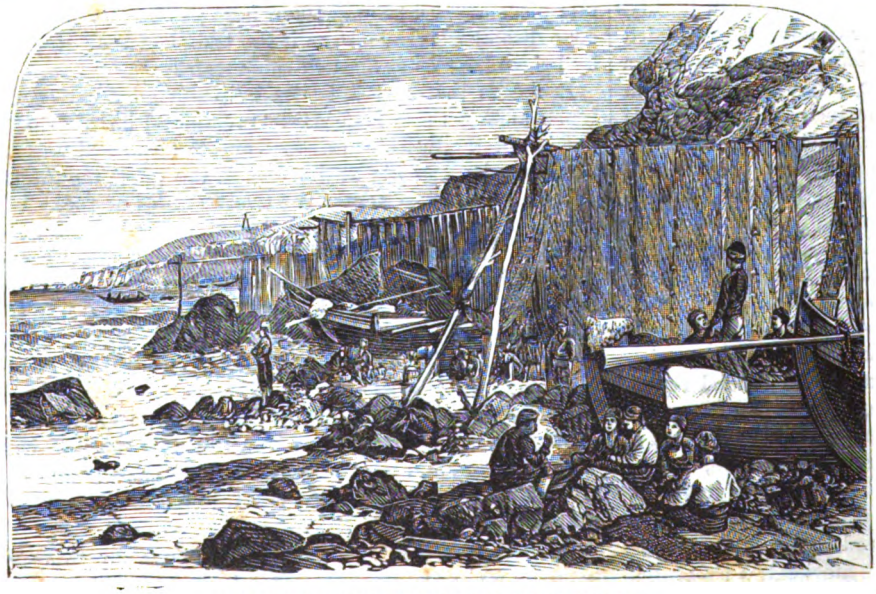
BATOUM, ON THE BLACK SEA.

of pastured goats which greet us with a shrill cry — while all around the great billows of wooded mountain roll up, ridge beyond ridge, like all the waves of the Deluge frozen into forests. Far below, the thin gray streak of the railroad outlines itself amid the sombre green of the hills; and here and there a swarm of human ants may be seen creeping among the *débris* of the great earthslide, like the gnomes of Norse legend, "toiling in the secret places of the earth."

As we mount higher, the chill mountain-wind makes itself felt in earnest; and when, at length, on the crest of the highest ridge, we reach the toll-bar that divides the Province of Kutais from that of Tiflis, there is not one of us who does not gladly avail himself of the wrappings which he laughed to scorn in the valley below. But, once past the summit, we rattle down in gallant style into the quaint little village of Suram, and hasten to seat ourselves over the steaming soup which awaits us in the little log-built refreshment-room.

One by one the other wagons trickle in; but night has already begun to fall before the train is ready to start. But after that all is one dim plantasmagoria of dark mountains, and glimmering rivers, and black wastes of dreary moorlands, and stations flashing out for a moment in sudden lamplight —till at length, just about midnight, I find myself jolting through the flaring streets of a great town, and know that I am in Tiflis at last.

PRAYER ON BOARD A BLACK SEA STEAMER.



FISHERMEN ON THE SHORE OF THE BLACK SEA.

FAR out at sea, along both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts of Florida, are several springs of fresh water. They are well known to the spongers and fishermen, who frequently visit them to replenish their water-casks. On this same coast is an oil spring, which diffuses a calm over troubled waters, and affords a refuge to small vessels during a gale.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.—"TIGHTENING HER GRASP UPON THE SAPLING, WITH HER RIGHT HAND SHE REACHED OUT OVER THE YELLOW, CALDRON-LIKE FLOOD, AND, GRASPING HIS SLEEVE, TRIED TO DRAW HIM TOWARD HER."

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

Chapter I.

Three sitting in the bay-window of the little side room opening from the grand *salon* of the Hotel Jungfrau—one, a young girl, with agate eyes and firm, though sweet and most kissable, mouth; the other two, her elder sister, Miss Edith Grosvenor, and Mr. Augustus Cholmondeley Grant, a youth with but an indifferently successful mustache, but of most edifying income.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Miss Edith, unfolding her fan and glancing carelessly through the window up at the moonlit slopes of the Jungfrau towering above the hotel.

"Yes—that is, I suppose it is; but I don't think, you know, that it should—ah—should occupy *all* one's attention—that is, you know, Miss Lucy seems to—to——"

And here he broke down, and sat staring through his eyeglass at the girl by the window, while he twisted the wisp of tow-colored hair upon his upper lip in a vain attempt to find the proper word.

"Oh, you know Lucy always worships such things! But we poor society people can't keep ourselves up to the proper pitch of devotion to nature. You should have

seen her yesterday during our climb—in perfect ecstasy! And that reminds me, Mr. Grant, how much we missed you. We thought you were to be one of the party," said Miss Edith, in her sweetest tone, as she smiled, at the one beside her, whose face brightened quite perceptibly.

"Ah, you don't tell me so? Then you missed me, Miss Edith? and you, too, Miss Lucy? 'Pon my soul! —ah—yes, I should really have gone if I had known that, though I—ah—really confess to positively hating such fatiguing expeditions."

"To tell the truth, Mr. Grant," said Lucy, turning her agate eyes upon him for the first time since his appearance in the bay-window, "I had forgotten that you were expected to be one of us. Everything was so grand, and solemn, and beautiful about us."

"Yes; and how fortunate it was, my dear Lucy, that you had such a guide as Antoine! You would not have enjoyed yourself half so much—would you?—if he had not been with us to point out all the lovely views and things?" said Miss Edith, her face glowing with truly beautiful sisterly affection.

"I think we were fortunate in having Antoine as our guide. He has a strong arm and sure foot, and certainly a most unusual appreciation of all the beauties around us," calmly replied her sister, as she once more looked up at the Jungfrau.

Mr. Grant's glass fell from his eye, and when he had secured and restored it to its place, he rose with some precipitation and begged the honor of the next waltz with Miss Edith, who sailed away on his arm in a glow of triumph at the complete success of her little scheme.

"And she thought that I might prove a dangerous rival, and so took all that trouble to draw me into a trap and let him see that I was not ashamed to confess that I liked Antoine," murmured Lucy, gazing for a moment after the vanished couple, then through the open window at the mountain, whose pine-clad sides showed a deeper bluish-green, its snow-covered head a more silvery whiteness, as the moon rose higher above it.

"As if I *would* be ashamed of it! Rather than marry a creature whose undivided time and attention is required to get his cravat in the proper tie and his hair parted correctly, I would marry a cartman or a guide a hundred times over—— And why not a guide? 'A man's a man for a' that'!"

With which paradoxical quotation this extremely unwise and unpolitic young person ended her soliloquy, and relapsed into silence and her mountain-worship.

Five minutes later, when her aunt, Mrs. Featherstone, had suddenly descended upon her and borne her back into the *salon* (for it *was* a shame the way she was neglecting every opportunity to find an eligible *parti*), a stalwart figure in short jacket and knickerbockers might have been seen to rise from a seat on the veranda outside the window, where he had been hidden from view by a closed blind, and softly steal away, an expression upon his face like unto that generally supposed to be worn by a bridegroom on the happy day.

Chapter II.

It might have been an hour, or it might have been three, after Lucy had at last fallen asleep that night, when she was awakened by a crash which shook the hotel to its foundations.

She started up in bed and stared about her in bewilderment.

Had part of the house fallen, or was it an avalanche?

As she listened, the sound of wind and rain dashing against the windows told her that a violent storm was raging, and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by another terrific crash of thunder, solved the mystery of the cause of her awakening.

Then, as a lull came in the storm, she heard a rushing sound, as if they were on the banks of some large river or near some waterfall.

What could it be?—not the rain, certainly.

Rising, she threw a shawl around her shoulders and went to the window.

All was black outside, while the rain and the wind again dashed against the panes with terrible fury.

As she was about to retreat to bed again, half fearful that the sashes would be blown in, another flash lit up the air, and for an instant she saw all without as clearly as if by day.

A broad, foaming, whirling mass of water was rushing past the chateau, covering the little garden and lawn which had lain between the hotel and the stream.

Several men were standing on the narrow strip left bare by the rising flood, as if watching its mad course, but one of them was gazing up at her window.

She started back with a low exclamation, and stole back to her bed, her face and throat burning with a sudden flush.

These men outside knew that there was danger, and were watching—he, Antoine, was there too, in the storm and looking——

But just here her aunt and her sister burst into the room, both in a paroxysm of terror, and Lucy had no time the remainder of that night for aught but soothing and encouraging the two terrified women who declared their profound belief that they would all be killed by morning.

When at last the dull, gray day did break, it revealed a state of affairs which was in truth rather unpleasant.

The little stream, scarcely fifteen feet wide the day before, was now whirling past the hotel, covering the entire space between the Jungfrau and the terrace on which the chateau was built.

The road down the valley was under ten feet of water, and they were cut off from all communication with the ultramontane world.

Behind the chateau rose a precipitous cliff eighty feet high, which not even a chamois could have scaled.

But then the road up the valley to the village of Schaffhausen, higher up, was still open, as Monsieur Alphonse, the proprietor, begged to remind his frightened guests, and it would be impossible for the flood to cover it, since it was cut fully twenty feet above the flood, out of the solid rock along the face of the cliff, beginning a short distance above the hotel.

If necessary, Monsieur Alphonse went on to state, with many smiles and bows—if necessary, the chateau could be abandoned, and all the ladies carried up in the carts and on the mules to Schaffhausen, where doubtless comfortable quarters could be found until the flood subsided, which he was confident was already beginning.

This acted like oil upon troubled water, and the ladies, after breakfast, once more devoted themselves to their various feminine occupations of reading, embroidering, or music, while the gentlemen assembled in the billiard-room, and, under the influence of French carom, cigars, and brandy and soda, passed the time in perfect contentment.

All but Major Grimmerly, a retired East Indian officer, who had greeted Monsieur Alphonse's assurances with a snort of unbelief, and had forthwith arrayed himself in an india-rubber suit, and armed with a yard-stick and an

umbrella, stationed himself in the furious rain on the top of the terrace.

Here he remained for an hour, oblivious to the elements, every five minutes thrusting his stick into the water, and then making note of the result in a large memorandum-book.

At the end of the hour he solemnly replaced the book in his pocket, and marched around to the main *salon*, in which most of the ladies were assembled.

"Ladies, I'm sorry to disturb you. Egad! I am—but it's my duty! That infernal rascal of an Alphonse has been lying to you—yes, lying, I repeat it! He says the flood is going down. False! During the last hour it has risen two feet eight and one-quarter inches, and is now within three inches of the last terrace! Within half an hour it will be dashing against the foundations; in an hour the Chateau de Jungfrau will have ceased to exist—yes, ladies, I repeat it, ceased to exist."

Having cast this bombshell into their midst, he marched out again, leaving a puddle of water on the carpet, and a perfect panic among the ladies, the result of which, together with the major's energetic effort, was that within half an hour all the guests of the hotel were assembled on the veranda fronting the road, where stood some thirty or more mules and half as many carts.

The flood had indeed risen rapidly. Already a shallow stream of water was beginning to flow around the house across the road. And Monsieur Alphonse, much against his will, had been forced to yield to popular opinion, guided by Major Grimmerly, and had made these hasty preparations for flight.

Together, near the steps, stood Mrs. Featherstone, with her two nieces and Mr. Augustus Cholmondeley Grant, who, by the gift of two sovereigns to the driver of a certain cart, had reason to believe that he would be saved the trouble of walking seven miles in the rain to Schaffhausen, as the rest of the gentlemen had volunteered to do so as to make room for all the ladies to ride.

"Why don't they—ah—start? I'll wet my feet in getting into that cart, if they—ah—wait much longer!" lamented he, *sotto voce*, to Miss Edith, who reassured him with a tender smile.

Since the night before he had scarcely deigned to cast a glance at Lucy, who, however, seemed unconscious of the fact that she had for ever lost $50,000 per year, and Mr. A. C. Grant thrown in as husband.

She was looking intently at a little group of guides and drivers gathered round two others, who were engaged in animated conversation, apparently oblivious to the wind or rain.

The two were Monsieur Alphonse and Antoine, the guides.

"Hang it, sir, why don't you let the ladies get in and start, sir? This is an outrage—egad, sir, unheard of—and shall be reported to the British Consul!" roared Major Grimmerly, suddenly losing patience at the delay.

At that moment the discussion in the road ceased, as Antoine left the group and started up the road with long strides, which rapidly carried him up to where it began to run along the cliff.

"A leetle patience, Monsieur le Major. Zat excellent young man he insist to go ahead so as to see ze road to be clear of dangaire," explained the landlord to the irate Grimmerly, who replied furiously that he didn't believe a word of it, and that it was only another ruse to keep them there to be drowned like rats in a trap.

Lucy's face grew a little paler at Monsieur Alphonse's explanation.

Danger! What danger lurked ahead on the cliff road, and why had *he* volunteered to go ahead and brave it? It was just like him. But here a roar from the major made her start and gaze at him in astonishment.

He had leaped upon the balustrade of the veranda, and was frantically flourishing his cane in the air, as he shouted:

"Hang me! if I wasn't wrong. Look out there, young man, look *out!* Egad! he'll be smashed to a jelly!"

Lucy's eyes swiftly turned to the stalwart figure of the guide, who had by this time gained the beginning of the way cut in the cliff, and was nearly to the turn in it which would hide him from their sight.

Above, on the mountain-side, was a mass of earth and stone, descending with frightful rapidity directly toward the bend.

It was a landslip, started by the recent heavy rain. On it came with momentarily increased bulk and speed, down—down upon the cut road and the unconscious guide!

This, perhaps, was one of the dangers he had gone ahead to find—and he had found it!

The rushing of the water, as it poured through the narrow channel between the two mountains to the little flat below, overwhelmed the sound of the shouts which now rose from the entire male population of the chateau, led by the major's stentorian bass, and he walked swiftly on, not looking once around, toward the bend in the road.

It was too late for any one to reach him, and he could not hear their warning.

For an instant all things grew dim and indistinct to Lucy—the day seemed turned to dusk, and she leaned against the pillar to keep from falling.

But the deathly faintness passed the next moment, and she looked again.

The first few pebbles which had shot ahead of the main mass of the landslip were falling before him on the road. He stopped, and gazed upward for a moment; then, evidently realizing what was coming, turned and sprang backward down the road.

At the same instant the avalanche reached the edge of the perpendicular wall cut in the cliff, so as to make the road, and began pouring down upon it and the stream.

But he had apparently started back just in time, for it fell behind him. On he kept toward the chateau, with the deadly rain of earth and stone behind, almost about him.

Was he safe?

"Egad, he's all right! A plucky fellow; and I'll head a subscription for a testimonial with the——"

But just then the major stopped with a groan, which was echoed by all around.

A round stone, not larger than an egg, which had descended more to the right than the main landslip, flew down—down directly upon the head of the flying Antoine.

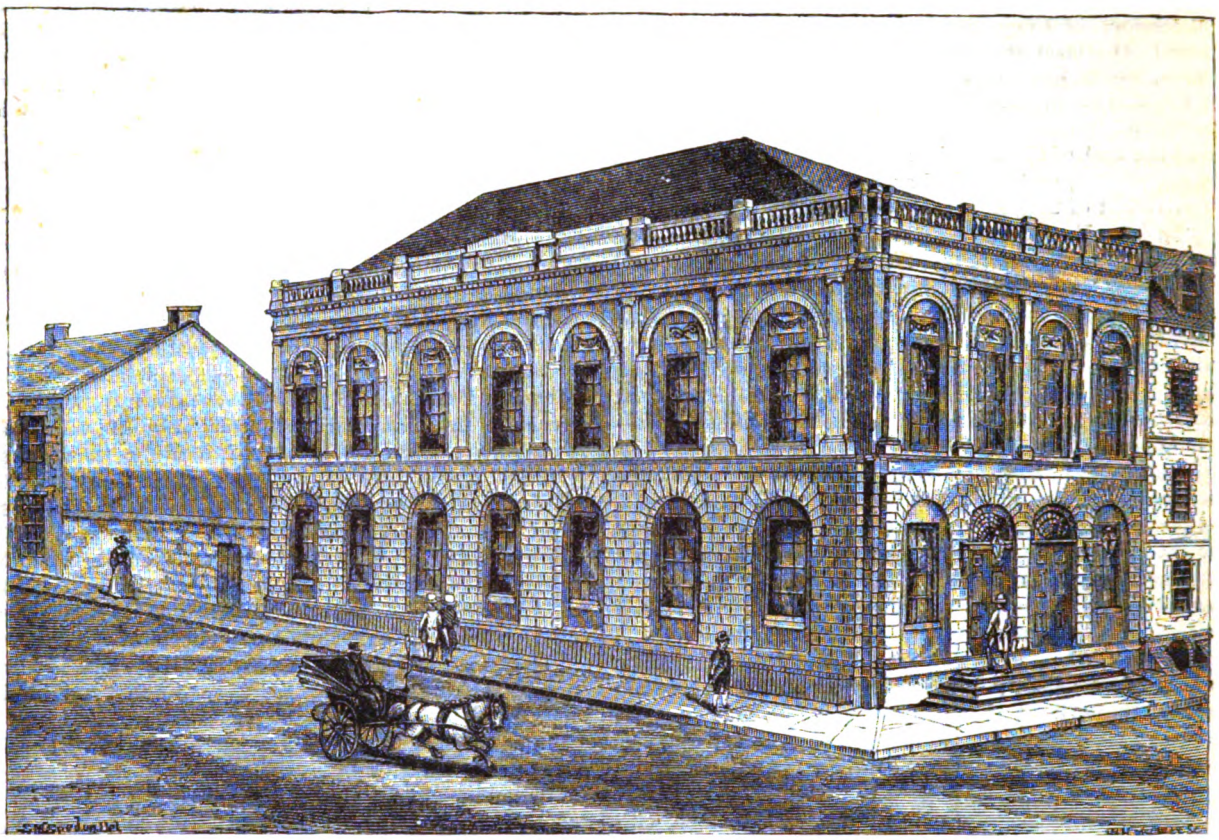
He staggered, stood for a moment on the brink of the stream, swaying to and fro, and then fell down into the foaming, rushing water, twenty feet below.

As he did so a lithe form sprang down the steps of the chateau—past the mules, carts and drivers—up the road.

There was a little point of land jutting out into the stream just where the ascent from the flat to the cutway began.

This was gained by Miss Lucy Grosvenor—for it was she—before the engulfed Antoine appeared on the surface.

Would he never come up? she thought, as she leaned over the flood, grasping a small sapling to steady herself.



THE BANK OF NEW YORK, 1798.

Yes, there was his head not twenty feet above her, being whirled down toward her with frightful speed.

Could she reach him?

She leaned further out, the young tree bending with her weight.

On he came, but sinking rapidly, evidently unconscious from the wound.

In another moment his almost disappearing head had reached her. One arm was thrown feebly up.

Tightening her grasp upon the sapling, with her left hand she reached out over the yellow, caldron-like flood, and grasping his sleeve with her right, she tried to draw him toward her.

But the force of the current was too strong. Her arms were being almost torn frnm their sockets.

She could not hold him a moment longer; but at least she knew which hand would lose its hold, and it would not be the one which grasped his arm.

She could at least die with him, she thought, as all things grew dark, and the roaring of the stream seemed to beat against her ears like the crash of a thousand cannon.

Then everything was a blank.

* * * * * *

"Shocking—entirely shocking—how these American girls do behave!" cried Mrs. Grimmerly, the next day about noon, as Miss Lucy appeared upon the veranda, one arm half-supporting the form of Antoine, the guide, whose pale face shone with even more happiness than had illumined it the night before outside the bow-window.

The two were talking together in a low tone, apparently quite unconscious that any one else was within ten miles of them.

"Shocking, Mrs. Grimmerly! Where is the young woman's aunt? She should be at once informed. And with a guide—a common *guide!*" chorused the attendant British matrons and damsels gathered around the major's wife.

At that moment Mrs. Featherstone, followed by Miss Edith, leaning on the arm of Mr. Augustus Cholmondeley Grant, appeared from the main hall upon the veranda, just behind the two beside the pillar.

At sight of them, all three stopped and stared in mute amazement.

But this would doubtless not have endured long, as the two lovers would have found to their cost, had not a sound just then smote the ears of all upon the veranda, like music from heaven.

At the moment when, the day before, Antoine had started forth on the expedition up the road, the flood had reached the highest point, as was observed when the excitement died away consequent upon his rescue by Lucy, whom Monsieur Alphonse had reached just in time to save from being dragged into the stream by the weight of the unconscious guide.

She had retained her hold upon his sleeve until he, too, was dragged upon the bank, and then, with a convulsive sob, had thrown herself upon his breast, where she lay in a swoon as near to death as his own.

However, that could be excused, Mrs. Grimmerly and her chorus had allowed, when discussing the affair; but that now, when she was in her right mind, to behave in such a way with him—Antoine, a *guide!*

Surely, she ought to be confined to a convent until she was brought to her senses!

Probably her aunt and her sister thought something the same, and would have expressed themselves in an-

other moment most vigorously, and much to the pain and discomfort of Lucy, had it not been for the aforesaid sound—the blast of a horn—as the diligence from down the valley dashed around a turn in the road.

In another moment it drew up before the door.

The flood had evidently subsided below, and communication with the outside world was once more established.

Only one passenger alighted, a young man in a gray tweed traveling-suit. He hurried up the steps, looking curiously at the group above, until his eyes happened to rest upon the face of Antoine.

He stopped, stared upward for a moment, and then mounting the steps two at a time, reached him and grasped his hand.

"By George! Monteith, old fellow, you here? I heard something about your masquerading somewhere in these parts as a guide for a month, on a bet with Sinclair, but I didn't think you were here. Is your time nearly up, or have you won the bet already?"

"The month ended this morning, Gerald, and I have won not only the bet, but—allow me to present to you my betrothed wife, the future Lady Monteith."

And, with the major flourishing his cane in the air; his wife and the chorus of British matrons and maidens unanimously agreeing they had *always* thought Sir Monteith a most unusually fine young man and a delightful guide; Mrs. Featherstone and Miss Edith with faces suddenly cleared of the ominous cloud upon them—in fact, wreathed in smiles—and Lucy's flushing crimson as she gazes up at her lover in mute surprise and reproach, we will let the curtain drop, for we all know what happened two months afterward.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AN OLD BANK.

By Henry W. Domett.

A hundred years ago last June the Bank of New York opened its doors for the first time to the public. The history of its career, giving the particulars of its financial progress, and the difficulties which have attended it, has lately been written for private circulation. But the institution, in the early years of its existence, was so closely connected with an important period of the city's history, and so many persons of social or political prominence had at that time, in one way or another, relations with it, that some glimpses of them, and some account of the beginnings of banking in the State of New York, may attract the general reader.

A little more than a year before the close of the Revolutionary War, the Bank of North America in Philadelphia, the first bank established in the United States, had been organized through the influence and exertions of Robert Morris, then Superintendent of Finance. The success of the institution, and the facilities it extended to the mercantile community, suggested a similar enterprise in the City of New York. A project for a land bank was first set on foot, but did not prove successful. A different basis for a banking institution was believed to be necessary, and on the 23d of February, 1784, a notice appeared in the New York *Packet* newspaper, calling for some action.

THE BANK OF NEW YORK, 1885.

As a result of this call, two meetings of the principal merchants and citizens were held at the Coffee-house, at which arrangements were made for receiving subscriptions to the capital stock. This was fixed at $500,000, divided into 1,000 shares of $500 each. On the 15th of March, one-half the stock having been taken, an election of officers was held. General Alexander McDougall was chosen President, and William Seton, Cashier. Alexander Hamilton was one of the twelve Directors.

Hamilton was then twenty-seven years old, and had a few months before commenced the practice of law in New York. He was already interested in a similar project for a bank on a specie basis, when he was invited to become a stockholder and director of the Bank of New York. In a letter written at the time to J. B. Church, he says that he was at first a little embarrassed how to act, but concluded to fall in with the proposition, and combine the interests of the different parties concerned.

Hamilton wrote the constitution which was adopted at

the meeting of subscribers to the bank, and, until his public duties claimed his time and attention, he took an active part in its affairs. But he was not, as has often been stated, the original projector of the enterprise.

The principal officers of the bank were perhaps selected, not only on account of their fitness for the positions they were to fill, but because they represented two different elements in the community at that time: the active patriots, and the conservative citizens who had remained in the city during the British occupation, chiefly concerned in retaining their property, and in profiting by the changes that might take place.

General Alexander McDougall was born in Scotland, in 1731, and came, with his father, to New York when a boy. In his younger days he turned his hand to what best would give him a living. His first occupation was assisting his father, who was a milkman; then he followed the seas, and became master of a small coasting sloop. In 1758 he commanded a privateer, called the *Tiger*, and doubtless found that calling a congenial one to his adventurous disposition. Relinquishing a seafaring life, he settled in New York. He was successful in business and took an active part in politics, warmly espousing the cause of his adopted country. A man of strong will, vigorous and fearless in the expression of his opinions on political subjects, he exerted a considerable influence in the community. In 1765 he was one of the most prominent of the Sons of Liberty, an organization which extended from Massachusetts to South Carolina, with New York as its central point. A handbill addressed "To the *Betrayed* Inhabitants of the City and Colony of *New York*," and signed, "A Son of Liberty," which was circulated, was considered libelous by the Government, and through the confession of the printer, McDougall was known to be its author. He was arrested, refused to give bail, and was sent to jail.

The case of McDougall bore some resemblance to that of John Wilkes, who, about that time, was famous on the other side of the Atlantic as the great apostle of Liberty, and the New York patriot evidently had no objection to sharing the distinction of being made a martyr. He seems to have had, in some respects, a pleasant time of it. His visitors were so numerous, that he was obliged to publish a card limiting his reception-hours to the afternoon from three to six. Lieutenant-governor Colden wrote concerning him to the Earl of Hillsborough: "He is a person of some fortune, and could easily have found the bail required of him; but he chose to go to jail, and lies there, imitating Wilkes in everthing he can."

The Number of the *North Briton* newspaper which Wilkes had made so obnoxious to the Government was 45. McDougall's friends used this number as a watchword, and emphasized it in various ways. They gathered at the jail in great numbers, and upon being asked who they were, cried, "We are 45!" At another time they assembled at Hampden Hall, and drank 45 toasts, among which were, "The Liberty of the Press," "John Wilkes," and "Captain Alexander McDougall." Proceeding to the jail, they gave 45 cheers for the imprisoned martyr, then marched to the Liberty Pole, and it is said, quietly dispersed, notwithstanding the number of their potations.

McDougall was indicted by the Grand Jury for having published a libel against the Government, and when arraigned before the Assembly was defended by George Clinton. But he did not succeed in gaining his liberty until the Assembly was prorogued some months later. On the Sunday afternoon when the news of the battle of Lexington reached New York, and threw the town into a fever of excitement, McDougall was at the head of the party that seized the arms belonging to the Corporation. Later on, he was placed in command of the first regiment raised in the State of New York. He was commissioned as Brigadier-general in August, 1780, and superintended the embarkation of the Americans in their retreat after the battle of Long Island. He also succeeded General Putnam in command of the Highlands, and was in charge of West Point after Arnold's treachery. In 1777 he was made Major-general, and after peace was declared, he was elected to the State Senate. When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed he was chosen as its president. His patriotism and his public services had made him very popular.

John Adams, when he passed through New York on his way to Philadelphia, called on McDougall, and wrote in his journal that he "was talkative, and appeared to have a thorough knowledge of politics; lived handsomely and had a charming wife and children."

William Seton, the cashier of the bank, was also a Scotchman by birth. He came to America at an early age, and in his twenty-third year was admitted to membership in the Chamber of Commerce, and became a partner in the firm of Seton, Maitland & Co. During the trouble which preceded the war his sympathies were with the royal side, and he remained in the city when the British troops took possession in the Fall of 1776. He was especially fitted for the office of cashier of the bank by his sterling business talent, his diligent, precise and methodical habits, and by an amiability and courtesy which made him very popular.

But banking was a new business in New York, and some of the officers had little knowledge of its details. The newly elected cashier was therefore dispatched to Philadelphia, with a letter of introduction from Hamilton to one of the directors of the Bank of North America, to gain the desired information. He found the officers of the institution at their wits' ends in consequence of a run upon it, and was obliged to wait some time for the excitement to subside. When confidence was restored he was enabled to profit by their experience, as well as to acquaint himself with the daily routine of business.

The Bank of New York was first located at No. 67 St. George's Square (afterward called Franklin Square, in honor of Benjamin Franklin), and also known as No. 156 Queen Street (afterward Pearl Street). The building was the old Walton House, an edifice of historic interest, and until within a few years one of the relics of old New York. It was built by the famous "Boss" Walton, who was a noted character in the old Knickerbocker days, and who died in 1768. Captain William Walton, his father, was a ship-owner and a merchant of high reputation in colonial times. In return for certain services rendered the Spanish Government, the elder Walton obtained the exclusive privilege of trading at the port of St. Augustine, in Florida, and also a monopoly of the commerce with the West India islands.

During the reign of George I. he purchased a large tract of land in New York, extending from the present Franklin Square to the river, and including what is now known as Peck Slip. When he died he left his great wealth to his two sons—Jacob, the elder, and William—who had a talent for mercantile pursuits, and who greatly extended the business which he inherited from his father. Jacob married the daughter of Dr. Gerardus Beekman; and William chose for his spouse Cornelia, the daughter of James Beekman; so that the elder brother married the niece, and the younger brother, the aunt. William Walton lived in Hanover Square in great style. His

house was the centre of the fashionable society of New York, and the British officers stationed in the city found it an agreeable place of resort.

Toward the middle of the century, William Walton decided to build for himself a grand house on the estate, which reached from Pearl Street, opposite what is now the establishment of Messrs. Harper Brothers, to the river. The site was far out of town, and Madame Walton did not fancy the project. But the house was built, the grounds laid out with handsome gardens and orchards, and, when all was finished, the mansion was thought to be palatial in its design and interior adornments. It was built of yellow Holland brick, with brownstone lintels and massive walls. The width was fifty feet, and above its three stories, dormer-windows jutted out from a high sloping roof, which was surmounted by a balustrade.

The curious visitor who gazed with wonder at the exterior of the stately building saw above the portal two angels in carved oak, bearing a shield with the arms of of the Lancashire Waltons. Above two griffins' heads was a knight's helmet, with the crest—a savage man, proper, who, as he had a spiked club on his shoulder, was often mistaken for Hercules. The doors were of oak, finely carved, and the broad hall was paved with colored marbles and wainscoted with oak. On either side were the spacious rooms, in which the mantelpieces of carved oak reached to the ceiling. The library was paneled with rare woods from Spanish America. From the great hall a superb staircase led to the upper stories. The balustrade was of the choicest mahogany, and the stairway was wainscoted with curious woods.

In this elegant mansion William Walton the second lived for some twenty years, and the fame of the banquets he gave reached even across the Atlantic. He died in 1768, and his nephew, the third William Walton, succeeded him as occupant of the mansion. The town was fast growing in that direction, and Queen Street had become one of the principal business streets. During the occupation of New York by the British, the house was occupied by William Walton, but its glory had in a measure departed; and when the Bank of New York was organized, the great room on the east side of the hall was given over to the money-changers, and the bank took possession.

New York at that time was in a state of rapid transformation. Only about three months earlier the British troops, under Sir Guy Carleton, had marched for the last time through the streets, and had given up the possession of the city which they had held for more than seven years. What with the departure of the loyalists, numbering, it is estimated, some twelve thousand, the return of the exiles, who had so long found it prudent to be absent from their homes, and the influx of newcomers, who wished to seek their fortune in New York, the population had considerably changed in its character. It then numbered about twenty thousand. New York was therefore at that time the second city in size in the country—Philadelphia, the first, having 40,000 inhabitants; Boston, 16,000; Baltimore, 15,000; and Charleston, 10,000.

The limits of the settled part of the city extended only to Reade Street. The streets were mostly narrow and crooked. Even Water and Queen (now Pearl) Streets, which were the chief business streets, were poorly paved, with indifferent sidewalks—in some parts with none. Vacant lots were numerous, and the ruins of the great fires, which had raged during the British occupation, were still to be seen. Queen Street began at Wall, and extended to Chatham Street—ending there, within a short distance of the fresh-water pond, known as "The Collect," which covered the site on which the Tombs Prison is built. The region now called the "Swamp," lying between Beekman and Frankfort Streets, was then literally a swamp, being a low, boggy waste of land, covered with bushes and straggling trees. Broad Street, which extended from the Exchange, near the water-side to the City Hall, at the corner of Wall Street, was the main avenue of the city. Wall Street was one of the widest streets; some of the buildings in it were large and elegant. The upper part was occupied by fashionable residences; the lower was mostly given up to stores and offices. At the corner of Wall and Broad Streets stood the City Hall. It was built upon broad open arches, through which the pathway lay from street to street. Nearly opposite was the dwelling of Alexander Hamilton, upon part of the present site of the Mechanics' Bank. Great Dock Street, or that part of Pearl Street between Whitehall and Coenties Slip, had long been the court end of the town; but Wall Street had grown to be its rival as the seat of fashion. Here dwelt the Verplancks, the Ludlows, the Marstons, the Winthrops, the Buchanans, and other well-known families. William Street was the principal street for the retailing of drygoods; but the business part of the city was chiefly along the East River, where the shipping lay.

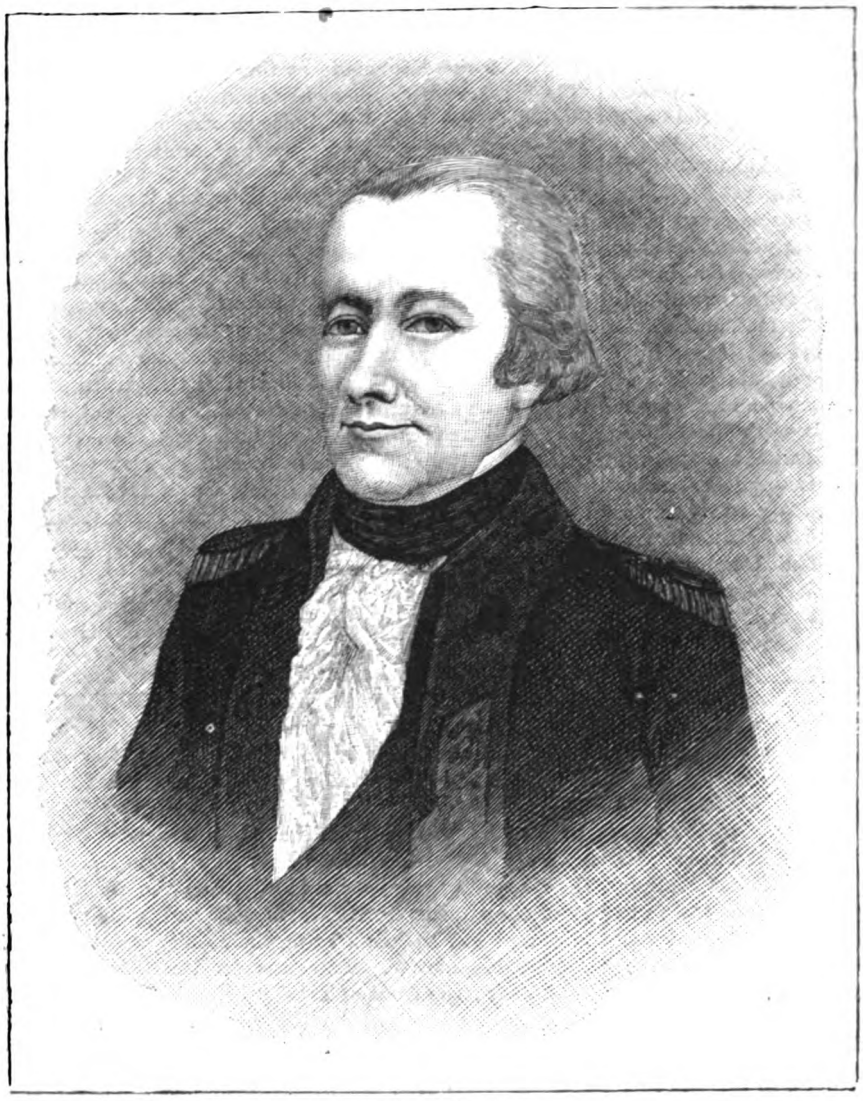
At the foot of Maiden Lane was the ferry to Brooklyn, then a pleasant agricultural town of three or four hamlets or neighborhoods, and with some 4,000 inhabitants. Broadway was fast growing in favor as a place of residence, and a desirable locality for the better class of shops. There was the fashionable promenade where the beaux and belles of the period displayed their newest raiment. An eyewitness has given us a pleasant account of the scene. He used to watch certain rich young fellows make their appearance about midday, from the principal barber's shop, near Cortlandt Street, and with powdered hair, and hat in hand, begin their daily stroll along the fashionable lounge. This was on the western side of Broadway; the front of Trinity Church, known as "The Mall," and so named by the British officers, being the chief point of attraction.

In 1786 the shops which might attract the promenaders had so increased along Broadway, that between the Bowling Green and Cortlandt Street there were to be found, according to the Directory of that year, tailors and hatters, and shoemakers and hairdressers, and saddlers and goldsmiths and jewelers; besides a breeches-maker, a linen-draper, and a doctor.

Broadway then commanded a charming prospect of the Hudson and the country beyond, and of the town itself; and from the rear of the houses toward the river, gardens were laid out on the slope which ended on a sandy beach. Beyond St. Paul's Chapel, according to Watson, were public-houses, market-gardens, fields, orchards and swamps.

In 1785, when William Bayard wished to sell his farm of 150 acres on the west side of Broadway, near the settled part of the city, he laid it out in lots of 25 by 100 feet, and offered them at auction. Twenty-five dollars was the best bid, and but few could be sold at that price; and a few years later the fortunate purchasers were glad to sell them at $100 each.

Traveling in those days was slow and expensive. In 1785 the first stages ran regularly between New York and Albany. Two years later, the Boston stage set out twice a week from Hall's Tavern, in Cortlandt Street, and reached Boston in six days. The fare was four cents a mile. When Josiah Quincy took this journey in 1795, he found the stage-coaches old and shaky, the harness mostly



ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL.

of rope, and he was obliged to get out of the stage occasionally to help lift it from the ruts. In 1787 two stages set out for Philadelphia at four o'clock every afternoon, stopping over night in Newark, and reaching Philadelphia the next day.

This was the New York to which the facilities and advantages of a bank were given for the first time in 1784. The conditions under which the officers of the new institution began to discharge their duties were, in some respects, trying. The specie, which formed the chief circulating medium, was a curious medley of foreign coinage. Spanish doubloons, Spanish double and single pistoles, Portuguese moidores, Portuguese Johannes and half-Johannes pieces, French and English guineas and half-guineas, German Carolines and Venetian chequins, were the gold coins. The silver coins were Spanish dollars, and the halves, quarters, eighths and sixteenths thereof; English half-crowns, shillings and sixpences; French crowns and half-crowns, and Spanish pistareens. Many of the gold coins in circulation had been subjected to the clipping or the sweating process—a practice which as far back as 1770 the Chamber of Commerce had stigmatized as "evil and scandalous." That body had also passed a resolution agreeing not to take the light coins except at a discount. The matter was an important one for the bank, and Hamilton endeavored to devise some method of receiving and paying out gold other than by weighing it in quantities, but without success. The paper currency of New Jersey and Pennsylvania which circulated to some extent in New York, and which had been largely counterfeited, gave a great deal of trouble to the merchants. It was not received on deposit at the bank. But the routine of receiving and paying out the promiscuous coinage was attended with a good deal of annoyance, as a premium was given on all coins above a certain standard, and a discount made on all below it. The duties of a teller were more complicated than at the present day. Instead of entering the deposit in a pass-book, the teller, after calculating the exact value of the specie, wrote a receipt for the amount.

The peculiarity of the fractional part of a dollar in the check drawn by Aaron Burr, a fac-simile of which is given on page 666, will be noticed. Until the adoption of the system of decimal currency by Congress, and for some time after, the fractional part of a dollar was different in different States. In New York and North Carolina, 96 coppers or pennies made a dollar; in the four Eastern States, 108; and in the Middle States, 90. In Virginia, coppers never had been in use. Some checks were made payable in paper. This was in consequence of an issue of paper money by the State in 1786, amounting to £200,000, New York currency. In the following year the directors of the bank added a new source of misery to the teller's occupation by deciding to open accounts and make payments in this currency, distinct from those in specie, or the bills of the bank. The new currency had already been skillfully counterfeited.

It is difficult to realize at the present day, with the simplicity of our currency, the complications and embarrassments which were for a long period occasioned by the various currencies of the different States. The pound, which was divided into twenty shillings, was 1,547 grains of fine silver in Georgia; 1,289 grains in Virginia, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire; 1,031¼ grains in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; 966¾ grains in North Carolina and New York. Happily, these difficulties no longer exist to perplex the merchant and the traveler.

When Alexander Hamilton was invited to become a director in the Bank of New York, he wrote to J. B. Church, then in Europe, that his intention was to have the plan on which it was founded provide that the large

stockholders should control the direction of the institution. "Unluckily for this purpose," he says, "I entered rather late into the measure; proposals had been agreed upon in which, among other things, it was settled that no stockholder, to whatever amount, should have more than seven votes, which was the number to which a holder of ten shares was entitled. At an after meeting of some of the most influential characters I engaged them so far to depart from this ground as to allow a vote for every five shares above ten. The stockholders have since thought proper to appoint me one of their directors. I shall hold it till Wadsworth and you come out, and if you choose to become parties to the bank, I shall make a vacancy for one of you."

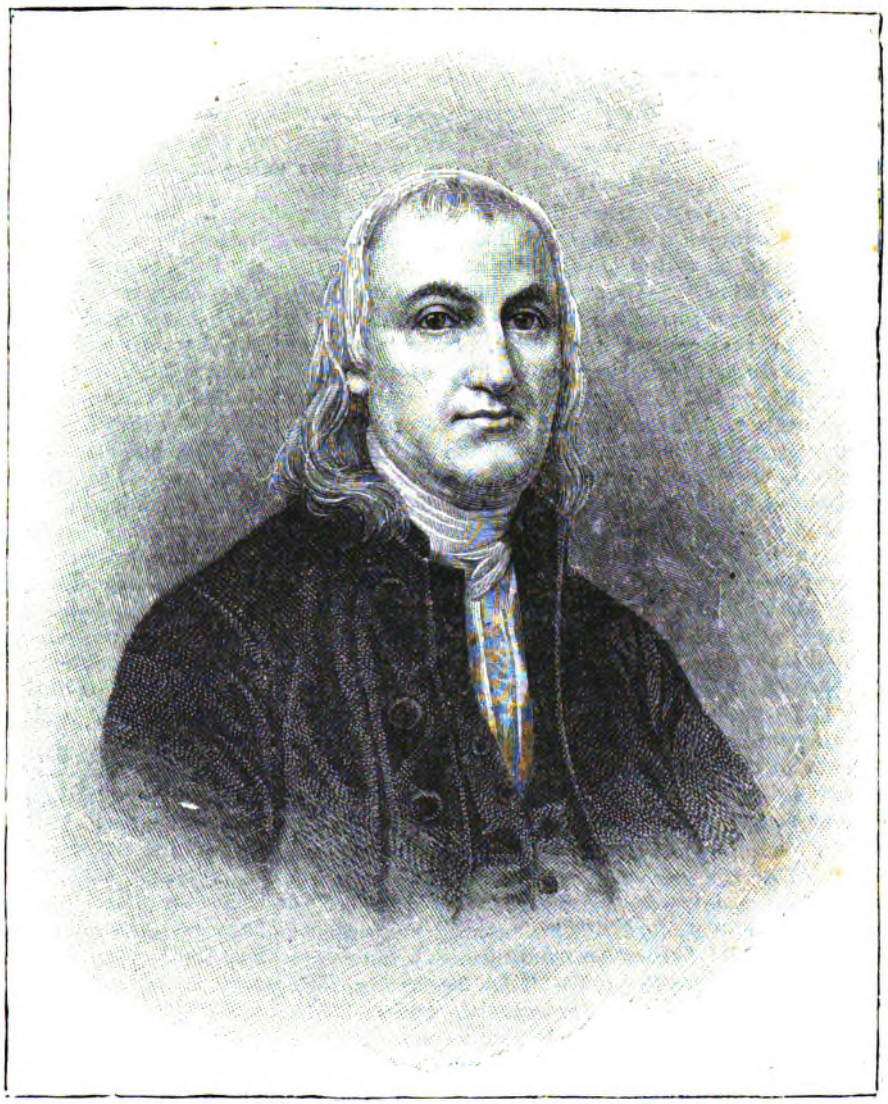
Church and Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, of Hartford, Conn., who are referred to by Hamilton, were partners in business. Hamilton and Church had married sisters—the beautiful daughters of General Schuyler, of Albany. During the following year Hamilton so far carried out his plans that at the annual election in May, 1785, Colonel Wadsworth was elected President of the bank, while Hamilton continued to serve as a Director. It is a striking illustration of Hamilton's influence at that time that he was able to bring a stranger from another State to fill the office of President of the Bank of New York.

Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth was a noted man in his day. He was a native of Hartford, Conn., and a collateral descendant of Captain Joseph Wadsworth, of Charter Oak fame, being a great-grandson of his brother John. William and James Wadsworth, the original settlers in Genesee County, and the founders of the family that has since become so well-known in that region, were his second cousins, and went to Genesee at his suggestion, to sell his lands there. Like his predecessor in office, General McDougall, he followed the seas in early life, and became master of a vessel trading to the West Indies. In 1776 he was appointed Commissary-general for the State, and in 1778 was made Commissary-general of Purchases for the United States. But he could not endure the conflicting orders and long delays which hampered and perplexed him, and in failing health he resigned his office in January, 1780. Upon the arrival of Rochambeau during the following July, Colonel Wadsworth was appointed Commissary for the French troops, and filled the position with great credit until the close of the war.

Returning to Hartford, he became interested in manufacturing, and with the co-operation of Oliver Wolcott, Oliver Ellsworth and others, he built on his own premises the first woolen mill in the United States. The suit of clothes worn by Washington when he was first inaugurated was of cloth made at this mill. He was remarkable for the varied business talents which he possessed; and of all the men of his time, he was one of the best acquainted with the resources of the country, and the best means of utilizing them.

Colonel Wadsworth had a wide legislative experience. He was for three years a Delegate to the Continental Congress, and was a member of the Convention which ratified the Constitution. He was also a member of Congress during Washington's first administration and half of his second; then declining further election. While in the Commissary Department he became acquainted with Robert Morris, and interested in the establishment of banking in the United States. When the Bank of North America, in Philadelphia, was organized, in 1781, he was the largest subscriber to its stock, holding 104 of its 1,000 shares. He was an intimate friend and correspondent of Hamilton, and that eminent statesman received his hearty support in his plans for the financial and other material interests of the country.

Wadsworth's appointment as Commissary-general of Purchases was coincident with that of General Greene as

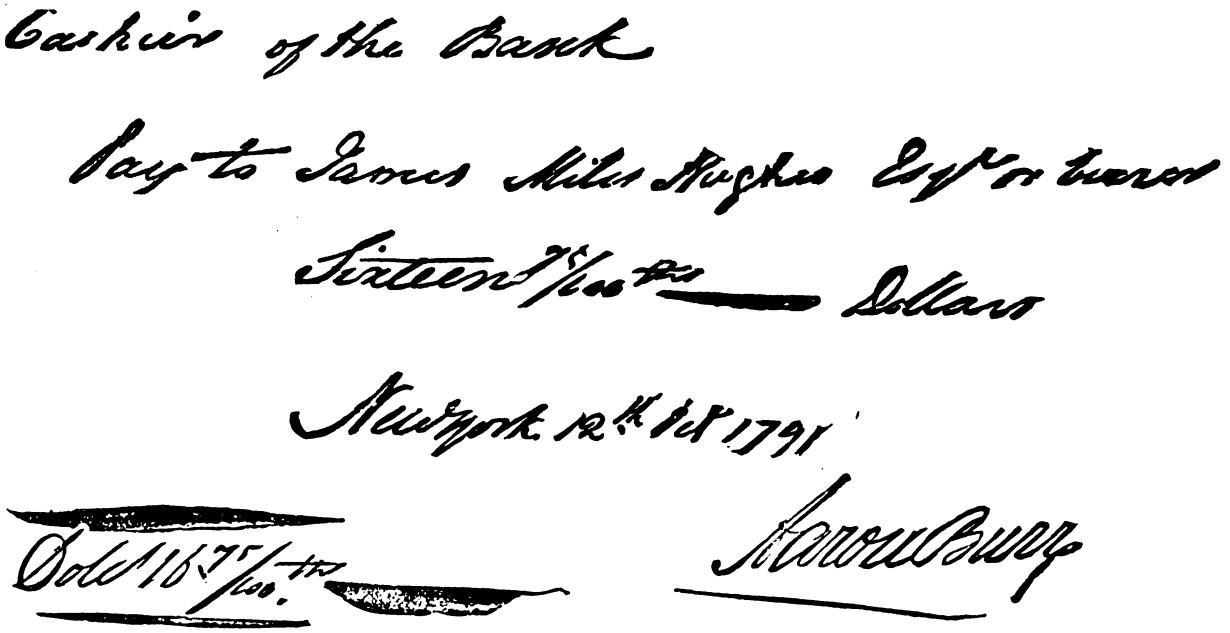


ISAAC ROOSEVELT.

Quartermaster-general. Greene soon found that his office did not bring him into the path of fame, and asked, "Who ever heard of a Quartermaster-general in history?" He resigned, and was appointed to the command of the Southern Department, where his victories soon gave him a fame almost equaling that of Washington. Wadsworth's successor was Colonel Ephraim Blaine, who had been one of his deputies, and whose great-grandson was last year the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Colonel Wadsworth died in April, 1804, his death preceding that of Hamilton about three months.

The business of the city as well as of the State rapidly improved for two years after the war. In 1786 there was a check to the general prosperity. Importations of foreign goods had been large, and a drain of specie followed which proved to be embarrassing. The opponents of the bank took advantage of this state of affairs to charge the institution with having produced it. They accused the directors of working in the interest of British capitalists and merchants, and of refusing discounts that they personally might profit by the distress thus created. The bank, it was said, might be charged with being the means of destroying private credit, as well as that confidence, forbearance and compassion formerly shown by creditors to their debtors. An emission of paper money by the State, it was believed by many, was the sovereign remedy for the financial distress which the Bank of New York had helped to create. One gloomy writer in the New York *Gazette*, after drawing a discouraging picture of the state of affairs, predicted something even worse. "This," he said, "I dare foretell, that unless the next Assembly act in even more spirit than Pennsylvania has done in issuing paper money, the evil will not be remedied, but become greater. For, should it be left to a body of money-monopolizers, united and acting under no laws or charter, partially for their own emolument and not that of the public, to remedy the evil (remedy, did I say? I may better say be the cause of it), by issuing their notes, which are no legal tender but in the bank, and circulate mostly in the city, while by that means quantities of gold and silver remain encircled in darkness and inclosed in iron, the consequences may at length prove fatal to liberty and the Constitution of this State."

In spite of the opposition to the bank, its business increased, and it made semi-annual dividends of three per cent. to its stockholders. In 1786, Isaac Roosevelt was elected President. Like the first President of the bank, Mr. Roosevelt had been a sturdy patriot, and, during the British occupation, had been an exile from the city. In 1775 he was a member of the Committee of One Hundred, chosen to take control of the Government. His business was that of a sugar-refiner, and before the war he carried it on in Wall Street. When the Bank of New York occupied the old Walton House, his refinery was just opposite, at No. 159 Queen Street. He had resumed business in partnership with his son. His character and public services were such as to command a high degree of public confidence, and he was elected to various stations of honor. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention which met at Kingston in 1777, and of the Convention which assembled at Poughkeepsie to deliberate on forming the Constitution of the United States, and after peace was declared he served as State Senator. He was President of the New York Hospital from 1790 to 1794, and took an ardent interest in its welfare.


Cashier of the Bank
Pay to James Miles Hughes Esqr or bearer
Sixteen 75/100 Dollars
New York 12th Feb 1791
Dolls 16 75/100
Aaron Burr

FAC-SIMILE OF CHECK DRAWN BY AARON BURR.

In 1791 the bank succeeded, after several unsuccessful efforts in preceding years, and in spite of an active opposition, in obtaining a charter from the Legislature, the capital to be $900,000. With the following Spring came a financial panic which caused great distress, and gave the friends as well as the opponents of the bank an opportunity of discussing its usefulness. For nearly a year there had been a mania for speculation in the principal cities. United States bank scrip had ranged from 110 to 195, and several failures had been the result.

By March, 1792, the financial stringency had so increased as to amount to a panic, and the Secretary of the Treasury (Alexander Hamilton), who had already authorized the Cashier of the Bank of New York to buy Government bonds in small lots as a prudential measure, came again to the rescue. On the 25th of March he wrote to Mr. Seton, authorizing him to purchase United States stocks at par to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. The Cashier's reply implies that the Evening Stock Exchange, which had its existence during the Civil War,

was not without its prototype in New York. "We have no public sales of stocks now in the evenings," he says, "therefore I cannot go into the market till to-morrow, and although the sum is small, yet be assured it will be a relief." But the relief was only temporary. The trouble increased, and the Secretary wrote again to Mr. Seton on the 4th of April, authorizing him to increase the purchases of stock to a total amount of $150,000.

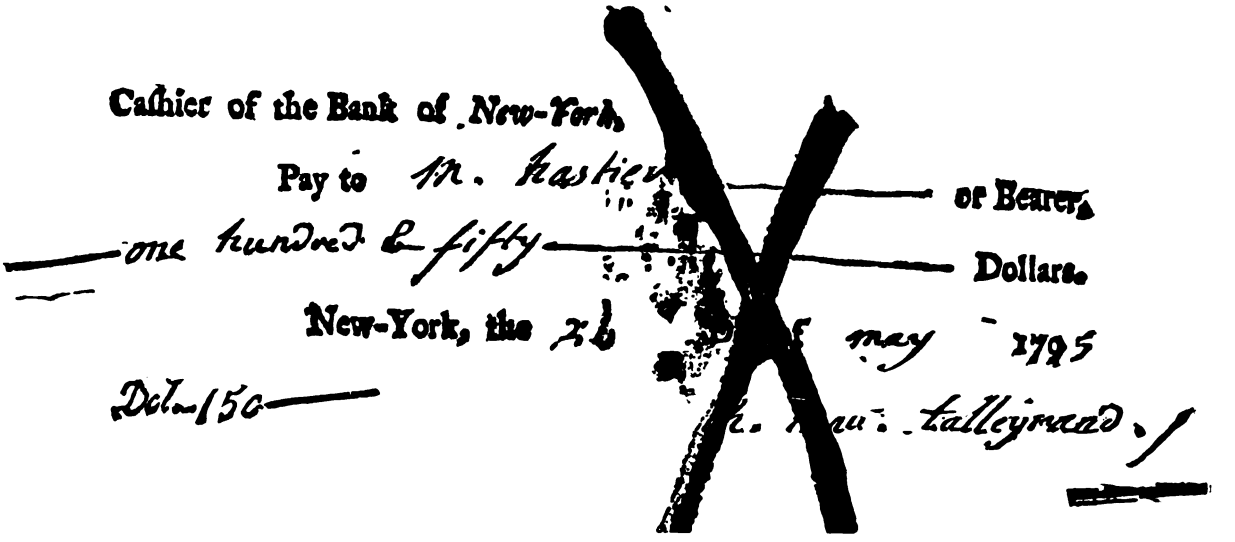
Mr. Seton's reply shows the effect of this welcome aid: "I received your letter by the express on Friday morning. At noon I went into the market, but the applications were so numerous, and so vastly beyond my expectations, I found it necessary to declare I could take but very small sums from each. However, notwithstanding this, every one pressed forward, and were so eager, that I could only take down names upon a declaration that I would average the whole. This I did that no one might be left without some relief, so that the investment of $100,000 goes to upward of eighty persons."

The Bank of New York had by this time grown to be one of the prominent institutions of the city, and visitors from abroad were doubtless made acquainted with its claims to attention. M. Brissot de Warville, who visited this country in 1788, and, on his return to France, published an account of his travels, was one of these: "The Bank of New York," he says, in his description of the city, "enjoys an excellent reputation throughout the country. Its affairs are conducted with great ability. Its Cashier or Manager is Mr. William Seton, to whom M. de Crèvecœur had sent me a letter of introduction; and it gives one a good idea of his integrity to learn that he was chosen for this important position notwithstanding his well-known devotion to the British cause. This bank receives and pays out, without charge, the money of merchants and others who choose to open an account with it."

Another distinguished Frenchman, M. Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord, a fac-simile of whose check is here given, had a good opinion of the bank. Talleyrand had taken refuge in England during the French Revolution, but soon found it necessary to leave that country. He accordingly sailed for New York, in February, 1794, in company with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt and M. Beaumetz, a member of the Constitutional Assembly. He remained in this country until after the fall of Robespierre, when he was recalled to France by a decree of the Convention, in September, 1795. He is said to have embarked in some profitable commercial speculations during his sojourn here, and to have freighted a ship for India, in which he was on the point of sailing, when the news reached him that he could safely return to his native country. His distinguished birth and connections, as well as the high-bred courtesy and witty, agreeable conversation which he could display when he was so disposed, made him a welcome guest. But his American acquaintances did not all find him so attractive. The late Gulian C. Verplanck, writing in 1828, says: "Talleyrand and I used to meet at the houses of Alexander Hamilton and Noah Webster, with his club-foot and his passionless, immovable countenance, sarcastic and malicious, even in his intercourse with children. He was disposed to amuse himself with gallantry, too; but who does not know, or, rather, who did ever know, Talleyrand?"

Gouverneur Morris, meeting him in Paris, had found him "sly, cool, cunning, ambitious and malicious." He was a frequent visitor at Aaron Burr's. With Alexander Hamilton, Talleyrand was on terms of intimate friendship. They had much in common as regards the direction in which their financial and educational investigations had lain, and they were naturally drawn toward each other. Many years later, Talleyrand told George Ticknor that he had known nearly all the marked men of his time, but he had never known one, on the whole, equal to Hamilton. The Cashier of the Bank of New York evidently made a favorable impression upon Talleyrand, for, writing to Hamilton from Paris, in the Winter of 1796, the arch-diplomatist sends his "best compliments to Mr. Seton."

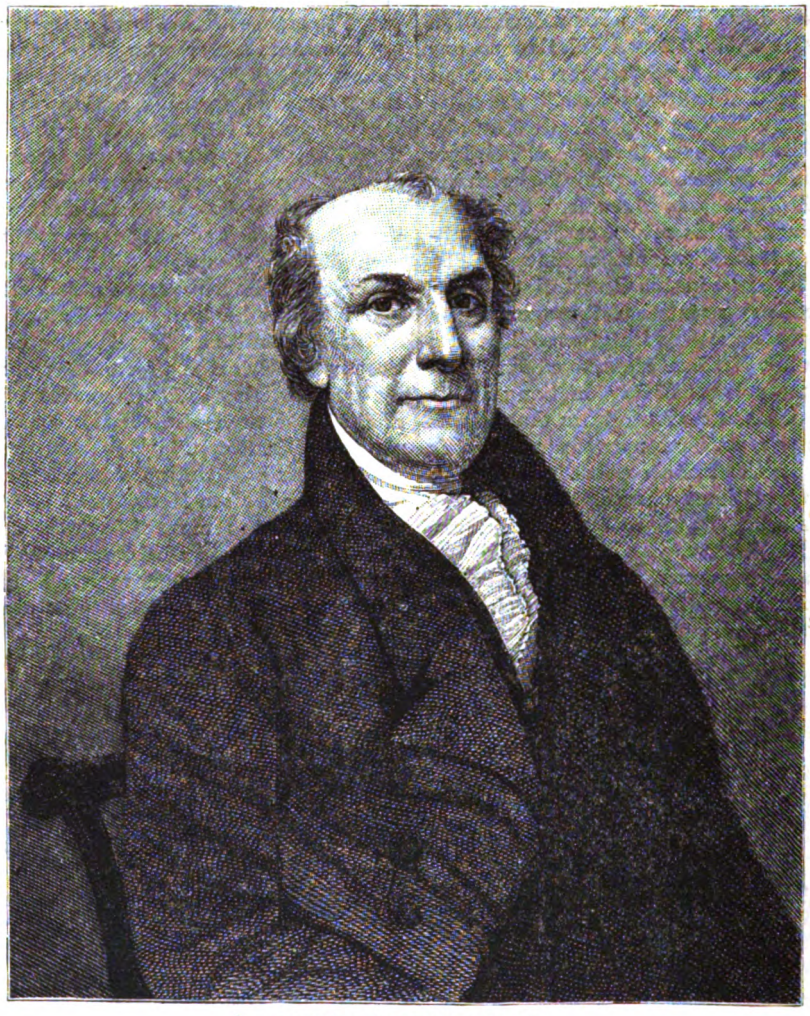
The bank had continued to occupy a part of the lower story of the Walton House until 1787, when the Directors thought best to remove it from the decaying splendors of the old mansion to a habitation of its own. The building No. 11 Hanover Square was bought for £5,000, New York currency, and adapted to its use, and Mr. Seton, the Cashier, occupied the upper stories as a dwelling. It stood on the site of the present Cotton Exchange. In 1796 the business had so increased that another change of location was desirable, and the house and lot on the corner of Wall and William Streets were bought of Mr. William Constable for £11,000, New York currency. Governor Tryon is said to have lived in the house after his residence was burned, and it was subsequently occupied


Cashier of the Bank of New-York,
Pay to Mr. Hastie
or Bearer,
one hundred & fifty
Dollars.
New-York, the 2d
may 1795
Dol. 150
Ch. Maur. Talleyrand

FAC-SIMILE OF CHECK DRAWN BY TALLEYRAND.

by Mr. Constable. During the next year the building was torn down, and the corner-stone of a new banking-house was laid by Gulian Verplanck, President of the Bank, and George Dowlett, the architect, in presence of a large assemblage of citizens.

On the 23d of April, 1798, the bank took possession of its new banking-house on the site which it has occupied to the present time. The clock which was then set up, and which kept time in the bank for more than sixty years, is now in the museum of the New York Historical Society. The new building was thought to be one of the ornaments of the city. Wall Street then presented a very different appearance from that which now meets the visitor's eye. But the city had greatly improved in appearance, and the indications of general prosperity had doubtless increased in proportion. Ten years earlier, M. Brissot de Warville had found its streets comparatively gay. "If there is a town on the American Continent," he wrote, after his visit in 1788, "in which luxury is displayed, it is New York. Here you will find all the English fashions, and in the dress of the women you will see the gayest silks and gauzes and hats."



GENERAL MATTHEW CLARKSON.

The Duke de Liancourt, who published an account of his travels on his return to France, spent a part of the Summer of 1797 in New York. He found that the city had been built up and beautified with wonderful rapidity since the war. The new part of the city, near the Hudson, he thought very handsome; Broadway, perhaps, as fine a street as could be found in any city; and the Battery, the most delightful public walk he had ever seen.

Talleyrand, his fellow-passenger, had probably made him acquainted with Mr. Seton, for the duke is careful to say that "the Bank of New York merits and enjoys public confidence."

The bank occupied its building in Wall Street for sixty years. Captain Frederic Phillips owned the house which is shown in the view on page 660. It was afterward occupied as a coffee-house, and William Niblo in early life was employed as a man-of-all-work there. When the War of 1812 broke out, Captain Phillips rented the building to Mr. Niblo, and until 1830 it was known as Niblo's Coffee-house. It was a famous place from the beginning for good dinners. In 1858 the present bank building was erected, according to plans of Mr. Calvert Vaux, two stories being added to it in 1879.

The yellow fever which raged in New York during the Summer of 1798, and which proved fatal to more than 2,000 persons, rendered it necessary that some provision should be made for removal in case of its appearance during another year. A plot of ground in Greenwich village was accordingly purchased, and a suitable building was erected upon it. The property comprised sixteen city lots, fronting on Bank, Factory (afterward Waverly Place), and Hammond Streets. The precaution of the Directors proved a wise one. During the Summer of 1799 the ravages of the fever caused great alarm. The bank was removed to the building at Greenwich in September, and business was carried on there until late in November. Many of the merchants made a similar change of locality, but a messenger was sent twice a week to the Tontine Tavern and the City Tavern for the letters directed to the Cashier.

Gulian Verplanck, who was President of the Bank of New York from 1791 until his death, in 1799, came from the true Knickerbocker stock. On his father's side he was a descendant of Abraham Verplanck, who came from Holland in 1640. Through his mother he had the blood of the French Huguenots in his veins. He was but nine months old when his father died, in 1752, and his brother Samuel, his senior by twelve years, showed a constant and affectionate interest in his future welfare. He was graduated at King's (now Columbia) College, in the Close, with Bishop Moore and Gouverneur Morris, and went to Holland to gain a mercantile education. His uncle, Daniel Cromwellin, was then a member of the great banking and mercantile house of Daniel Cromwellin & Sons, of Amsterdam, and the young Verplanck profited by the advantages he enjoyed. On his return to New York he engaged in commerce, and became one of the leading

PEG WOFFINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH RICH.—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. SMALLFIELD.

"She found the eccentric father of pantomimes lolling upon a sofa, a play-book in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, while around him were seven-and-twenty cats of different sizes."—See Page 671.

merchants of the city, carrying on an extensive trade with Holland.

While in England his patriotic impulses had been such as to cause him to inscribe the following lines on a pane of glass at an inn:

> "Hail, happy Britain, Freedom's blest retreat,
> Great is thy power; thy wealth, thy glory, great:
> But wealth and power have no immortal day,
> For all things only ripen to decay;
> And when that time arises, the lot of all,
> When Britain's glory, wealth and power must fall,
> Then shall the sons for such is Heaven's decree,
> In other world's another Britain see—
> And what thou art, America shall be.
>
> (Signed) GULIAN VERPLANCK. 1775."

But Mr. Verplanck's patriotism was more apparent in his poetry than in his conduct. When the difficulties with Great Britain made it necessary for the citizens of New York to take one side or the other, he chose the more comfortable course, and remained in the city through the long period of the British occupation, a loyal adherent of the Crown. During the visit of the Duke of Clarence, then a young midshipman, afterward William IV., to New York, Gulian Verplanck was often his companion. He skated with him upon the Collect, and once rescued the future monarch from drowning when he fell through a hole in the ice. After peace was declared, and the exiles from New York returned to the city, Gulian Verplanck became more prominent and influential than ever before. He was an accomplished and fluent orator, and as early as 1788 he was a Representative in the Assembly of the State. He was afterward twice elected Speaker of that body at a time when the position was one of great dignity and influence. During the last two years of his life he was one of the Regents of the University of New York. Of the Tontine Coffee-house, founded in 1792, he was one of the original trustees, and a subscriber to two shares of the stock, and his interest in literature and the drama led him to take an active part in the New York Society Library and the old Park Theatre.

A genial and hospitable man, his pleasant home in Wall Street was often the scene of social festivity. The constant visitor might be sure of meeting there all that was cultivated and refined of the society of New York at that period. Mr. Verplanck's first house was on the south side of Wall Street, near Pearl Street. In 1796 he built a new house next to what was lately Jauncey Court, and adjoining the residence of Alexander Hamilton. This was torn down, about 1850, to give place to the building now occupied by the Mechanics' Bank. Gulian Verplanck's grandnephew, the late Gulian C. Verplanck, used to speak of the happy hours he had spent in that hospitable mansion, and of the many distinguished persons he had met there. When a very small boy, the future Shakespearean scholar was sometimes brought into the room at a dinner-party at his granduncle's, and placed upon the table to repeat for the entertainment of the company a speech from some play, upon which, in later years, he perhaps was to write a commentary.

Gulian Verplanck's death was sudden. During the prevalence of the yellow fever, in the Autumn of 1799, while the business of the bank was carried on at Greenwich, he had come from his country house there to spend the day at his house in Wall Street. While engaged in signing bank-notes he was stricken with apoplexy, and died immediately. A faithful old female servant was the only other person in the house, and in the subsequent confusion she secured all the valuables of the bank, so that not a dollar was missing.

General Matthew Clarkson was President of the Bank of New York for twenty-one years. He was elected in 1804. General Clarkson was the last of its officers who were identified with the military service of the country. He entered the Army at an early age, and served with great credit throughout the Revolutionary War. In private life he was distinguished for his devotion to enterprises of a charitable and benevolent character, and his later years were especially devoted to them. He died a few days after his resignation as President of the bank, in 1825.

When that faithful and efficient officer, William Seton, sent in his resignation as Cashier of the bank, after ten years' service, Charles Wilkes was chosen in his stead. In the Summer of 1784 the famous John Wilkes, writing from London to his daughter Polly, says: "My nephew, Charles Wilkes, has accepted the office to the Bank of the State of New York (*sic*) of Cashier, with a salary of 200*l.* a year, and he goes there the middle of August." John Wilkes was a little inaccurate in his statement. Mr. Seton, who was well acquainted with the Wilkes family, had obtained for Charles the position of Teller in the new bank. It was a fortunate appointment for the interests of the institution, for in after years he managed its affairs with rare ability. And, as it proved, the Bank of New York was, in a large measure, to owe its success, during the first half-century of its existence, to the efficiency of William Seton and Charles Wilkes.

In those days the Cashier was the real manager of the bank, the President having less to do than is now the case, and Mr. Wilkes, like his predecessor, had unusual qualifications for the office. John Wilkes, who, although not a model in some respects, was a man of remarkably fascinating address, used to say of himself, that, in a social way, in spite of his squint, he was only "half an hour behind any man in England." Even Dr. Johnson, who at first hated him, declared that "his name had been sounded from pole to pole as the phenix of convivial felicity." John Wilkes's nephew had, besides more solid qualities, what was, perhaps, the family gift of an unusually attractive personality. He won all hearts. Lord Cockburn, in his life of Francis Jeffrey, says that there never was a more lovable man than Charles Wilkes. He was as discreet and faithful and devoted in the discharge of the duties of his office as he was genial and winning in his intercourse with those who were brought in contact with him. The Directors of the bank evidently realized his worth. Its dull records during his forty-eight years of service are brightened with acknowledgments of his ability and integrity, and unwearied devotion to its interests, and with expressions of entire confidence in him.

In the Spring of 1802 Mr. Wilkes stated to the Directors that urgent family business required his presence in England, and asked leave of absence in order to make the journey. A vacation of six months was granted him. John Wilkes's only daughter, Mary, the "Polly" to whom he had once written of the young man's appointment, had died, leaving a fortune to this cousin in America, whom she had never seen. He went to England, received the legacy, and with rare magnanimity divided it with his brother, the father of the late Commodore Wilkes, giving to the recipient of the gift what in those days was a handsome competency.

A few years later there was a little romance in the Wilkes family, which resulted in making many a distinguished visitor from across the ocean acquainted with the Bank of New York and its principal officer. About the close of 1810 Miss Charlotte Wilkes, Mr. Wilkes's eldest daughter, while traveling in Europe with her sister

and her brother-in-law, made a visit of some weeks in Edinburgh, and met for the first time the brilliant and accomplished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Francis Jeffrey, afterward Lord Jeffrey. The acquaintance had ripened into a permanent attachment when the young lady returned to America. Jeffrey had been a widower for more than five years, and as time went on he found that he must cross the ocean and claim another wife. In the Spring of 1813 he resolved to do so. But to carry out this resolve required what would be a signal triumph of love. Jeffrey had a peculiar horror of the sea, and added to the discomforts of an ocean voyage was the war then existing between the two countries. Yet love prevailed. After much trouble and delay he overcame all obstacles, and set sail in a cartel, "the ship full of visitors, and a monstrous music of cheering mariners, squeaking pigs and crying children." After forty days of misery he was set ashore, and made his way to Mr. Wilkes's house, in Greenwich Street, where he was doubtless well repaid for his long suffering.

Jeffrey remained in the United States until the following January. In November, after his marriage, he visited Washington, dined with President Madison, and obtained the favor of a cartel for his return to England. In February he reached Edinburgh with his American wife. His published correspondence, covering a long series of years, shows the constant and intimate relations which he maintained with Mr. Wilkes, for whom he had formed a strong attachment, and his friends who crossed the Atlantic bore letters of introduction to the genial officer of the Bank of New York.

Mr. Wilkes was elected President of the Bank after the death of General Clarkson, in 1825, but resigned the office in 1832, on account of continued ill-health. He had been connected with the bank for forty-eight years, and the Directors, in a letter to him, expressed their "high sense of his long-continued services in behalf of the institution, distinguished as they have been for zealous fidelity, sound discretion and unblemished integrity."

Aaron Burr kept an account with the Bank of New York from its beginning, in 1784, until 1799, when an event occurred which created great excitement among the Directors of the institution. The time had gone by when, as in the early years of the bank, political prejudices were not considered in the choice of officers. The lion and the lamb no longer laid down together in the Directors' room. Not only was the bank controlled entirely by the Federalists, but the Republicans complained that partiality was shown in the matter of loans, and that a Republican depositor found little favor on discount day. But the Federalists had a majority in the Legislature, and as the Bank of New York exercised an important influence upon the elections, no charter would be granted to a rival institution. In this state of affairs, Aaron Burr prepared a petition, which was presented to the Legislature, in the Spring of 1799, asking for a charter of a company, with a capital of $2,000,000, for the purpose of introducing pure water into the City of New York. As the entire capital might not be required, a clause in the Bill provided that the surplus capital might be "employed in the purchase of public or other stocks, or in any other moneyed transactions or operations not inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the State of New York." In this ingenious phraseology the secret purpose of the petitioners was concealed.

The alarm caused by the yellow fever during the previous Summer made the passage of the Bill an easy matter. Toward the end of the session the Bill incorporating the Manhattan Company was accordingly passed, members of both parties voting for it without a suspicion that, in its provisions, there was artfully hidden a grant of banking privileges. But the real purpose of the scheme was soon made known. Notice was given that the banking operations of the Manhattan Company would commence in September with a capital of $500,000. The discovery of the trick created great excitement and indignation. A special meeting of the Directors of the Bank of New York was immediately called, and, considering the fierceness of the party feeling at that time, and the sudden and unexpected creation of a rival institution, it is probable that the meeting was an excited one. A resolution was passed that notes issued by the Manhattan Company would not be received by the Bank of New York. In the following Spring, however, the resolution was rescinded. The Bank of New York no longer remained the only institution of its kind in the city; but its officers soon found that there was room, not only for itself and the Manhattan Company, but for many competitors.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

By H. Barton Baker.

The ladies of his theatre were the plagues of Garrick's life. Woffington and Cibber were the torments of his earlier years; Younge, Abington, and Yates, of his later.

> "Three thousand wives kill'd Orpheus in a rage,
> Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage,"

wrote an anonymous rhymester. While another thus ridiculed their affectations:

> "'I have no nerves,' says Y——g, 'I cannot act.'
> 'I've lost my limbs,' cries A——n, 'tis fact.'
> Y——s screams, 'I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore,'
> Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more."

First let us take a glance at charming Peggy. "Forgive her one female error," says a biographer, "and it might fairly be said of her that she was adorned with every virtue; honor, truth, benevolence, charity were her distinguishing qualities." Such might have been written of many another actress upon whom untempted prudery, who can boast no other virtue, looks down with scorn. "Truth, honor, benevolence, charity"—surely they ought to weigh something against the one female fault. Poor Margaret must indeed have been a veritable angel—or a petrifaction, if she had been one of the unscathed ones. Her origin was of the meanest. She was born in Dublin in 1718; her father, a poor bricklayer, died when she was only a few years old; her mother took in washing as the only means of supporting her two little girls. "I have met with more than one in Dublin," says Lee Lewes in his Memoirs, "who assured me that they remembered the lovely Peggy, with a little dish upon her hand, and without shoes to cover her delicate feet, crying through College Green, and Dame Street, and other parts of that end of the town: 'All this fine young salad for a halfpenny; all for a halfpenny here!' The little creature's frequent visits to the College in the way of her profession, her early wit, and the sweet features she was blessed with, recommended her to the notice of many generous young students of the University, who were even then, when she was scarcely nine years old, lavish in their praises of her wit and beauty."

Later on, Peggy assisted her mother at the washtub, and used to fetch the water from the Liffey. Dirt, however, could not disfigure her dark, brilliant eyes, her

exquisitely penciled eyebrows, the nobility and expressiveness of which was one of the distinguishing traits of her face; or her finely chiseled aquiline nose, although it doubtless obscured the beauty of her complexion; nor could rags mar the singular grace of her figure. There were others who marked these attractions besides the college students, among them one Madame Violante, well known at the time as a rope-dancer, who had a booth in George's Lane, now Great George Street, and who stopped her one day as she was going along with her pail upon her head, and asked her how she would like to learn to dance and wear fine dresses. Peggy's answer need not be recorded; Madame accompanied her home, and there and then prevailed upon the mother to let her take the child as an apprentice. So Peggy left salad-crying and water-bearing, and went away to the booth, where she learned to dance and speak French admirably.

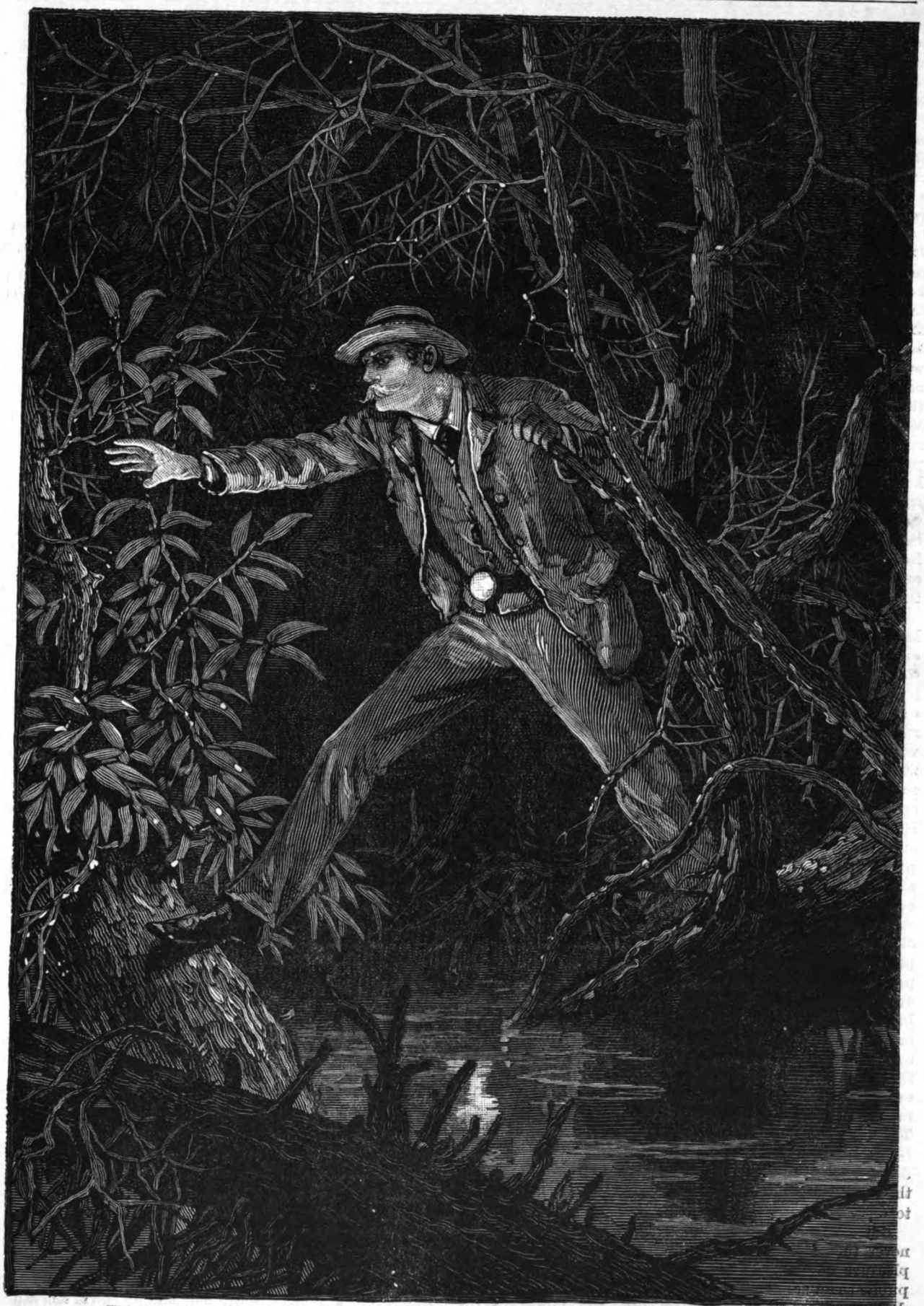
By-and-by Madame Violante added acting to the attractions of her establishment, and trained a company of children to play "The Beggar's Opera." Woffington was the *Polly*, and, although only twelve years of age, acted and sang so charmingly, that she became not only the bright, particular star of the troupe, drawing crowds to the humble booth, but the talk of Dublin. Her next part was *Nell*, in "The Devil to Pay," in which her success was even greater.

Some persons of consequence, who had seen her act, by-and-by prevailed upon Elrington, the Manager of the Theatre Royal, to engage this youthful prodigy, and at thirteen she appeared as *Polly Peachem* upon the legitimate boards, with a success as great as she had achieved beneath the rope-dancer's canvas. What a change! Who could have recognized the little ragged salad-girl in the beautiful, elegantly dressed, bewitching actress, who was already turning all the male heads in Dublin? There she remained, playing the round both of tragic and comic characters, the *Jane Shores*, *Monimias*, *Sylvias*, *Estifanias*, *Lady Townleys*, with ever-increasing popularity, until she was twenty-two. Then, desirous of triumphs in a yet more brilliant arena, she came to London, and sought an interview with Rich, the Covent Garden manager. Nineteen times did she call, and the answer was, "Engaged." On the twentieth, it occurred to her for the first time to send up her name, and she was immediately admitted.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

She found the eccentric father of pantomimes lolling upon a sofa, a play-book in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, while around him were seven-and-twenty cats of different sizes, from the kitten who could just lap, to the grave and toothless Tom, the father of countless generations. Some were playing, some sat staring at him, one was eating toast out of his mouth, another was licking the milk out of his saucer, one was perched upon his shoulder, another upon his arm, a third upon his knee, a fourth upon his head. Woffington's fame had long since traveled across the Channel, and Rich at once engaged her at nine pounds a week.

She made her appearance at Covent Garden in the October of 1740, as *Sylvia* in "The Recruiting Officer," and a little later in that part with which her name is inextricably associated, *Sir Harry Wildair*, in Farquhar's "Constant Couple." In this she took the town by storm. The author had said that the part died with Wilks; it was a pity he did not live to see its glorious resurrection in Woffington. Such fire, such dash, such devilry, some



THE HUT BY THE WATEREE.—"DEEPER AND DEEPER HE PLUNGED INTO THOSE SEPULCHRAL SOLITUDES."
SEE PAGE 675.

people could not believe it was a woman. One young lady believing her to be really a man, fell in love with her, and sent her a proposal of marriage. Night after night all London rushed to applaud and to worship the famous actress

It was at this time that Garrick was dangling about the side scenes of the patent theatres, dying to act, and eagerly seeking the acquaintance of every actor and actress of celebrity. Enraptured with lovely Peggy, he was quickly added to the list of her adorers. He did not plead in vain. In the first year of his engagement at Drury Lane, he and Woffington kept house together in Bow Street. But the lady was too lavish in her habits to please her careful lover. Such a venial fault, however, might have been pardoned, had there not been the graver one of infidelity behind. But all the rakes, wits and fine gentlemen of the town were besieging the weak fortress. At length, one morning, at breakfast, Garrick told her it would be better for both that they should part. "I have been wearing the shirt of Dejanira," he said. "Then throw it off at once," retorted the lady, in that shrill harsh voice which was her great defect. "From this moment I have done with you." She returned all his presents, and required him to make a like restitution. He, however, kept back a pair of diamond shoebuckles as a souvenir—his enemies insinuated on account of their value. It has been said that Garrick seriously entertained an idea of reforming this fair frailty and marrying her; indeed, that he had gone so far as to buy the ring and try it on. It was, perhaps, fortunate for both parties that the *amour* ended as it did.

She frequently visited Dublin in the London vacations. In 1751, in ten performances of four favorite parts, she drew £4,000. Connected with the theatre was a Beef Steak Club, which, like its English namesake, was composed of some of the most distinguished personages of the Irish capital. Ladies, of course, were not admitted; but the rule was broken in favor of the bewitching Peggy, who was unanimously elected President for the season. It may be safely averred that the Beef Steaks had never had so delightful a chairman—that such wit, and mirth, and sparkling retort had never circulated their table before. But it must not be supposed that it was only by rakes and fine gentlemen that her society was relished. The poor little Irish street-girl had cultivated her natural abilities by reading and accomplishments, and men the most eminent for learning, and of the gravest habits, sought her conversation, and were charmed by it. "Our old Actresses," unlike certain of their descendants of the present day, had something more to recommend them to popular favor than a shapely leg and a brazen face; these, even combined with the most pliant disposition, would have failed to secure the suffrages of the most abandoned men; and an actress, who, destitute of abilities and accomplishments, had dared to trust to lewdness alone for popularity, would have been hooted from the stage, even if she had escaped with so light a punishment. So much for our boasted advance in morality and refinement. The vices of our forefathers were the outcome of hot blood, high spirits, and exuberant energy; those of our day are born of dyspeptic senility and morbid cynicism, the warnings of a civilization which is fast hastening to decay.

But all the adulation by which she was surrounded never turned Margaret Woffington's head; her love of pleasure never made her forgetful of her duties to the public as an actress. She, unlike too many other spoiled darlings, never wantonly disappointed her audience, and would rise from a sick-bed to keep faith with them. Her good-nature was frequently made the victim of others' caprices; and when Quin and Barry, or Mrs. Cibber, took a fit of jealous sulks, and pleaded indisposition, Woffington was invariably called upon to come to the rescue of the manager in one of her popular parts. At length she grew tired of being make a stop-gap, and declared she would no longer respond to these sudden announcements; and she kept her word. One night Mrs. Cibber declined to act on the old plea; Woffington was announced, and refused to appear. The next night the audience greeted her with a shower of hisses. Darting lightning upon them from her magnificent eyes she retired, and was only after great persuasion induced to go on again. Calmly advancing to the front, but with a look of defiant scorn, she said that she was quite willing to perform her part, but "which is it to be—on or off? It is for you to decide; to me it is a matter of indifference." This bold speech had the desired effect. "On, on," was the reply, accompanied by a tremendous round of applause.

Woffington was a true artiste, who could on occasions sacrifice personal feelings to the general interests of the theatre. Although in possession of the first line of characters, she frequently appeared in inferior rôles (even to her rival, Mrs. Cibber) to strengthen the casts. She would play for the benefit of the humblest performer; and, remarks a contemporary, "She ever remained the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Peggy to all around her."

"Her chief merits in acting, I think," says Davies, in his "Life of Garrick," "consisted in her representation of females of high rank, and of dignified elegance, whose grace in deportment as well as foibles, she understood and played in a very pleasing manner." She only required a fine voice," remarks another, "to have excelled all the women in the world in amorous tragedy."

She paid a visit to Paris to study French acting, more especially that of Dumesnil, who held a position analogous to her own. The parts of high comedy, such as *Sylvia, Lady Townley, Lady Betty Modish, Sir Harry Wildair*, were her great successes; but she was also excellent as *Jane Shore, Hermione, Isabella, Monimia;* in tragedy, however, her bad voice was much against her. Her fine figure and dashing style, which so admirably fitted her for what are technically called "the breeches parts," once induced her to essay *Lothario*, in "The Fair Penitent," but the tragedy rake did not suit her so well as the comedy.

Her family shared in her prosperity, and old Mrs. Woffington was to be seen about Dublin in her velvet cloak, diamond ring, and with her agate snuff-box in her hand, expatiating upon her Peggy's greatness and goodness. Her younger sister, Polly, she had sent to France to be educated, and a very charming and accomplished young lady she grew up, little inferior to her famous sister; she captivated the nephew of Lord Cholmondeley, and he married her. My lord was terribly disgusted at first, but, upon being introduced to Margaret, he told that siren that *she* had reconciled him to the match. "My lord," she answered, coldly, and not at all dazzled by the compliment, "I have much more reason to be offended with it than you—for before, I had but one beggar to maintain; now, I have two."

The children of this pair married into the families of Townshend and Bellingham, who are thus, like so many other noble houses, connected by blood ties with a celebrated actress.

Her career was but a short one, and its end was a sad contrast to its early brilliancy. Before she was forty her

health began to fail; the final break-up was strangely dramatic. It must be described in the words of an eye-witness, Tate Wilkinson:

"Monday, May 17th, 1757. 'As You Like It' was acted at Covent Garden. I was standing at the wing as Mrs. Wofflngton in *Rosalind*, and Mrs. Vincent in *Celia*, were going on the stage in the first act. . . . . She went through *Rosalind* for four acts without my perceiving she was in the least disordered, but in the fifth she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, the which she graciously accepted. I thought she looked softened in her behavior and had less of the *hauteur*. When she came off, at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill; but she got accoutred and returned to finish the part. When in the epilogue she arrived at, 'If I were among you I would kiss as many as had beards that pleased me,' her voice broke, she faltered, endeavored to groan, but could not, then in a voice of tremor screamed 'Oh, God!—oh, God!' tottered to the stage-door speechless, where she was caught. The audience of course applauded until she was out of sight, and then sank into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome of the age, a favorite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death, in such a situation of time and place, and in her prime of life, being then about thirty-nine. She was given over that night, and for several days, yet so far recovered as to linger till the year 1760, but existed as a mere skeleton, 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'"

Looking upon her portrait for the first time is a surprise, it is so different to what our preconceived notions are likely to be. The beautiful face is pale, demure, placid, and even cold in expression; the hair is unpowdered and drawn behind the ears with a little cap, similar to that now worn by servant-maids, set on the back of the head.

THE HUT BY THE WATEREE.

A TALE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

By Walter F. Jackson.

There were no ladies on the southern-bound express that night, and most of the passengers were either reading or dozing in their seats. A few, with faces pressed against the mist-clouded glass of the windows, stared drearily outward into the darkness, through which, at intervals, the light of some cabin-fire redly gleamed. At all of his fellow-travelers, with their stupid, ill-natured faces, Claude Rothwell had long since tired of gazing. He had drawn his hat over his eyes, and was settling himself more comfortably for a short sleep, when the sudden hollow rumbling of the wheels beneath him caused him to lift his head and listen.

"The swamps of the Wateree," he said, to himself. "Dick must be trying to make up the time lost at Florence. He is slinging us over these trestles very recklessly."

He had scarcely uttered those words when a succession of short, sharp shrieks from the whistle rang through the wet October night. The rattle of chains and the grinding of break-shoes against the wheels instantly followed.

Several of the passengers bounded from their seats as if they had been galvanized.

"What's the matter?" asked one, throwing up a window and thrusting out his head. "Is that the way they blow down-brakes hereabouts?"

Others stared about them in uneasy silence. They felt the speed of the train momentarily slackening. Another window went up—another and another. At the same time a tall, graceful man passed up the length of the car, and laid his hand upon the door. It was Claude Rothwell. The door opened and closed with a bang. The young man had passed out, and was standing on the platform beside the brakeman.

"Danger ahead, Peter?" he said, to the handsome young mulatto, who was still wrenching fiercely at the wheel.

Rothwell was connected with the road, and all the employés were known to him.

The brakeman, panting with excitement, gave the wheel a last powerful jerk.

"Must be," he said. "Mr. Murray don't blow dat way for nothin', sir."

Rothwell nodded assentingly, and producing a small flat lantern from his pocket, stoped to light it from the wick of that belonging to the mulatto.

"Whey's you goin', sir?" the latter asked, seeing him arise and attach the lantern to his waist by a small chain.

"To the engine," Rothwell replied, as he stepped upon the platform of the second-class car and entered.

As he passed out through the upper door the train came to a standstill.

Luckily, it had stopped on a short stretch of earth, built up on a bed of cypress-knees and reeds. Rothwell sprang from the steps to the ground, and walked rapidly forward toward the engine.

On his left the straight gray trunks of the cypresses, rising from the silent black water in which they were growing, faintly shone in the white Autumn fog. Before him loomed the engine, a mass of mingled light and gloom. A dim gleam from the gage-lamp lit the cab, and streamed over the wood in the tender. The low hiss of steam, the bubble of water, and the crackle of flames in the fire-box, became audible as Rothwell drew nearer. At the front of the engine, their faces clearly revealed in the flood of yellow radiance pouring from the great headlight above, three men with lanterns were standing. They were the engineer, fireman and wood-passer.

Rothwell heard the swift footfalls of the conductor on the opposite side of the train. In a few moments the two joined the group near the pilot.

"What is it, Dick?" Rothwell asked, pausing beside the engineer.

The person addressed—the son of the master-mechanic of that road, and an old schoolmate of Rothwell's—pushed his cap back from his brow, upon which the perspiration stood in great beads.

"Look there," he said, waving his lantern toward the end of the embankment, scarcely a yard distant from the foot of the pilot.

Beyond, for half a car's-length, nothing was to be seen but a stretch of still black water and a few cypress-knees, ghastly-looking stumps in the glare of the headlight.

A section of the trestle had disappeared. The iron, and a portion of the wood with it, no doubt, had sunk; the rest of the wood had floated out of view.

Rothwell's eyes followed the engineer's movement. He could not repress a slight shudder.

"I tell you, Claude," continued his companion, "it was a pretty close graze. If it hadn't been for the young lady who swung the light, Mary Murray would have been a widow ere this."

"The young lady!" repeated Claude, in a wondering voice. "What lady, Dick?"

"Angil," grunted the wood-passer. "I'se seen a angil dis ni-ight."

The engineer drew Rothwell to one side.

"God knows," he answered, in a low tone. "But let me whisper to you a moment, old friend. You remember how mysteriously a very dear friend of yours, Miss Ashton, disappeared——"

The young man lifted one hand as he stepped back a pace, and his dark cheek blanched.

"Hush!" he said, in a deep, vibrant voice. "I left Mobile because I could not bear to remain after—— But," interrupting himself, "what has she to do with *that?*"

He pointed, as he spoke, to the yawning gap in the trestle.

"Listen," returned the engineer, "and you shall hear. As you are probably aware, we left Florence to-night nearly half an hour late, and I was running like a hurricane, in order to reach Columbia on time, when I first saw the light. It darted through the trees like a will-o'-the-wisp, and gaining the track, stopped there. I saw I had not a moment to lose, and, opening with the chorus of toots that you heard—I thought we were going to dash over whoever it was that was so wildly waving us back—I instantly reversed the engine. Then I saw that the person who had signaled us was a woman. The waving lantern shone on her dress and shawl. The old "Sixteen" was thundering down on her, and she would not move, standing as she was in the centre of the track. Moments seemed ages. It looked as if she wanted to die. My heart leaped into my throat. I jumped out on the running-board, and was about to step down on the front of the engine, when a man suddenly rushed from among the cypresses on the left, and seizing the girl by the waist, dragged her off the track, the pilot grazing her as the engine rolled by. But in that moment I saw her face. It was as white as the face of a dead girl, the black hair flying around it, and the great wild eyes on fire. Now, listen to me, my friend. As sure as I am a living man, the lady who saved us was none other than your old love." The engineer paused. Claude Rothwell was looking at him with a dumb agony in his handsome dark eyes.

IN THE LESBIAN ISLE.

"Well?" he whispered.

The engineer, in a low voice, pronounced the name, "Miss Clara Ashton."

Rothwell lifted one hand to his shaking lips.

"What," he muttered, "could she be doing here?"

"I don't know," returned his friend, shaking his head. "I can't guess. But, Claude, I never could see through that affair you confided to me. There must have been some terrible mistake. Surely Miss Ashton would not have taken a criminal's part against you, if——"

Rothwell interrupted him.

"Which way did she go?" he asked.

The engineer swung his lantern toward the left.

"The last I saw of them," he added, "the man had her in his arms, and was springing like a goat over the roots and knees. That was just as the engine was stopping, and—— But, Claude Rothwell, where, in the name of common sense, are you going?"

A hard, reckless laugh followed his words.

The young man had suddenly quitted his side, and springing down the embankment, had it not been for the dim light the lantern shed about him, would have already been swallowed up in the gloom among the cypresses.

"Don't trouble yourself," he cried. "I am going to unearth this mystery, Murray."

A loud guffaw broke from the astonished negroes.

The conductor muttered an oath of surprise.

Murray stared after the vanishing form.

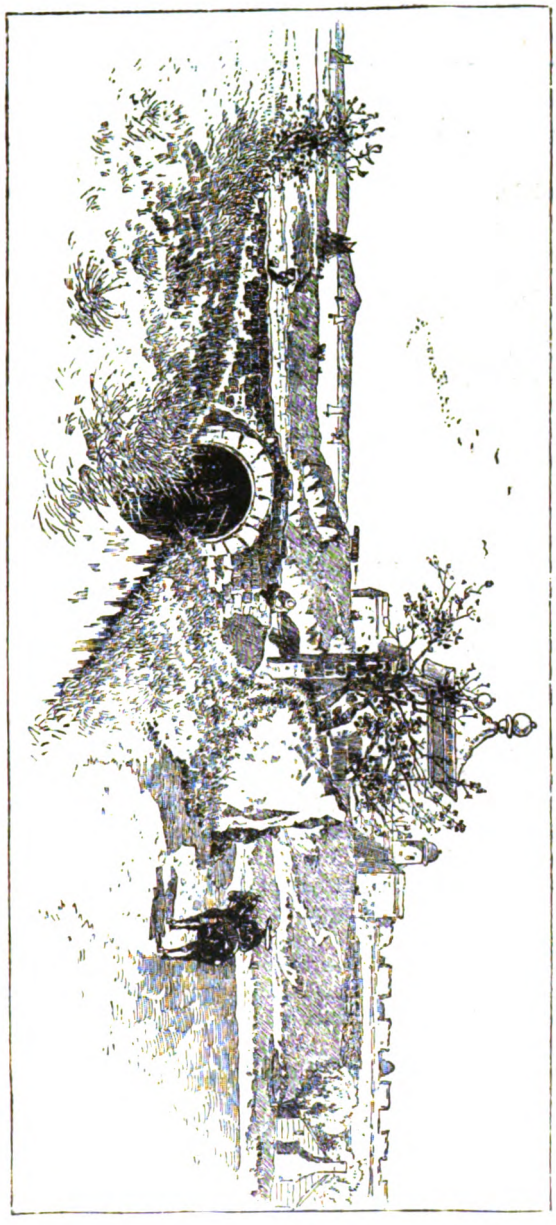
"Rothwell," he called, "come back! Don't make an utter fool of yourself."

The mocking laughter of his friend was the only reply, and the voice that uttered it was already far away.

* * * * * *

This determination of Rothwell, however—the determination to follow the man and woman, of whom the engineer had spoken, through those pathless low grounds, in the darkness of a moonless and misty Autumn night—was not so hopeless or so wild as it at first appeared.

A South Carolinian by birth, much of his childhood



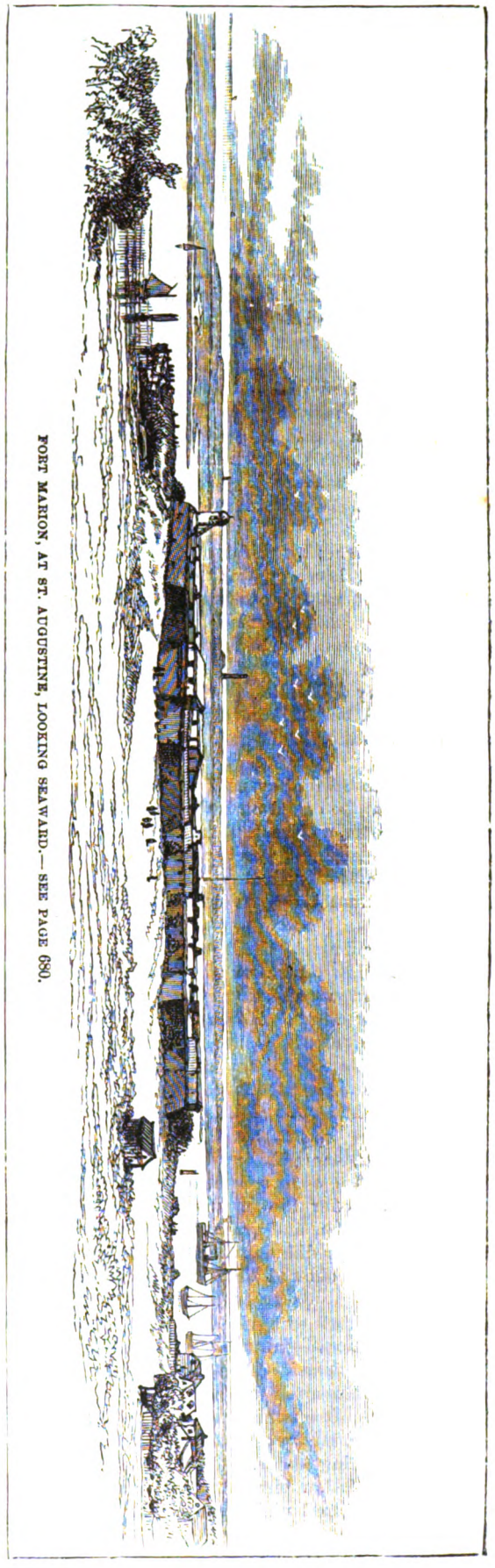
VIEW OF FORT AND CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE.

had been spent near this place, and, being of a very adventurous spirit, he had often penetrated into the deepest recesses of the Wateree Swamps.

Those frightful solitudes, now voiceless in the embrace of the October night, held no terrors for him. His mind was occupied with thoughts of the past.

He remembered a spot he had once seen near here—a sort of island, formed by the lodgment of reeds, leaves and brushwood among a wide cluster of cypress-knees. He remembered, also, having seen on that island a low hut, built, perhaps, by some runaway slave.

It was toward the hut—believing he should find there



FORT MARION, AT ST. AUGUSTINE, LOOKING SEAWARD.—SEE PAGE 680.

those he was seeking—that he was now making his way. He was determined, if possible, to lift the vail of mystery which had so long enshrouded the life of the woman he so passionately, but, as he believed, hopelessly loved.

As he went onward, clinging to the gray stems of the cypresses, and springing from one cone-shaped base or knee to another, the events of the past year began to pass in swift and vivid review before him.

First he saw his sleeping-apartment in a hotel at Montgomery; saw a masked burglar enter it at midnight, and begin rifling his desk of the money and valuable papers it contained; saw himself spring upon him, and the desperate struggle that ensued. The burglar, drawing a dirk, had stabbed him, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound, and escaped; not, however, without having the mask torn from his face, and Claude Rothwell felt that, if he ever met that man again, he would know him among ten thousand.

One month, two months, passed away; and the wound in Rothwell's arm healed. Another went by; still, although a strict search had been instituted, no trace of the burglar could be discovered. Rothwell then forgot all about him. He met the beautiful young Mobilian, Clara Ashton.

She was an orphan; beautiful, as I have said, but poor. Claude Rothwell, however, was first charmed with her gentle but heroic nature, afterward fascinated with her engaging manners, and he ended by falling madly in love with her. To use a rather hackneyed phrase, it was "the happiest hour of his life" when he drew from her own dear lips the shy and faltering confession that his love was returned. A brief dream of joy, so deep and holy it was akin to a sadness, followed. Then came the bitter awakening.

One odorous moonlight evening in June, a month after their engagement, he called on his betrothed. A lamp was burning in a room on the left, and the French window, from which the curtains were partially withdrawn, was open. Thus, as Rothwell stepped on the latticed veranda of the little cottage, he could see plainly within the room.

He stopped, and a cold thrill ran through him. Clara was seated in a low chair near the window; but she was not alone. A man was standing near her, leaning lightly on the back of her seat. He was speaking to her in a low, laughing voice, while she listened with uplifted, smiling eyes. The face of this man was turned toward Rothwell, and he recognized it instantly. It was the face of the man who had robbed him in the hotel at Montgomery.

The young man, enraged, bewildered, almost doubting the evidence of his own senses, did not take time to reflect. Acting under the impulse of the moment, he stepped into the room, and grasped the stranger roughly by the arm. As he did so, the start which the man could not repress showed Claude that the recognition was mutual.

A fierce but short struggle followed. A pistol was drawn and discharged—in the confusion Clara Ashton could not tell by whom. Then the stranger, wrenching himself free from Rothwell, bounded through the window and disappeared. It was he who had drawn the pistol; but Claude had instantly caught his hand, and the ball lodged in the ceiling above.

Claude did not follow him. As his retreating footsteps died away in the silent night, he turned to Clara.

"Traitress!" he exclaimed.

The word broke from him involuntarily. Her ashen cheeks, her trembling form, her dark, frightened eyes, filled him with emotions of jealousy, rage and disgust. The hot blood of indignation sprang to her face. She essayed to speak; but her voice died in a stifled murmur. Silently she lifted one quivering hand, and pointed to the door.

Blinded with jealous wrath; believing, besides, that she was aware of the true character of the man who had robbed him, Rothwell, without a word, turned and quitted the house.

Passing a sleepless night, in the morning he became more calm. He acknowledged to himself, with a pang of bitter regret, that he had acted too hastily in condemning Clara unheard. He resolved, therefore, to go to her, and seek an explanation at once.

He went; but what was his surprise to find the cottage deserted! Clara had disappeared, leaving no trace. In shame and fierce anger he left Mobile, and sought, but vainly, to forget one whom he now believed was unworthy of his love.

Still, at once, the old faith in her purity and truth would assert itself, and fill his heart with remorseful pain.

Separated from her, he was wretched, and his ignorance of her fate increased that wretchedness.

He had taken upon himself the task of discovering her whereabouts, and in finding out in what mysterious way her life was linked to that of the man who had twice crossed his path.

He believed now, as he wandered on through the funereal depths of the cypress swamps, the shining, inky waters beneath, the silvery, floating moss, dripping with the heavy mist above, that the end of that task was near at hand.

Deeper and deeper he plunged into those sepulchral solitudes. The light of the little lantern attached to his waist but served to show the roots and knees rising from the sullen waters around.

He was already drenched with the white vapor that hung over all things like a pall, and dripped from the masses of mistletoe in the branches of live-oaks above.

At last a low wall of reeds arose in the gloom before him. The lantern showed him a narrow opening, through which he began to force his way. His feet rested no longer upon roots, but upon the earth; spongy and wet, it is true, but growing more firm at every step. Panting with weariness, he stopped. The island was reached.

A feeling akin to fear then took possession of the young man. He was unarmed. If the woman he loved was an accomplice of that man, what could he expect at their hands?

True, she had warned the engineer of his danger, and thus, no doubt, had saved many lives. But this was something different. He, Rothwell, was following them. Would they not seek to kill him for his hardihood?

A deep breath escaped his lips.

"I cannot—I will not believe her so vile! I will risk it," he muttered, at last.

He walked forward as he spoke, and through the slender, whitish stems of the young ash-trees that grew there, caught the red gleam of a light near him.

It came from the window of a low, dark mass a few paces distant—the cabin he was seeking.

At the moment of his seeing it, Rothwell heard, or thought he heard—the sound of a man's angry voice. On tiptoe he stole forward, and, pausing beside the door, almost held his breath to listen.

A voice within was speaking—a voice that caused his heart to leap and thrill. It was the sweet voice of Clara Ashton, vibrating with emotion.

"Kill me!" she exclaimed—"kill me, as you have threatened. Of what use is life to me, since you have robbed it of every joy? I care little what becomes of me, Donald Vaughan. Why did you drag me from beneath the wheels of the engine?"

The listener started.

Had he not heard that name before? Great Heaven! It was the maiden name of Clara's mother.

Who was Donald Vaughan?

A second voice interrupted his self-questioning. The tones were harsh with rage.

"Because I was mad. Because I believed you did not know it was *I* who cut the trestle. Had it not been for your accursed interference, that man would now be beneath the ruins of a wrecked train."

An involuntary cry escaped Rothwell's lips; it was drowned, however, in the voice of the maiden.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, in accents of horror. "You would have had the blood of all those people on your hands simply to gratify a brutal thirst for revenge. And yet"—in a low, wailing voice—"Claude Rothwell would not have lifted his hand against you had he known. Was it not enough to come between us and blast my happiness for ever? Why do you pursue him with your sleepless hatred?"

The man's voice broke into hoarse and discordant laughter.

"I feel the grip of his fingers on my throat still. Donald Vaughan never forgets an injury, Clara. But this is not to the point. You have not given me your promise."

Claude Rothwell, trembling with excitement, listened intently.

"I will give you none," was the low reply.

Another sound became audible—the sound of heavy footfalls. The man had evidently drawn nearer to her.

"Take care!" he muttered, gratingly.

The hand of Rothwell was on the door, but it resisted his efforts to open it. It was fastened within.

A deep sigh was the only response to the man's last words.

He spoke again, in a voice so fierce and low, it was like the hiss of a roused viper.

"You mean to betray me, then?"

"Assassin!" exclaimed his companion, her voice ringing musically through the hut; "strike me!—kill me! The cowardly hand that——"

Claude Rothwell, waiting to hear no more, flung himself against the door.

Her voice was drowned in the sound of the blow—a blow that burst the door from its fastenings, and hurled it inward with a bang.

Then, swift as a deer, pale, fierce, blazing-eyed, Claude bounded into the room.

"Clara," he cried, "who is that man?"

He stopped, as he spoke, in the centre of the floor, his gaze bent upon the slender, upright figure standing near the wide fireplace, in which a pile of resinous pine knots were burning.

The light from these rushed over that figure like a rose-tinted, golden wave—lighting up her dress, shining on her floating hair, gleaming in her great dark eyes.

It revealed, as well, the brawny figure of the man who stood at her side, one hand uplifted above her, his eyes fastened upon her with a dark and threatening glare.

The maiden started back with a faint cry at Rothwell's abrupt entrance.

The man, muttering a deep curse, thrust his hand into the breast of his coat.

"You!" he breathed—"you have followed us here!"

Claude did not heed him. His pale face and flashing eyes were still turned toward Clara.

"Who is that man?" he repeated, slowly, in a voice of agonized suspense.

A quick, breathless cry, an involuntary outstretching of her little hands. Then they went up with a rush, and covered her burning cheeks.

"Oh, Heaven! Do you not know? Claude, have pity on me! He is mother's only brother."

He echoed the faltered words. Horror, surprise, joy, all struggled for the mastery in his heart, and were pictured on his expressive face.

Then a deep, triumphant gladness leaped into his eyes. She was his—still, still his own. For a moment he was strengthless—for a moment his danger was forgotten.

She had not forgotten it. The sharp click of a weapon being cocked caused her to lift her head.

With a quick movement she glided between Rothwell and Donald Vaughan; the latter at the same time withdrawing his hand from his breast, the yellow light gleamed on the polished surface of a pistol.

"You have followed me here, Claude Rothwell?" repeated the desperado, hoarsely.

The young man looked at him, aroused at last to a sense of his danger.

"Not you," he answered, coldly. "I am here, however, to protect her."

As he said this, Clara's hand closed on the arm of Donald Vaughan.

Her frightened, imploring eyes, however, were turned toward Claude.

"He will kill you!" she shrieked. "Oh, in Heaven's name, I beg you to leave me!"

The appealing cry came too late. Rothwell had already advanced on Vaughan. The latter, throwing Clara roughly aside, leveled the revolver.

"It is my turn now!" he exclaimed, with a guttural laugh, as he pulled the trigger.

Crash!

The sharp report of the pistol and a scream from Clara rang through the room. The shot was fired so close to Claude, that his face for an instant was half hidden by the curling white smoke.

He was unhurt, however. At the moment that Vaughan pulled the trigger, he had sprung upon him like a tiger, knocking up the weapon, and hurling Vaughan himself half across the room.

Reeling a moment, the wretch bounded forward to pick up the pistol, which had dropped from his hand. But again Claude was too quick for him.

Planting his foot upon the weapon, he met the rush of Vaughan with a blow that sent him headlong to the floor.

Rising staggeringly, his face bathed in blood, his eyes ablaze with hatred, he looked at the two a moment, then as Claude stepped toward him he turned, and, darting through the doorway, disappeared in the darkness.

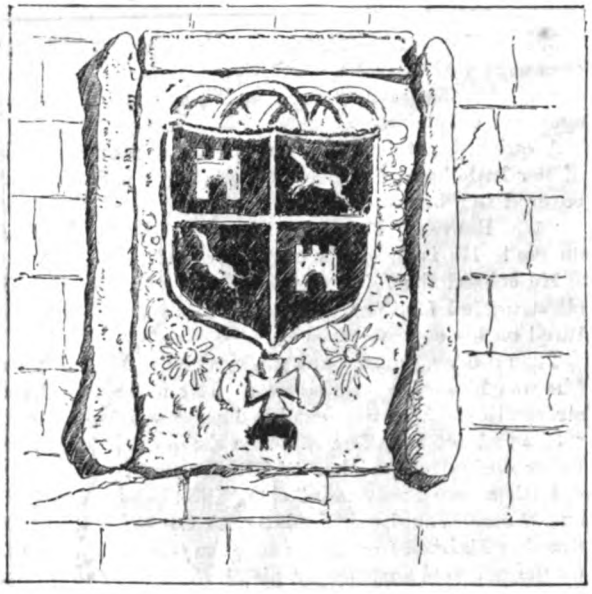
Ashen with terror, with her trembling hands crossed upon her breast, her beautiful lips moving in voiceless prayer, Clara had witnessed this struggle.

Now, with a deep breath of relief, Rothwell came toward her.

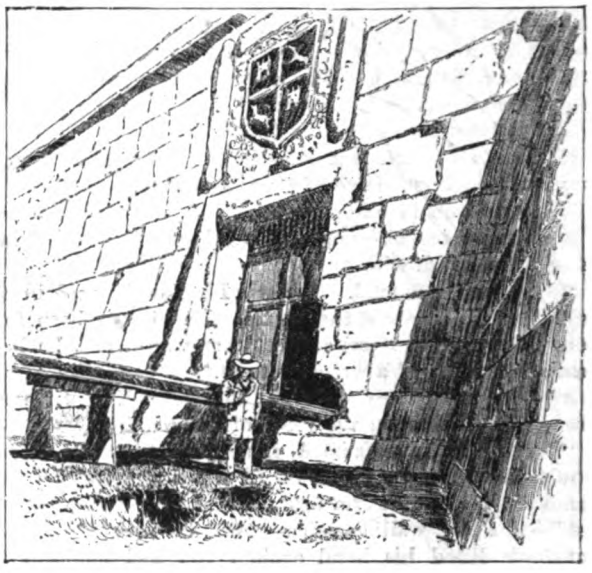
"Clara," he said, in a low, pleading voice, "can you forgive me?"

She was trembling violently. She looked at him with a vague wonder in her sombre southern eyes.

"I do not understand you," she answered, lowly. "I have nothing to forgive."



THE SPANISH ARMS.



THE MAIN DOOR.

He took the little cold hands in both his own. They quivered and grew hot in his clasp.

"I believed you false to me," he said, humbly. "Tell me why you have hidden from me so long?"

The light of a half-doubting joy began to stir over her face. Her breast heaved.

"Do you care for me still?" she whispered, passionately. "Listen, Claude. I never understood, until a week ago, why you attacked him that night. Then I discovered all. I found that the uncle I had so long loved and trusted was a thief. After you left me that night, he returned, made me believe that you were our enemy, and persuaded me to leave Mobile. In the months that have passed since then, we have been wandering from one place to another in disguise. I thought at first he was mad, and tried to humor him. It was not until we came to this place, a week ago, that I found out the truth."

A low sob broke from her lips, as her head sank confidingly on his breast.

"I have been seeking you," he murmured, fondly, "ever since that miserable night. I was determined to find you, my own dear love." With a start she looked up. Her deep eyes gleamed through rushing tears.

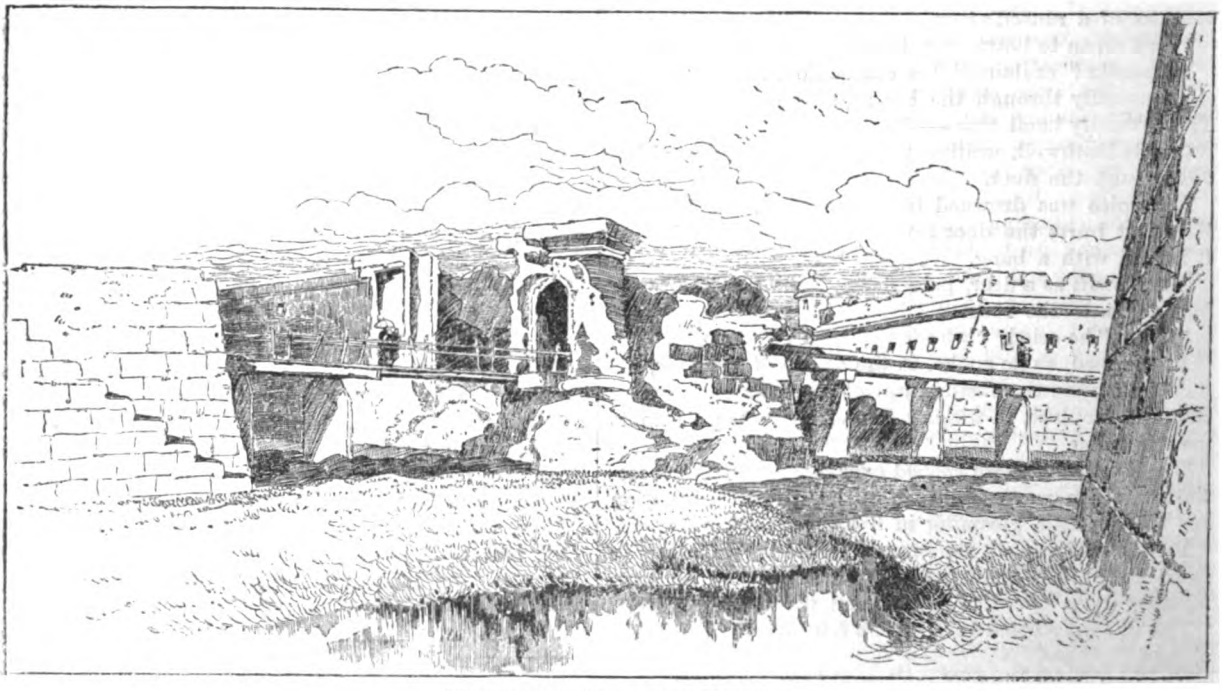
"Claude, am I dreaming? Has God in His mercy, given me such devotion as this?"

"I love you," he answered, softly, "more than tongue can tell. I cannot live without you."

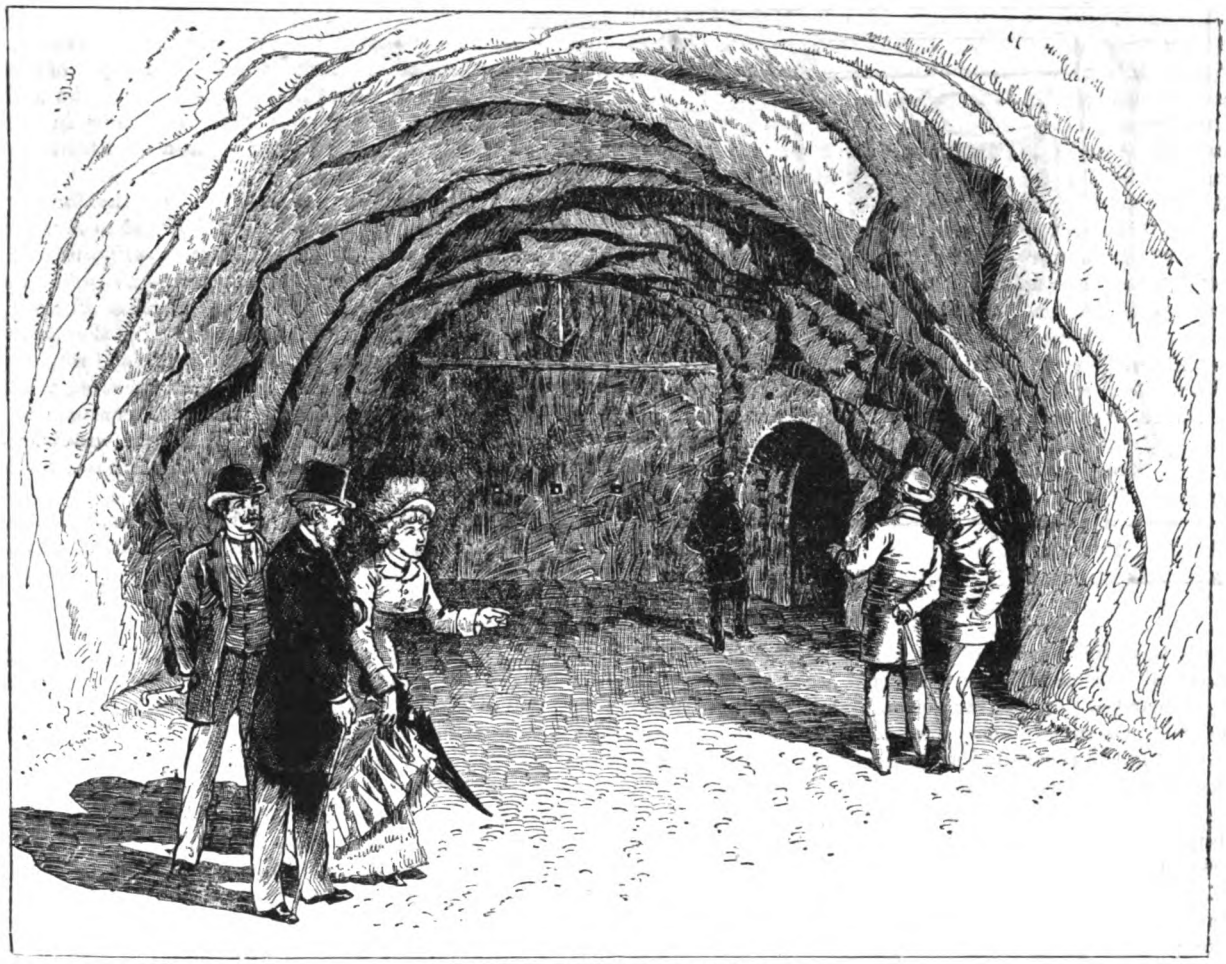
As he spoke thus, a pale gleam of light streamed through the doorway, and undulated over the walls. It was the light of the breaking dawn.

* * * * * *

That morning the body of Donald Vaughan was found floating in the waters of the Wateree. He had evidently fallen into the river in the darkness and was drowned.



RUINED DRAWBRIDGE, FORT MARION.



OSCEOLA'S DUNGEON, FORT MARION.

FORT MARION, AT ST. AUGUSTINE—ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By M. Seymour.

Last Christmas afternoon I found myself on the bank of the creek that runs into Mantanzas River, near the lighthouse on Anastasia Island, opposite St. Augustine. A cold northeaster was blowing, the fog grew thicker and thicker, and I began to wonder if there was any St. Augustine across the river. Had I not reached the jumping-off place of creation? The palmetto scrub and sand-banks had failed to give any satisfactory solution, and I was fain to wait till a happy chance brought about and took me over to the oldest city in the United States.

Along the sea-wall rose a cluster of houses, some recalling the white adobe walls of Fort Benton—the furthest point reached by the Spaniards in their New Spain. At the north end of the wall rose up the gray outlines of Fort Marion.

THE WATCH-TOWER.

My curiosity temporarily staid by a walk around the fort, I passed the city gates, and sauntered through St. George Street to the hotel in the Plaza. The Plaza, or Common, fronting the sea, with the old Spanish Slave-market at one end, and flanked by the old Cathedral with its spreading cedars and oaks, from which the gray moss hangs in thick festoons—recalling to memory the tattered flags drooping from Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey—is a delightful rendezvous. The Governor's House is now the location of the Post Office.

The Plaza also has the attraction of two monuments, one commemorative of the Confederate dead, and one of the Spanish Constitution of 1812, bearing this (translated) inscription: "Plaza of the Spanish Constitution promulgated in the City of

St. Augustine, East Florida, on 17th day of October, 1812. Being then Governor, the Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem, Knight of Order of San Diego. For eternal remembrance, the Constitutional City Council erected this Monument under the supervision of Don Fernando de la Maza Arredondo, the young Municipal officer, oldest member of the Corporation, and Don Francisco Robira, Attorney and Recorder."

The discovery of Florida and its early history affords one of the most romantic chapters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Ponce de Leon, in his quest of eternal youth, first landed on the coast on Palm Sunday (Pasqua Florida), 1513. Subsequent adventurers and explorers, to a greater or less degree, were Miruelo, Cordova, Alaminos and Ayllon, the luckless Narvaez and his treasurer Cabeza de Vaca, discoverers of the Mississippi, generally attributed to De Soto. The range of these names covers the early history of Florida. Our purpose being to draw attention to Fort Marion, we must note *en passant* the political and religious enmities existing in France between the Catholics and Huguenots, which resulted in the landing of Ribault and his settlement at Charles Fort, on Port Royal Sound, and the subsequent arrival of Laudonnière at Fort Caroline, on the St. John's.

The former established his colony at Port Royal, 1562, having previously discovered the St. John's River, which he called the River of May, from its discovery on the 1st of that month. Two years later (1564) Laudonnière landed at the Indian town of Seloy, the site of present St. Augustine, and named the river after the dolphins or porpoises so plentiful therein, and moving north, established himself at the mouth of St. John's River, at Fort Caroline. Philip II. of Spain, who regarded the possession of Florida necessary for the safety of Spanish commerce, hearing that Ribault, who had returned to France, was organizing another expedition, for the relief of his colony of Huguenots across the Atlantic, determined to assert his claim to the possession of Florida on the ground of prior discovery, and root out the French at all hazards. Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles had already been authorized to settle there, and his force was increased to enable him first to expel the French. Laudonnière, in the meantime, had been driven to desperation by famine, strange as it may seem, surrounded by a fruitful and fertile country, and had been partially and generously relieved by an English vessel under Sir John Hawkins, who had furnished him a vessel to return to France. They were only awaiting fair winds to sail when Ribault appeared with his timely succor and reinforcements. Of course all thought of returning to France was then abandoned, and every effort made to repair Fort Caroline, so lately dismantled.

The expedition of Menendez had been badly storm-beaten, but at last he reached the coast with part of his fleet, only to find Ribault there with his force. Menendez then occupied and named St. Augustine on the 8th of September, 1565. Ribault, who had awaited this arrival of the Spaniards, and had instructions to resist them, decided to attack Menendez at once, and although opposed by Laudonnière, insisted on taking on board the ships nearly all the able-bodied men of the fleet and colony, so as to attack and crush the Spanish project utterly. Laudonnière was left in the little fort on the St. John's with the women, the sick, and a mere handful of men.

Meanwhile, Menendez, after gathering his men to hear Mass around a temporary altar at a spot ever after marked on Spanish maps, traced the fort which is represented at this day by Fort Marion. The commander knew that there was no child's play before him. Those were days when the French cruisers that preyed on Spanish commerce gave no quarter to the people taken in the rich galleons, unless their rank or wealth gave hopes of great and speedy ransom. And the Spaniards, when the Gallic cruisers fell into their hands, were relentless in their turn. The coming struggle was to be a very bitter and merciless one.

Menendez placed his main reliance on the fort, and every one of the people he landed labored to throw up the earthworks and defenses, while he superintended the disembarkation of artillery and ammunition, supplies and tools. In the midst of the work some of Ribault's vessels appeared, and might by a dash have captured the Spanish commander, but they merely reconnoitred, and retired to report. The work of defense went on more earnestly, and Menendez feeling himself unable to compete with the French on the sea, sent off his larger vessels, and retaining only some light craft, set his teeth hard, biding the struggle.

The French fleet soon appeared; but Ribault faltered, and his irresolution was fatal. Had he landed, success was possible; a way was open for retreat by land and water to his fort on the St. John's. Throwing away his opportunity, he stood off. Menendez, a better and more practiced seaman, saw that he had won the day. He had scanned the sky, and knew that a fierce norther was coming. The French fleet would be swept before it, perhaps to meet wreck and disaster, or escaping that, be driven so far that days must elapse before Ribault could make an attack.

Noting all this, Menendez decided in his turn to attack the French fort, and deprive Ribault of that place of refuge. Guided by Indians, Menendez, with a force of picked men, threaded the morasses during the storm, and though many of his men fell back, he arrived at Fort Caroline, where the sentinels, unsuspicious of danger, were sheltering themselves from the hurricane. The Spanish attack was brief and successful. Laudonnière escaped with a few companions to a vessel in the river, leaving his command to be slaughtered by Menendez. The little fort ran with blood, and the Spanish flag soon waved above it.

Meanwhile anxiety had brooded over the fort at St. Augustine. The fierce storm menaced the destruction of their rude sheds and all they had; the French ships might have laid up from the storm in some neighboring harbor, ready to assail them before Menendez returned, if ever he did, for the cowardly deserters who came back to the fort all declared that the Biscayan sailor, ignorant of military operations, would never return alive.

At last, however, a man was descried who came on shouting. When near enough to be heard, a cry of victory reached their ears. Menendez had taken the French fort and put all to the sword. A procession was formed to go forth and meet the victor. Soon after his triumphant reception in the fort, Menendez heard of Ribault's party having been wrecked, and learned that a detachment had made its way to Matanzas Inlet. After an ineffective interview and an offer of 200,000 ducats ransom, the Huguenots surrendered to Menendez, and met the same fate as their comrades at Fort Caroline—death. A second party, with Ribault himself, met the same fate at the hands of the unrelenting Spanish. A few, however, who belonged to the Catholic faith, were spared. "The city was then planned, three squares one way, by four the other. A stockade fortification was completed near the site of the present fort." The Indians who had always been particularly friendly with the French, resented the invasion and cruelty of Menendez, and led by Satouriva,

made bold and bitter war upon the Spaniards. The latter were becoming short of provisions and finally mutinied, during the absence of Menendez, who had gone back to Cuba for relief, and who finally had to seek it from the King in person in 1567.

Meanwhile, Laudonnière and his companions, who had safely reached France, had spread most exaggerated accounts of the indignities practiced by the Spanish on the unfortunate Huguenots at Fort Caroline. The French Court took no measures to avenge them. This was reserved for De Gourgues, a nobleman who, in early life, had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards and consigned to the galleys. From this he was romantically rescued, and finally returned to France, whence he made a profitable excursion to the South Seas. He, with assistance of influential friends, fitted out an expedition for Africa, whence he took a cargo of slaves to Cuba, and sold them to the Spaniards. From this point he sailed for Florida, aided by some Spanish deserters. His force readily entered into the scheme of attacking Fort San Mateo, as Caroline was called by the Spaniards. Passing the Spanish battery, which saluted him in mistake for a convoy of their own, De Gourgues returned the salute, to continue the deception, and anchored near Fernandina. One of De Gourgues's men was sent ashore to arouse the Indians against the Spaniards. The Indians were delighted at the prospect of revenge, and their chief, Satouriva, promised to have all his warriors in three days ready for the warpath. This was done, and the combined forces moved on and overpowered the Spanish fort, which was speedily taken. Many fell by the hands of French and Indians; De Gourgues hanged others where Menendez had slaughtered the Huguenots. This done, De Gourgues returned home, and barely escaped capture. Menendez's chagrin on his return to Florida may be imagined; however, his indomitable will maintained order, and after fortifying St. Augustine as the headquarters of the Spanish colony, he sailed home to use his influence in the Court for their welfare. Not long did he exercise it, for a fever carried him off in 1574.

St. Augustine settled down into a petty Spanish place, the fort and a few houses near it, with a chapel in the fort and a church without. Franciscan Friars came, and soon the barefooted religious were far and wide in Indian towns, teaching the red men, and writing books to be printed for their use in Mexico or Spain.

Sir Francis Drake, in 1585, landed at St. Augustine, and, in revenge for the death of one of his sergeants, who fell in attacking a Spanish outpost, burned the town, first taking the precaution to plunder it *secundum artem*.

The exact location of the town at that date is in doubt. Dewhurst thinks "it might have been built on the more western of the two peninsulas lying between Santa Maria Creek and San Sebastian River." The southern end of St. Augustine is much older than the northern, for in 1596 the Indians of the *town* of Tolemato massacred Father Corpa, a priest, at the "Hermitage of Our Lady of Guadalupe"—now known as Tolemato Cemetery—and then pursuing their bloodthirsty mission, announced to Father Rodriguez, at Nuestra Señora de la Leche—another suburb beyond the city gates (the present Roman Catholic burying-ground)—their intention to take his life. The pious father, seeing remonstrance was in vain, begged permission to say a last Mass, at the close of which they tomahawked him, and, going northward, massacred three more priests.

From this time forth there seems to have been a state of armed neutrality, if not open war, between the English in the Carolinas and the Spaniards to the Gulf of Mexico, the former claiming the latter were enticing away their slaves and aiding the Indians in predatory warfare, and the latter asserting that the pirates who preyed on their commerce were sheltered and aided in the Carolinas.

The fort at St. Augustine was not well maintained, and in 1619, alarmed at the English establishment on the Chesapeake, Governor Juan de Salinas appealed to his Government to erect a fort that would defy any attack. Not even the garrison paid for by the King did duty within the walls of the fort as it stood. Yet the force seemed to have sufficed to keep the native tribes in subjection, and in 1640, Indians who had been insubordinate were compelled to labor on the new fortifications, which were at last begun. The system was afterward kept up, and the stones of Fort Marion record no little forced labor of Indian braves. Yet the work went on but slowly, and in 1681 Governor Cabrera collected material to complete the fort. The settlement of Carolina and its progress alarmed the Spaniards, for the English invited the discontented Yamassees to their settlements, and sent them to ravage Florida. The Fort San Marcos at last assumed a warlike aspect; the garrison was reinforced, and assumed a respectable appearance, with all the drill and exercise of a military parade.

A tower, as a refuge for friendly Indians from the attacks of savages in pay of the English, was soon after erected north of Fort San Marcos, and in 1690, Governor Quiroga finding that the sea, by its encroachment, menaced the fort and the town, began the seawall to run from the castle along the front of the city. It was none too soon, for in 1696 a sea-bore inundated the city.

In 1702 the city resounded with military activity, and the old fort bristled with cannon to repel an expected attack by Benbow. The next year a vessel anchored near the city with twelve new cannon and a large supply of muskets, pikes and swords.

As the English had won the Yamassees to their side, the Spaniards new gained the Creeks, and used their power skillfully. The dusky chiefs found all favor at Fort San Marcos, and as the English and French were closing in on Florida, the fidelity of the Indians was the great bulwark of the Spanish colony. It drew, however, on them the savage cruelty of the English settlers and their copper-colored henchmen.

In 1736 the old fort had a sensation. Governor Moral had quarreled with the clergy, and the sacristan mayor of the parish church went to Spain to lay his complaints befor the authorities. One day in March of the following year a vessel with the Spanish flag appeared, and the usual salute was given and returned by the fort.

But a boat put off from the fort to announce that the vessel should not anchor if it brought back the obnoxious priest. The answer startled Moral; it was to the effect that the vessel bore Don Manuel de Justis, who was to enter on his duties as Governor of Florida.

Moral rallied his soldiers around him, and prepared to resist by force. At first the garrison and many of the people joined him; but prudent men began to exercise their influence. One by one Moral's adherents dropped away, and fearing at last that the soldiers might arrest and deliver him up, he fled by night to the convent of the Franciscan Fathers in St. Augustine, where he claimed the right of Sanctuary. Justis landed, and was at once recognized by the garrison and people. He took up his quarters in the fort, but was puzzled how to get hold of Moral to send him to Spain. A bishop then resided in the building known as the Casa Episcopal, where the Episcopal church now stands, the story being that the present holders urged the old title as showing that it

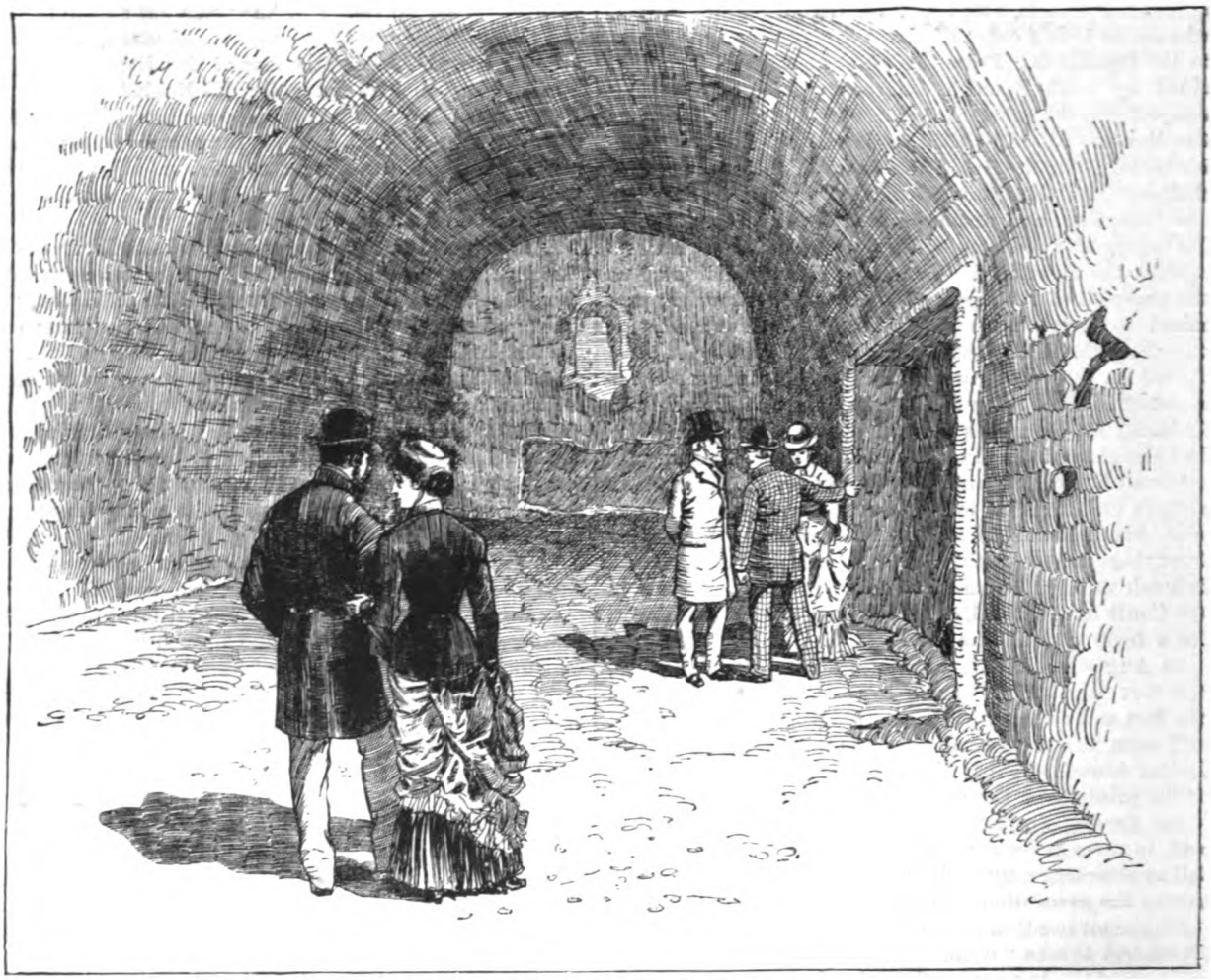
belonged to them. To this bishop the Governor applied. The canons of the Church were studied, and the bishop called on the fugitive to surrender, authorizing the soldiers to enter the building if he refused. This ended the rebellion of Governor Moral.

During the administration of Don Manuel de Monteano large appropriations of treasure having been made by the Home Government at his earnest solicitation, the work of completing the fort in its present condition was assigned to Don Antonio de Arredondo, a noted engineer of that day. Dewhurst claims that "the compound circular and elliptic or three-centred arch, which supports the incline from the terreplein to the court, is said to have presented a problem too difficult for the United States engineer in charge of repairs after the change of flags."

Don Arredondo made his designs on the plan of the famous French engineer, De Vauban. The fort is constructed of coquina or fossil shell, a quarry of which exists on Anastasia Island. This formation is admirably adapted for military defense, as it does not splinter or fracture when struck by artillery. The marks of Oglethorpe's cannon-balls may be clearly seen in the southeast bastion, where they simply imbedded themselves.

The fort has four bastions, and is about two hundred feet square. It has twenty-seven casemates, about thirty-five feet in length and twenty in width. It is surrounded by a moat, which was filled from a small creek on the westward that runs just outside the city gates. The artificial bank that now surrounds the outworks is of quite modern date. The drawbridge has, of course, given way to a modern bridge, capable of being removed if necessary. The walls are stated to be forty feet thick. It is to be regretted that the Spanish archives were removed to Havana, as they contain probably many interesting historical notes on the old fort.

Stepping upon the bridge, we note above the massive doors the Spanish arms, with the insignia of the Golden Fleece below, and this inscription pendent: "Don Ferdinand VI. being King of Spain, and the Field-marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Heredia being Governor and Captain-general of this place, St. Augustine, of Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in 1756. The workmen directed by Cap. Engineer Don Pedro de Brazos y Garay." The fort, as it now stands, is capable of sheltering 1,000 men, and was named "Marion" at its cession to the United States in 1821.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHAPEL, FORT MARION.

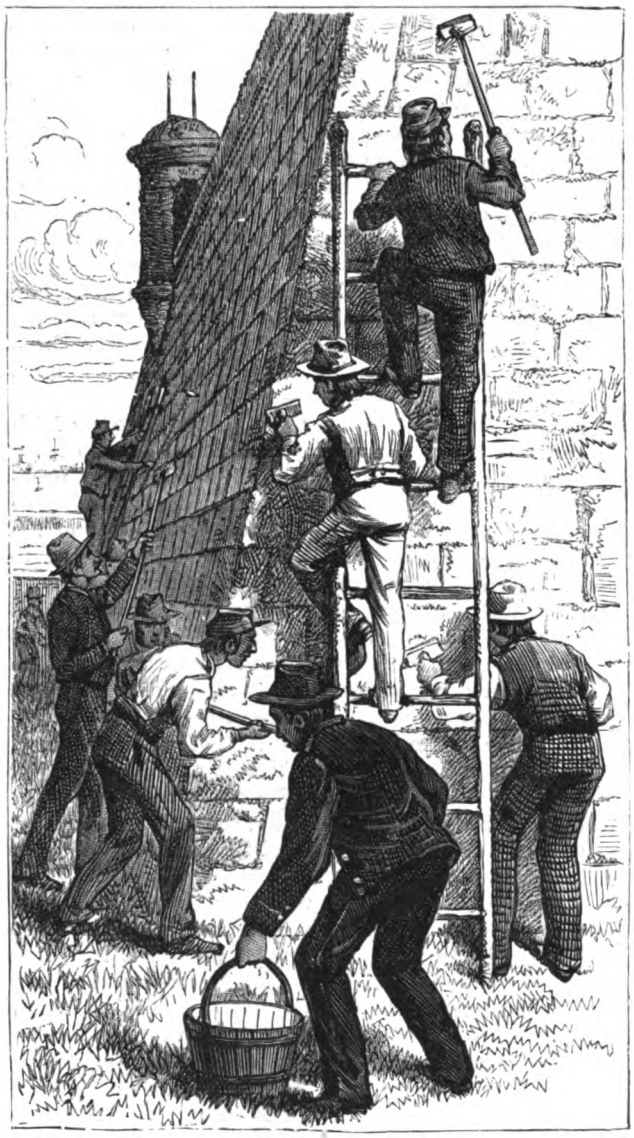
Entering the strong door, one is struck with the good state of preservation of this historical structure. On the left is the office where the registry awaits your autograph —at present under charge of Sergeant Flood, the "old sergeant having gone to take charge of another fort higher up," as the former says. Entering the small door at the south end, which opens into another chamber, we get a glimpse of the courtyard, and, stepping into it, sit down on the old coquina wall. What strange stories might be woven of the warp and woof of memories of the past!

Here, within hand-reach, is the dungeon where Coua-couche, or Wildcat, the Seminole chief, was confined, and escaped by squeezing himself through the aperture that seems too small for a toy terrier to crawl through. On the opposite end of this square was Osceola confined, and over yonder, in the northeast corner, was where the so-called dungeon was located. Regarding the iron cages, I am told by Mr. Bravo, now seventy-eight years of age, but active and intelligent as ever, that these cages were found by Mr. Oliveros and a butcher on the site of the new San Marcos Hotel, outside the city gates, and not in the fort at all. Some fragments, or dust of bones, were found some years ago, but the surgeon at the fort was unable to identify them as human. Further, Mr. Bravo tells me that his grandmother remembered seeing the two cages, with a human being in each, suspended to the city gates. One had some bread; the other, a flask of water. At the subsequent finding of the cages, many years after, one was sent to Washington, and one broken up by Oliveros, who is still living, for blacksmith iron.

A casemate in the centre of the north wall was formerly used as a chapel, the wells for holy water, and the platform where Mass was said, still being intact. Just over the chapel-door I noticed a commemorative slab, placed there by the French expedition sent to observe the transit of Venus. Ascending the inclined plane, worn in hollows by thousands of feet, in front are the ramparts, and the glorious view that reaches over many a mile of Atlantic billow, guarding by its shifting sands the little town that lies in cozy bowers of orange and fig and cedar and dogwood, with here and there a lace-like date-palm fretting the sunset sky. How often has the Spanish sentinel, protected with morion and breastplate, and arquebuse in hand, leaned over in the gloaming, peering for the dusky savage hidden in the tangled scrub. Or maybe the stir out yonder in Oglethorpe's camp attracted him. Or was it for signs of Moore's foragers that he looked so keen? Or perchance a Spanish galleon with news from home, her huge decks rising high and covered with guns, her clumsy sails out-bellying to the breeze that brings her to New Spain, and fame and fortune there? "How lived, how loved, how died they?" phantoms of the past!

In 1740, under protection of George II., Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia made a descent on St. Augustine.

INSPECTING THE DUNGEONS.



INDIAN PRISONERS WORKING ON THE WALLS.

His batteries were planted, one on North Beach and two on Anastasia Island. One of his cannon is lying imbedded in the sand to this day, on the northerly point of Anastasia Island. He failed to take the fort, whither the inhabitants had fled for shelter. Indeed, thus far the fort has never been captured, owing probably to the shoal waters and deceptive nature of the bar, over which the English vessels could not come in.

Near the present site of the fort was erected a still earlier one—"San Juan de Pinos"—probably by the earliest Spanish explorers, if not by Menendez himself.

The name of San Marcos was given by the Spaniards to the North River, hence the Fort San Marcos. The period of construction of this most interesting structure was one hundred and twenty years. It is now one hundred and twenty-nine years since it was finished, and retains its interest as the most perfectly preserved specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages to be found in America, and with the exception of the Tower of London, it would be difficult to find another equally perfect in Europe. Probably climate, as well as the nature of the material used, accounts for this. In the dry air of the West and North, with intense frost, permanence of architectural form is almost impossible.

The cession of Florida to Great Britain witnessed an emigration *en masse* of the Spanish population.

At the close of our Revolutionary War, England, which had long held Pensacola, taken by Galvez, ceded Florida to Spain. The Catholic monarch sent out as part of the garrison the Regiment of Hibernia, an Irish regiment in his service, once part of the famous Irish Brigade. It must have been galling to the English troops to haul down the Union Jack, and see Irish soldiers, with their green flag and green facings, march into the old fort as the English soldiers filed out.

Many English remained; numbers of Americans from the States came in; the chaplain of the fort and the parish priest at the church in the square were both Irish, and the two languages, English and Spanish, seem to have shared the conversation.

Of this period there is one romance: A young Irish officer, Lieutenant John O'Donovan, made love to Mary Dominica, daughter of Governor Cespedes, who probably had higher views for his daughter than an alliance with the lieutenant; but the Irish officer's siege of the lady's heart was successful, and they resolved not to elope, but to do what was as good.

The señorita, of course, was pious, and, of course, went to church with a sober duenna. Officers go to church, too, sometimes. One morning, as the curate came from the sacristy, and appeared at the foot of the altar to begin Mass, O'Donovan and his lady-love advanced, and in due form, before his reverence, took each other for man and wife. Here was a question. Was it a valid marriage? The question came before the Juez Eclesiastico, who decided that it was. The Governor, seeing no alternative, submitted with a good grace, and the wedding festivities took place in Fort San Marcos.

Indians helped to build the fort; famous Seminoles were confined there, and as though to keep up its connection with our aboriginal races, visitors a few years ago would have seen red men confined there who came as prisoners from the wide plains of the West, where they hunted, roved, and fought, beneath the towering witness of the Rocky Mountains, but now exchanging their free homes for a prison by the sea, were forced to re-dress the coquina blocks laid nearly two centuries ago by the Apalaches.

In connection with the fort, another relic of Spanish occupation claims passing notice—the old lighthouse, which was blown down five years ago. This Winter, a gentleman, poking his stick among the ruins, discovered a female Indian skeleton, and arrowheads, etc. It would be trespassing on our space to speak of this antique and lovely city in our present article; but a word must be said in praise of the Plaza and its twin objects of interest, the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Slave-market. The former was built about one hundred and thirty years ago; the antique Moorish front, with its chime of bells, one marked, "Sancte Joseph, Ora Pro Nobis, D. 1682," is a delightful reminder of the day—

> "When men were less inclined to say
> That 'time is gold,' and overlay
> With toil their pleasure."

The old Franciscan Convent, now the United States barracks, was so remodeled during the British occupation, that little or nothing of the cloistral character is left. Too much cannot be said in praise of the good and brave Fathers, who, in fulfillment of their self-appointed task, were called on to lay down their lives in their devotion. In conclusion, it is impossible to narrate the attractions of St. Augustine, especially as a Winter resort. It is to be hoped that whatever modern improvements may be demanded will not interfere with the preservation of the air of antiquity that still permeates the aspect of St. Augustine, and makes it so unique as an American city. I beg to add my indebtedness to Dr. Carver, Messrs. Bravo and Whiteside, and acknowledge the courtesy of Colonel Gibson for permission to sketch the fort.

HOW IS IT WITH THEE, SWEET?

By Charles J. Dunphie.

Banished from thee, Beloved,
By the remorseless sea,
Oh, how my heart doth covet
Happy report of thee!
Let not the dear vows perish,
Breathed when we used to meet
Dost thou their memory cherish?
How is it with thee, Sweet?

Sorrowful, lone and weary,
A message of love from me
Over the mountains dreary
Fain would I send to thee;
Over the stormy ocean,
Wafted by zephyrs fleet,
Asking in fond devotion,
How is it with thee, Sweet?

Tell me, my Love, my Glory,
How is it with thee, Sweet?
No more delightful story
Ever my ears could greet
Than the true answer, bearing
Joy from thy calm retreat,
Queen of my Heart, declaring
How is it with thee, Sweet!

A NIGHT IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Ten o'clock of a pitch-dark night. Around the old, rambling, lonely house at Pinelands the wild March wind went sweeping, rumbling in the chimney, wailing through the keyholes, rattling doors and casements, and sending fretful gusts of rain and hail against the windows.

"I *wish* Harry would come!" said Mrs. Roberts, for perhaps the twentieth time looking up from her knitting to the clock.

Isabel Adair laughed.

"I *think* you have made that remark before to-night, Nell," she said, teasingly.

"Have I! Well, you heartless girl! I mean to go on making it until he does come. Of course *you* don't mind it. *You* haven't a husband out in the cold, dark, horrible night!"

"No, thank the Fates!"

Isabel rested her cheek comfortably against the crimson cloth of the cushioned chair, and looked with laughing blue eyes at her cousin.

"And why *haven't* you, miss?" that pretty little matron said, with sudden severity. "If you had not broken your engagement with Arthur Claiborne in that heartless, unaccountable way—— See here, Isabel! What *did* you do that for, anyway? Do tell me."

The pent-up curiosity of months broke out in Nell's eager tone. And Isabel simply turned her pretty head away, and whistled—yes, *whistled* softly and sweetly:

> "By no endeavor can a magnet ever
> Attract a silver churn."

Mrs. Roberts answered, briskly:

"Nonsense, my dear! You were sufficiently attracted to be engaged to him. Why didn't you marry him?"

Isabel laughed, but she flushed crimson, too, and at last, with one of her sudden whimsical impulses, she turned on her cousin impetuously.

"I *wasn't* heartless, Nellie. I didn't love him, and I behaved very badly to him. Of course, I never ought to have become engaged to him, but I did it when—after I had quarreled with—some one else. I was piqued and reckless and wicked. I was sorry enough, my dear, and miserable enough, and it was very good in Alfred to forgive me. He is good, though he always bored me, and —there, now! I will not talk about it!"

"And who was 'some one else,' Isabel?" asked Mrs. Roberts, breathlessly.

She was astounded by this confession from that lovely, haughty flirt, her cousin Isabel.

"My Lady Disdain," Harry called her, because she cared so little for the hearts she captured.

But my Lady Disdain's confidential mood was over. She only shook her fair head, and, rising from her seat, began to pace slowly up and down the large, old-fashioned dusky room.

Slender, erect, with a crown of golden hair upon her shapely head, her supple, graceful figure draped in heavy black, her white hands thrown back and clasped behind her (like a charming little feminine Napoleon) her face fair, clear-cut, piquant, with a little downward droop of the corners of the lovely mouth, half-proud and half-pathetic, she looked like a willful young queen as she walked there.

And two hours before Nell had seen her romping with the children, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, all her hair tumbled about her face, and her clear, lovely voice leading in an enthusiastic rendition of "Here we go round the gooseberry-bush."

Then she was "Cousin Lizzie," the children's idol. Perhaps she was thinking of that romp, too, for she paused with a little laugh as she passed Nell's chair.

"Would you like to know what your eldest daughter said to me to-night, Nellie, when you told her to go to bed? I'll tell you if you won't peach to her about it. She hugged me with all her might, and said: 'Oh, Cousin Lizzie, when I am a grown up, pretty lady like you, I won't mind *anybody*, and I'll sit up *all night* whenever I choose."

"And what did you say to the little sinner?"

"I kissed her, and promised her some caramels to-morrow. I wasn't going to tell her that it did not make people happy to have their own way and to sit up all night."

"It doesn't indeed. Oh, I *wish* Harry would come!" said Mrs. Roberts, with a weary glance at the clock.

"Perhaps he found the riding so bad that he stopped at some house on the road, or even decided to stay in Blankville," Isabel suggested.

"Oh, no, he would not! He never did in his life. If he is going to stay away, he tells me so; and if he is coming home, he always gets here before nine o'clock," Mrs. Roberts said, earnestly.

Isabel paused in her walk, and looked thoughtful an instant; then she laughed.

"Now you see the disadvantage of having such a punctual and considerate husband. If he were as careless as most men, you would be quite accustomed to irregularities of the sort, and would go quietly to bed and to sleep. Some harmless business has detained him, I am sure. He will stay in Blankville to-night, and come safely home to-morrow."

But Mrs. Roberts shook her head doubtingly.

"Something has happened," she said.

The door leading into Mrs. Roberts's room opened, and "Mammy Phœbe" came quietly in—a little old black woman, in a white turban and neat dark dress.

She put a fresh log of wood on the fire, swept the hearth deftly, and stood, with folded hands, silently by the fire.

Up and down the room Isabel paced again slowly. She was listening to the wind, and murmuring scraps of half-remembered poetry. Nellie heard her saying:

"Somewhere, the long grass over lonely graves
Sobs in the rain;
Somewhere, the wild wind vainly o'er them raves
Who cease from pain;
Somewhere through weary years one weeps, whose
slow, salt tears
Fall for refrain."

"Isabel, what on earth possesses you? Don't say such doleful things, if you please, to-night," Mrs. Roberts entreated, pathetically.

Isabel stopped with a laugh that was half a sigh.

"Nell, it isn't very doleful to think that we shall 'cease from pain' at last, is it?" she said, softly.

"No; but to live and weep those 'slow, salt tears'!"

Nellie shuddered as she spoke.

"Miss Ellen"—Mammy spoke—"Been seed Jim Daggett dis ebenin'."

"Jim! Oh, impossible! He wouldn't dare to come back here, Mammy!"

"Yes'm, he's at his mother's. Been seed him slippin' into de house, like he was hidin' hisself. Wash Daggett was talkin' to Ben at de fence, axin' him about Marse Harry and de beeves he sold yesterday."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts.

Mammy shook her head, groaned, and walked away out of the room.

"Who is this mysterious and awful Jim Daggett?" Isabel asked.

"The very worst of a family of 'poor whites'—an idle, ignorant, vicious set—who live near us. Jim had to flee the country, a year ago, because of some piece of villainy. Harry is the special object of their hatred, and we have heard of threats made against him by the family. And now Jim is back again, and of course they have found out, from the chatter of the negroes, that there was some money paid to Harry yesterday, and—yes, I suppose they have even discovered that the rest of it was to be paid to him to-day. I don't know *what* they may do. They are vile enough for anything."

"But cowardly, too, perhaps. And Harry is armed, and safe in Blankville, sleeping sweetly besides," Isabel spoke, lightly, but a little icy thrill crept through her veins.

Nellie looked up at her, pale and wide-eyed.

"They might come here! Oh, my children!" whispered the young mother," clasping her hands.

"Nellie! Nonsense! Don't be a goose! If they do, we'll get down Harry's other pistols, and defend the castle like heroines! But it's absurd. Don't talk about it, please!"

And Isabel sat down again, and began to chatter gayly a perfect stream of nonsense, gossip, dressmaking, fancy-work, reminiscences of her own and Nellie's childhood—anything to banish gloom. And so the hours wore on to midnight.

But Nellie was silent, absent, thinking through it all of Harry and the dark, lonely road, of the family graveyard on the hill, the "long grass sobbing in the rain."

She got up and stole into the nursery to look at her little children sleeping warm and rosy in the firelit room. Mammy slumbered peacefully near them.

When she returned through her own room, she took a case of pistols from a drawer, and bringing them into the sitting-room, examined them, and laid them on the table. Isabel, sitting silently, gazing into the fire, looked up and laughed.

"You look as pale and tragic as *Lady Macbeth*," she cried, gayly. "If you are preparing for a regular siege, Nell, you'd better have all the servants called up—the retainers summoned, I mean."

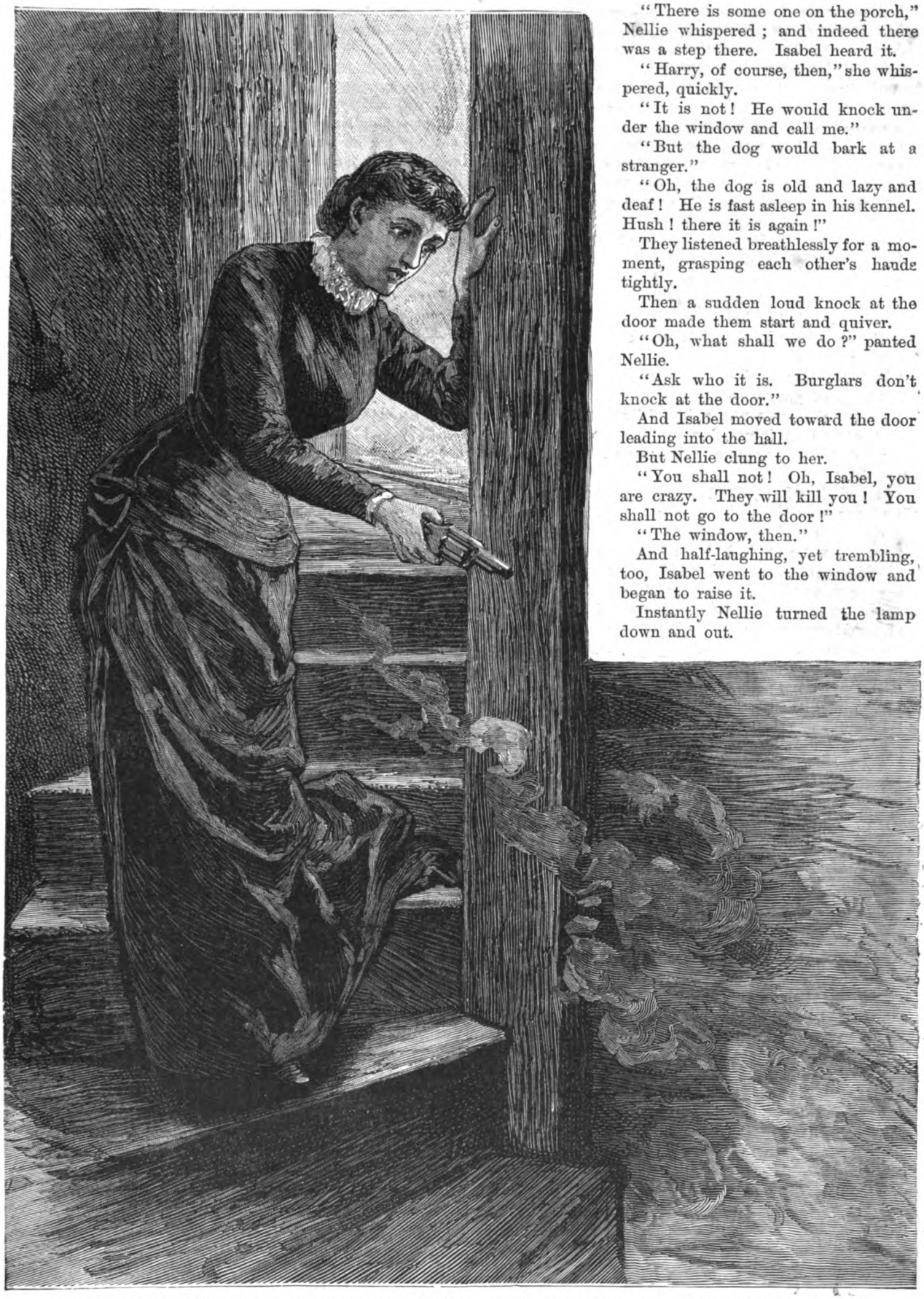
"I would; but it is so far to the quarters—none of them sleep in the house, you know, except Mammy, and who could go to wake them through this storm?"

NELLIE'S WATER-JAR.

"Let us fire all the pistols and guns out of the window at once, and scream in concert——"

"Hush," Nellie said, suddenly, with her hand up and head raised, as if listening intently.

Isabel listened.



"There is some one on the porch," Nellie whispered; and indeed there was a step there. Isabel heard it.

"Harry, of course, then," she whispered, quickly.

"It is not! He would knock under the window and call me."

"But the dog would bark at a stranger."

"Oh, the dog is old and lazy and deaf! He is fast asleep in his kennel. Hush! there it is again!"

They listened breathlessly for a moment, grasping each other's hands tightly.

Then a sudden loud knock at the door made them start and quiver.

"Oh, what shall we do?" panted Nellie.

"Ask who it is. Burglars don't knock at the door."

And Isabel moved toward the door leading into the hall.

But Nellie clung to her.

"You shall not! Oh, Isabel, you are crazy. They will kill you! You shall not go to the door!"

"The window, then."

And half-laughing, yet trembling, too, Isabel went to the window and began to raise it.

Instantly Nellie turned the lamp down and out.

A NIGHT IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.—"HOW WAS IT THAT SHE HAD A PISTOL IN HER OWN HAND, AND WAS GLIDING SWIFTLY DOWN THE STAIRWAY?"—SEE PAGE 686.

"Who is there?" Isabel demanded, in a voice that was not quite steady or natural.

A voice answered out of the "blackness of darkness":

"A traveler, madam—a stranger. I am very sorry to disturb you, but I have lost my road, and was attracted by your light. If it will not inconvenience you, may I beg shelter for a few hours?"

Isabel did not answer. She was perfectly still for one instant. Then she lowered the window carefully, walked away from it, and came toward the fire.

"You may open the door," she said, quietly. "It is a person I know—a gentleman."

"Are you sure? How very strange! Who is it? Did you see him? A gentleman? What is his name?"

"Yes, a gentleman—at least, he was not a burglar when I knew him. Go and open the door, or call Mammy to do it. I will tell her."

And "my Lady Disdain" turned toward the door of Nellie's room.

"But, Isabel, why don't you come and open it? If he is a friend of yours——"

"I did not say he was a friend," said Isabel, with a little frown on her imperial white brow. "In fact, I hate him; but that is no reason he should be allowed to freeze."

And Isabel coolly walked away into the nursery.

An hour later Nellie found her there; lying on little Daisy's bed, and began to shake her vigorously.

"Isabel, wake up! I don't believe you are asleep. He is delightful. It is Mr. David Hardy; and I have given him supper, and Mammy escorted him to the stable with a lantern to put up his horse. He wanted to ride off and look for Harry for me. The idea!—when he does not know one road from another. Get up, Isabel, and come into the sitting-room."

"Surely, Nellie, you are going to send him up-stairs to his room, and go to bed yourself now?" Isabel urged.

"I should not sleep a wink. Go to bed, if you please. Mr. Hardy knows how wretched I am about that miserable Jim Daggett, and he says he will stay in the sitting-room and keep guard."

"Was there ever in the world such a nonsensical woman?" ejaculated Isabel, slowly. "And the convenient arrangement of this old house makes it perfectly impossible for me to get to my room without going through the sitting-room, or out of doors. Nellie," with a sudden change of tone, "what did he say when you told him I was here?"

"I didn't tell him you were here. I thought you hated him, and would not want to see him. Stay here, if you choose, of course."

In a moment she was gone.

"That will bring her, and I shall fathom this mystery," she said to herself, as she went back to the sitting-room.

Ten minutes afterward the door of that room opened and Miss Adair entered, just a little statelier than usual.

Mrs. Roberts's eyes turned on her guest—a stalwart, bronzed, good-looking young fellow enough, with handsome, grave, dark eyes. She saw him glance at Isabel, start, color and grow pale again.

He rose from his chair, put his hand on the back of it, and stood looking at Isabel as if she were a ghost—a lovely, stately ghost, that came gliding toward him, bent a fair head and held out a white, cool hand, which he took like a man dreaming.

"I see you have met Miss Adair before, Mr Hardy," remarked Mrs. Roberts, easily.

"Miss Adair! I thought—oh, yes, madam, we are old acquaintances."

His tone was strange and abrupt, and his eyes searched Isabel's face keenly.

My Lady Disdain suddenly blushed scarlet; yet she turned away regally, and subsided with haughty grace into an easy-chair.

"Ah, ha! my lady," said Mrs. Roberts, in her heart.

But she talked on placidly for a few moments, never waiting for an answer to her remarks, and then made some most plausible pretext for going away.

When the door closed after her Mr. Hardy walked across the room and stood before Isabel.

"You know what I thought," he said, sternly. "I thought you were married to Arthur Claiborne. Why are you not?"

"You seem disappointed that I am not," Isabel said, icily, with a little haughty turn of the head.

"*Why* are you not, I ask you? Is it only deferred, or——"

"It is broken off. I am not going to marry him, though I do not see what right you have to ask."

"Could you not be true to *him*, either, then?"

"It seems I could not."

He looked down in silence on the lovely, haughty face for a little while, then turned abruptly away.

"I *wish* I could hate you!" he said, bitterly.

"David!"

He turned again at the sound of her voice—soft, sweet, entreating.

She was smiling half sadly, and there were tears in her gray-blue eyes as she murmured:

"Don't hate me. I am not worth *that*. Let us be friends for this little while. It is not likely that a chance like this will happen again. Since it *has* happened, cannot you *play* that we are friends—

'One last time—one time, and no more'?

I want to know where you have been—what you did in Europe. Tell me."

Slowly, reluctantly, he obeyed. The old magic of her smile and glance swayed him, as the moon sways the ocean:

"Cold and fair sat she there
Calling the tides"—

the strong tides of his heart—and the old love rose again in mighty waves. Yet no word of love passed his resolute lips.

The night went on, the wind rose to a tempest, shook the old house in its strong hands and died away.

In the quiet sitting-room these two sat and talked, and Nellie passed in and out, paused a moment sometimes, and went back again to her children.

The talkers were in Italy—"sailing the Vesuviana Bay"—when suddenly Nellie opened her door again, and stood there white as a sheet.

"There is some one in the kitchen! I heard the window forced open!" she whispered.

Isabel laughed.

"It is the cat!" she whispered, dramatically.

Mr. Hardy, with a smile, took a pistol from the table, and opened the door into the hall.

Near the sitting-room door were the stairs leading down into the basement, closed by a door at the top.

The three passed out into the hall, which was dark, save for the light from the sitting-room, and stood listening.

In an instant they all heard the same sound—stealthy, blundering footsteps creeping up the stairs.

"Go back!" said Mr. Hardy, in a low, quick tone to the two pale women beside him.

Nellie threw up her arms despairingly.

"Oh, my children!" she breathed, and turned and flew back to them.

Isabel leaned against the wall, deathly white, with her eyes fixed upon Mr. Hardy's face. He glanced at her.

"Go back into the sitting-room. Lock the door after you!" he whispered, imperatively, and then stepped forward to the stairway.

The steps came on, reached the door; there was a pause, then a sound of pushing, straining, yielding!

The old lock gave way, and the door was burst open.

A dark figure loomed in the doorway—an evil face, another rising behind it.

"Halt!" rang out clear and sharp from David Hardy's lips, and the click of a trigger backed it.

"God save him!" Isabel gasped, as she put her hand over her eyes.

There was a horrible pause, a hoarse oath, a sudden rush, one, two, three pistol-shots in quick succession, then a groan, and wild stumbling down the back stairway.

Isabel opened her eyes, and they were all gone—David, too; and out of that horrible black cellar came sounds of trampling steps and another pistol-shot, another, and a wild yell, then utter silence.

How was it that she had a pistol in her own hand and was gliding swiftly down the stairway? But a light, quick step came up. "Isabel!" called David's voice, and the pistol dropped from her hand, and he caught her as she fell forward half fainting.

"You are not hurt?" she gasped.

"No! The cowards! They fired at random, and ran like sheep. One is wounded. They are gone. Isabel! Where were you going with that pistol?"

"To—to help you," she breathed. "I thought they were murdering you down here!"

"You plucky little soul! My darling! My own love!"

For a moment she clung to him, trembling and sobbing, and felt his warm kisses on her lips—the next she sprang away with a quick cry.

"Nellie! I must go to her!"

In the nursery, Nellie lay on the floor in a dead faint, and Mammy's old trembling hands could do little for her. It was an hour before Isabel came stealing back into the sitting-room where David paced up and down, "on guard."

"She is better, I hope," he said.

"Much better. Oh, what a night this is!" and Isabel sank wearily into a chair.

"It is not night any longer," David said, smiling.

He drew aside the heavy curtains and pushed up the sash.

Night and storm and Winter were gone. The sky was tinged with the rose of dawn—a soft Spring breeze fluttered in at the window, and a robin set up his cheerful song on the lawn.

"Hello!" shouted a cheery voice, and a stalwart, ruddy, blue-eyed young man came striding round the house, and looked up with a good-humored, astonished face.

"Harry!" Isabel exclaimed, joyfully. And then a little figure flashed through the room, and in a moment Nellie was clasped in her husband's arms, sobbing out the story of "this horrible night."

"Oh, Harry, I have been so wretched! And it was only a lame horse, after all, that kept you! Those horrible Daggetts! It *was* the Daggetts, of course! They would have murdered us all but for Mr. Hardy. Come and thank him, Harry." Then, as the two men grasped each other's hands heartily, the little lady went on with decision: "We mean to keep Mr. Hardy here as long as we please, to thank him! Harry, tell him he is to stay! Isabel!"

"Of course he is to stay!" ejaculated Harry, cordially.

David hesitated an instant. Then Isabel swiftly turned her head and looked at him with soft, entreating eyes, and the glow of morning on her cheeks.

She did not speak, but David's dark eyes grew radiant as they sought hers.

"Yes, I will stay," he said, quietly.

IN THE NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS.

By OSCAR FREDRIK,
King of Sweden and Norway.

Translated, with His Majesty's permission, by Carl Siewers.

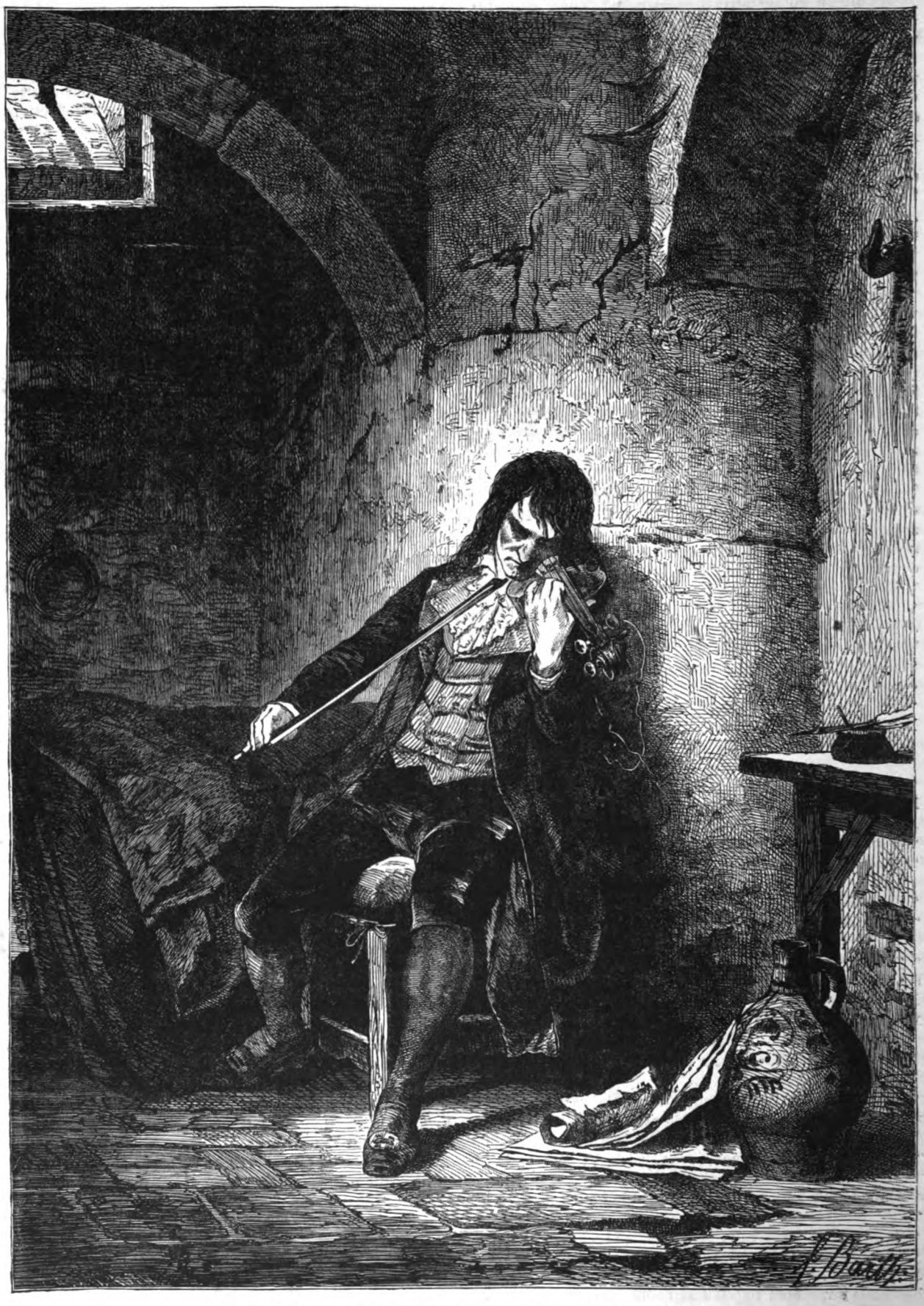
If you will accompany us on our journey toward the snow-covered peaks of the Sogne Mountains yonder, you are welcome! But quick, not a moment is to be lost; day is dawning, and we have a long journey before us. It is still five stiff Norwegian miles to the coast in Bergen's Stift, although we did two yesterday from the last dwelling in the valley of Lom. We ought to be under shelter before dusk; the night might be "rough" up yonder among the white-capped old peaks, so therefore to horse, and forward!

We are compelled to say Good-by to the last *Sæter* there on the silent shores of the deep, gloomy mountain lake, a duty which we perform with no light heart. How strange the *Sæter* life and dwellings appear to the stranger! How poor this long and dark structure seems at first sight, and yet how hearty and unexpectedly lavish is the hospitality which the simple children of the mountain extend to the weary traveler!

Milk, warm from the cow, fresh-churned butter, reindeer meat, and a couple of delicious trout which we have just seen taken from the lake below, form a regal feast indeed; and, spiced with the keen appetite which the air up here creates, the meal can only be equaled by the luxury of reposing on a soft couch of fresh, fragrant hay.

On the threshold as we depart stand the pretty *Budejer* (dairymaids), in the neat costume of the people in the Guldbrandsdal Valley, nodding a tender farewell to us, and wishing us a hearty "*Lykke paa Reisen.*" Yes, there they stand, following us with their gaze as we proceed along the steep mountain path, till we disappear from view in the rocky glen. I said "path." Well, that is the name assigned to it, but never did I imagine the existence of such a riding "ladder," and it may well be necessary to have the peculiar race of mountain horses found here, for a rider to get safely to his journey's end.

Now the road lies through rapid mountain streams, where the roaring waterfall may in an instant sweep man and beast into a yawning abyss below, and now across a precipice, where the lake divides the mountains, and death lurks a yard to your left. Again across the steepest slopes, where Nature appears to have amused herself by tossing masses of jagged, t ttering rocks in heaps, and where no ordinary horse's hoof would find a safe hold. But if you only watch these brave and sagacious little animals, how carefully they consider the slightest movement and measure the smallest step, they will inspire you with the greatest confidence, and you will continue your journey on their back without the slightest fear, along the wildest path, on the edge of the most awe-inspiring abyss. And should one of these excellent cobs stumble, which happened once or twice during our ride,



A HALF-HOUR WITH BOW-KINGS.— PAGANINI IN PRISON.— SEE PAGE 696.

it is only on comparatively safe ground, where probably the horse does not consider much attention is required.

We now climb still higher; gradually the sound of cow-bells and the soft melodies from the *Lur* (the Norse alpenhorn) are wafted into space, and in return, a sharp chilly gust of wind, called *Fjeldsno*, sweeps along the valley slopes, carrying with it the last souvenir of society and civilization. We have long ago left the populated districts behind—the mountain Nature stands before us, and surrounds us in all its imposing grandeur. The roar of the mighty Bæver River is the only sound which breaks the impressive silence, and even this becomes fainter and fainter as we mount higher and higher, and the mass of water decreases and the fall becomes steeper and steeper, till at last the big river is reduced to a little noisy, foaming brook, skipping from rock to rock, and plunging from one ledge to another, twisting its silvery thread into the most fantastic shapes.

The morning had dawned rather dull, which in these altitudes means that we had been enveloped in a thick, damp mist; but the gusts from the snow-fields soon chase the heavy clouds away, and seem to sweep them into a heap round the crests of the lofty mountains. At last a streak of blue appears overhead, and through the rent clouds a faint sunbeam shoots across the high plateau; one stronger and more intense follows; a second and third. It is clearing.

A HALF-HOUR WITH BOW-KINGS.—OLE BULL.—SEE PAGE 696.

Oh, what a magnificent spectacle! Never will it fade from my recollection; indelibly it stands stamped on my mind! Before us lies a grand glacier, the Smörstabsbræen, from whose icy lap our old acquaintance the Bæver River starts on his laborious journey to the Western Ocean. The bright rays of the noonday sun are playing on the burnished surface of the glacier, which now flashes like a *rivière* of the choicest diamonds, now glitters clear and transparent as crystal, and now gleams in green and blue like a mass of emeralds and sapphires, the rapid transformation of tint being ten times multiplied by the play of the shadow of the clouds fleeting across the azure heavens. And above the glacier there towers a gigantic mountain with the weird name of "*Fanarauken*" (The Devil's Smoke), which may be considered as the solitary vedette of the body of peaks which under the name of Horungtinderne forms the loftiest part of the Jotun or Sogne Mountains. Some of the slopes of the peaks seem covered with white snow, while others stand out in bold relief, jet-black in color: somewhat awe-inspiring, with the cold, pale-green background which the sky assumes in the regions of eternal snow. The crests of the Horungtinderne, some 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, are steep and jagged, and around them the snow-clouds have settled, and when the wind attempts to tear them away they twirl upward, resembling smoking volcanoes, which further enhances the strangeness of the scene.

To our right there are some immense snow-fields, still we are told that there is very little snow in the mountains this year!

Long ago we left the last dwarf birch (*Betula nana*), six feet in height, behind us, and are now approaching the border of eternal snow. We reach it, spring from our horses, and are soon engaged in throwing snowballs at each other.

It is the 15th of August, but the air is icy cold; it is more like one of those clear, cool Spring mornings, so familiar to the Northerner, when rude Boreas is abroad, but far more invigorating and entirely free from that

unpleasant, raw touch which fosters colds and worse illnesses. Here disease is unknown, one feels as if drinking the elixir of life in every breath, and, whilst the eye can roam freely over the immense plateau, the lungs are free to inhale the pure mountain air untainted.

One is at once gay and solemn. Thought and vision soar over the immense fields and expand with the extended view, and this consciousness is doubly emphasized by the sense of depression we have just experienced under the overhanging mountains in the narrow Sæter's Valley. One feels as if away from the world one is wont to move in, as if parted from life on earth and brought suddenly face to face with the Almighty Creator of Nature. One is compelled to acknowledge one's own lowliness and impotence. A snow-cloud, and one is buried for ever; a fog, and the only slender thread which guides the wanderer to the distant abode of man is lost.

Never before had I experienced such a sensation, not even during a terrific storm in the Atlantic Ocean, or on beholding the desert of Sahara from the pyramid of Cheops. In the latter case, I am in the vicinity of a populated district and an extensive town, and need only turn round to see Cairo's minarets and citadel in the distance; and again at sea, the ship is a support to the eye, and I am surrounded by many people, who all participate in the very work which engages myself; I seem to a certain extent to carry my home with me. Whilst here, on the other hand, I am, as it were, torn away from everything dear to me—a speck of dust on the enormous snowdrift—and I feel my own impotence more keenly as the Nature facing me becomes grander and more gigantic, and whose forces may from inaction in an instant be called into play, bringing destruction on the fatigued wanderer. But we did not encounter them, and it is indeed an exception that any danger is incurred. With provisions for a couple of days, sure and resolute guides, enduring horses, and particularly bold courage and good temper, all will go well. As regards good temper, this is a gift of welcome and gratitude: presents from the mountains to the rare traveler who finds his way up here.

Our little caravan, a most appropriate designation, has certainly something very picturesque about it, whether looking at the travelers in their rough cloaks, slouched hats and top-boots, or our little long-haired cobs with their strong sinewy limbs and close-cropped manes, or the ponies carrying our traps in a *Klöif* saddle.

These sagacious and enduring *Klöif* horses are certainly worth attention.

I cannot understand how they support the heavy and bulky packages they carry, covering nearly the entire body, and still less how they are able to spring, thus encumbered, so nimbly from one ledge to another and so adroitly to descend the steep, slippery mountain slopes, or so fearlessly wade through the small but deep pools—*Tjærn*—which we so often encounter on our road. The most surprising thing is that our *Klöif* horses always prefer to be in the van, yes, even forcing their way to the front, where the path is narrowest, and the abyss at its side most appalling, and when they gain the desired position they seem to lead the entire party. What guides them in their turn? Simply the instinct with which Nature has endowed them.

Life in the mountains, and the daily acquaintance with the giant forces of Nature, seem to create something corresponding in the character of the simple dwellers among the high valleys of Norway. As a type I may mention an old reindeer-hunter, whom we met in the mountains. Seventy Winters had snown on his venerable locks, serving only however to ornament his proudly-borne head. Leaning on his rough but unerring rifle, motionless as a statue, he appears before us on a hill at some distance. Silent and solemn is his greeting as we pass, and we see him still yonder, motionless as the rocks, which soon hide him from our view. Thus he has to spend many a weary hour, even days, in order to earn his scanty living. To me it seemed a hard lot, but he is content—he knows no better, the world has not tempted *him* to discontent.

Not far from the highest point on our road lies a small stone hut, tumble-down, solitary, uninviting, but nevertheless a blessed refuge to the traveler who has been caught in rough weather, and I should say that the finest hotel in Europe is scarcely entered with such feelings of grateful contentment as this wretched *Fjeldstue* is taken possession of by the fatigued, frozen, or strayed traveler.

We were, however, lucky enough not to be in want of the refuge, as the weather became more and more lovely and the air more transparent as we ascended.

About half-way across the mountains we discovered, after some search, the horses which had been ordered to meet us here from the other side in Bergen's Stift; and to order fresh animals to meet one half-way when crossing is certainly a wise plan, which I should recommend to every one, though I must honestly add that our horses did not appear the least exhausted in spite of their four hours' trot yesterday and six to-day, continually ascending. In the open air we prepared and did ample justice to a simple fare, and no meal ever tasted better. And, meanwhile, we let our horses roam about and gather what moss they could in the mountain clefts.

After a rest of about two hours we again mount and resume our journey with renewed strength. It is still five hours' journey to our destination on the coast.

We did not think that, after what we had already seen, a fresh grand view, even surpassing the former, would be revealed to our gaze; but we were mistaken.

Anything more grand, more impressive than the view from the last eminence, the Oscar's Houg, before we begin to descend, it is impossible to imagine! Before us loom the three Skagastölstinder, almost the loftiest peaks in the Scandinavian peninsula. More than 7,000 feet they raise their crests above the level of the sea, and they stand yonder as clearly defined as if within rifle-shot, whilst they are at least half a day's journey distant. To their base no human being has ever penetrated, their top has never been trodden by man.

And they certainly appear terribly steep; snow cannot gather on their slopes, but only festoons the rocks here and there, or hides in the crevices, where the all-dispersing wind has lost its force. The mountain has a cold steel-gray color, and around the pointed cones snow-clouds move erratically, sometimes gathering in a most fantastic manner in a mass and again suddenly disappearing, as though chased by some invisible power.

And around us the dark jagged peaks of the Horungtinder, alternating with dazzling snow-fields, which increase in extent to the north, thus bespeaking their close proximity to the famous glacier of Justedalen.

Does this complete my picture? No; our glance has only swept the sun-bathed heights above, but now it is lowered, sinking with terror into yawning abysses, and lost in a gloomy depth, without outlines, without limit! A waterfall rushes wildly forward, downward—whither? We see it not; we do not know; we can only imagine that it plunges into some appalling chasm below. In very favorable weather it is said to be possible to see the ocean—the bottom of the abyss—quite plainly from this eminence; we could, however, only distinguish its faint

outlines, as the sun shone right in our eyes. We saw, half "by faith" however, the innermost creek of the Lysterfjord. But remember this creek was rather below than before us!

"Surely it is not intended to descend into this abyss on horseback?" I ask, with some apprehension. "Yes, it is," responds my venerable guide with that inimitable, confidence-creating calmness which distinguishes the Norwegian. I involuntarily think compassionately of my neck. Perhaps the mountaineer observed my momentary surprise, as this race is gifted with remarkable keenness; perhaps not. However, I felt a slight flush on my face, and that decided me, *coûte que coûte*, never to dismount, however tempted. And of course I did not.

We had, in fact, no choice. We were bound to proceed by this road and no other, unless we desired to return all the way to Guldbrandsdalen, miss all our nicely-arranged trips around the Sogne and Nœrö fjords, and disappoint the steamer waiting for us with our carriage and traps. And above all, what an ignominious retreat! No; such a thought did not for a moment enter our head. Therefore come what may, forward!

On a balmy evening, as the rays of the setting sun tint the landscape, we find ourselves on the seashore, safe and sound.

But to attempt a description of the adventurous breakneck, giddy descent, I must decline. I can scarcely review it in my mind at this moment, when I attempt to gather the scattered fragments of this remarkable ride, the most extraordinary I ever performed. But one word I will add—one must not be afraid or subject to giddiness, else the Sogne Mountains had better be left out of the programme. Only have confidence in the mountain-horse, and all will go well.

Well, had I even arrived as far as this in my journey, I would unfold to you a very different canvas, with warmer colors and a softer touch. I would, in the fertile valley of Fortun, at 62° latitude N., conjure up to your astonished gaze entire groves of wild cherry-trees laden with ripe fruit; I would show you corn, weighty and yellow, three months after being sown, in close, rich rows, or undulating oats ready for the sickle, covering extensive fields. I would lead you to the shore of the majestic fjord, and let you behold the towering mountains reflected sharp and clear in its depth, as though another landscape lay beneath the waves; and I would guide your glance upward, toward the little farms nestling up there on the slope, a couple of thousand feet above your head, and which are only accessible from the valley by a rocky ladder. Yes, this and more, too, I would show you, but remember we stand at this moment on the crest of the mountain, and a yawning gap still divides us from the Canaan which is our journey's end.

I have, therefore, no choice but to lay down my pen, and I do so with a call on you, my reader, to undertake this journey and experience for yourself its indescribable impressions; and if you do, I feel confident you will not find my description exaggerated.

Ride only once down the precipice between Optun and Lysterfjord, and you will find, I think, that the descent cannot be accurately described in words; but believe me, the memory thereof will never fade from your mind, neither will you repent the toil.

A Summer's day in the Sogne Mountains of old Norway will, as well for you as for me, create rich and charming recollections—recollections retained through one's whole life.

When the will is ready the foot is light.

GAS GOSSIP.

The "light of other days" was—daylight—which is also the light of these days (fogs permitting). That daylight is the universal light will be universally admitted, and it will be as readily conceded all the world over that gas is the universal brightener of the hours of night. Gas! What should we do without it? How should we get on in these gloomy times had we to fumble and stumble along go-ahead oil-lit ways after the sun had bidden us Good-night? Gas is in more ways than one the enlightener of mankind—a beneficent brightener which electricity will "take the shine out of," but whose "pipe" will not be "put out" for many and many a year.

"Everybody" knows what gas is—carbureted hydrogen. But "everybody" does not know what "all the world and his wife" should know—that gas was invented, or, rather, first practically used, for illuminating purposes, by a canny Scotchman. Stay, though!

Dr. Samuel Smiles, in his recent very interesting and informing work, "Men of Invention and Industry," says that, although independent inquiries into the constituents of Newcastle coal had resulted in "the conclusion that nearly one-third of the substance was driven off in vapor by the application of heat, and that the vapor so driven off was inflammable, no suggestion had been made to apply this vapor for lighting purposes until Murdock took the matter in hand."

But the doctor is "out of his reckoning" there; for, many years prior to Murdock's researches and experiments, gaslight had been tried as an illuminant by Dr. Clayton (about the year 1735); but, somehow, the new light lay in the shade for about sixty years, when it was lit upon by Murdock, and made light of by some of the "men of light and leading" of the period.

Whether Murdock knew anything of Dr. Clayton's experiments with coal-gas must remain an open question; probably when Murdock was bringing the illuminant to light at Redruth, in Cornwall, he knew no more about Dr. Clayton than we know about the man in the moon. Murdock—a really remarkable man—seems to have independently discovered that the gas generated by the destructive distillation of coal could be utilized as a light-producer. What could be, should be, was Murdock's resolve—and it was; for in 1792 his house was fitted up with the necessary paraphernalia—— Let imagination supply the blank—that is, fill it.

On the occasion of the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, the whole of the Soho Works (Boulton and Watt's, Birmingham) "were brilliantly illuminated with gas, the sight being received with immense enthusiasm." But gas was an interloper, an innovation, a dangerous product, a delusion, a snare, a source of untold danger and manifold possibilities of mischance. So the great ones of the time said. Why, when it was proposed to light the streets of London with gas, the idea was ridiculed by—yes, positively scoffed at by—Sir Humphery Davy, who contemptuously asked if it was intended "to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer!" And Wollaston, too, tried to overpower the new light with the light of his brilliant intellect. But it was in vain that he declared they "might as well attempt to light London with a slice from the moon," and in vain did Sir Walter Scott make a bright joke about the proposition "to send light through the streets in pipes"—Murdock & Windsor (who lit the Lyceum, London, with gas in 1803) showed that oil could not "hold a candle" to gas, and that gas could hold its own easily, and brighten the hours of darkness and

A HALF-HOUR WITH BOW-KINGS.— AUGUST WILHELMJ.

dreariness. Westminster Bridge was lit with gas in 1814, and Glasgow in 1817 ; and soon it was "piping times of peace" with the new illuminant, which has been, and, in spite of electricity, will continue to be, a boon and a blessing to men. Of course, electricity is as certainly the "light" of the proximate future as gas is the "light" of the present ; but although gas will have to play second fiddle, it will make merry music yet. In other words, what it loses in comparative brilliancy it will gain in positive utility—partly, perhaps chiefly, as an almost indispensable auxiliary to electricity.

A HALF-HOUR WITH BOW-KINGS.

By John R. Plunkett.

The *raconteur*, familiarly saluted as *Old Knowles* by *Freddy Croft* in that charming novel by W. E. Morris, entitled "Matrimony," speaking of a fair violinist, says : "I think I can in some degree realize the ecstasy of a finished musician in his art. I can fancy that to look down from a platform upon an audience made up of all sorts of human specimens, clever and dull, refined and vulgar, happy and unhappy—and to possess the conscious power of not only pleasing the ears of every one of them, but of touching the higher part of their nature and lifting them for the time being to its level—I can fancy that this might be a position that one would not change for any that the world can offer."

This truly is, in a great degree, a realization of the musician's "ecstasy"; for do not the lives of our great artists prove, that, in order to live as they have done and still do, setting aside alike the will of kings, and the no less formidable prejudices of "society"—mastering the passions of the most turbulent, winning the gracious glances and smiles of the most haughty dames — they must be conscious of the power they are endowed with by their art.

What a wonderful thing is a violin !

It can rouse men to battle, and soothe the grief of the girls they've left behind them.

What an insignificant thing it seems ! Its four slender strings are like maids awaiting the bridal kiss of the bow (pardon the euphemistic sound) ; and when it comes !—maids can scarce conceive equal thrillings, or give voice to more glorious songs.

Can he who wooes the strings to such a purpose fail, when they answer to his touch, to feel the thrill of a successful lover—of a master ? No.

Who, who has assisted at the performance of our great violinists, can say that he has not had creep o'er him a sense of mastery, compelled by the loving and firm cuddling of the "Cremona" by the *virtuoso?*

People have lived, and not long ago, who ascribed to a violinist demoniac power ; who asserted that when the violin spoke, the demon in its strings answered to the caressing touch of one whom music had lured to perdition. These things were once said of Nicolo Paganini.

Of a wild, impetuous nature, accentuated by parental sternness, this unsurpassed violinist earned for himself in superstitious Italy and envious France the title of "Demon of the Bow."

Paganini, the most extraordinary, the most renowned, violinist of the nineteenth century, was born, February 18th, 1784. His father, Antonio Paganini, soon discovered the aptitude of his son for music, and resolved that study should fully develop it. Such was the severity of the father toward the son, that had not Paganini been a genius he must have succumbed to the ill-treatment to which he was subjected, but fortunately he personally avenged parental blows by feats of strength on his violin, and when his rage was spent, he wooed the consoling murmurs of the strings. He was of a nervous and delicate constitution, and the words which his mother one day spoke to him seem to have urged him to the achievement of her wish. Speaking one day to her wild-eyed idol, the fond mother said : "My son, you will be a great musician. An angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to me during the night, and, addressing me, spoke thus : 'If thou wouldst proffer a wish, it shall be accomplished.' I asked that you should become the greatest

of all violinists, and the angel promised the fulfillment of my desire."

At six years of age Paganini was a musician and violinist; at eight years, he was a composer, for 'twas then he wrote his first sonata, which he took no care of, unfortunately, and it has been lost, together with many of his other productions.

One of the secrets of the success of this so far unrivaled artist, was his indomitable perseverance in actual practice. When in his fourteenth year Paganini wrote a collection of studies for the violin. This music was so difficult that he had to study it himself with great perseverance. "He was seen," Mr. Fétis in his Memoirs tells us, "to have tried the same passage in a thousand different ways during ten or twelve hours, and to be completely overwhelmed with fatigue at the end of the day."

When but fifteen years of age, Paganini prevailed upon his father to give him his liberty, and soon he found himself really the master of Fortune. Surrounded by artists whose morals were none too strict, and who fairly worshiped the young *virtuoso*, is it to be wondered at that, with his nature, and after the rigorous rule of his father's house, he should plunge into all sorts of follies? Often he was obliged to pawn his violin in order to obtain food and shelter, and then he would borrow it, and playing at some concert, would earn its redemption and comparative luxury for himself.

One day he was announced to appear at a concert in Leghorn, and he would have been unable to keep his engagement had not a certain M. Livron, a distinguished amateur, loaned him an excellent Guarnieri. When the concert had concluded, Paganini brought the violin back to its owner, when this gentleman exclaimed: "Never will I profane strings which your fingers have touched. That instrument is now yours." This is the violin that Paganini afterward used in all his concerts.

From this time forward the artist's life was a most turbulent one.

Of a naturally delicate constitution, dissipation and the excitement of artistic triumphs frequently compelled long periods of complete rest. During these idle moments, when overtaxed nature refused to do the bidding of the restless spirit, Paganini would become morose, spending days at a time unwilling to speak to any one. Of a sudden he would start for a walk along lonely roads, and then it was that his gaunt figure, almost livid face, wild eyes and disheveled hair would form a personification of the evil one for the peasant who chanced to meet him. Then would come the confirmation to the popular mind that no mortal could play the violin as Paganini did; he must have sold himself to the powers of darkness, if, in reality, he were not the devil himself.

Of the loves of the great artist we shall say but little—that he had many *affaires de cœur* there is no doubt, and that while each lasted it was as fervid as his playing, no one can deny who can picture to himself such a man. One notable epoch in his life was when, reciprocating the passion of a lady of high rank, Paganini withdrew with her to her estate in Tuscany. This lady played the guitar, and, enamored of everything about his divinity, the King of the Violin relinquished this instrument to study the guitar. Poor violin; for three years did the spell of beauty banish you! But love cools in castle as in cottage, and at the end of three years Paganini resolved upon resuming his travels with his old *compagnon de voyage*.

The envy of violinists throughout the world, arising from their inability to do what Paganini could with the instrument, as well as from the apparent contempt with which he treated them, caused them to foster the beliefs of the people as to his diabolical compact by all sorts of libelous stories. In the great cities, however, men were

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not so prone, even in the beginning of this century, to ascribe what was incomprehensible to them to supernatural agencies; therefore envious tongues, while admitting Paganini's pre-eminence as a musician, sought to rob him of his character as a man. Stories were set afloat about his passionate life, and even went so far as to circumstantialize his imprisonment, and attribute his wonderful power over the G string as an outcome of his frenzied seizure of his beloved Guarnerius in his cell, when the three other strings having broken, by constant use and the dampness of a dungeon, he found himself "alone with a G."

Though superstitions were many, at the same time human malice and envy were as keen then as to-day. Paganini never was in prison, and of this ample proof is forthcoming. To-day no one will ascribe his empire of the violin to a compact with the powers of darkness, nor his mastery of the G string to the accidents of a prison cell.

His work was never-ceasing, his energy uncontrollable, and his love for his art such, that even the smiles of woman could not lure him for ever. Paganini died on May 27th, 1840, at the age of fifty-six, leaving to his only son, Achille—the fruit of his *liaison* with the cantatrice Antonia Bianchi of Como—an immense fortune and the title of baron, which, as a token of royal favor, had been conceded to him in Germany.

To the world of music Paganini left many revelations of the possibilities of the violin, and to his artistic successors a number of compositions for that noble instrument, which, we are told by such judges as Fétis, that none have interpreted like their author.

Twenty years before the death of Paganini, was born at Verviers, in France, Henri Vieuxtemps, one of the great violinists of the age.

At a tender age Vieuxtemps would spend hours listening to his father's efforts on the violin, and we are told that when only two years of age his favorite amusement was scraping the strings of a miniature instrument with a bow.

When but four years old Vieuxtemps commenced his musical studies, and shortly afterward so enthused a well-known amateur that this gentleman volunteered to defray the expense of a musical education, and placed him under the tutorship of Lecloux, a violinist of note. The child's progress was astounding, and when but eight years of age the pupil was thought worthy to assist his master in a concert-tour in Belgium.

In Brussels Vieuxtemps attracted the attention of De Beriot, and so charmed was the latter with the boy's playing, that he asked and obtained permission to enroll him among his pupils. This period of study lasted two years, and in 1830 Vieuxtemps followed his new master to Paris, and there appeared in public with him.

At first Vieuxtemps did not meet with much success, but when he finally appeared in concert at Vienna he took rank as a great artist.

His first visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow was a memorable one, as not only was the young artist most enthusiastically greeted on all sides, but in the latter city he composed a grand fantasia so much superior to any of his previous writings, that it aroused the envy of many of his French and Belgian competitors, who declared that "Vieuxtemps never wrote the music signed with his name!" He knew, however, how "to labor and to wait," and his triumph over the would-be calumniators of his genius has come in his world-acknowledged mastery of the violin, and his confessed eminence as a composer.

After a sojourn of over a year in Russia, Vieuxtemps returned to Belgium, where, in Antwerp, on the occasion of the unvailing of a statue of Rubens, he, as a reward for his magnificent playing of two of his own compositions, was publicly awarded the medal of the Order of Leopold.

Paris seems to be the Mecca of the sons and daughters of genius. Without a Parisian indorsement the children of the Muses appear either to burn with a fever of desire or to languish and die under the gnawings of disappointment. Hither, then, came Vieuxtemps, and at once won the stamp of approval from the artists and *dilettanti* of the French capital.

In the season of 1844-1845 the great violinist overcame his fears of a trans-Atlantic trip, and visited the United States. Everywhere he was most enthusiastically received. His playing of the works of the classic masters entranced his audiences, and when, as often was the case, in response to an uproarious recall, he would play his own arrangements of "Yankee Doodle," or of "The Arkansas Traveler," the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Of late years Vieuxtemps alone has suffered less than the musical world in his own inability to do, for an envious paralysis of the right arm has put an estoppel on his wondrous execution. To-day the grand old artist spends a tranquil life in Paris. Were he less philosophical, how keenly would he suffer!

He can no longer evoke the voice of his Stradivarius, but such is his love for art, music and his fellow-man, that even a paralyzed arm cannot repress the bubblings of the well of his genius. From time to time he *must* sing to the world, even though it be now with the pen of an amanuensis.

Vieuxtemps comes of an eminently musical family; his brother Jean excelling as a performer on the piano, as his brother Jules does on the violoncello.

Orpheus must have been a precursory cosmopolitan, for his promptings were universally felt. From Bergen, in Norway, in the year 1810, came to the world that leonine master of the bow, Ole Bull.

This name, to violinists, is almost typical in itself. The writer, when very young, having been taken by a music-loving father to hear Ole Bull play, imparted his impressions, on his return from the concert, in a childish way, to a dear old creole mammy nurse. This dusky old girl, let me add, had listened to the first efforts on the violin of four generations in the same family, and had often heard great artists in her master's parlors.

"Ah!" said dear old Julie, "qui dit; Ole Bull! *Vieux Torreaux.* Ya, ya. Torreaux jouer violon; tit moun, vous moquez moin!"

Julie had made a literal translation from Anglo-Norwegian to good Creole, and unconsciously had passed a brilliant criticism on Ole Bull.

The graceful pen of an affectionate American wife has given to the world an exquisite history of this great artist and philanthropist, and we would simply pluck from her hand-made crown of immortelles a few of the imperishable flowers, to urge the reader to gaze on the wreath.

Ole Bull was originally intended by his parents for the sacred ministry, but so impetuous was his nature, so fired with artistic longings, that the quiet old people silenced their own predilections in order to foster those of their son. Left to follow the bent of his being, the young man traveled everywhere, devoting himself during his pilgrimages to his violin, and the finding out of necessitous artists, to whose aid his open heart always begot an open purse.

His mastery of the technique of the violin was complete, and he seemed to have made the dictum of Talley-

rand, to "aim high in order to reach high, although you may not reach as high as you aim," his motto, for Paganini was his Ultima Thule!

Formed on this school of technical virtuosity, Ole Bull wrote works for his own interpretations, and, though of mediocre musical value, still his aim was true, for he astonished the "Sound Sons" by the tones of his violin.

Ole Bull in public confined himself to the almost sole production of his own compositions, which thoroughly displayed his harmonic effects, long jumps, and arpeggii. His staccato and chromatic octaves are to-day wondrously ringing his requiem in the memories of violinists.

In this age of self-made men, Ole Bull stands forth in its firmament as the planet of "self-made" (may I say evolved?) stars which, though away up in the crystalline northern sky, flashes on the hearts and natures of the human race.

What can be more natural on the part of your chronicler than, when extolling Ole Bull's "long jumps" on the strings, to make a "long jump" geographically, and to visit Pampeluna, in Spain, where on March 10th, 1844, was born Sarasate.

Though of Spanish birth, he is artistically one of the most brilliant, and in our day, *the* great exponent of the noble traditions, of the great French school of violinists.

Almost during his pinaforical age, Sarasate's musical genius showed itself. When but seven years old, this wondrous child was taken by his father, an officer of the Spanish army, "to play before the Queen."

Struck as much by the engaging appearance of the boy, by his modest self-reliance, as by his wonderful playing, Isabella turned to Señor Sarasate, the father, and said: "Henceforth I claim your son for Spain. I shall not have him follow your career of arms, but devote him to the inspiration of its deeds of valor by his violin."

The Queen now took a personal interest in the education of her *protégé*, and after a period of rudimentary study in Spain, sent him finally to Paris, where he entered the Class of Violin, under Alard, at the "Conservatoire."

In 1857, after only eighteen months of study under this most eminent master, Sarasate carried off, with most astonishing ease, the "*premier prix de violon.*" This, for a lad of only thirteen years of age, is something astounding. He continued his musical studies most perseveringly, and achieved great distinction under Reber in the latter's classes of harmony.

Sarasate's heart now prompted a return to Spain, the land of his birth, but Napoleon III. demanded the first fruits of Spanish blossoms ripened in France, and hence the young *virtuoso* found himself, at the close of his academic career, chained by the will of the Emperor.

Among the most prized of the artist's many mementoes, he carries with him always a magnificent watch, covered with gems and inscribed with the Imperial eagles, and also two of the grandest violins ever made—a Stradivarius and a Joseph Guarnerius—all the gifts of that noble patron of the arts and of artists, Louis Napoleon.

Before the Franco-Prussian War, Sarasate began his travels, and visited the Continent, the United Kingdom, and thence sailed for the West Indies. His success was uniform, never phenomenal, but such was his art that everywhere he visited would appear as another rung reached on the ladder of fame, until finally, in 1870, he visited New York.

Here the writer had the pleasure of meeting him at the house of that gifted composer—a friend of Rossini, Berlioz, and Gounod—Louis Dachauer.

What delight it was to meet the violinist! and what a repository of music was the home where first I heard the *Légende* of Wieniawski!

Sarasate, like all great artists, is somewhat eccentric. An anecdote of one of his quaint ideas may not be out of place here:

He one day visited the town of Orange, New Jersey, to appear at a concert given in aid of the sufferers by the Franco-Prussian War, and together with the great buffo, Ferranti, the exquisite pianist, Marie Krebs, and the gifted Dachauer, was the guest of the writer's father.

Seeing a handsome cat on the hearthstone, Sarasate exclaimed to his hosts: "*Cats ought to love violins*, for they furnish the strings. She evidently likes me. I'll try whether she likes my music." He played an improvisation to the cat, and dear old "Puff" (such was the cat's name) purred her approval. Hence a most peculiar fondness arose between Sarasate and the cat. Five years later, one of the ladies of this Orange household visited, on her wedding-tour, Lyons in France, where Sarasate was then concertizing. The artist having sought out his American friends, called to pay his respects. Mutual greetings being over, the artist's first exclamation was: "Eh, cette chère Puff, elle n'oublie pas mon pauvre violon."

When this remark was made, Sarasate was starting on the tour of Europe, which has by common consent crowned him the equal, if not superior, of the great Joachim.

This pre-eminence has been achieved by the most persevering hard work and study, the fruits of which show themselves in his "style," which is at once the broadest, most severe, and purest ever heard. Added to these qualities, there is withal in his playing a poetic fire and passionate interpretation of the composition performed, thoroughly characteristic. Whether he plays the works of Max Bruch or Edouard Salo, or the concertos of Mendelssohn or Beethoven, Sarasate is equally grand, and stamps the work with his individuality.

To these masterful qualities of Sarasate's playing, we may add that he is equally noted for his elegant daintiness of phrasing, marvelous purity of intonation, and by the exquisite pathos of his singing on the violin.

The works of this artist for his favorite instrument are many, and the best criticism that can be passed on them is that they are worthy of his playing.

In order to be chronologically exact, we must beg the reader to make with us another "long jump," from Pampeluna to Usingen (ancient Duchy of Nassau), here to realize the birth of August Wilhelmj.

Born on September 21st, 1845, Wilhemj first was greeted by the smiles of a lawyer father, and was anointed a musician by his mother's kisses, who was a distinguished vocalist and pianist, a pupil of Bordogni and Chopin.

When August was but four years of age, his parents removed to Wiesbaden. This fact notably was of consequence to the child, for here, from Fischer, he received his first lessons on the violin.

Studying faithfully, Wilhelmj made rapid progress, and evidenced such precocity that, soon after his advent to Wiesbaden, when Henrietta Sonntag visited the city, she, on hearing him play, was enthused, and catching the child in her arms, prophesied he would become the "Paganini of Germany."

What an encomium to win from so great an artist as Sonntag! The boy, however, earned it. He was only seven years old, but his tone had a mellowness that found an echo in the heart of the *cantatrice*, and a purity almost inconceivable.

A HALF-HOUR WITH BOW-KINGS.— JOACHIM.

The first public appearance of August Wilhelmj was on January 8th, 1854, at a concert, given for sweet charity's sake, in a small provincial town. It needed a heart-appeal to again induce him to sing to an audience, and this was two years subsequent to his first public appearance. This time a charity concert claimed him in Wiesbaden.

Despite the flattering reception everywhere accorded Wilhemj, the father of this wondrous child would not consent to a musical career for his son unless "one competent to say" among the great musicians of the world indorsed the son's ability.

In the Spring of 1861, Wilhelmj, bearing a letter of introduction from the Prince Wittgenstein to the renowned Abbé Liszt, journeyed to Weimar.

Quietly greeted by the illustrious master of orchestras, the lad was asked to play.

Undaunted, the young artist seized his violin, and played Spohr's "Eighth Concerto," and being requested to play again by his host, attacked the Hungarian airs of Ernst.

So completely astounded was Liszt that, in a musical frenzy, he personally rushed Wilhelmj to Leipsic, where the "sound master" presented the boy to Ferdinand David as "the future Paganini."

Sonntag and Liszt thus stamped the career of Wilhelmj.

David was the master, or, more properly, the modeler, of Wilhelmj's pre-eminence as an interpreter of classical music, and a warm friendship sprung up between these two musical souls. They were inseparable, and having been an inmate of the house of David, is it wonderful that under this roof the violinist should have met, loved, won and married the Baroness Liphardt, a niece of his master?

Wilhelmj is a most indefatigable traveler, and everywhere his brethren in art (may we say "especially sistern" in art?) pat him on the back, so to speak. In London, he was urged to achieve success by the smiles of Jenny Lind; in Florence, the speaking eyes of thralled damsels had him named "Protector of the Quartet Society"; in Paris, he was ushered in by no one less than Joachim; and in Stockholm, he was awarded a Membership in the Academy, the Order of Gustav Wassa, and the Grand Medal of Arts and Sciences.

Wilhelmj owes his rapidly acquired celebrity to the unerring certainty of his tone and to his especially noble and reverent interpretation of the works of the great masters. In physique, Wilhelmj represents his musical attributes—he is grand, and a perfect embodiment of his own music. His appearance would to-day stamp him for what he is, namely, a devoted Wagnerite.

After Wagner, Wilhelmj is specially fond of Bach, Mozart, and, strangely, Chopin.

Great as an interpreter of the Kreutser Sonata, this noble artist slights his public, his art and himself by his careless rendering of such works as the "Reverie" of Vieuxtemps. The violin is the soprano of an orchestra, and hence its femininity should be courted and caressed, especially by giants.

Long jumps are the pride of violinists, technically, and as we are dealing with them (we mean violinists, of course), let us take a "long jump" in the matter of age only, and contemplate that great boy, Maurice d'Engremont. We say "great boy" advisedly, for his manly bearing, grand face and splendid physique are a fit frame for his poetic, boyish soul, as innocently reflected in his violin-playing. It scarcely seemed possible to the writer that a child could play Ernest's "Othello" as he heard D'Engremont play it.

Genius, however, "will out," and in the young Maurice it asserts itself.

Born in Brazil, it is not to be wondered at that D'Engremont, having genius, should excel, for Dom Pedro is too well known as the Mæcenas of the Western Hemisphere.

To the youthful artist the Emperor ever was most kind. He appointed him court violinist, and when he saw he no longer could cage his songbird he sent him forth, bidding the boy add lustre to the badge of royal favor which an emperor had placed upon his breast.

D'Engremont traveled eastward through the United States, nowhere reaping more laurels than in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, and is now in Europe, playing his violin to presidents and princes, voicing the songs of the balmy South.

That more women have not achieved renown as great violin-players is most probably explainable by two reasons: First, a violin demands quite as constant attention and care as a child, and women's hearts, somehow, go out to children, and two such cares are incompatible; and second, such is woman's natural bent, that to her is applicable the poet's line:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

But, as said before, "genius *will* out," and nowhere is it truer than in the case of Wilhelmina Neruda, known to the world as Normann - Neruda. The father of this wonderful and great violinist was a musician, organist of the Cathedral of Brünn, in Moravia, and almost on hearing the first lispings of his daughter he discovered her extraordinary musical talent.

When but six years of age Wilhelmina was placed under the care of Jansa, in Vienna, and two years later the little girl was taken on a concert tour with her brother and sister, who respectively played the violoncello and piano. This tour embraced the principal cities of Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

Subsequently the baby trio visited England, and thence went to St. Petersburg, where, in 1850, the brother died. This for a time put an end to traveling and concertizing, but soon a younger brother was thought fit to appear in public with his sisters, and shortly after the trio of wandering minstrels was changed to a quartet, by the advent of a wee sister violinist.

For ten years this gifted quartet made annual visits to St. Petersburg, amid the utmost enthusiasm.

In 1862 Welhelmina and her sister Maria visited Stockholm, where the King of Sweden conferred on Mme. Neruda the gold medal of Arts and Sciences, and appointed her solo violinist to the court. Here the artist met the Capel-meister Louis Normann, whose wife she became in January, 1864.

In 1865 Mme. Normann-Neruda and her sister formed a Chamber Music Society with Dauberd, Lindblad and Soedermann. In 1867 this great violinist fairly set Paris crazy, and everywhere could be heard the most extravagant expressions, praising first her most extraordinary virtuosity, next her matchless beauty of grace. Curiously enough, after having Paris literally at her feet, the great Donna withdrew to the seclusion of her home for eleven years, and did not again appear in the gay capital till 1878.

Mme. Neruda's playing on the violin is poetic and most exquisitively tender, and she really owes her empire over the London musical world of to-day to the soul-reaching tones of her violin. The quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would be incomplete without Normann-Neruda, and though the great artist has made flying trips to the principal English cities, she cannot resist the pleadings of her London friends, and hence to-day she makes her permanent home with them.

The sound of the violin is becoming as frequent in our

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parlors as that of the piano, and its tones are only less human than the voice. Musicians cannot all be vocalists, but if any or all care to sing, what better can supply this longing than to tenderly press the strings, nay, the very nerves, of a Cremona?

KERRY LEGENDS.

Among the mountains of the South of Ireland, in some of those wild Kerry glens which have not yet been overrun by the hosts of English and American tourists, there still linger memories of events which have long been forgotten in the busy world outside, and strange legends and traditions may still be heard, though the number of those who believe and cherish them lessens year by year. Even now, as you walk the mountains with a countryman, should you propose to sit and rest awhile, he will perhaps look startled, and make some excuse to hurry you on from the spot with redoubled vigor; and when at length he has found a resting-place, he will tell you that you were treading on the "hungry grass" which makes those that walk on it long to lie down and sleep; but that if any man unwittingly yields to this longing, the sleep that comes upon him knows no waking. It is on this hungry grass that the great yellow horse feeds which is sometimes seen rushing headlong through the mist by wanderers lost on the mountains; but none ever yet saw him and came down alive.

If it happens that your wanderings lead you by the heights on the northern shores of the beautiful Kenmare River, your guide will perhaps point out a lonely lake deep in a hollow of the hills, from which the mountain slopes rise steep and rugged on all sides, save where the stream which feeds it has formed a narrow meadow and a strip of glittering strand. "That lake," he will say, "used once to swarm with salmon; but now, though the white trout come up into it, no salmon may pass the shallow below; for there, in times gone by, the good priest of the parish, riding to visit some sick man in the mountains, tried to cross the stream, but his horse chanced to set his foot on a salmon's back, stumbled, and let his rider down into the water. So his reverence banned the salmon, and forbade them ever to venture again across that ford; and to this day they may be seen throwing themselves in the pool below or swimming slowly up to the tail of the stream, and then letting themselves drop sadly down again, as though the memory of the happy but unattainable feeding-grounds above had descended to them from their fathers."

He will tell you, too, how Bran, the mighty worm, lies hidden fathoms deep in the long water-grass at the bottom of the lake. There he must lie sleeping all the day; but at nightfall he wakes, shakes out the long mane on his back, and drags his unwieldy body, huge as that of a bull, out on to the meadow by the stream. He is seldom seen, it is true, for it is not good to wander near his feeding-grounds; for in the dark Winter nights, the cottagers in the glen tremble as they hear his deep voice borne on the wind.

Look across the bay, and if the day is clear, you will see, to witness to the truth of the story, such a worm's vast length stretched many a rood along the mountain-side, but cold and lifeless—frozen into stone. Three fair lakes, which lie between the mountain and the sea, were given him to dwell in; but in his pride he could not content himself therewith, but would see the land that lay southward across the mountains. Slowly he dragged himself up the face of the cup-like amphitheatre which closes in the valley, and his head had almost reached the topmost ridge from which he might survey the domains beyond, when his doom came upon him; and he lies there for ever, a warning and example, and gives to the valley the name "Combe-na-peiste" (The Hollow of the Serpent).

Poor Bran! he and his fellows, the last scions of a mighty line, after many toils and wanderings, have at length found a place of refuge in these lonely mountain lakes, even as many brave and holy men, warriors and anchorites, retreated before the advance of hostile intruders to their fastnesses and cells amid the forests which once clothed the Irish hills. It must surely have been a saint-like feeling of compassion for all their troubles, which moved St. Patrick to allow them to remain within his holy island, when he took his stand upon the mountain in the west which bears his name, and drove all evil reptiles into the ocean at his feet; so that, as the chronicler tells us, since then "No poisoned or venomous thing is bred in that realm, insomuch that the very earth of that country being brought into other realms, killeth all venomous and poisoned worms." For is not Bran the last of that great race of dragons who, in times gone by, ravaged these northern lands, and whose conquest was the proudest achievement of many a knight and viking—dragons so dreaded, that their strange and terrible forms, fashioned by cunning hands on the prows of the long Norse warships, struck fear into the heart of the enemy, and haunted the memories of the artists who carved the weird shapes that crawl in stone on Gothic towers? The Death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, the great Norse hero whose sons harried the coasts of England in vengeance for his death, tells how he won his name and fame in Gothland by the slaughter of such a dragon; Sir Guy of Warwick, too, and Sir Bevis, and many another worthy, if we may believe the ballads and local traditions, destroyed in fight foul worms or dragons which oppressed the dwellers in Northumberland, both man and beast; while the legends of St. George and St. Margaret, and a host of minor saints, are full of the stories of these monsters.

Alas! for poor Bran! His course is wellnigh run; for though "the knights are dust, and their good swords are rust," yet the National School teacher, with his science primer, deals him a more deadly blow than ever did the spear of saint or champion.

But leave these musings, and turn your eyes again on the bay below, and there, perhaps, you will see a little "hooker"—as the sturdy cutter-rigged boats which trade and fish on these coasts are called—creeping down the bay before a gentle easterly breeze, bearing pilgrims who are on their way to a "pattern" which is held to-day at a holy well on the further side. They are many of them sick or weakly children, whose parents and friends hope that the good saint may be pleased to give their dear ones ease. Follow them to their landing-place and up the winding mountain road, and you will meet numbers of men, women, and children, four and five together, all walking steadily in the same direction. The younger men wear the ordinary dress of country laborers; but here and there you may find an old man in the long frieze coat, knee-breeches and gray-blue stockings of the last generation; and perhaps one or two farmers will pass you mounted on stout ponies, with their wives seated comfortably behind them. The women are for the most part bare-footed, though some carry shoes and stockings in their hands, to be put on, for mere vanity, at the pattern. The girls are wrapped in shawls, worn so as to form a kind of hood; while their elders are dressed in

long blue cloaks, with white caps or bright handkerchiefs on their heads.

On arriving at the scene of the pattern, the first thing that strikes a stranger is that the old thorn-tree which overhangs the holy well is all covered with little bits of rag fastened to its branches. These are the offerings of the devotees of previous years, to which the present company will soon add its tribute. The pilgrims, as they arrive, crowd to the well, some to wash themselves in its waters; others, to toil painfully round it on their knees time after time, praying all the while and telling their beads; while hard by, those who have already finished their devotions, or who have merely come for pleasure, are gathered together in little groups chatting and laughing, and making remarks to one another in Irish as the stranger passes by. Gradually, these groups grow larger as the pilgrims finish their duties at the well; the poteen is freely handed round, and some wandering piper or fiddler seats himself on a rock and strikes up a tune. Then here and there among the crowd a couple of noted dancers choose a smooth and level spot, or perhaps even borrow the door of a neighboring cabin, and with solemn and earnest faces begin their dance, amid an admiring circle. Strange to say, the dancers who win most applause from the critical spectators are often not young lads and lasses, but middle-aged men and women; for step-dancing, like many other old Irish customs, both good and bad, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Before long, many of those who live at a distance leave the crowd and set out on their homeward journey; but the dancing and drinking and merry-making are kept up by the neighbors till the sun, just sinking into the Atlantic, sheds over the hills that wonderful pink glow which gives such beauty to a Summer evening in Kerry.

The well where this merry gathering takes place is most likely called after some native saint, whose name is scarcely to be found in the books which treat of such lore; and there is in all probability some long and circumstantial legend telling how it came to pass that the spell was cast upon the waters. But for all this, it cannot be doubted that the well once bore the name of a heathen deity, for whom the pious missionaries substituted a Christian saint, wisely deeming that it was easier to bend such beliefs to a good purpose than to break them. All the circumstances connected with these patterns tend to prove that they, like the "Baal-tinne," or fires of Baal, which may be seen lighting the hills around on St. John's Eve, are the last relics of a long-forgotten worship. Year by year the old native language is dying out, and with it the old dress and the old beliefs. The Irish names of places, which call up strange traditions in the minds of the older folk, are not understood by the children, and soon the legends of the Kerry glens will be forgotten by all save the scholar and the antiquary.

FEMALE TENACITY OF LIFE.

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest and are produced on the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States in 1870 committed suicide, to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart and liver, scrofula, and paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter. Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a great majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long-lived; the colored man is exceptionally short-lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hugh proclaims that there are from two to six per cent. more males born than females in the living population. From which statistics we conclude that all women ought to marry, and that as men are likely to become so scarce, they cannot be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

A SOUTH SEA KING.

The death is announced of Herr Godeffroy, a founder of the famous Hamburg house whose operations throughout the Pacific were at one time so enormous that the members of the firm were widely known as "The South Sea Kings." Indeed, many European Powers, observes the London *Standard*, exercise less control over human affairs than did these commercial monarchs, and unquestionably the chancellor of many a royal exchequer has a smaller revenue to administer than that over which these German merchants held unlimited control. Ships and shipyards were theirs; arsenals ground gunpowder and forged arms solely for their trade; glass-works made beads, mills wove cottons, and distilleries brewed rum for the needs of the South Sea Kings. All through the countless isles of Polynesia their agents bartered pearl-shell and cocoanut-kernels, and there was even a period when they had begun to buy islands and to establish plantations which would have practically put in their hands the power hitherto exercised by many of the independent chiefs.

Ten years ago the South Sea Kings' throne seemed as firm as that of the only monarch to whom they owed any allegiance. From Apia, in the Samoan Isles, Herr Godeffroy controlled the trade of a region more entensive than any private firm ever managed before or since. From Cochin China on the northwest, to Valparaiso on the southeast—the Navigator Group being a sort of a halfway house—Godeffroy was a name everywhere familiar. East and west their ramifications extended, until there was scarcely an island in the South Seas on which some of their agents did not reside, or at which some of their great fleet of vessels did not touch. The disheartened traders who had hitherto been the merchants of the ocean began to imagine that before long it would be impossible for any one except the Godeffroys to live in the "sunny isles of Eden," which their employés did so much to spoil. But just when the sway of the South Sea Kings seemed most firmly established—at the hour, indeed, when Prince Bismarck began to regard the enterprise of Herr Godeffroy as worthy of national recognition—the crash came, and in a tithe of the time that it took to consolidate the might of the monarchy, they and their wealth vanished like a dream of the night. The rise, decline, and fall of a firm of merchants with ambition so insatiable, and a success which for a time justified their aspirations, would

in any case form a curious chapter in the history of commerce. But though the Godeffroys fell at last, they did did not disappear like an ordinary bankrupt trader. For, on the ruins of the House rose the scheme of German Colonies in the Pacific, and it is to the smaller adventurers who followed in their wake, and acquired "interests" in certain of the Papuan Isles, that Prince Bismarck owes the excuse which led to the recent annexations, if, indeed, the reported absoption of Samoa is not due to the same cause.

MUSIC.

All things harmonize if accepted aright,
Even darkness itself is the background of light.
Heat and cold are not foes, for though differing in tone,
They embrace in the vale of the temperate zone;
And the fiend of the tempest and angel of calm
Meet in zephyrs that come to us laden with balm.

But in music the essence seems wholly divine,
As if one glorious impulse had wrought the design;
As if one brighter seraph had opened above
All the fountains of rapture—the fountains of love;
For the heart that is truly attuned to it, knows
There's no music on earth until heaven o'erflows.

OF TWO EVILS.

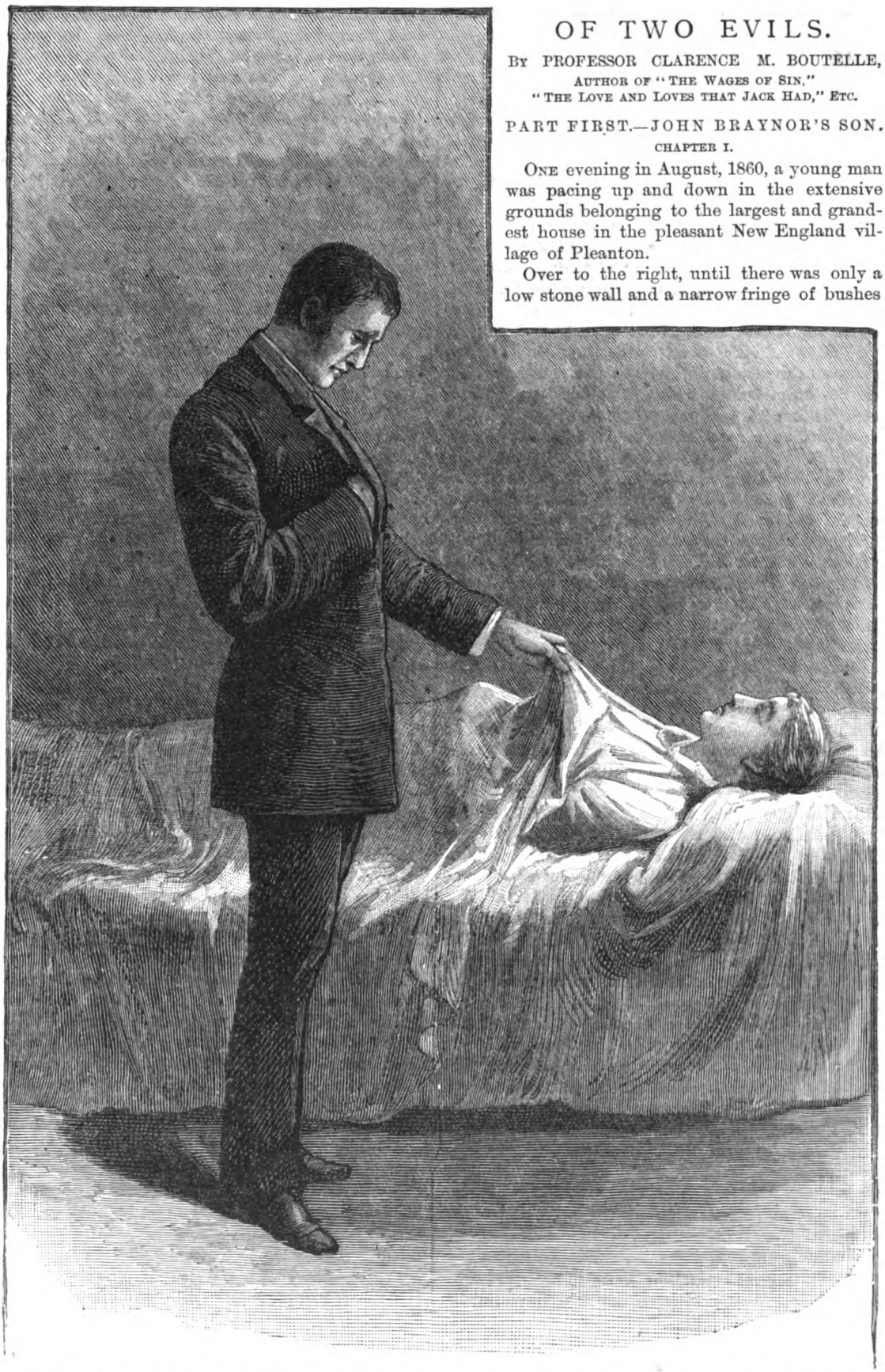
By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN,"
"THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART FIRST.—JOHN BRAYNOR'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening in August, 1860, a young man was pacing up and down in the extensive grounds belonging to the largest and grandest house in the pleasant New England village of Pleanton.

Over to the right, until there was only a low stone wall and a narrow fringe of bushes



OF TWO EVILS.—"HE ROSE TO HIS FEET, AND STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE FAIR DEAD FACE, THE FACE WITH THE AGONY OF LONG LIFE OUTRANKING THE AGONY OF DEATH IN IT."

between him and the brook which went singing along beneath the starry skies as blithely as though there could be occasion for nothing less sweet than song in the world.

Then away across the lawn, with nervous haste, close to the front of the house; by it; beyond it; up a gentle rise; down a slight declivity; until the grounds ended under the shadow of the hills, rich with their trees of never-fading green.

Then to the right; then to the left; to the right; to the left; right; left; until one would have thought that tired nature would have protested against another step.

Half a mile one way, from the first rugged steeps which stood like sentinels at the border of the hill country lying beyond, to the laughing brook in the valley. Half a mile back, from the murmur of the water to the gusty whisper of night among the trees upon the slope; six times one way, and six times the other, for every hour as it passed, and the man never lagged and never faltered.

When the heart is faint with a long-abiding pain, and the voice weak with weary repetitions of unanswered pleas, may not an earnest exercise, like this, be almost prayer itself?

Every time the young man passed the house he turned his eager eyes from the dark and silent rooms below to the one lighted window, up near the roof, and then turned his wistful gaze toward the gate, where a shadowy-looking horse and an indistinct carriage stood; silent ever, motionless always, as though keeping an equal and patient watch, with him, for something or for some one.

From the time when the sun went out of sight, up to the time when the stars told him it was midnight, the man walked to and fro, as I have said. His face was haggard when he began; it was ghastly long before his lonely vigil ceased. You would have shuddered to have seen him; to have looked in his face would have been to see the picture of a man with a broken heart and a ruined life.

At last, as he passed the house, there seemed to be some little change which attracted his attention. He heard the clock in the church-steeple strike one, as though it were too sleepy to strike more; and he listened as a distant cock crowed once—once only—as though sleepier still. The moon went under a light cloud. Some white shadow, if there ever are white shadows, drifted away into the shapeless darkness of the night, beyond the house. A dog barked—once. A far-away locomotive sent one short, sharp whistle down the wind, and behind and beyond it one could hear the rattle and hum of the hurrying wheels, as weird and unearthly as a dream of railways in a steamless world.

But it was not clock, nor bird; it was not darkened sky, nor white and drifting shadow; it was not the sleepless plaint of a tired animal, nor the cry from the iron throat of the engine; it was none of these which most strongly attracted the attention of the man, and which most moved him. It was only the fact that the light seemed to grow less in the chamber-window which he had been watching, and that not all the lower part of the house remained in darkness now.

Then he stretched out his hands, suddenly, with a gesture of yearning and tenderness.

"Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart!" he whispered; "you little know what you have done! And I would have died for you! Oh, merciful God!"

Then he walked slowly toward the house.

He walked painfully. He walked at all only by the exercise of a terrible effort. He reeled from side to side of the narrow walk, like a drunken man. He caught at the trees as he passed. His breath came quick and fast and hot, for a time; then it almost ceased, and he gasped for air. Everything turned black before him, and for one moment he believed he should faint—faint or die. Then his strength and his will saved him. He walked, with something of boldness, and not unsteadily, up to the door.

He hesitated a moment, as you may have seen a boy hesitate before plunging into a cold stream. He shuddered. Life is full of hesitancy; it is full of shivering dread. Men were wiser, I doubt not, to hesitate oftener and dread more. The age of wisdom has not come yet.

He entered the house.

Passing rapidly through the hall, he went into a rear room on the lower floor.

A woman sat there, a small bundle, seemingly all flannel, held tenderly in her arms.

The man's face became livid, and the veins on his forehead stood out like great cords. But he controlled himself enough to speak with something like quietness.

"Well, Mrs. Johnson, what can you tell me?" he asked.

The woman thus addressed looked up into his face with one long glance—searching, but kind and pitying as well. Then she let her gaze fall, with suspicious readiness, to the bundle in her lap.

"You've not seen the doctor, then?" she asked.

"No; I have not been out of doors the entire evening. I only came in a moment ago."

There was a long pause. The man, though anxious, seemed pained and stricken. The woman seemed embarrassed.

A feeble wail came from the flannel parcel in the arms of Mrs. Johnson.

The woman looked up quickly.

"It's a fine healthy boy, sir," she said bluntly.

"Looking—like——" he began, reluctantly, but with a fierce fire of passion beginning to show through the ashes of despair which had lain upon his heart.

The woman looked up suddenly, and this time with a frightened expression upon her face.

"Like no one—yet," she answered, her tone saying that her words on that topic must be final.

He moved across the room to the great fireplace. The night was warm, but he shivered and shook as one with the ague, as he spread out his hands before the blaze. There was no sound in the room, now, but the crackling of the fire and the monotonous ticking of the great clock. The protest which the baby-boy had made against the world of wickedness and sorrow into which he had come had been stilled to happy quiet under the skillful and soothing touch of the motherly fingers of Mrs. Johnson. The man and woman were silent too. Looking at her, John Braynor could see that her hands trembled a little, as she drew the coverings closer about the innocent child, and something in his heart which had been only hard and bitter turned into pity as he watched her. Poor woman! Was it any wonder that the tears stood in her eyes and that her hands were not quite steady? Her own babies, yes, and their father too, had gone home to the angels long years ago.

The door opened. When the doctor saw who was with Mrs. Johnson he started back, looking and acting as though he would rather see any one else, just then, than the man he found there.

I think there is a kind of courage which is the outgrowth of only one thing; the outgrowth of the circumstance of getting caught where one cannot get away; a kind of courage, be the occasion one which demands either physical or moral bravery, as it may, that springs

from desperation. I believe Dr. Pilleo manifested just courage then, when he came in and shut the door.

He didn't stop to say so much as "Good-evening" to Mr. Braynor, but walked hurriedly to the side of Mrs. Johnson. That lady gave him a glance of appeal. He returned a look which was a question. She shook her head sadly, stooped lower over the little one she held, and let two big hot tears drop on the flannel. In her way, and a right noble way it was, this woman loved the man in whose home nearly all the years of her life had been spent; she and her husband had worked for John Braynor's father, years before John was born; she loved young Braynor as she would have loved one of her own sons, had one been spared to her. John Braynor was one of those fortunate men, good though a bit weak, awkward and unhandsome, who win love without effort; one of those unfortunate men who are likely to fail in the one case of all others which means all to them, and to show thus how much the weakness of good intentions may fall short of the solid bulwark of right for right's sake. Mrs. Johnson, good and simple-hearted, loved John Braynor; kind old Dr. Pilleo loved him too. I wish there were more persons as good and kindly, to say nothing more, as were these two.

The doctor coughed twice or thrice, and moved a little more behind Mrs. Johnson's chair. From that vantage-ground he ventured the very strange and remarkably original statement: "It's a fine healthy boy, sir."

"What else have you to say?—How is Annette?"

The doctor coughed again. He was a little coward, I fear, but not the only man, since the world began, who has had that unfortunate feature in his character, along with much both good and great. He was far from being the first man to try to shelter himself behind a woman, as he cast an appealing glance at Mrs. Johnson. Wise woman, she, wise and worthy beyond many of her sex! She didn't look up.

"How is Annette?" The question was sharper this time.

The doctor awkwardly produced a little package from his pocket, and nervously held it toward John.

"She—she left you this," he said.

"Left me that?—Left it? My God! Dr. Pilleo, you don't mean to say—to say——"

The doctor turned away his head.

"Dead?—Is she dead?" groaned the young man.

"My poor, poor lad!" said Mrs. Johnson, rising and going to him, and placing her hand upon his shoulder; "try to bear it bravely. She is better off, now, dear child. You know it is better so, don't you?"

"I don't know; I can't think," he said, brokenly. "You may be right; it may be best so. But I had never thought of that ending to it all—never—never."

He reached out his hand, groping for something as though blindly. The doctor put the package in the eager, searching hand.

"Be brave," he said, "and think of what her life might have been if she had lived. I did all that any man could do, of course; but it is better as it is, after all. I think I was not sorry when she shut her eyelids down over her tired eyes, and I knew she would never open them again."

"But I loved her so—I loved her so!" cried John; "and I never dreamed this could be the end. How can I bear it? How can I let her go? How can I lose her?"

"She was lost to you already," said the doctor, gently, "and even if she had lived, her life must have been apart from yours." The young man clinched his fists. He bit his lip until the blood came.

"Did she say anything at the last? Did she tell——"

"She said nothing," replied the doctor. "Only she gave me the package; to burn, she said, should she live; for you, she told me, when she was really dead and gone, if that should be the end."

"I hoped she might give a hint, a clew. If I ever do find out, so help me God, I'll——"

"Don't say it, boy, don't say it," pleaded the doctor, laying his hand on John's arm. "You know you will do right, whatever happens. You will do right, will you not?"

"I don't know; I can't tell. I am half mad now. I—I—I hope I shall do right."

And he gave his hand to the doctor. The latter took it and pressed it warmly.

"I suppose I may see her, may I not?" John asked.

"I think you may," said the doctor, doubtingly; "that is, if you think you can bear it. You have not seen her for more than a year, you know, and suffering has sadly changed her. Do you think——"

But John Braynor was already on his way up the stairs.

He paused outside the door for a moment; he leaned against the casing, and the bitter tears rolled down his cheeks unchecked. We lose our loved ones by death, and sorrow sits silent and tearful by our hearths; what shall we say for those who lose more than death can take? Love stretches out its hands in vain for those who walk the earth no longer, and we listen vainly for the voices which will never speak our names again; what shall we say for the sorrow of the one whose ears bend over the silent, baffling lips which, keeping back our name—one longed for, prayed for name—cheat the empty hands of the disconsolate of their vengeance?

He opened the door, after a little, and went in. He walked directly to the bedside. He turned back the sheet which covered the dead face, and fell upon his knees beside her.

"I loved you so much, so much!" he sobbed; "more than you could ever guess—more than I could ever tell. And you wronged me so! You wronged me so! This is an awful welcome from one's promised wife; an awful welcome to one who has hurried home across the sea; terrible to one who hurried here to meet your loving eyes and tender kisses, only yesterday—only yesterday!"

He rose to his feet then, and stood looking down at the fair dead face, the face with the agony of long life outranking the agony of death in it.

"I forgive you, Annette," he said, in a low and reverent voice—"I forgive you. When they told me yesterday how you had betrayed my love and trust, I swore I never would. But I do; God knows I do. I would never have said so, even in my own heart, while you lived. I never meant to forgive you, and I said I never would; but I never thought of this, God help me—I never thought of this. But as for the man who made you false, be he whom he may, I will never forgive him, never—no, nor spare him."

He laid his hand on her brow of marble. He shivered at the touch. But he bent down and pressed his hot lips to her icy ones, and seemed as though he never would let her go—let her go, as men and women have been letting love and beauty go, through all the tear-drenched years of the past. He rose again after a time. He covered the dead face of the woman he had loved and lost. He walked across the room to the window.

Behind him the lamplight was dim and ghostly, as befitted the time and place. But nature is always the same, whether there be sin and sorrow or goodness and joy; the moon hung just above the misty western hills, and a

flood of light lay all about John Braynor as he stood and looked away at the hills—the stars—the future.

He opened the package which the doctor had given him. He took out the two papers and looked at them.

"A letter from Annette," he said, with a spasm of pain upon his lips as he said it. "I should have burned it unopened if it had come to me from her living hand. I would have scorned the messenger, had she sent it, much as I would have scorned her. But death almost makes her words sacred. I suppose I must read what she thought it wise and right to say to the man whose love she had betrayed; what she felt she could say when the grave lay between them. I don't doubt she sent it only when she felt that death was near. I don't doubt that the doctor told the plain and straightforward truth about it. She would have burned it herself, I suppose, if she had lived; some men would do it now—now with her dead. I cannot burn it. I will read it—when I am a little calmer."

He put the letter away in his pocket. He opened the other paper. Then the tears came.

He went to the bed and stood by the dead again.

"It is very hard for me," he murmured, "very hard still. But, if you loved him, I cannot say it was not right for you to do as you have done. I know *who*, sooner than I dared hope, but only to find that the possibility of taking vengeance upon him goes with the coming of the knowledge to me. And yet—and yet—the lesser wrong he put upon her was still a cruel one."

This time he did not kiss her. While he believed all that he had believed—or had feared—he might call his kiss forgiveness rather than passion, if he pleased, and feel no sin in the caress he had bestowed upon her dead, cold face. But now—he had no right; now—now that he knew what he did—there was that between them over which his love and yearning could not pass.

He walked back to the window again. He took a ring from his pocket, a simple, slender hoop of gold, and held it lovingly in his hand.

"I would so have liked to keep this," he said, softly to himself, and he touched his lips to it, "but I cannot now."

He looked at the inscription within the tiny golden circlet: "John to Annette, 1857." Then he raised the window. The breeze tossed the clustering hair upon his forehead; it shook the curtain above his head; it moved the bedclothes in the room behind him in a ghostly way.

All about him, and away to the western hills, lay the soft shimmer of the Summer moonlight. Down below him the shadows shifted and drifted in the cool damp grass, or gathered into groups under the trees and nodded grotesquely together.

He raised his hand. He threw the ring far from him, far out into the night. It glittered and sparkled in the moonlight, for a moment. Then it was gone from him for ever. The moon seemed to touch the hill. Slowly it sank from sight. The wind grew more mournful and complaining. Nature is kindly, after all, despite her never-changing regard for exact law. John could almost think her mood was one of sympathy to him. It is no light thing when love goes out of a life.

Chapter II.

John slowly left the room. He went quietly downstairs. There was a brighter light in his eye and a happier expression upon his face than one would have believed could ever be possible, looking at him when he went up to the chamber where lay the dead.

He stepped out upon the piazza. The town-clock, slowly waking into day, struck two. A cock crowed, and one and another from far and near answered him. An engine, not so far away this time as the one had been before, sent a shrill and happy signal from the engineer to his listening wife or sweetheart in the sleeping town. A dog barked, and a fellow watcher, albeit he lived a full mile away, took a neighborly pride in a prompt, loud answer. The clouds drifted lazily along the sky, engulfing the great stars for a moment, only to give them up again, almost at once.

But no white shadow melted into blacker ones, beyond the grim old house. There may be "things in heaven and earth" that only happen once.

John Braynor went in. The night had done him good. Perhaps he had felt the power of the coming dawn reaching into his soul through the strong dark night. Perhaps the dawn would not reach into his life; possibly his future would never be bright again; it might be that one man and one woman had made night endless for him. But strength was coming back to him, coming to help him in the life when he should move among the world of men again.

He was not quite ready to meet the doctor yet. He was not ready to face Mrs. Johnson. He went into the room which had once been devoted to himself, to his books, to his papers, to his guns and fishing-tackle. He locked the door. He found a lamp. He lighted it. He went to the great chair which had once been his very own place of lounging, rest, and reverie. He seated himself to read—to read Annette's letter to him, and perhaps to think a little.

The room pained him. When he went away, more than a year ago, across the sea, on business that could not be put aside nor delayed, he had left his elder sister (he always called her sister, though she was only his mother's child, not his father's) here as housekeeper, as she had been ever since his parents died. His cousin, the sweet orphan girl, the lovely and loved Annette, had been his sister's guest—and his promised wife. His sister had gone to her grave within one short month from the time when he left home. He had mourned her among strangers. His tears had fallen to her memory in a foreign land. But Annette's letter had cheered him. He had not noticed, loyal and patient as he had been, that they had grown shorter—less frequent—more formal. He had not even marveled, when the time drew near for him to begin his homeward voyage, that they ceased altogether. It had only been, so he had told himself, because she knew he was coming so soon; because she could tell him so much more than she could write; because he might hasten a little under the incentive of her silence. And he had hastened.

Could it be that it was only yesterday afternoon that Dr. Pilleo met him at the station? Could it be that it was not yet twelve hours since he had listened to the most terrible story of shame and disgrace he had ever heard? Could it be that it was only last evening that he had eaten a scanty and hurried meal in a cheerless little hotel, with his own home in sight. Was it possible that he had lived a year away from the woman he loved, only to come home and find it best to send her no message, nor see her? Had he let her die, unknowing his presence in sight of the window behind which she had suffered martyrdom? Was it true that she had felt it pleasant, rather than painful, to think that he was still upon the ocean when she felt her senses going, and her heart growing still? It was a terrible home-coming, this, with a new and unspeakably awful bereavement falling

THE PATHETIC POINT IN THE STORY.—BY BRENDAMOUR.

upon the man whose tears were scarcely yet dry from the one of a year ago. Do you wonder the room pained him? Do you wonder that his heart grew faint and sick at every thought or sight of aught which spoke of home and the past?

Everything in the room spoke eloquently of the two women he had loved. There were the books his sister had loved and lingered over; scattered about were articles which she had fashioned for the finer furnishing of her brother's room. But the room cut deeper into the new wound than into the old; here were Annette's flowers; her bird; her music. There was a bit of dainty work, the needle still sticking in it, the seam unfinished, just where she had tossed it when she went up to her room in the late afternoon. Could he believe that he had stood in the distance and sworn that her sin was beyond forgiveness? Could it be that when her hand laid aside this handsome trifle it laid work aside for ever? Would she never come down the stairs again, never save as mourning friends should bring her? It seemed so strange, so awful, so unreal.

Was it possible that he could feel anything of happiness in what had happened? Was it he, John Braynor, who had found a treasure folded in the message which the dead woman had sent to him?

He took it out, this precious little scrap of paper, and spread it out upon the table before him. A marriage certificate—Heaven help him!—a marriage certificate a year old; a certificate with Annette's name in it, but with another's name, the name of a stranger to him, where his should have been. Could it be that any sane man would do as he was doing?—Shedding happy tears over it, and thanking God that it was no worse?

He opened the letter which the dead woman had written. I have not the space here, nor the time, to copy it all. She told the stricken man, to begin with, how another had followed and fascinated her. She told how she had tried to pit duty against desire, and how she had failed. She had known John Braynor all her life. He had worked long and loyally to win her. There had been none to object to a union between them, but she had insisted that he must wait. This for John Braynor.

But she had married another than John Braynor, and when she had known him only a month. She had married him in secret, because he had asked that she do so—too loyal to her new lover to ask for any reason beyond his simple wish. He had given her a reason, though, as definite as ever a trusting woman demanded, and as vague as ever a wicked man gave. He had looked wise, and said "Property"; that was all; reason would have called it less than nothing; love called it more than enough.

Annette told the whole of her story, and she told it with a careful attention to details which made some of its words cut the sensitive soul of the man who read them, as a knife might have cut his flesh. She did not spare him in the beginning, since she was not to spare herself in the end.

The first weeks after her marriage were happy ones. She did not hesitate to dwell upon them. Perhaps it was only to make her later self-reproach and despair and humility the greater by contrast.

Change was not long in coming. Each chafed against the bonds which bound them. Her husband became hateful to her; she did not doubt that she was fully as distasteful to him.

Into her heart, then, came thoughts of the man who had loved her. The murdered love sprang up again, stronger than ever, despite the urgent need she had to shut it down in the grave where she had laid it. Like many another ghost of some dead past, it would not down. She knew, too late, the worth, the comparative worth at least, of what she had for ever put from her.

She had had no courage to go back. She had found it impossible to say to the tyrant whose evil life dominated her own, "I am your wife, God help me! I avow it in spite of you! Be your reasons for silence what they may, I will not respect them—do your worst!" She had not dared to say to John Braynor, "I am the wife of another, but I love you!"

She had been a coward as long as she lived. She had told the truth only when death was by. There was no help for her then—no help. There are cowards who hide the physical pains a surgeon's knife might cure; God pity them! God pity those who hide the still more fearful pains of heart and soul—until law and love can do nothing for them.

The secret chains of her unowned wifehood became intolerable to her, as the passion grew and strengthened in her for the man she had deceived and betrayed. Is it any wonder that her letters grew shorter—fewer—and ceased?

At the end, she asked him to watch over her child; begged him to keep the little one away from the evil influences of such a life as the father might let it live—or perhaps lead it to live; begged him to keep it near himself.

That was all—that and the undying love she avowed for the man whose life she had ruined. It was a strange heritage, this, which had fallen to this man from the white still hands of "the dear, dead woman up-stairs."

John Braynor rose. He walked to the fireplace. He lighted a match, touched it to the letter Annette had left him, and watched the words of love and longing turn to ashes—as the hand which had written and the heart which had prompted them must ere long do.

He did well. The words were printed upon his heart; there was no danger that he would ever forget any one of them. So he did well. When to a man it is given to see a woman's soul, be it through her loving eyes or in the words a dead, cold hand has written, let him put the memory of it away in his breast; let him shut it in, in the holy of holies in his heart; sacred always and too pure for the profaning touch of another; let it be a matter between her soul and his, and the loving might of God—for ever.

He put out the light. He left the room. He went back to where he had left Dr. Pilleo and Mrs. Johnson. Time is long for sorrow, as lingeringly long as it seems swiftly short for happiness. The stars were bright yet. Dawn was far down the eastern slope of the sleeping world. The clock was striking three.

He went straight up to the two friends who had known and loved him all his life. He put the slip of paper in Dr. Pilleo's hand; the paradoxical slip that was at once the witness to her worth, and a steeper, higher barrier between Annette and her lover than death alone could have been.

The doctor read the brief document. He passed it to Mrs. Johnson. She, too, read it. It is not usual, I think, when a nameless infant finds the name he needs, and while his mother lies dead not far away, to join in words and tears of thanksgiving. But truth is stranger than fiction ever was, or ever will be; and it is true that John Braynor and his two faithful friends were human enough, perhaps unreasonable enough, to be happy. Happiness, after all, is only relative. Stretch a hapless victim on the rack; stretch him until his tendons crack; stretch him until the sweat of death is on his brow, and the film of

coming sightlessness is stealing over his eyes; then loosen the awful pull of the merciless machinery an inch or two, and he will believe he is happy, I suppose—believe he is happy, and die so. John Braynor believed he was happy; I doubt not he believed he was; perhaps he should have been, though *that* is quite another matter.

John Braynor was not happy. He knew that, before the clock struck four. He was the most miserable man alive, so he told himself, ere the new day had fairly set her feet upon the eastern hills. He was out of doors, then, for the house had seemed too close and contracted for his nervous and excited brain to bear, outdoors—away from Mrs. Johnson and the doctor. He could see some of the stars still, and, as they faded out, the distant hilltops, forest-crowned, grew into surer shape from out the mists which night had spread upon them; as the great universe seemed to narrow, as the far-off suns of other systems grew faint and dim to his sight, the world of human life seemed broader and freer and more real. But John was not happy, because the man who had so wronged him, and more deeply wronged the woman he had loved, was still alive. The world was not broad enough for both of them—and peace; the universe was scarcely wide enough for both—and happiness.

And yet——

This was New England. The duel was out of the question. Murder would never do. Should Annette's husband come up the walk to his house, before this wretched day were done, there would be no other thing to do than to be civil, at least, to him. It would be hard to do. It would be easier for John if the man should not come. Only he knew that he should hate him more if he failed to be there, to do the last sad acts of respect to the woman he could never really have cared for, to—in short—to help carry home *his work!*

Morning came. Long night has never failed it at its close. There was breakfast for John Braynor, with good old Mrs. Johnson opposite him, and with Dr. Pillo, much at leisure so far as practice was concerned, grave and serious, at his right hand. It was a very different breakfast from the one John Braynor had promised himself only yesterday morning—a very different one; but Fate is constantly laying our meals in a different way from that in which our plans were laid. One day, for each of us, there will be a breakfast which hope will have promised, which we will not taste; others will gather there, where we may not; they will speak of us, kindly or otherwise, and we shall not know it; we shall keep our white hands folded very meekly across our breasts, and our lips will make no answer. It is something to be thankful for, sorrow and pain admitted, to sit down to breakfast at all. I am glad to believe that stricken John Braynor thought so.

After breakfast there were many details to attend to. The man whose name the dead Annette had had a right to take did not come. The forenoon passed, the saddest forenoon that any of those now in the home of John Braynor had ever passed. Perhaps the dead was the happiest of them all.

It was afternoon when John found himself alone and at leisure, and sat down to work out the details of the problem which the dead woman and his love had set for him—the problem of the future of her child, when she should be laid away from the sight of all, and away from the memory of all but him.

He had wealth. He had education. He had culture. He had had the benefit of foreign travel. He had leisure, patience, and a love for the mother which would grow in good time into affection for the son. By his side, the boy should grow to manhood. Watched by his eyes, the lad should begin his study of books and men. Cared for by him in his home, sheltered in his heart, despite what the world might say of the strangeness of his action or the madness of his motive, there would be such a fortune and future for the lonely little waif as Annette would have found fully satisfying to her heart.

Thus said John Braynor to himself; as golden an air-castle as ever a love-hungry and desolate heart has raised to the memory of the dead and gone, was this one he built to the service of Annette; as quixotic a dream as ever a man dreamed, was this one of his.

False—illusive—fleeting! These they surely were!

There was a ring at the bell. Mrs. Johnson brought in a card. John took it. He read it. He knew at once that his dream was ended. He was as sure that his golden air castle was in ruins as though Annette could have come back to him herself and told him so.

The card bore the name of the man who had won his promised bride away from him, and then slain her love for the one to whom the law had bound her, and left her no better fate than to die—no sweeter refuge than the grave.

"Show him in, please," said Mr. Braynor.

Chapter III.

We must leave John Braynor for a little, while we follow another thread which is to fall into the web of fate we are tracing.

A young man rode slowly down the principal street in the village. The morning was almost perfect; too perfect to last, possibly.

I might almost venture to slight the young man, and to give a description of his horse first, saying afterward only this: "There you have your description of the man, too."

On the whole, I think I will do just that.

The horse was a handsome animal; a noble-looking animal, I might say, with something of mental reservation. He was quick and alert and active; a thoroughbred; an aristocratic-looking horse, if one may use that term. Obedient, gentle, and easily guided for the most part, but with a look in his eye, and a latent might in each quivering muscle, which would have prompted any good horseman to see that his rein was strong and every buckle secure before venturing to trust himself in his power; a horse with an uncertain temper; a horse with a wicked will; a horse that would suit the most timid man or the most sensitive woman as long as the master's way—was his way; but a horse that could be ugly, treacherous, cowardly, mad, merciless; a horse who would be these, on occasion.

And now, I have done what I thought I might. I need not describe the other. Like man, like horse. There was a pair of them—a very pretty pair. Possibly the rich and handsome man would object to the treatment I have given him. Very well; I cannot help that. This story is not written to please Mr. Ward Dellerton.

There was a ragged fellow before the hotel. What else could be expected? A shadow across the perfect morning was inevitable. If not the torn and soiled garments of poverty, it would have been something else. It will always be so, as long as humanity is human; the shadows will chase the sunshine; wealth and want will jostle each other; any place would seem empty unless it held both extremes. You cannot imagine the utmost despair and degradation of the mendicant, save as silks and velvets rustle and brush against him, or as he stands and looks

in at some great window at the warmth and food which seem so much more real to him than heaven can, and often, God help him, so much better; no palace would be perfect without a lounging beggar in the street; no revolution can exalt liberty, except as it spills the blood of freemen. So we shall always find it; beside the good, the bad; by the wise, fools; next the rich, their unfortunate brothers; always—always—until we can write "Mistaken" over the grave of the wise old Greek who first said that "Nature abhors a vacuum." And so——

Ward Dellerton rode down the street; Martin Glugg stood in the street before the hotel, as though waiting for him.

I don't know that this man was ashamed of his rags. I don't know that he regretted them. His face had something of strength in it, something that was more of the face than of the soul behind it, though. But I doubt if it had ever been ambition, or its twin-brother, dissatisfaction with a lowly lot.

Mart Glugg, to shorten his name to its usual length, was the mystery and the scandal of the town which was his usual home. Among the industrious, he was lazy. To the thrifty citizens of the village this was possibly his most serious fault; it was not his only one.

Mart Glugg was lazy. No friend of his would ever have denied that. No sophistry could ever have disproved it. And yet he worked—sometimes. He did not call fishing or hunting work, and he sold the results of his long tramps along the streams or through the woods oftener than he did the regular activity of his muscular system. But he worked—sometimes; not for clothes—no one could ever look at him and guess that; not so much for food as another might have done, for he was an epicure—not a man of dainty taste, not a particular man. But come near enough to him to let his breath fall upon your face, and you would know why Mr. Martin Glugg sometimes worked; there are incentives, for some men, which outrank the demands for clothing, food, respect, honor.

It was evident this morning that Mart Glugg had worked yesterday, or that the market for his fish and game had been unusually good, for this gentleman was undoubtedly drunk—he was undeniably very drunk.

The horse shied at the drunken man. I do not know whether the cause was rags or rum. The horse is an animal of wide and varied tastes. Some horses abhor want; others are startled by humanized liquor.

Ward Dellerton brought his whip down smartly on the flank of his horse. He could be severe when the slightest occasion arose. Those who knew him best often said that he never let an opportunity escape for showing that fact.

The intoxicated man staggered nearer. His face had a drunken smile upon it. Careless good nature, thoughtless and unreasoning merriment, were shown in every look and action. He tried to lay his hand on the rein.

"Get out of the way, vagabond!" shouted Mr. Dellerton, striking his horse again, the hot color beginning to come up into his face.

"Vagabond! Who's a vagabond?" asked the man, his voice less thick and unwieldy than one would have thought possible, while a light shone in his eye for a moment, which proved that the startled brain had asserted its authority over the power of drink. "Do you call me a vagabond?"

He tried again to lay his hand upon the rein. This time it was half a threat, in place of the pleasantry it had been before.

"Yes, I do. Every one calls you a vagabond!" answered the horseman.

"Then every one is a liar," said the ragged man, his drunken stupor entirely gone, while anger had taken its place; "but I don't believe every one says that of Mart Glugg. I think you are the liar."

He caught the rein this time, and the horse sprang back, almost throwing his rider from the saddle.

"Let go the bridle!" said Mr. Dellerton, sternly.

"Never, never, until you take back what you said of me," replied the other, firmly.

"Take that, then—and that, and that, and that!" shouted the angry horseman.

And he struck the man several times across the face with the whip he carried. Then, as the man loosened his grasp upon the rein, he backed his horse a few feet and sat looking at him.

"No man can strike me," said, or rather growled, Mart Glugg—not, and live."

And he sprang toward Dellerton again, this time with a huge pocketknife in his hand.

"Here, here! None of that!" "Stop that!" "Let it go!" "Let the man alone!"

These were some of the cries of the bystanders as they rushed forward. It was only a few seconds before Glugg was disarmed, and stood hot and panting in the grasp of his captors.

"You mustn't let your temper get the better of you in that way," said one.

"You might really kill some one," urged another.

"He didn't mean what he said," remarked a third.

And so on.

All the bystanders evidently regretted what had occurred.

Even Glugg, in a surly and sulky way, seemed almost sorry for the unwise and unmanly part he had taken in the altercation. His head was bent forward, partly hiding his face, and he said, in a tone that would have reminded you of distant thunder when a storm had passed:

"He shouldn't have struck me. No matter what he said, he had no business to strike me."

Ward Dellerton, unlike the rest, had not had enough. It often happens that a conqueror, especially when his victory is due to outside aid instead of to his own prowess, is unjust and ungenerous. Ward Dellerton was.

"You and your folks have been struck too often, I guess, to make it anything new. You are too lazy to work now. Do you think you can make any one believe you were not the same lazy vagabond, the same whipped hound, when you cultivated cotton and sugar-cane?"

This random shot, if random shot it was, struck home.

Glugg gave one tremendous bound. Two of those who had dragged him away from Dellerton went down before his impetuous rush as he sprang clear of those who had restrained him. If he had still had the knife, there is little doubt that the life of Ward Dellerton would have found its end then and there. But unarmed he could do nothing. He caught the rein. Dellerton's whip left a long livid mark upon his hand. He sprang for the throat of his enemy. The cruel lash left another line of pain across his face.

Then Dellerton struck his horse, turned, and dashed away up the street, sending a sneering laugh back over his shoulder as he went.

"A mean fellow," said one.

"A contemptible brute," asserted another.

"A purse-proud, stuck-up aristocrat," commented a third.

One and all, they had nothing but contempt for Ward Dellerton. One and all, they bent their efforts to the task of calming Glugg. But he would not be pacified.

BERTHA.— FROM A PAINTING BY EISMAN-SEMENOWSKY.

"No one here ever believed that story; no one thinks you were ever a slave," said one of the men; and they all agreed with him.

"Go in and put something on your face, and forget all about it," was the advice given by some practical and peaceful fellow in the group.

"You're more popular in Pleanton than Ward Dellerton is, with all his money and city airs," said the one who had asserted the general disbelief in the remark which had most infuriated Glugg.

He responded with a grateful look, spoiled a little by the fact that it had to struggle for existence with the anger in his face, and with shame, too, and partly because of the swelling of the wounds which the whip had given him.

Then, without a word, he went into the hotel.

An hour later Mart Glugg was miles away, seated on the root of a tree, his feet hanging over the edge of a tiny brook far up among the hills.

When anything troubled Mart Glugg he went fishing. When the man died who had taken him in and been kind to him when he first came to Pleanton, he went fishing. When the mills burned in the city a score of miles away, while the village people crowded about the telegraph-office with pale faces and anxious hearts, madly eager to know how many Pleanton girls were still on the upper floors when the walls and the roof went down, *he* went fishing. He had asked a woman, poor like himself, to marry him. She told him "No," not very kindly, I think, and I fear she laughed at him. He only went fishing. He never wrote letters. He had never been known to receive but one during all the years he had lived in Pleanton. He never inquired for mail; but a letter came for him once—a letter with a black border—"My mother," was the answer he gave to the sympathetic postmaster, who had hunted him up and handed him the sombre message with an implied question, and then he went fishing.

It boded no good to Mr. Ward Dellerton that the man he had struck—struck with his cruel whip and still more cruel words—*went fishing*.

Martin Glugg undoubtedly knew where to fish. There was no uncertainty about that, uncertain as he seemed to be about many other matters. There was always a smile on his face as he drew his hook from the water and took a fish from the hook—and he smiled very often. But at other times his face was grave and perplexed. He was evidently closely engaged in study. His experience of the morning had stirred him deeply.

For many years there had never been a day when Mart Glugg had not been drunk. He had never tramped away from Pleanton to fish in the loneliest and best streams, far away from where men usually went in search of such sport, without getting himself quite drunk before he found the place he sought, up where the forests were among the hills. Habit is so strong a master, that it may be that Mr. Martin Glugg would have appeared to an observer at a greater disadvantage than usual, as he sat on the tree-root and dexterously coaxed the fish from their pleasant home. Be that as it may, he wasn't drunk. Even (careless and reckless) Ward Dellerton might have had an attack of that regretful fear which is commonly regarded as the result of conscience—if he had known how strangely and fearfully sober Glugg was.

Noon passed; the sun declined; the shadows lengthened among the trees and along the brook; the leaves above him began to stir in the rising breeze of the coming night; the sweet Summer day was going fast, and the fisherman had thought out his case, or believed he had, which, from a human standpoint, amounts to much the same thing. His mind was narrow, doubtless, and his soul was small. His past shadowed his present; both, not unnaturally, shadowed his future.

"He called me a vagabond," he said, with a glance about him at the trees and bushes, "and I say he lied."

Here he looked sternly at the brook and the rocks as though they were about to dispute something he had said.

"I may have cared too much for drink; I will put that danger aside."

So saying, he tossed a bottle which he had with him, and which he had frequently emptied before that time of day on previous expeditions, into the stream. This time the bottle was full.

"Perhaps I've paid too little attention to dress," he continued, meditatively, looking himself over with a critical and quizzical air. "These clothes do look rather shabby. I'll do differently in the future, if only to show people that Ward Dellerton is a liar. Though I don't quite see how that would prove it, because," reflectively, "I've noticed that when a man has poor clothes that he's paid for, he's measured against the man who wears good ones, whether paid for or not."

Then he was silent for a little.

"Well, I've decided on one thing. I'll be even with that man for what he said and did this morning, especially for what he said; I'll be even with him, whatever it may cost me. But I must be slow. I must be quiet. I must take time. These New England people have long memories, and it would detract from my satisfaction to hurt myself as much as I hurt him; I don't fancy shooting my game with a kicking gun. So I must take plenty of time. I don't know just what to do. Cutting the fellow's throat would be too risky. Burning his property would be pleasant, but that is almost as risky as the other would be. So I'll wait. But I'll be even with him yet."

Then he walked up the stream a dozen rods. He crossed by the aid of a fallen tree. He came down to opposite the tree-root which had been his seat while he had been fishing. He took considerable pains in doing so, and got out the bottle of liquor which he had thrown away. He put it in his pocket, retraced his steps, and returned to the place where he had spent the most of the afternoon.

He took the bottle from his pocket, and held it up so that the fading light of the dying day fell through the liquid which it contained. There was an unutterable longing in his eyes, and a pathetic pain upon his lip as he gazed upon that which had been his ruthless master for so many years. The chain of habit was strong; it was dragging at him to pull him down. It weighted his limbs; it unnerved his hands; it maddened his brain; it quickened his heart. Appetite was asserting its power. The curse of the drink-fiend was upon him.

He drew the cork from the bottle. The odor of the cruel poison it contained made his cheek flush and his eye glisten. And then——

He suddenly raised his head. He tossed the uncorked bottle far from him, and watched the crystal clearness of the brook hide the wicked flood he had flung to it.

"I *will* be even with him," he said, quietly, "and to that end I will never, never touch the stuff again."

He never did.

Abstractedly, reformation is a grand thing, and I hail any evidence of it gladly; concretely, when a man suddenly breaks away from some debasing habit, there are three things I wish to know: How he regards me; why he reformed; what his past was?

You may have formed an idea of Mr. Dellerton which makes it unnecessary for me to say it, but I will say just this: Ward Dellerton was not a man to be envied, when Martin Glugg took his private temperance pledge.

The bottle gone, Glugg turned to the brook again. The true fisherman's spirit prevailed with him. He waited to cast his line the inevitable "once or twice more."

Smiling down on the fish which rewarded his first effort, and seeming to take it into his confidence as he removed it from the hook and cast it up upon the grass to die, he said:

"Yes; I will certainly be even with Mr. Ward Dellerton. Be the road long or short. Be the deed good or bad. Be the act to give me happiness or to bring me misery, I will be even with him. I will have my revenge, though I die for it!"

"I thought so," said a voice behind him, and a man pushed his way through the bushes and came to his side; "I thought so. Good-evening, Mr. Glugg."

Chapter IV.

Let us return to Mr. Braynor, and his unwelcome afternoon visitor.

Mrs. Johnson started away, at John's request, to bring the man who had called. But he had followed her to the very door of the room, and, when Mr. Braynor spoke the words directing him to be shown in, he came in at once without delay.

Mr. Braynor rose to his feet. He did not offer his caller a seat. He made no motion toward being seated himself.

"You may go now, Mrs. Johnson," he said, with the utmost kindness. Then, when she had left the room, he turned toward the man opposite him, and stood waiting his pleasure in stern and dignified silence.

"There are rumors in the village," said the newcomer, in a tone of affected ease, which did not hide his real embarrassment, "that there was a death here last evening, or perhaps this morning. I called to express the sorrow and sympathy which I naturally feel, if my information has been correct. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, because of your absence in Europe, but I am glad to know you now, Mr. Braynor."

And he extended his hand cordially.

John Braynor said nothing. He did not take his stern, accusing gaze from the face of the man who had spoken so kindly. But he put his right hand behind him, taking no notice of the one which had been proffered to him.

His visitor affected not to notice the slight which had been put upon him, though his act cost him a great and evident effort. He took up the one-sided conversation where he had dropped it a moment before.

"I knew the dead lady quite well," he said, with some kind of emotion showing itself in his voice, "and I was greatly shocked to learn of her sudden decease. May I inquire the cause of her death?"

He paused for an answer. He got none. He got only a look which he might well remember as long as memory serves him at all. I believe that John Braynor regretted that the proprieties and conventionalities of modern civilized life made it impossible for him to kill the man who was thus torturing him.

Again the man spoke.

"I had the pleasure of calling upon her here several times. The loss of a relative could scarcely have moved me more than the death of Miss Annette——"

"You monster!" cried Mr. Braynor; "you infamous scoundrel! It is Mrs. Ward Dellerton who is gone! *Your wife* is lying dead up-stairs!"

Mr. Dellerton gave Mr. Braynor a quick, searching glance. He probably wondered just how much the latter gentleman knew, and just how much of what he had in mind was mere suspicion.

"My wife!—Mrs. Ward Dellerton! I do not understand you! What do you mean?"

"That this poor woman left the proofs behind her."

"The proofs?—The proofs of what?"

"Of her innocence, first of all."

"Her innocence, ha! ha! ha!" sneeringly laughed Mr. Dellerton; "her innocence! If half of what I've heard this morning is true, the less said about——"

"The less *you say* about this woman, whose death lies at your door, the better for you!" thundered Braynor.

"Very well. I will leave you. Good-afternoon."

"Not yet. I spoke of proofs. Shall I say what proofs you have to face?"

"As you please."

"This, then!"

And Mr. Braynor extended the marriage certificate toward Dellerton.

The latter sprang for it with a wild cry of rage. Braynor eluded his grasp, and slipped the precious thing in an inner pocket.

Baffled in his mad attempt at destruction, Dellerton sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"You need not attempt such a thing as that again," said Mr. Braynor, "for it would be useless. Too many have seen this document since it came into my possession for its destruction to do you much good—if any. But you will not get it."

Dellerton looked up, his face utterly devoid of color

"How did you get it?" he gasped.

"She left it with the doctor for me," was the reply.

"Curse her!" said Ward Dellerton.

John Braynor made no answer. He was thinking of how tender and true his own love had been for the dead. He was thinking of the mad day when she forgot her truth and honor in her fatal choice between the two men —Dellerton and himself. He was wondering how she could ever have done it.

I think, by the way in which his fingers twitched, and clasped and unclasped, that he was wondering, too, whether it would be very wicked and unseemly to catch the wretch by the throat, and crush his life out. But he did nothing so rash as an attempt of that sort would have been. If Ward Dellerton had a narrow escape from death, a narrower one than when Glugg sprang for him in the morning, knife in hand, he never knew it. So strange a thing is the human soul, with its billows of passion or tenderness, and its hours of storm or calm, that I think John Braynor never knew it either.

"I—I suppose she sent you some other message than the mere certificate?" asked Dellerton.

"She did."

"May I see what she said?"

"No."

"It would be no more than fair. Why may I not?"

"I burned it."

"That was well. My word is as good as yours. You will scarcely claim the burned letter as proof?"

"Only for my satisfaction and that of my friends."

"Yes. Let it go so. I might have seen it, I suppose, if you had not burned it?"

"No."

"I may know what was in it."

"Some things, yes; many more, no."

"It would be no more than fair."

"That is twice you have said that. What do you mean?"

"That I want to know how hard a bargain it is in your power to drive with me."

"I shall make no bargain with you."

"Perhaps not. We shall see. I presume Miss Annette——"

"Mrs. Ward Dellerton, please."

"Very well. I am suited. We will not quarrel over so simple a thing as the lady's name. I presume that Mrs. Ward Dellerton made the incompatibility of our temperaments quite evident?"

"She made your tyranny and heartlessness quite evident."

Dellerton smiled.

"Perhaps she did," he said, with sarcastic emphasis, "and perhaps she didn't. I have your word for it."

Braynor kept his temper. He made no reply.

"Possibly she said she did not love me?"

Braynor said nothing.

"It may be she said she did love you?"

Braynor still kept silence.

"Possibly she had some request to make of you? There is a child, is there not?"

He paused for a reply. Evidently he was not sure.

"You have a child," said Braynor, coldly.

"Thank you. The information is pleasant. I am charmed. Am I the father of a son or of a daughter?"

"The baby is a boy."

"A boy! That is good. A boy can be so much of a companion to his father. I am charmed; I am quite charmed."

He paused in his conversation and laughed; a harsh, coarse, devilish laugh.

"Now it is quite possible the mother wanted you to watch over her boy. Am I right in that?"

"You are," assented John Braynor, with a groan.

"She believed, perhaps, that Pleanton would be a happier and a safer place for him than the streets of a great city like New York. Am I right?"

"You are."

"Did she think you could make a better man of him than I? Did she think you would care for him more tenderly than his own father would?"

"She did."

"She did herself great credit by her acuteness of observation," commented Mr. Dellerton; "great credit, indeed. But you know, Mr. Braynor, as a man of the world, how dangerous it is to trust too much to prejudiced testimony. You know, too, that her testimony was prejudiced. Perhaps you have found some other source of information regarding me, in spite of the brief time which has elapsed since my return; it may be that some one else has been willing to make statements regarding my character. Am I correct in my surmises?"

"I will do you the justice to say that your true character is not very generally known in Pleanton, Mr. Dellerton, and I have not cared particularly to investigate your past history. The facts of your secret marriage with this trusting girl, and of the cruelty which she has since suffered from you, are evidence enough against you to fully satisfy me."

"You speak of cruelty. I came here from New York yesterday, and in response to a letter from—from—from my wife."

"Perhaps you did. If so, it was only because you dared not do otherwise. You came to see what the danger to yourself might be. You had not been here for two or three months. You came down to see if it was not possible to escape the results of your wickedness, I have no doubt. You came here this afternoon prepared to deny anything I might have to say, unless my hands held proofs which would be adequate in a court of law. You know you did. You need not deny it."

Dellerton laughed again.

"Of course I did. I shall not deny it. It would be useless to do so, which is a most excellent reason; it is needless, too, which is a better one."

"I think, then, that I have sufficient knowledge of your character. I need make no further inquiries."

"Pardon me, but it will be best for all concerned if you will find out more about me than you have thus far admitted you know. But you have not answered my question yet. It is not whether my true self is *generally* known in Pleanton, but whether some one person knows enough of me to give me a fair setting forth—and has done so. Has any one told you much of me to-day?"

John Braynor hesitated a moment.

"There is a gentleman who knows a little, and——"

"Good. And he has talked to you?"

"Yes, a little."

"And the gentleman's name is——"

"Dr. Pilleo."

Dellerton's face darkened. This was not quite what he had expected, evidently, and he did not feel as sure of his ground as he had before.

"Perhaps he said I was a gamester—a gambler?"

"Yes."

"And not always an honest one?"

"He said so."

"It may be he called me a rake?"

"He did."

"Very well. I will go up now and see my beloved dead, if you please. Will you lead the way to the chamber where the body of my wife is?"

"For God's sake——" began John Braynor.

Dellerton interrupted him.

"It would be an unpleasant task for you?" he asked

"It would."

"Mrs. Dellerton's father and mother are buried in the churchyard here, are they not?"

"Yes."

"And all her immediate relatives who have died?"

"Yes."

"And her grandparents?"

"Yes."

"And all her ancestors for several generations?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You said you would make no bargain with me. I think you will. I propose this: I will not go up-stairs to look upon the face of the dead; I will leave town to-night; you may bury the dead woman beside her father and mother in the churchyard of Pleanton; I will leave her son to your care for ever; I will never cross your path again nor interfere with you in any way; I will do all these things if——"

"Well?"

"*If you will give me that marriage certificate.*"

"Never! I will die first. The woman I loved with all my heart and soul shall not sleep in her grave under a cloud of unmerited dishonor. You shall never, never have it."

Ward Dellerton rose to his feet. His face was pale as death. He gasped for breath. He walked unsteadily. He crossed the room and stood looking out of the window at the beautiful Summer afternoon.

"Is—is this final?" he asked, at last.

KING BABY'S ROYAL CHARIOT-RIDE.—BY L. RUFF.

"It is final."

"Will nothing move you?"

"Nothing."

"Think again. You wish to respect the wishes of the dead. You desire to keep her son. You would be glad to have her grave where you can care for it. Let me have the certificate."

"No."

"Your character is above reproach here. Your word is above doubt. More than that, some of your friends have seen the certificate. I do not ask for your silence. I do not ask you to make the last resting-place of Annette a nameless grave and an eternal dishonor. You have my permission to make those who have known her all her life sure that she was pure as an angel, and certain that no other woman was ever so wronged as she has been. You may make me out a monster of depravity. You may paint me in colors so black that my life would not be safe, even in this law-abiding and peaceful village, if I should ever return. I do not ask you not to do these things. I shall be glad, and more than glad, to have you do them. I shall put no word of denial against anything you may say. I only ask the power to prevent any *legal proof* of my marriage ever being made. I only ask the chance to destroy the certificate."

"Never!"

"If you refuse, I will come here to-morrow and take away the dead body of my wife. I will have the funeral at my home in New York. She shall be buried beside my friends, instead of by yours and hers. I will take my son away with me. You shall never look upon his face again, nor on the sod which covers his mother's breast, not if I can prevent it. If I must be held by the certificate against my wish and will, I will use all the legal power to which it entitles me; I will use my power to its fullest extent. You shall find a bitter repentance for your refusal. Give me the certificate."

"Never!"

"I beg you to give it to me. I am ruined without it. I cannot face the future with that against me. Give me the certificate.

John Braynor thought of the dead—of what he had lost; of what she had lost as well.

"You should have thought of all this before," he said. "You should have remembered it before you taught a woman to be false to her promise and treacherous to her love. You cannot have the certificate."

Ward Dellerton came slowly across the room, and stood within a yard of his opponent.

"I tell you I will have that document," he said, savagely. "I will have it, no matter what it costs. I am a desperate man. Another would hesitate when life was in question, but I shall not. There is more than life involved in this for me. Once and for all, the last time I shall ever ask it of you, give me that certificate."

"Never! You talk foolishly. Your threats are idle."

The speaker paused, and walked slowly across the room to a closet, opened the door, and was gone for a half-minute. When he came back he had a rifle in his hands.

"Your threats are idle," he repeated, "and you know it. I do not wish to harm you, and I have no belief that you will compel me to do so. But you can neither coax nor bribe me to give up this safeguard of my dead love's honor, nor can you take it by force. Within a half-hour this document shall be in the possession of the officers of the law. Do your worst. Feed your mean and unmanly revenge to the full. Come and carry away the murdered woman whose death was as surely your deed as though your very hands had killed her. Come and carry away the body of the one whose soul you would blacken more than your devilish arts ever yet allowed you to do if you could. Take away your child to scenes of crime and lessons of depravity. Do what you will and as you will, but remember that Annette was your wife, and that no power under heaven can make it otherwise."

Dellerton threw himself upon his knees.

"Have mercy! Have mercy on——" he began.

A door opened and shut. He looked up. He was alone. He took his hat. He staggered to the door. He crawled, rather than walked, from the house.

(To be continued.)

DOWN-STREAM.

By Gordon Gun.

Oh, the *dolce far niente!*
  Oh, the bliss of idleness!
Oh, the joy of two-and-twenty!
  Oh, the sweets of first success!

From his brows a burden lifted,
  And a laurel on them thrown,
Down the Summer stream he drifted
  In the gloaming—not alone.

Softest eyes on his intent, he,
  Looking in those eyes for "Yes"
(Cynic, he was two-and-twenty!),
  Told his tale of first success.

Told his tale, and, while she listened,
  Murmured, "Mabel, will you share?"
Crimsoned cheek and eyes that glistened
  All-sufficing answer were.

Famine still, dogs overplenty,
  Fortune's buffet her caress;
Woe is me for two-and-twenty,
  Doubly crowned with sweet success.

She has landed. "Kiss me, Mabel!"
  Then he homeward heads full free;
But the Summer stream unstable
  Sweeps him to the hungry sea.

* * * *

Still at times, when wellnigh spent, he
  Marks, amid the storm and stress,
Ghostly gleams of two-and-twenty—
  Mocking meteors of success.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

By Mrs. Denison.

"You can go over to the town, Theo, and ask Mr. Josephs to send up a coffin. The professor is gone. Tell him he need not come if he don't wish, on account of the disease. He can be quietly buried on the grounds."

I looked at the woman with wide-eyed astonishment.

"Well, you hear—don't you, stupid?" was her next ejaculation.

"But surely the professor cannot be dead!" was my answer.

"But surely he is!" was the quick reply.

"What of?" I asked.

"Yellow fever," she answered, and turned away. "It was well you were not at home, and you had better not come near the house. I have had it, and nursed it—so has the doctor. I tell you what to do. Go on my errand, and stay till the house is thoroughly disinfected. Then you can come back with impunity, if you wish."

I looked at the woman who had always reminded me of

a beautiful tigress. For many years I had lived with her, and experienced much injustice at her hands for the sake of the professor, whom I loved as dearly as if he had been my own father.

The conversation here narrated took place in an isolated little summer-house. Probably she had seen me coming down the road and hurried out to intercept me. That was kind of her at any rate.

I had a constitutional horror of the fever. There was none of it that I knew in New Orleans, and it gave me a great shock to hear that the professor had fallen a victim to it. The place we lived in was situated in a country road in the vicinity of New Orleans—a place so retired, so hidden by trees and shrubbery, that it might have been miles from the main road, for no one could see it from there, and unless one knew the path, it was quite difficult to find.

The house was a ruined chateau, built some fifty years before by a half-crazy nobleman—that is, he was said to be a nobleman; and it was a structure that, though pretty enough, would be a puzzle to a modern architect.

I had lived there ever since I could remember—that is, it was my home whenever I was not at school.

Madame Janus, the professor's wife, had always been a puzzle to me. So had the grizzly-bearded Dr. Ptolemus, with his immense head and shoulders, and his thin legs.

The man had always inspired me with awe, and many a time I have hurried away from the strange thralldom of his great gray eyes. I never could tell why, but I held a smothered hatred toward the man in my secret heart. Why was the madame always so kind to him? And why did the professor seem to stand in such deadly awe of him?

And why was he there at all, even if he was the brother of Madame Janus? These questions had sorely puzzled me for years. Now I had gone out in the world to earn my own living, the household seemed more a mystery than ever.

"The poor professor!" Madame Janus would say, pitifully. "He is just losing what little mind he had!"

This assertion I always indignantly repelled.

"Oh, yes!" she would say, angrily. "You would uphold him if he should burn the house down, or murder us all in our beds."

How could I help it when I owed home and name to him? The dear old professor! He had been everything to me. Not that he was so very old, either. His face constantly belied his tongue, for he always spoke of himself as a man whose usefulness was long ago outlived.

But I, who noted the keenness of his glance, the music of his voice, the agility of his movements, knew better.

He was not so old as Dr. Ptolemus, could not be, though his beard and hair were whiter. My ideal he had always been, always would be, in spite of the faults with which his wife was constantly charging him.

The chateau was a neglected place. I always saw how and where it could have been made a veritable Paradise with the outlay of a little money, but Madame Janus held the purse, and hated the place, and I was only a poor young fledgeling of the law, busy all day in looking over papers, but seldom earning a sum more than sufficient for my necessities.

And then I was in love with the daughter of my landlady.

In all New Orleans there was not a prettier girl than Angelique Fayette.

I had loved her ever since I had met her in a stationer's shop, where she had stopped to purchase a pencil, and I to buy a law-book when first commencing my studies. She was a little schoolgirl then of fourteen. Strangely enough, when I took board at a place in the lower part of the city, the first face I saw was that of Ange, with whom I had contrived to pick up an acquaintance, and from that time I hated the first real happiness of my life.

I had never been happy as a dependent, but now I was earning a fair living with the prospect of an independence in the far future.

When I could ever marry it was impossible to tell, for my landlady was adverse to the engagement, having had an eye for a long time to her daughter marrying a young doctor who was heir-expectant to a fortune.

But my darling was steadfast. She loved me with a love that never changed, and repeatedly declared that she had rather begin life with me in two rooms than live in the handsome house which her mother and the young doctor held out for an inducement.

Once a fortnight I returned to the chateau to see the professor, who always had something new to show me, the result of his explorations, and it was the first terrible affliction that could befall me to lose the man who had always seemed to me the embodiment of everything that was good and pure.

"I wish I could see him," I said, as soon as I had recovered a little from my astonishment.

"Impossible," she said. "It would be endangering your life, and besides, you might carry the contagion. That would never do."

"When did he die?" I asked.

"At four o'clock this morning."

"Did he leave no word for me."

"No. He was as crazy as a loon till toward the last, when he fell into a stupor, and so he died."

"Then I shall never know," I said to myself; and then looking up I caught the crafty, cruel expression of her handsome face.

A strange tremor seized me. For a moment I felt like rushing toward the house and demanding to see the dearest friend I had ever known, but a cowardly fear detained me. If I should carry the disease with me and give it to the people where I boarded I should feel myself a murderer.

"If I go on this errand," I said, "they will demand a certificate."

"Of course," was her reply; "I thought of that. Dr. Ptolemus made one out, and here it is."

She handed me the paper, which I did not like to touch.

"Will you have no religious service at the grave?" I finally asked.

"What would *he* care for that?" she asked, grimly. "Still, the doctor will no doubt do his best and read a prayer over him. That is all that is needed."

"It seems so heathenish," I said, turning away.

"Heathenish! That word sounds well from your lips. You were not here to tend and care for him. All that was done, the doctor and myself did. All that is to be done, we shall do. Now say that again."

I went on, merely saying Good-night, and my walk to the city was the saddest I ever took. All the way the shadowy form of the man I so loved seemed beside me. I could hear his low voice.

"My lad, you are of honest parentage, and you shall learn all about it some day," he had averred more than once when I had questioned him more closely than usual, and this he had said with his arm thrown across my shoulder as he loved to walk with me.

I could not bear to think that his beautiful wild eyes were closed for ever, that the loving smile with which he

greeted me I should never see again. He had borne all things with a gentle philosophy, and had dreaded nothing so much as the near vicinity to Dr. Ptolemus.

"Do you know I dread and almost hate that man?" he said to me one day. "Is it not strange that he should be planted here by my fireside, and that my wife should be his sister? Sometimes I spend whole days in the forest to avoid the sight of him. He is really intolerable."

"I am so glad you came back," she said. "Doubtless you felt that I was in trouble. Dr. Walch has been here ever since you went. His uncle is dead, and he has come into a much larger fortune than he expected. He came right over to my mother when he heard the news, and, oh, Theodore, I think they will make me marry him!"

"You will never do it," I said, feeling the force of the old saying that "troubles never come singly."

"I HEAR HIS STEP."

All the way back I thought over these things, and I could not reconcile myself to the fact of his death.

True, there had been isolated cases of yellow fever, but nobody was alarmed; that is, no one seemed to fear it would become an epidemic, as it had not invaded the city for several seasons.

I delivered my message to the undertaker, Josephs, with the required certificate, and then went home.

There I was met by my pretty Ange, who, at sight of me burst into tears.

"Oh, no! But my mother is out of all patience, and declares you shall not stay here longer. She seems now to hate the very sound of your name. Even my father, who loved you and always took your part, is dazzled by this new phase of the matter, and declares that I shall marry the doctor. Oh, I hate him!—I hate him!"

"What, then, is to be done?" I said in despair. "I have just lost the only friend I ever had, and now must I lose you?"

"Never with my consent!" she said. "Oh, I am so

THE OLD CHATEAU.—"'OH, IF THIS COULD ONLY BE OUR HOME!' CRIED ANGE, LEANING ON MY ARM. SUDDENLY A VOICE, FAINT BUT CLEAR, SOUNDED ABOVE OUR HEADS."—SEE PAGE 718.

glad you came back. It seems like an answer to my prayers. Mother has gone down to my Aunt Emily's to talk the matter over, and find out, I suppose, the best way of reducing me to obedience. She already talks of the fine *trousseau* she intends to give me, and I am frightened out of my wits. What shall I do?"

"There is only one way out of this perplexing dilemma," I said.

"And that?"

She looked up eagerly.

"Is to be married to me!"

"Theo!" she exclaimed, recoiling for an instant, then added, "I never thought of that. But how is it possible? Has the friend you lost left you a fortune?"

I shook my head. I had always suspected that my beloved professor was, or had been, a rich man, from some hints his wife let fall now and again; but if he had been, he had left nothing for me—me who had been his closest companion, and in whose welfare he had always shown the most affectionate interest. I knew that his wife had always looked upon me with distrust, and more than once quarreled with the professor because he spent so much money on my education.

Just then it seemed to me that I had not been fairly treated, but I had not time to think about it now.

"Then, dear, what could you marry on? We certainly could not live on air," she said.

"We will be married—you will come back home, feeling that if worst comes to worst you can at least defy them. Your simple assertion that you are already the wife of another will save you."

"Yes. Ah, I see your drift! But then I shrink from what they would say and do," she said, tearfully. "Imagine the scene! My mother would be so angry."

"There is still another way," I said, trying to make my voice heard.

"Oh! what is that?"

"Forsake me—marry the doctor, and please your family."

"Never!" she said, indignantly. "No, Theo, I cannot forsake you. Don't you see I love you too well, too entirely, for that? Now tell me what to do. I will follow your counsel to the letter—believe me, I will."

She turned toward me her beautiful eyes, swimming in tears. All thought of caution, of prudence, was gone. Rapidly sketching the plot, I advised her as my inclination prompted me. I was to go and get a license, which I could readily do, as the young clerk in the registry-office was a particular friend of mine.

She was to meet me in an hour, attired as for a walk, when we would go to the house of an old Protestant minister, be made one, and then she was to return home with a satisfactory excuse for her absence.

As her parents counted upon my remaining at the chateau till Monday morning, they could have no suspicion that she had been in my company, for fortunately she herself had let me in, and none of the household had seen me.

The programme was faithfully carried out. It seemed strange that I should be the bearer of a funeral message one hour, and a happy bridegroom the next—but life is full of extremes.

That night was full of happy dreams. I was in the company of my friend and my wife. The professor sat at a window on the south side of the house, which I had often wondered at. It was near the roof, over thirty feet from the ground. Ange and I, by some enchantment peculiar to dreams, climbed in at this window, and sat down beside the dear old man, who congratulated us, telling me that I had done a wise thing, and that now he was free, and should make it the business of his life to provide for us, if we would only come and live at the chateau. Then I thought that he sang a favorite old song, that I had never tired of hearing, commencing:

> "Ah, piping birds, your tuneful choir
> Gives to the dawn a thousand charms."

And then, as happy as I could be, I woke up to find it a vision of the night.

That morning, as I was seated in my office, dallying with papers, and now and then laughing softly to myself, a note came to me. It was from Ange, and read as follows:

"DEAR THEO—My mother does not seem to know what to make of my behavior. Yesterday I was impetuous, cross, miserable; to-day I listen calmly and unmoved to all she says. I believe she thinks I am yielding, so she does nothing but praise the doctor. She has seen the inside of his house, and longs for the time when she can make visits there. There is nothing so beautiful as the upholstery, and the pictures and statues are wonderful. She says I shall have a carriage, and thus the prediction of my future will be verified. You must know I was once foolish enough to go to a fortune-teller who was of great repute. She was a Spanish gypsy, and looked as if she could read the secrets of life with her great, wide black eyes. Well, she told me I was to marry an only son, and should be made very rich by my husband, as well as in him. I declare, she pictured you outright; only, my dear Theo, you are as poor as a church-mouse, like myself. But I love you all the better for that, and if I come safely out of this trouble, will work for you and with you, till you are famous, and—well, yes, rich. Keep up a good heart, dearest. I am not sorry for the step I have taken—rather, am proud to sign myself Lovingly, YOUR WIFE."

No wonder I felt already like a rich man. Yes, I felt and believed that in some way she would lead me up to fortune. I had two rooms in my office, or, rather, by putting up a curtain in a certain division I could make two rooms, though the doing so would encroach upon that particular part which I called my office.

I determined, however, not to go back to my old boarding-place, but to sleep there behind the curtain after I had furnished the place as comfortably as my limited means would admit.

It seemed to me as if within the last few days things had prospered with me. Papers of importance were brought to me for preparation, and strangers dropped in, bringing a little business with them. I began to feel that there was a chance for me in the busy world. One day I received the following letter:

"Oh, Theo, I am most wretched. For a whole day I have been locked in my room and kept on bread and water. They have no right to treat me so. And he knows of it, and it makes me hate him worse. To-day is my last chance—I can no longer listen to their maddening reasons. I shall tell them all, and then they may kill me if they will.

* * * * * * *

"Well, it is all over. I have told them, and I still live. There was a small earthquake, I can assure you—first an ominous silence, and then——

"I am in my room alone now, locked in, waiting for the verdict. Oh, how I did plead for you! but they looked at me with stony faces. I don't believe there is one grain of pity in their hearts. I do think they would have burned me alive on the first impulse if they had dared to. As for me, I am wonderfully calm. I feel like a martyr who is suffering in a righteous cause.

"I have a chance to send this by a faithful friend who waits outside till I drop the letter down. Be of good courage—everything will come right. Your own ANGE."

Only an hour from the time I had received this, and just after I had lighted my student's lamp, there was a knock at the door. Another moment and poor Ange was laughing and sobbing on my bosom.

"There!" she exclaimed, after her emotion had had its way, "I sha'n't cry any more. And I hope I sha'n't make you cry by saying that I've come, this time, to stay. So I want you to have our certificate of marriage framed and hung up, so that everybody can see it. They wouldn't believe it at first, and when they did, oh, how they raved and stormed! every one of them, even to the cook. And now here I am; are you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Why, your presence makes this mean little place a paradise!" I cried, with the enthusiasm of youth and passion.

"Yes—no doubt—and you should not call it a mean little place. But I can't be a burden on you. I must help keep the pot boiling, as the saying is. Oh, yes, we can manage to live so happily; and, thanks to poor mamma's teaching, I can keep house. But, oh, Theo, you don't know how strange it seems to be turned out of house and home."

"Into a husband's arms," I said.

"And they are all so furious, the doctor worse than all! Oh, thank Heaven that you came home as you did, and had the courage to take a poor wife in your poverty! How I should have hated that man! and they might have forced me to marry him."

After that we were very happy playing at housekeeping. The following Saturday came a letter from Madame Janus, in which she gave me some few directions:

"I think"—the letter ran—"after consultation with the doctor, that I shall not rent the house. I could, at most, only get a few dollars for it, as you know it has the reputation of being haunted. Let it be as it is, and when we return"—she had previously spoken of traveling for the Winter—"I will see what can be done with it."

I read the letter to Ange, who, indeed, was reading it over my shoulder.

"So," she exclaimed, "the chateau is haunted! I never heard of that. Very respectable families have lived in it. How I should like to see it, and go over the rooms in which you have lived!"

"But I haven't the keys," I said; "or else I would take you through the old place."

"Well, couldn't we at least go and see it, and carry a few flowers to place on the old professor's grave?"

"Ange, you are an angel!" I said. "Much as I loved him, I never thought of that."

What a lovely September evening it was! The air was all perfume, the sky golden and blue, with here and there the fleeciest of white clouds sailing over it, and my lovely wife walked by my side, bearing a basket filled with roses and lilies and other flowers, which she had arranged with exquisite taste.

Never had the chateau looked so beautiful to my eyes. I loved the spot, and laid the flowers upon the lonely grave of the best friend I had ever known with emotions that I could not express.

"Oh, if this only could be our home!" cried Ange, leaning on my arm as we walked about the pretty house, with its quaint cornicing and odd angles.

Suddenly a voice, faint but clear, sounded above our heads.

"Ah, piping birds, your tuneful choir
Gives to the eve a thousand charms.'"

"Great Heaven!" I cried, my blood curdling; "it is his spirit!"

"Spirits don't sing with material voices," said Ange, in a half-whisper.

A sudden thought struck me. I ran back a little way and called: "Professor!"

A pale, awfully shadowed face appeared at the window.

"Yes, Theo! Is that you, dear boy?"

"It is. How in Heaven's name did you get there? What shall I do? They gave out that you were dead."

"Not quite," came the same hollow voice, and something dropped at my feet.

It was a curiously shaped key. I remembered it. It gave ingress to the house.

"Now, Ange," I said "have you courage to go to the town alone, put up some bread and wine, and return here in the dark? I see how it is; it flashed over me like an inspiration. They have left him here to die, not wishing to stain their hands with his blood. He must be starving. I will get in and find that room and release him."

It was some time before I reached the partition which divided the secret room from the other. Then finding that he could hear me, I sounded the wall till I found a hollow spot, and that I burst through with bodily force, and stood in the presence of my friend.

"How did you come here?" I asked, as his great shining eyes looked haggardly into mine.

"They must have drugged me and brought me here," he said, faintly. "It has been a curious experience."

"But, great Heaven! you must be starving," I said.

"I don't know, my dear boy. I lost the feeling of hunger early this morning. Fortunately there were heavy showers, and the roof leaked. That saved me, or I should have gone mad with thirst. Yes, they left me to die like a dog. I should never have dreamed that Marie hated me—what had I done to deserve it?"

"Nothing, my dear professor," I said; "you have only been too good. Hark! I hear steps along the road. I have sent for food and wine; all will soon be well. Keep up heart and ye shall fare like a prince."

"How strange," he said, in a slow, failing voice. "Certainly God does great things for us. He has given me for a deliverer my son, my only son!"

He sank back exhausted upon the pallet which had been his couch for five long days and nights.

I knelt by him, and chafed his cold hands till I heard Ange's footsteps on the stairs. She had flown like a bird, and now she was back again with blessed food and drink for the famishing man, so that the dead was brought to life.

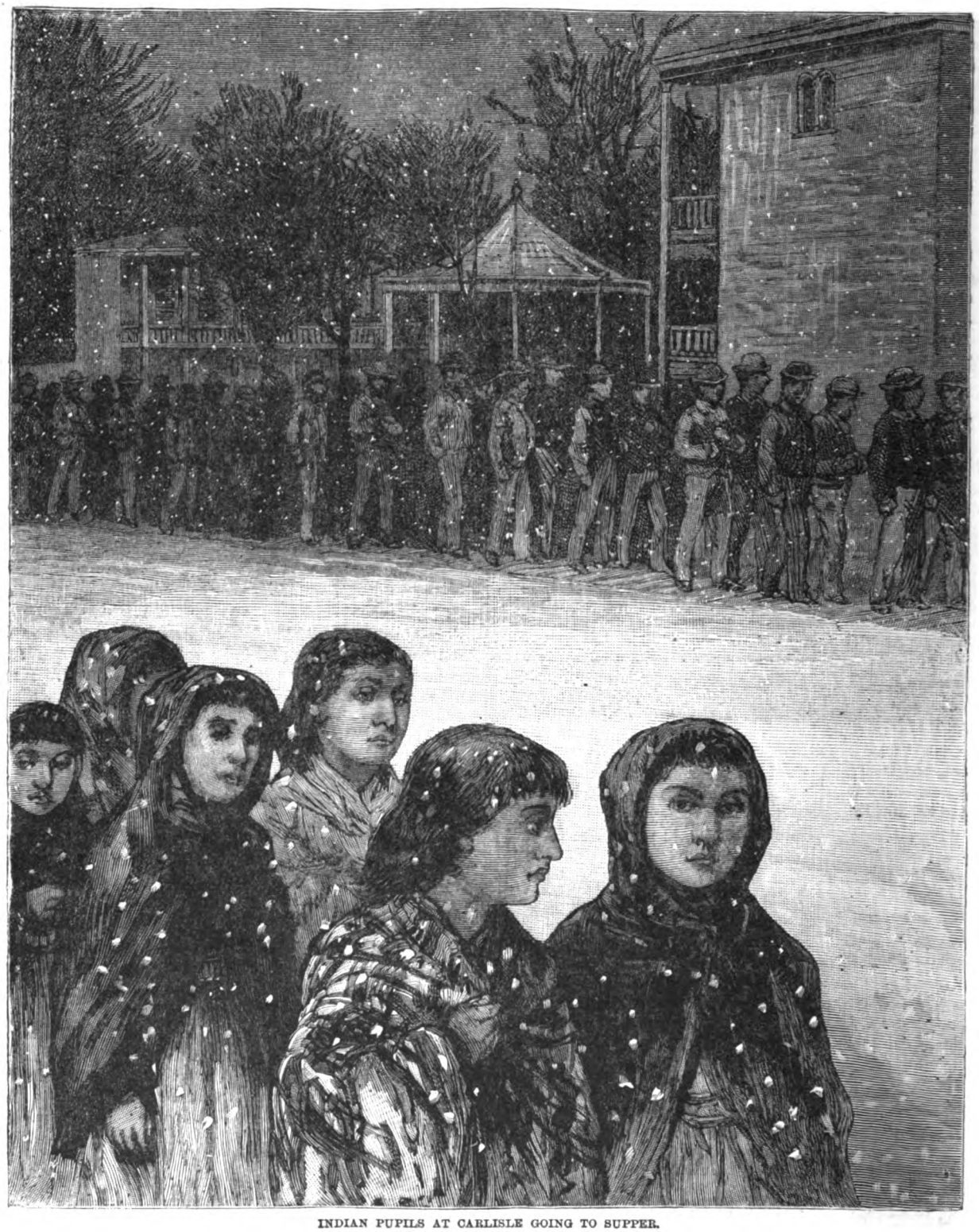
And with the utmost thankfulness I conclude my story by relating some facts that he made known to me.

I was his own son. Infatuated by the beauty of the woman he had made his second wife, and who did not wish me to call her mother, as she was young and inexperienced, he had promised her to keep my relationship a secret.

Finally, when Dr. Ptolemus came to the house he acquired a strange mesmeric power over the senses of the professor, and that it was that caused his actions to appear singular—at times erratic.

Fortunately the property was all his—the chateau, the lovely grounds and acres of woodland beyond. So my darling had her wish, for the place was made over to me, and my father refurnished the pretty house from top to bottom. We duly informed our friends of our good luck, and had a royal house-warming.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that, on receipt of the news, Ange's parents were the first to congratulate us. As for Madame Janus, her expectations never were realized. She had probably hoped to return in time to hide all evidences of her guilt, and take possession of the property. She and the doctor were quietly warned to continue their travels. We have never heard from them since.



INDIAN PUPILS AT CARLISLE GOING TO SUPPER.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS.

By Mary M. Meline.

"The best Indian is a dead one," is an oft-quoted saying, originating on the lips of one of our army officers, and attributed to several. It is a most unjust reflection upon the abused race. Give the poor creatures a chance, and if they do not prove themselves worthy, then it will be time to decide against them.

Step by step, from one degree of longitude to another, have their forefathers been driven to the lands of the setting sun by the encroaching white man. Some have gone willingly, with childlike faith in the superior race; others have proved themselves more wily, and have demanded guarantees; others have resented this trans-

NAVAJOES JUST ARRIVED AT THE SCHOOL.

fer to fresh fields. But how could their obsolete modes of warfare prevail in the long run against disciplined troops? They too have been obliged to yield and follow the others.

Promises were readily made to the first, and the guarantees asked for by the second as readily granted; but how those promises were fulfilled, in what manner the guarantees were redeemed, alas! the records blush blood-red in the telling! The third class, those who fought for their original homes, are ready at any moment to fight again, and require the constant watchfulness of almost the whole of our standing army to keep them in check.

SCHOOLROOM, CARLISLE, 1884.

But of late years the public attention has been called to the solving of the problem,

Which is the best means of imparting an education to the Indian, and of sharing with him the blessings of modern civilization?

Of late years one of the most important duties of the United States Indian Agents has been the establishing and regulating of schools for the children of the tribes intrusted to their charge at their several agencies. The Government has also established training-schools at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va., for the same purpose. Let us examine them before we cross the Mississippi and plunge into the desert of the Indian Territory, or the arid plains of New Mexico.

One of our illustrations shows the pupils at Carlisle crossing the playgrounds to the building in which the dining-room is located. They look orderly enough to please the most exacting of Dominies. But underneath this quiet demeanor the spirit of the race is strong and wellnigh ineradicable, as will presently be demonstrated when, the trammels of rule being loosened for a time, they pour out over this same campus with yells and shouts to enjoy the limited recreation.

In another illustration we have a group of Navajoes just arrived at Carlisle, in all their savage finery, with Captain Pratt, the superintendent, on the balcony. The photograph does not do justice to the bright colors of the blankets, which are famous for beauty and comfort, nor to the tints of the beads and feathers in which the wearers are arrayed. All these embellishments of toilet are laid aside reluctantly to don the commonplace, plain garb of the white man. In his last Report, September, 1884, of the Carlisle School to the Indian Commissioner, Captain Pratt gives the number of pupils in all (including new arrivals and those who remained over from last year) as 938. The management of this school is most excellent. Those who are capable of earning a living by the trades they have learned have been allowed the opportunity by being sent away from the school, for stated times, to patrons. This gives them an idea of their own powers, teaches them to be independent, and gives them a certain self-respecting strength in the knowledge that they can take care of themselves as well as those among whom their lot is thrown. The teaching here is not confined entirely to books. One-half the day is devoted to mental labor; the other half, to manual employments, as seen in the boys busy at saddle-making.

The girls take more naturally to enjoy more thoroughly the opportunities given them of "going white man's ways." The young miss arranging her long hair before a mirror is sufficient proof that feminine traits are the same everywhere.

The Carlisle establishment and that at Hampton, Va., are far more efficient than the Agency schools; the children are withdrawn from the baleful influence of the Medicine Men, are surrounded entirely by high evidences of civilization, and gradually they assimilate themselves to their surroundings. They are taught, besides the mechanical trades, to be familiar with all the appliances of modern farming and gardening. All this is excellent as long as the pupil is at the school or among whites. But after?

At Hampton, as at Carlisle, great attention is paid to industrial teaching. Captain Pratt makes very little mention in his Report of the progress of the girls; but Mr. Armstrong gives an account of the welldoing of the female pupils under him, which is most pleasant reading to a woman. For the condition of the females of the race is most terrible, and appeals to the compassion and interest of every true heart among their white sisters.

The teaching of mechanical arts is the wisest; there is some hope that the Indian will retain what he learns in this line. But the "book learning" is so difficult as to be almost hopeless. The mastery of the spelling-book, of the intricacies of grammar, or of the rules of arithmetic, may be acquired after long years of application—"May be so yes, may be so no," as they will express the situation themselves. Having no written language of their own, they are almost incapable of grasping the philosophy of one. As long as their lesson-books are new, or, if plentifully illustrated, they are interested in them, and willing to turn over the pages—only a few will really study. I have, however, the Agency schools in my mind in speaking thus, and may do those of Carlisle and Hampton an injustice.

The "Indian Question" has puzzled wise heads before, and will continue to do so; but after a residence of some months among the fiercest of the "blanket" tribes—the Kiowas and Comanches—it is the opinion of the writer of this article (voiced with all modesty) that, while the present system of Agency schools effects some good, it falls far short of achieving the object for which these schools were established. The Agencies in general are excellent in affording employment for impecunious white folks; they also enable some to make money through the beef contracts and trafficking in ponies. But as far as the real and thorough elevation of the Indian is concerned, they might as well be abolished.

Life at an Indian Agency is *sui generis*. There is no other like it, and it must be experienced to be understood. The first matter to be taken into consideration is the attitude of the red man toward the white, and that is one of undying hatred. This hatred is a legacy handed down from father to son; a fire kept burning ever beneath the fostering care—as sleepless and unremitting as was that bestowed upon the sacred fire by the Vestals of old—of the Medicine Men.

By "Medicine Man" we are not to understand a physician in our sense of the word. He is that and much besides, combining in his person all of awesome and mysterious. Not only can he heal the sick, but the future he can read as in a book, and his advice is seldom neglected even by the chief himself; the elements bow to him, and by his incantations he can control the tempests and the floods. Woe to the enemy against whom he "makes medicine"! Earthly prosperity will no longer be his. This class wields a powerful influence against that of the white man. By ridicule (and an Indian is very sensitive to ridicule) and by threats the individuals composing this class endeavor to prevent any deviation from the time-honored customs of the tribes, or anything that will destroy their own standing among their people. The Medicine Man, as the spiritual head of the tribe, exercises more actual power than the nominal chief.

During my stay at Anadarko, Indian Territory, I witnessed an instance of the influence these men possess even with the Christianized members of the band. A Kiowa boy, who had spent three years at Carlisle, was brought home to die. His father and several brothers—for the family was an unusually large one—had died of that terrible scourge beneath which so many succumb—consumption. Only his mother and two sisters were left. The family had been ostracized by the tribe because the father, a chief, had consistently endeavored to "go white man's ways." They seemed very forlorn and friendless, no one having anything to do with them but, strange to say, a Comanche woman. The mother had a sister who made one of the family, and seemed as much attached to the children as if they had been her own. As soon as the news reached the Agency that "Charlie" (Karboodle, *i. e.*, Left-handed—his Indian name being

retained as a surname) had left Carlisle, the mother pitched her tepe near the schoolhouse and anxiously awaited his coming. When the ambulance which brought him from Reno arrived, he was so much exhausted that we thought he would scarcely live to be carried up-stairs, and the meeting with his family was a most touching scene. He rallied, however, and even grew quite strong, and was very fond of being employed by the agent as an interpreter. He spent most of his time in the matron's room, lying on a couch and looking at the pictures in the illustrated papers. He ate at the teachers' "mess," using his knife and fork perfectly, and making no difference in his diet from ours, except that he eschewed fish, and rarely, very rarely ate an egg; both of these being regarded as "bad medicine" by the tribes.

At last the end came. He was seized one night about dark with fainting spells, and though he lingered nearly six weeks, never rallied. He had a comfortable room in the schoolhouse, and every attention possible—dainty dishes and drinks prepared for him daily, and the employés took turns in sitting up with him. The day after the first seizure, his mother and sister came up from their tepe with faces and necks all gashed and bleeding; the sight so affected "Charlie," that the agent told her she could not see him if she repeated the horror. The mourning had begun already. A second sinking spell wrought upon the mother so that she attempted to hang herself with a woolen muffler which Charlie had used, and which was hanging in a closet in his room. The boy's cries summoned the matron just in time to prevent the suicide. The squaw then cut off the first joint of the third finger of her left hand, the other fingers having been mutilated at each preceding death. How, in this mutilation, the Indians treat the arteries, I never learned; all the healing application is a bunch of the sage that grows on the prairies, and which they lay across the palm of the hand and bend the fingers down to rest upon it.

Several times Charlie was visited by the men of the band, and one, a Medicine Man, professed himself able to cure him. Charlie asked the superintendent to permit him to make the attempt, and the gentleman reluctantly consented. We were not allowed to be present at the scene, but we kept the door open on a crack, through which we took turns in peeping. Charlie was seated in a large chair, and the man stood over him ringing a small bell almost hidden in feathers; then he took what looked like a ball of black fur and made passes over the boy's body from his head to the floor, both in front and rear, repeating the same passes on his own person. The last incantation was a dance; but this we did not see, as one of us had betrayed our presence at the door by an ill-suppressed laugh, and the Medicine Man made a rush at it with an expression of face which sufficed to send us quickly to our own quarters.

The request for a second performance was refused, and then the mother gave poor Charlie no rest until he asked to be allowed to go to her tepe. There he lingered for several weeks, during which time night was made hideous and day wearisome by the noises, howls, cries and ringing of bells, with the beating on tin cans and the monotonous humming with which they accompany their dances. At night a light was set in the middle of the tepe, and the motions of the figures in the dance as they moved around the tent threw weird shadows upon the muslin covering. The mother had promised her older daughter to the Medicine Man if he cured Charlie, and when the first one failed, a second was called, and the same promise made to him. At last a long, loud wail from the tepe one afternoon in June told us that all was over.

Inconsistent as Charlie was in the matter of these foolish incantations, he was firm about his burial, insisting that he wished for Christian rites, and earnestly entreating his mother not to kill his pony (the only earthly possession of the family) on his grave. His funeral was as he had desired—a Christian one—and not an Indian besides the family was to be seen at the place of burial, though we had no doubt that some were lying flat on the ground among the bushes. The Medicine Men had disappeared; but the pony was there, decked out with streamers of white cotton cloth and blue and red flannel in its mane and tail. After the funeral ceremonies were over, the agent spoke sternly to the woman, and forbade her to kill the horse. The last we saw of the mourners they were crouching over the grave, beating it with thir hands, and wailing out their sorrow.

But I must note one exception among the Medicine Men which came under my own experience. During a walk taken just before dark one evening with one of the other teachers and the missionary, an Episcopal minister, we came to a "Medicine." It was a forked stick stuck into the ground at an angle of about forty-five degrees, resting at the fork upon an upright one. To the forks was tied a bag of deer-skin, the contents of which, of course, we had no means of ascertaining; they were further ornamented by strips of flannel, red and blue. As we stood examining it, an Indian in blanket and feathers approached from the ford just below us. He came up and shook hands, and then seeing that our attention was attracted to the stick and its burden, drew himself up, and pointing to it and then to himself, said, "Me!" in a tone as haughty as if he had been proclaiming himself the Autocrat of all the Russias. It was the only English word in his vocabulary.

The missionary, who spoke a few words of the Comanche tongue, asked him if he were a "Medicine Man." The answer was affirmative, and then followed a long account, the subject of which we could only guess from his gestures, and the few words which the Rev. Mr. Wicks understood. He spoke in a low but sweet, monotonous voice, and his gestures were very graceful. He had made "medicine," he said, for rain, and he expected when the sun was in the west that the clouds would gather and the rain descend. But it did not, nor for a couple of weeks. Several days afterward the man appeared at the schoolhouse to ask for "chuckaway" (dinner). He returned on the same errand, and Mr. Wicks, having mastered the Comanche language (the Kiowa is almost beyond the tongue of a white), had several talks with him. At first he laughed to scorn any idea of conversion. He was magnificent in his self-satisfaction and assertion. But by degrees a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. He acknowledged that his "medicine" had failed, and finally, that it was "no good." He came to my class-room and asked to be taught to read, and was of great assistance to me in keeping down the unruly element among my scholars. Finally he had his hair cut—a wonderful concession—and appeared in "white man's dress," with a hat on. I remember well the excitement among the boys when this event occurred, and so great was the transformation, that I did not know him until he spoke. He assumed the name of "Luke," discarding his Indian cognomen entirely, and was a really changed man. He told Mr. Wicks that this change was brought about not by a desire for "chuckaway," but because he had reasoned with himself, and learned that "Indian ways heap no good; white man's ways heap

good." Stranger than all, he so far put away the traditions of his race as to be willing and anxious to *work*, coming to the schoolhouse to ask for employment, and doing the tasks assigned him carefully and pleasantly. As I, too, had mastered a little Comanche, enough to a mutual understanding, I was always glad to receive a visit from him. "Luke" was a Kiowa, but the Comanche may be called the "Court language" at this Agency. The Kiowas and Apaches all speak it, but they do not speak each other's, nor do many of the Comanches speak the Kiowa or Apache; the latter is the most difficult to be acquired by a white man, of all the Indian tongues.

AN INDIAN GIRL AT HER TOILET, CARLISLE, 1884

Another subject of consideration in the question of the success of the Agency schools is, that no coercion can be employed. The Indian is a doting parent. (I speak in the singular, as the women do not count in the matter of authority.) Neither bounds nor laws restrain the spirits of the young braves. They wander at will over the reservation, remaining sometimes for days absent from the family tepe. The restrictions, therefore, of school-life are wellnigh unbearable; the boys are brought there by the parents for the sake of the clothing they receive and the good food

TEACHING BY SIGNS —"LOOK AT ME, AND I WILL IMPART WHAT I HAVE LEARNED."—NEW ARRIVALS, HAMPTON, 1879.

SADDLE-MAKING, CARLISLE, 1884.

NAVAJOES AFTER TWO YEARS' SCHOOLING, CARLISLE, 1884.

provided, in which every relation has a share on the frequent occasions of their visits to the Agency. The ordinary punishments for neglected studies are resented angrily, and are followed in almost all cases by a return to "camp" for a longer or shorter time, according to the condition of the family larder. The doors of the corridors remain unlocked night and day, and all night the stealthy tread of moccasined feet can be heard through the building; when the bell for rising sounds in the morning, perhaps one-half of those who marched up to the dormitories the night before will be missing. Such a condition of things, as can be readily understood, does not conduce to a very steady or marked improvement in the lessons.

NINE GIRLS, THE FIRST SENT TO HAMPTON SCHOOL.

Another drawback is the class of whites drawn

to these Far-Western outposts by the hope of gain, and of these, particularly, the "squaw men" are the worst. This name is applied to those who have married Indian women with a view to owning land in right of their wives. The manners and customs of these people, their morals and general tone, are not elevating. At Anadarko, the little coterie of whites was a pleasant one, several very refined and well-educated ladies and gentlemen composing it, but there were a few black sheep who gave the agent much trouble—a trouble which, judging from his Report, has not been diminished. The "squaw men" at this Agency were of a better class, also, with the exception of one or two. But I speak from accounts of the difficulties which occurred at other Agencies.

The teaching at the Agency schools is not confined to books. A certain number of boys is detailed each week for out-of-doors work, and in the Spring all are mustered in the afternoon for gardening and planting. But no trades are taught them, as at Carlisle and Hampton. As I said before, this teaching of trades is wise, for such knowledge will be more likely to remain with them than that which they acquire from books. But this is problematical. The lives of Indians do not conduce to the bringing to perfection trades or arts practiced by the whites. Their houses are tents, the canvas coverings, and poles of which can afford no scope for a carpenter. Their clothing is a blanket and buckskin moccasins; of what use would the knowledge of tailoring or shoemaking be among them, particularly as they scorn and despise the dress of civilization as a badge of what they consider slavery to the white man? They are taught blacksmithing, but their ponies do not know what a shoe is, nor do their feet require any protection from the soft prairie loam. So with the other trades.

As long as they continue to cling to their tribal traditions and customs, it is impossible really to civilize them, and it almost seems a cruelty to gather a few from each band, separate them from their people, give them new ideas, strange habits of thought, different religious customs, and then throw them back upon all that they have just learned, with nothing to sustain or supplement the acquired teaching. How can the children be expected to preserve what they have learned, or persevere in the new road? Naturally they do not; the clothes they have brought home wear out, and they resume their native garb; the house, with its modern conveniences and appliances, gives way to the tepe, and they must suit themselves to their circumstances, which they do very easily. The only hope for them is constant intercourse with whites of a self-respecting, honest, Christian class.

And the association with a self-respecting class of whites will work another radical change in a matter which it is hopeless to expect to reach in any other way, and this is the condition of the women of the race. Until the wife and mother has her proper place in society, little can be expected as to civilization. With the Indian, woman is a slave; she does all the work, and is regarded as having no rights her lord and master is bound to respect. Polygamy is regulated only by the wealth of the individual. An Indian can have as many wives as he can buy, four ponies being the price for ordinary ones. A higher valuation is sometimes put upon his daughter by a grasping father, if the girl has any extraordinary gifts of either looks or capabilities. One tepe, or tent, shelters all the family, wives and children being huddled into the space eighteen feet in circumference, in the middle of which a fire is built, the smoke escaping through the top.

Is it astonishing, then, that the degradation of what is prettily called the "gentle sex" should be complete, and that with a sort of grim retribution that degradation should react in a manner upon the sterner one? Nor is it surprising that the girls assimilate themselves to the comforts of the white man's way of living, although they are not capable of rising entirely to the level of their white sisters? It is easy to accustom them to pretty dresses and ribbons, to delicacies of the table, while the refinements of personal care-taking they do not so readily copy. They are always eager and glad to come to the schools. But as their education and partial refinement renders them useless to their proprietors, very few are allowed the privilege.

This is the keynote to the situation. The women should be not only educated into womanly ways, but protected in them, while the men should be taught before everything to respect a woman because she is a woman. But such a millennium will, I fear, be long in coming. Respect is an unknown quantity in the make up of an Indian.

Custom, we are told, is second nature. Yet even among these poor creatures, forsaken it would seem by God and man, are found souls atuned to higher themes—poor broken hearts which seek in the grave the only solace for griefs for which they know no balm or redress in life. The chief of the Apaches on this reservation was for some time satisfied with one wife. She was very beautiful, they told me, and a very fine character, something remarkable among her people.

But after a while "Whiteman" was tempted to bring home a second squaw. I do not know how long the first wife bore her rival's presence, but finally the situation became too painful. A dispute arose between them as to whose duty it was to perform some special task; the husband settled the question by sending No. 2 to the river for water, and No. 1 in another direction for wood. No. 2 returned without delay, but the other did not make her appearance, and when her master, going to seek her, made his way to the spot to which he thought she had gone, he found her lifeless body hanging from a tree. She was dead. She left one son, who was idolized by his father beyond even an Indian's fondness. The little fellow was a beautiful boy, and, I was told, very like his mother. He was in my class. "Whiteman" was at the schoolhouse every few days, but the second wife never came.

In his Report the Indian Commission calls attention to the penny-wise and pound-foolish economy of Congress in the matter of the Indian appropriation, which amounts, according to his showing, to a fraction less than two cents a day to each Indian. A sum, he continues, much too small, if it is expected to convert wild, roving nomads into peaceable, industrious and self-supporting citizens in any reasonable time.

It is stating a mere truism to say that the days spent at school are but the initial chapters to the educational volume. This applies to the red child as well as to the white. As with the one, so with the other—the education should be of the heart as well as of the head. As Congress is the source whence comes the indispensable material with which to perform the task—*i. e.*, "the appropriations"—this body should endeavor to lift itself out of the slough of political wrangling in considering this question, and with an eye solely to the good of the poor outcasts so entirely dependent upon it, rise to a just and liberal policy—a policy in which the axes of the pothouse politicians and their edges are left entirely out of consideration. But such a condition of things is equally hopeless with the other desideratum of female

elevation considered above. The appropriations should be large, and what is of equal if not of greater importance, should be made early in the session—the very first. Much of the misery, the reports of starvation and consequent threats of war which are wired to us each Winter from the far Northwestern agencies, would be prevented if such promptness of action could be inaugurated. For the Indian, under existing circumstances, is but a ward of the nation. He can do nothing but with permission of the authorities. He is constantly urged to put aside his savageries and adapt himself to the manners and customs of the whites, while very few rewards are offered for such self-abnegation. This he cannot understand. If he is to give up ways which seem good to him, and to which he is accustomed, to adopt those which are strange, and which sit awkwardly upon him, unless the benefits which he is told will result from this change are put into very material form, he feels that he has been imposed upon, and resents the imposition.

Very few comparatively feel any interest in this Indian question unless the whole country is startled into horror by the account of some "Indian outrage." But it is a subject which should come home to each one of us when we remember that but for the law of the strong arm we have no right to the ground we walk upon; that in equity and justice it all belongs to the poor creatures whom we keep confined to a small section of it by a glittering array of bayonets, and begrudge them even those few acres. Above all, should the subject be one of heartfelt interest to every woman, seeing the unutterable misery to which her red sisters are condemned.

So far, as emphasized by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in her powerful indictment against the white man, called "A Century of Dishonor," the Indian problem has failed of solution, and the reason is very plain. The Government, handicapped as it is by political precedents, and the claims of political jobbers for place and power, has fallen into the mistake of classing the Indian Bureau with the others, to be used as they are used, as part and parcel of the political machine. In this the fact that what it has to deal with is Humanity, not abstract ideas, is entirely lost sight of; men are chosen to fill positions in it with reference only to their political usefulness, without considering the question of the welfare of the poor wild creatures committed to their care. Again, the claptrap show of economy put forth spasmodically by the dominant party in the House, in order to elevate itself in the eyes of the country at the expense of that just displaced, militates every few years against the well-being of these wards of the nation. Reduction of the estimates for the fiscal year sent by the Commissioner are made as coolly as though that official did not understand his business, while the talking on the subject, *pro* and *con.*, is a veritable game of battledore and shuttlecock. Meantime the Indian starves or goes on the war-path. By this latter procedure, even if unsuccessful, he revenges himself unconsciously by causing the expenditure of twice the amount for munitions of war that the original estimate of the Commissioner reached.

To be successful, the education of the Indian should begin differently; but it is not yet too late to atone for the wrongs inflicted, and to repair the injustice done, in part, at least. Much can be accomplished by a conscientious attempt to present to these poor outcasts a true estimate of a Christian civilization, offering them worthy models in precept and example. Their overweening self-confidence and self-importance should be artfully toned down, not crushed by the rude hand of power. They should be taught the virtues of brotherly love, patience and humility; thence will follow the noble qualifications of honesty, industry and perseverance. But who can undertake the task? Alas! the mysterious future has no answer to send back to us!

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

THE Arab is in many respects entitled to take the lead among all the breeds of horses. The pace of these animals is rapid and graceful; they are hardy, and can continue traveling at the rate of from fifty to sixty miles a day; and five or six pounds weight of coarse barley in the evening is sufficient feed. The horses of Arabia are divided into two classes, ignoble and noble: the former they call by a name which signifies "without pedigree"; the latter, by another name, which means "known for two thousand years." "If," says an Arab story, "you meet one of the faithful in the desert mounted upon a *kochlani*, and he shall say, 'God bless you!' before you can say, 'And God's blessing upon you,' he shall be out of your horizon, for the whirlwind toils after him in vain."

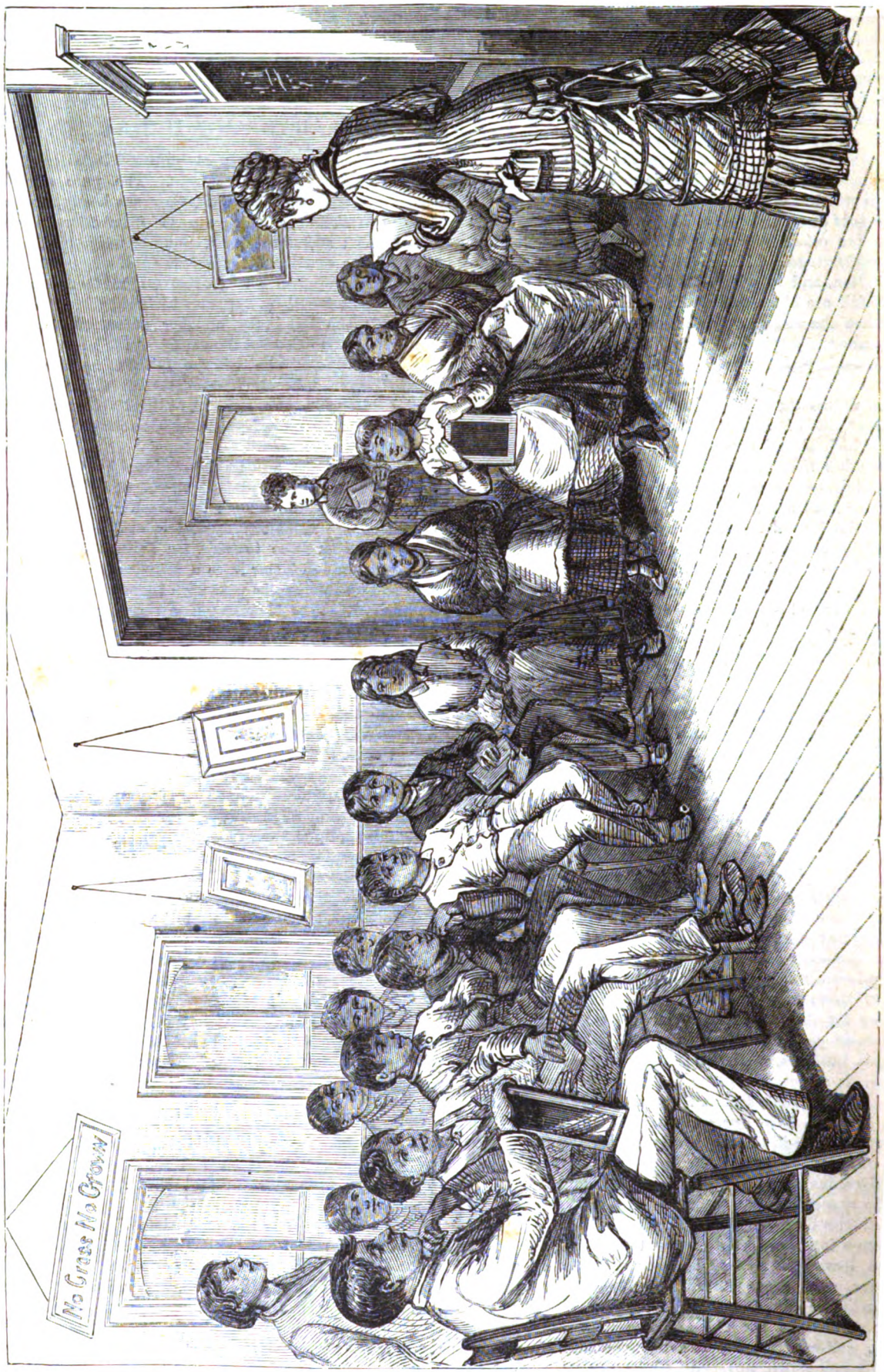
The best horses are understood to be bred by the Bedouins of the north part of Arabia, and the genealogy is invariably reckoned from the mother. Those of the pure blood are more readily and cheaply obtained from the people about the towns than from the nomads of the desert, for the latter have a strong affection for their horses, and will scarcely part with them at any price. It sometimes happens, however, that there is an "unlucky mark" on the horse, as the superstitious Arab imagines, and then a really good thoroughbred Arabian steed can be obtained for a very small sum.

But the European who purchases horses of the Arabs will require all his wits, for the simple sons of the desert, although very romantic, are reputed to be most accomplished cheats. They beat even Yorkshiremen at horse-dealing.

Learned Mussulmans have written a great number of books upon horses, in which they discourse at considerable length upon their colors, upon all that is esteemed beneficial or injurious, their maladies, and the right mode of treatment. One of them, Abou-Obeïda, a contemporary of the son of Haroun-al-Raschid, composed no fewer than fifty volumes on the horse. This Abou-Obeïda met with a little misadventure, which shows that it is not the author of the most ponderous and numerous volumes who imparts the soundest information, and that not the worst plan is to consult men themselves.

"How many books hast thou written upon the horse?" asked one day, of a celebrated Arab poet, the vizier of Mamoun, the son of Haroun-al-Raschid. "Only one." Then turning to Abou-Obeïda, he put to him the same question. "Fifty," replied he. "Rise, then," said the vizier. "Go up to that horse, and repeat the name of every part of his frame, taking care to point out the position of each." "I am not a veterinary surgeon," answered Abou-Obeïda. "And thou?" said the vizier to the poet.

"Upon that"—it is the poet himself who relates the anecdote—"I rose from my seat, and taking the animal by the forelock, I began to name one part after another, placing my hand upon each to indicate its position, and at the same time recited all the poetic allusions, all the sayings and proverbs referring to it. When I had finished, the vizier said to me, 'Take the horse.' I took it; and if ever I wished to annoy Abou-Obeïda, I rode the animal on my way to visit him."



EDUCATING THE INDIANS.—CLASS-ROOM IN THE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, 1879.—SEE PAGE 724.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS.—INDIAN BOYS LEARNING TO BE CARPENTERS, HAMPTON, 1879.—SEE PAGE 724.

General Dumas, from whom we have just quoted, was a distinguished officer of the French army, who served sixteen years in Algeria. For two years he was consul at Mascara, accredited to the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and afterward for a considerable time Central Director of the Arab Office of Algeria—posts which brought him in close contact with the native chiefs. He gives the following further interesting particulars of the Arab horses:

"The Arabs of Sahara are very particular as to the color of their horses. White is the color for princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings good fortune, but fears rocky ground. The chestnut is the most active. If one tells you that he has seen a horse fly in the air, ask of what color it was; if he replies, 'Chestnut,' believe him." "In a combat against a chestnut you must have a chestnut." The bay is the hardiest and most sober. "If one tells you a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what color he was, and if he replies, 'Bay,' believe him."

GIRLS LEARNING ARITHMETIC, HAMPTON, 1879.

Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the desert, happening one day to be pursued by Saad-el-Zenaty, turned to his son and asked, "What horses are in front of the enemy?" "White horses," replied the son. "It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter." Some time afterward, Ben Dyab

SON OF SPOTTED TAIL, CARLISLE, 1884.

again turned to his son and said, "What horses are in front of the enemy?" "Black horses." "It is well; let us make for stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear; they are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bare feet upon the flints." He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily distanced. A third time Ben Dyab asked, "And now what horses are in front of the enemy?" "Dark chestnuts and dark bays." "In that case," said Ben Dyab, "strike out, my children, strike out, and give your horses the heel; for these might perchance overtake us had we not given barley to ours all the Summer through."

The dark dappled gray is also highly esteemed, especially when the head is of a lighter color than the body.

The coat most despised is the piebald: "Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow."

The roan is called *meghedeur-el-deum*—"a pool of blood." The rider is sure to be overtaken, but will never overtake.

The Arab horse-dealer, therefore, sells his horses which happen to be of the unlucky colors to the infidels—*i. e.*, Europeans, who are not quite so superstitious; and the consequence is that many a good Arab horse, bought in Algeria or Egypt for a mere trifle, finds its way to England, France, or India.

The training the Arab horse has to endure is not only very severe, but it embraces a more varied system of exercise than falls to the lot of the English horse. The Arabs not only train their horses to endure fatigue, hunger and thirst, and the manœuvres so necessary in battle, but they also teach them to shine at feasts by the following accomplishments:

El Entrabe—"The Caracol." The horse walks, so to speak, on his hind legs. Scarcely does he touch the ground with his forefeet than he rises again. One hand, in concert with the legs, soon trains to this exercise a horse of fair intelligence.

El Gueteda—"The Bucking." The horse springs up with all fours off the ground, the horseman at the same time throwing up his gun into the air and cleverly catching it. To obtain this action, the rider marks certain intervals of rest, and works with his legs. He gives with the animal as it rises, in order to hold him up when he comes down again. Nothing can be more picturesque than this movement. The horses quit the earth, the guns fly into the air, and the ample folds of the burnoose float and unroll themselves in the wind, thrown back by the vigorous arms of the children of the desert.

Lastly, *El Berraka*—"The Kneeling." The rider, remaining on his saddle, causes his horse to kneel down. This is the *ne plus ultra* of the horse and the animal. Not every horse is fit for this exercise. The colt is trained to it by tickling him on the coronet, pinching him on the legs, and forcing him to bend the knee. After a time the horseman will reap the benefit of these preliminary steps. He need only clear his feet of the stirrups, stretch his legs forward, turn out the points of his toes, touch with his long spurs the animal's forearm, and then, as his piece is fired, at marriage-feasts and other rejoicings, his horse will kneel down, amid the applause of the young maidens, piercing the air with joyful acclamations.

ANIMAL LONGEVITY.

Camels live from forty to fifty years of age; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen.

Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about 300 years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived 130 years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1663 and existed till 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live 100 years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live 200 years; common river trout, fifty years; and the pike, ninety years; while Gesner—a Swiss naturalist—relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 267 years before. Insects are very short-lived, usually completing the term of their existence in a few weeks or months at the most; some even die upon the very day of entering upon their new life. As a general rule, not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live very much longer than smaller, although there may be some marked exceptions to the rule.

A SONG OF BATTLE.

By W. H. Pollock.

Love with its sorrows and love with its joys,
Love is for delicate maidens and boys,
Love is for women and love is for men;
When love is over, what rests to us then?
The joy of the battle.

There's a time to make love, there's a time to make war;
When love is hopeless, 'tis better by far
To put love aside with a sigh and a laugh,
To gird on the sword, and a bumper to quaff
To the joy of the battle.

TRAFTON HALL.

By Eleanor Kirk.

It was a fine old place, this Trafton Hall, with its cheery bay-windows and wonderful turrets, its broad piazzas and great lawn, sloping to the river, with here and there a maple or an elm.

Now the trees were laden with snow, and the lawn was covered with a spotless mantle, and the trees cast their shadows as in the summer-time, and a shower of diamonds seemed to have fallen upon the whole scene, so brilliantly did the sun shine upon this fairyland.

Surely peace and plenty must abide in such a place as this. Material prosperity was apparent everywhere, and peace and happiness seemed the natural outgrowth of such exceptional conditions.

In the chamber over the drawing-room a pale, sad-eyed woman looked out upon the shining world. There were deep lines in her forehead, and her lips were painfully compressed.

She wore a white cashmere wrapper, and a white ribbon at her throat. Her eyes and hair seemed the same shade—a lustrous blue-black—though the first were heavy and cast down, and the latter drawn smoothly back under a widow's cap, which on another woman might have looked coquettish, but on this one seemed just what it was meant to be. Whatever might be said of the rest of the mansion, there was neither peace nor happiness in this room.

An old gentleman, with snow-white hair, was coming

up the path to the house. He stopped and beckoned to the solitary figure to open the window.

"Put on your cloak and come down, Bartha," he said. "It is a wonderful day. I want to show you Toby's Cave. Such stalactites I never saw before."

A transient smile lit up the pale face, and smoothed out the premature wrinkles; but it soon faded, and the face was sadder than before.

"Too cold, father," was the low reply, and then the sash was hastily lowered, and Bertha Trafton sought another window, where she might perchance look out without being observed.

It was necessary that she should look away from herself, to-day of all days, she whose thoughts had been introspective to the verge of insanity for so long a time.

"'Christmas must be spent as such holidays used to be spent before my son's death,'" she said, softly, to herself. "Those were his exact words. And I am commanded to mingle with the rest, be gay like the rest, and to put off my sorrow and my shame, as one may discard a garment that one has worn out. And this is all out of kindness to me. Poor old man! you have suffered indeed, but the dregs of misery have been left for me to drain—such dregs, such bitter, bitter dregs, as were never drained before."

And there was no peace here.

Across the wide hall, in another spacious apartment, an invalid reclined upon a couch which had been drawn up to the window, that he might look out upon the beautiful scene.

His face was the face of a god. As he lay, carefully covered, he seemed like a man full of health and strength.

His shoulders were broad, and his hands and arms perfectly shaped, but a fall in childhood had resulted in a complete paralysis of the lower limbs, and so it came to pass that there was no man more helpless and dependent than the proud and haughty Stephen Trafton.

A volume of Swinburne, Robert Browning's poems, a volume of Bacon's essays, and one of Gabourio's novels—the latter, open—lay on a table beside him.

Though the handsome face was full of a cynical discontent, it left no blemish upon his features.

It seemed entirely proper and becoming that a man so distinguished, physically and intellectually, should be in open rebellion at a fate which had left him so helpless and dependent.

After a while there came a gentle tap on Mrs. Trafton's door. The lady opened it to find her father-in-law.

"Stephen wants to know if you will be kind enough to bring him the letters you received yesterday from our cousins?" he said.

Mrs. Trafton stepped back into the room.

"Here they are," she said, "if you will be kind enough to hand them to him."

"Is it possible," the old gentleman responded with some sternness, "that you are not willing to brighten Stephen's solitude a little?"

"I brighten Stephen's solitude?" said Mrs. Trafton, a new light coming into her eyes as she spoke. "Do I look like brightening anything?" she added, bitterly.

"Bertha, you are all wrong," said her companion, sadly. "I loved my son as well as a father can love a son," he went on, "and I have lived in an atmosphere of mourning for four years, and now I say that this house must and shall be something else besides a tomb. We have had no holidays, no home-gatherings, no nothing either cozy or comfortable, and now the living demand some of our time and attention, and they are going to have it. That dress," he added, surveying the slight figure from head to foot, "is a slight improvement, perhaps, on crape, but you will never look more like a corpse when you are in your coffin than you look now."

Bertha Trafton had never heard such words from her father's lips before, and she shrank back, astonished and overwhelmed.

"This is a wrapper, father," she replied, as soon as she could command her voice, "and I only wear it in my room. If I had known you were coming——"

"You should wear something cheerful for your own sake," the old gentleman interrupted. "I tell you, my child, that such grief as yours is as wicked as it is out of nature, and you must get the better of it somehow. Will you please take the letters to Stephen?"

"Yes, father; say that I will be there in a few minutes."

Then the door closed, and the miserable lady was alone again.

After turning the key noiselessly, she threw herself upon her couch, and wept as bitterly as in the early days of her widowhood.

* * * * * * *

Down-stairs everything was joyous, as befitted the season. Mrs. Leonard, the housekeeper, and the maids, were occupied with the concoction of every conceivable good thing.

"This seems like living," the houseeper remarked to a man who had just brought in an armful of wood. "Just think," she went on, "it's four years since there has been any goings on in Trafton Hall. When Mr. Edward died everything seemed to stop. I never was so struck in my life as I was when the old gentleman came to me the other day and told me that the children were all coming home Christmas. 'Let everything be provided and prepared as it used to be,' said he. 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'I shall be glad to see things as they used to be.' But even as I spoke, the thought of poor Mr. Edward crossed my mind, and 'twas all I could do to keep from bursting out a-crying. But, to be sure, you were not here in those days; I always forget that! Yes, Mr. Edward drowned himself. What ever possessed that poor dear boy to do such an awful thing nobody knows, but I have my opinion about it. Yes, he idolized his wife, and she was just as fond of him. He had all the money a man could ever want, and good health. I never knew him to be sick till a few days before he—he made way with himself. I shall always say that Mr. Edward was out of his mind when he did that awful deed, for he was always the pleasantest and the generousest and thoughtfulest boy that ever drew breath. I shall always say that his disease went to his brain. Such things have happened before, and for the same reason. It is just four years to-day since they brought him home to be buried. Dear me, what a day that was! His watch must have stopped the moment the water struck it, and that was two o'clock of the darkest and stormiest morning that anybody ever heard of. Mrs. Edward seemed to have lost all her senses, and I really believe her shrieks could be heard miles. She took his watch and all the papers out of his pocket, and carried them to her room, and then she locked the door, and nobody knows what she did, for everything was still as the grave for hours. The old gentleman had to burst the lock off her door to get in, and when we did get in, she was lying on the floor, and I'm sure I thought she was stone dead. I guess the old gentleman will have a hard time of it with Mrs. Edward, for it seems as if she'd got into the habit of mourning and couldn't leave off. It's awful the way that woman has changed in everything. She ain't been to church since

Mr. Edward died, and unless there is somebody sick in the neighborhood and sends for her, you can't drag her out of the house and scarcely out of her room."

"But I suppose she's with Mr. Stephen a good deal?" David King remarked.

"You don't suppose right," the housekeeper responded. "If it wasn't for the doctor and the minister and the neighbors, I don't know what would become of Mr. Stephen, poor dear! I tell you Mrs. Edward don't have no earthly interest in anybody, more's the pity! I ain't a speck of company for Mr. Stephen, and sometimes, when I've been a-doing up his room, he'd say to me, 'I wish, Louisa, you would ask Mrs. Trafton to come in a moment. Bless you, she'd always have some excuse. She had a headache, or she was going to sleep, or she couldn't just yet, or something. It's a bad sign when death hardens folks' hearts like that."

"Yes, and Mr. Stephen is so helpless," said David King, in response to the housekeeper's remarks.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS.— A CARLISLE PUPIL AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY.— SEE PAGE 724.

But now the cider was boiling over, the raisins were all stoned, and there was wood wanted in Mr. Stephen's room, and the maids were awaiting orders from their chief, and so the conversation dropped.

David King swept up the hearth in the invalid's room, piled on the great logs, carefully arranged the fender, and then inquired if anything more was wanted.

TRAFTON HALL.—"AS THE LAST WORDS LEFT HIS LIPS SHE SWAYED, AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN IF HE HAD NOT CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 734.

Yes, Mr. Stephen was tired looking out of the window, and would like to be wheeled back before the fire. Then, would David please step across the hall to Mrs. Trafton's room and say to her that he was getting impatient about the letters, as some of them might require immediate attention? Then, would David come back and arrange his writing materials?

David King delivered his message and waited for an answer.

Mrs. Trafton had changed her white wrapper for a black dress, and was in the act of knotting a lavender ribbon at her throat.

"Tell Mr. Stephen that I am coming," she replied; and as she spoke her pale face flamed to scarlet.

"That's all," she added, as the servant lingered.

"I supposed you knew, Bertha," the invalid began, as the lady entered his apartment, "that most of those letters required answers."

"I attended to that yesterday," Mrs. Trafton replied. "However, here are the letters, if you would like to see them."

"I shall not need the writing materials now, David," Mr. Stephen told the servant as he was about to produce them, "and you can go."

But the fire needed fixing again, and David King lingered a moment.

"Well, Bertha, who would ever believe," Stephen began again, "that a lavender ribbon could work such a miracle? Why, you look like yourself now. Have you been rouging a bit, my dear?"

Again the scarlet flush, and a strange, passionate gesture, which the woman seemed powerless to control.

"Perhaps that will be required of me yet," was the singular answer. "Who knows?"

"I wonder if you will ever be able to take a joke again?" The invalid's face darkened as he spoke, and the cynical expression of the handsome mouth deepened into a cruel one. "David, didn't you hear me say that you could go?" he added, in a tone that was almost a hiss.

"Since it is possible for me to deck myself out in ribbons and gewgaws"—Mrs. Trafton wore a pair of jet bracelets—"I think I need not despair of a joke," was the reply.

David King had to put on a new fore-stick, and rake up the coals, and although he made all the haste he could, it was some little time before he left the room.

Mrs. Trafton was the first to break the silence after the door closed.

"Have you anything to say about the letters?" she inquired.

There was no color in her face now, and, as she leaned back in her chair, her eyes fixed upon the fire, her hands folded in her lap, she might have posed for the picture of St. Cecilia.

"You know very well that the letters were only an excuse to get you in here," he replied, his voice full of bitterness.

"Stephen!" Mrs. Trafton responded, in so strange a tone that the invalid raised himself to look more directly into her face, "I am going to stay in this house until the Christmas festivities are over, and I am going to do my part as I am commanded, and then I am going away for ever." She put up her hand, and checked him as he was about to interrupt her. "I have borne all I ever will bear here, and nothing you can do or say will ever change me in my purpose. If you speak of this to any human being, I will tell what cause Edward had to take his life." Again the imperious gesture, and the scarlet flush in her cheeks. "The reason I communicate to you my intention is because I would like you to tell your father when I am gone that I made you acquainted with it, and my unalterable determination never to return to the shelter of his roof."

"Bertha Trafton, I do not believe a word you say. You never would, you never could, after all I have endured, turn your back upon me in such a fashion. I know your heart too well to credit such a story for a moment."

A sneer seemed likely to be the only answer, but she spoke at last:

"You have always relied too much on my pity," she said. "Stephen, just listen a moment, while I tell you that I have no speck of pity for you in my heart, no smallest grain of sympathy, and that, on the contrary, I loathe and despise you a million times more than it would be possible for me to loathe and despise the lowest demon in hell."

The horror of these horrible words was enhanced a thousandfold by the low tone in which she spoke.

All the passion and suffering of years seemed to be concentrated in her voice, and yet it was so well modulated as to be really musical.

"Bertha"—the invalid's hands were tightly clinched, and there was a wildness in his eyes which was frightful to behold—"I had rather have your hatred than any other woman's love, and you know it," he answered. "I don't care for that; but you shall not leave me—I will not be left alone. Do you hear me? I will not!"

Your words imply that you have a right to keep me here," was the cool response. "They are like the words you used that night when Edward came and found me with my head upon your breast—my head—that you had wrenched there in order that your brother might see just what he did see; and all this you could do, because my woman's heart ached for your helplessnsss. Was ever such compensation meted out to sympathy? If you had ever shown one moment's sorrow for what you have done, one moment's grief for the loss of the best brother that ever lived—regret, repentance, anything—it would have been different now, and my sympathy for you, miserable wretch that you are, might have survived my contempt; but you did not, and this is the result."

"Bertha, come here," Stephen Trafton pointed to a chair by the lounge. "Come nearer me. I cannot bear to have you so far away. I shall not care for your dreadful words if you are beside me. Come, I tell you. For heaven's sake, Bertha, give me a chance to say something for myself!" he pleaded.

But his companion remained deaf to his entreaties.

"No," she replied, rising and walking toward the door, taking care to keep a safe distance from the frantically outstretched arms of her companion. "There is nothing left for you to say."

In a moment the door had opened and closed, and Stephen Trafton was left to his pitiful wrath and misery—pitiful because of their utter impotence.

Sounds of laughter, snatches of songs, the eager barking of a dog, came up every now and then from the lower regions, in sharp contrast to the passionate outbursts, the moaning and groaning, from the elegant rooms above. A few moments later the hurried ringing of Mr. Stephen's bell brought David King and the housekeeper in hot haste to his room.

Once before the invalid had been attacked by a spasm of the heart, and now he lay gasping for breath, with an ashen face, which frightened his attendants beyond expression.

David King ran for Mrs. Trafton. Her door was ajar, and she was just in the act of leaving her room by an opposite door.

"Mr. Stephen is taken very bad, ma'am," the man began.

He was silenced by a quick gesture.

"I am going out," she said; "do not tell any one that you have seen me."

Then, taking her hat and cloak in her hand, she ran down a private staircase and out by a side-door into the road.

* * * * * *

Christmas Day dawned clear and cold. The guest-chambers at Trafton Hall were all occupied.

Old Mr. Trafton had renewed his youth as his children and grandchildren flocked about him and made merry.

Mr. Stephen had recovered, too, and David King and another servant had brought him down-stairs, and there was a new light in his eyes as he watched his sister-in-law entertain their guests.

Mr. Trafton had suceeded in his attempts to induce her to make a radical change in her dress for Christmas Day.

She wore a garnet silk, with soft old lace at her throat and wrists, and the family diamonds, which had not been taken from the safe before in all these years. Her shining hair waved low on her forehead, and was gathered in a small knot at the back of her shapely head.

"My dear Bertha, how your eyes shine!" the old gentleman remarked. "It cannot be that you are excited, for your hands are warm; and what a radiant color you have in your cheeks!"

It was even so, and Bertha Trafton wondered at herself. The change from black to garnet, instead of depressing her still more, had had an exactly opposite effect.

Once, as David King was replenishing the sitting-room fire, she stood with her foot on the fender, looking into the heart of the coals, with a smile on her face.

"You will burn your dress," the servant remarked; and then added, as she drew back a step or two: "I am glad to see you smile, ma'am."

She gave his face a long, searching look, and then replied, with her eyes still upon him:

"There are strange pictures in your fire, David King."

"I hope they are pleasant ones," the man answered; "for I am sure you have many happy days to live, Mrs. Trafton—happier than you have ever known."

"Bertha, Bertha, the children want to know the exact moment of the unvailing of the Christmas-tree."

This was Stephen's voice, and his sister-in-law's face darkened as she heard it.

"Come here, Bertha, please," he said.

She slowly turned and stepped to his side.

"For the love of mercy, tell me, Bertha," he began, in a low voice, "if your feelings bear any relations to your looks. If they do, I am supremely happy, for I shall know then that you have repented of your cruel words."

"I feel to-day as I never expected to feel again," the beautiful woman replied, "and the glamour of the change reflects upon almost everything; but it does not affect you, Stephen, though it enables me to act my part toward you more successfully."

"But, Bertha, it will kill me if you persist in your intention," the invalid pleaded.

"If I knew that to be true, it would make no difference," was the terrible answer.

"Somebody call David. I want to go up-stairs," Stephen cried out. Mrs. Trafton beckoned to the servant and walked away.

When David King came down-stairs again, the first thing he did was to seek Mrs. Trafton, and ask her a very curious question:

"Are you strong enough and brave enough," he said, "to take a short walk with me? I have something to tell you," he added, looking straight into her eyes—"something that can wait no longer."

"Can you not tell me here?" she asked, trembling painfully.

"Impossible. Throw on your things and go out by the side-door. I will follow you immediately."

Some potent spell was upon the woman, for she walked away in obedience to this singular request like one in a dream.

"I couldn't trust you in the house," the strange man resumed, as he stepped quickly to her side.

"What is it? I beseech of you to tell me, and not torture me any more, for I cannot bear it," his companion replied.

"Don't cry out, and I beseech of you not to faint," was the low spoken reply, "but prepare yourself for the most joyful surprise, the most impossible surprise that you could ever dream of in your wildest dreams."

"David King"—what a death of woe, and what a height of happiness there was in this sweet voice—"I have known to-day that you were not what you seemed, and something has been whispering strange things to me, but it cannot be—oh, merciful God, it cannot be!" Bertha Trafton stopped and wrung her hands for a moment like a wild creature. "It cannot be—for I have—I have too many—too many proofs."

"Mrs. Trafton, your husband, Edward Trafton, is alive. Brace up, I beseech of you"—as the slight figure showed unmistakable signs of weakening—"you are different from every other woman that I have ever seen, and for Heaven's sake keep up your reputation. I tell you that your husband is alive, and within twenty yards of us."

As the last words left his lips she swayed and would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

Two minutes later the still insensible woman was taken into a cottage by the roadside, and transferred to another pair of arms, waiting and longing to receive her.

A description of the scene that followed is impossible, but the sequel of the mystery is as follows:

Edward Trafton, who believed that his wife loved his brother, and had what he considered the most damning proof of this fact, had left his home on the night of the discovery, determined never to return.

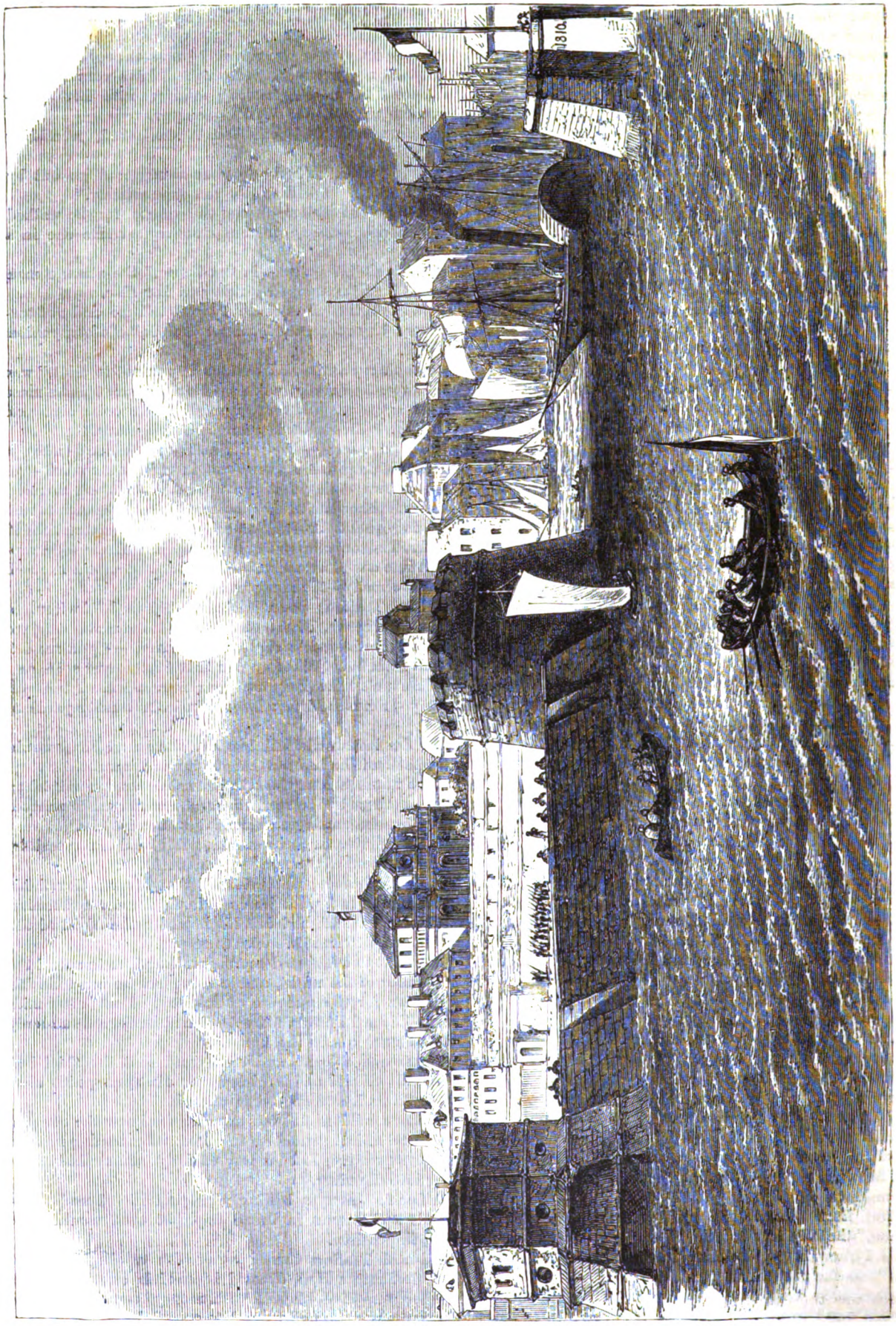
He went to a deserted cottage on the place to spend the remainder of the night, and to this place he was followed by a man for the purpose of robbery. Long after midnight Edward Trafton fell asleep, and awakened suddenly to find some one in the house.

He struck a light, and discovered that the thief had taken his clothes and left his own. He sprang into what he could find, and started in pursuit.

It was a wild night, but the pursuer knew the country well, and at last gained on the thief, who, finding himself in close quarters, lost his way entirely, and rushed headlong into the river.

A few feet away a boiling whirlpool hissed and thundered, and rescue in broad daylight even would have been impossible.

Edward Trafton turned away with a shudder, went back to Trafton Hall, dressed himself in another suit of clothes, supplied himself with money, came out again, threw the rags he had worn into an old disused cistern at the lower end of the garden, and the next day left the



PORT OF HAVRE, WITH THE TOWER OF FRANCIS I.

country. He knew the body would be found, and probably too late for identification, and with his clothes on, his watch and pocketbook on his person, would of course be mistaken for his.

This suited him exactly at the time, but after a while certain doubts began to creep into his mind, and so he returned to his own land, and at last employed the detective, David King, to take up his abode at Trafton Hall, and this was the result.

David King went back to the house, and prepared the old gentleman to receive his son, and then Edward Trafton and his wife went home together.

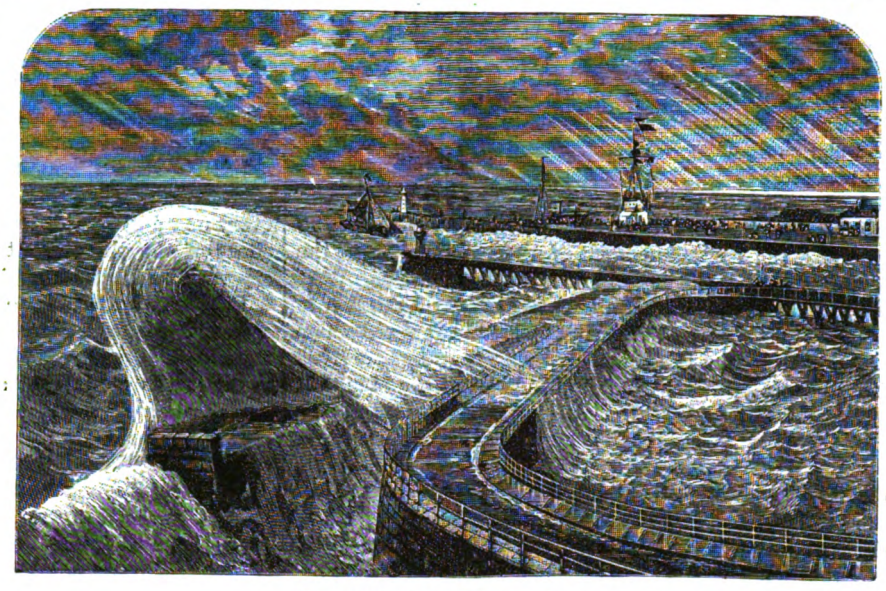
In the indescribable confusion and excitement which followed, Stephen had been forgotten, but was taken down-stairs again by some servants just as his brother entered the house. His father, fearful of the effect upon one so entirely unprepared, hastened to his son's side.

"Speak, Edward," said the old gentleman, "that Stephen may know it is no ghost that has come to us."

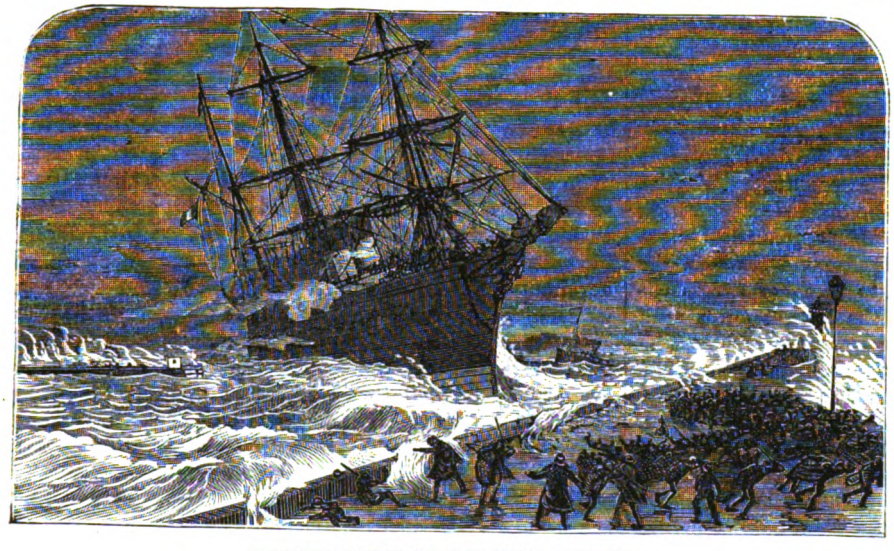
Edward, for his father's sake, extended his hand to his brother.

"You here, Edward?" he exclaimed, and in an instant afterward fell back in his chair a corpse.

Such was the Christmas at Trafton Hall.



THE QUAYS OF HAVRE IN A STORM.

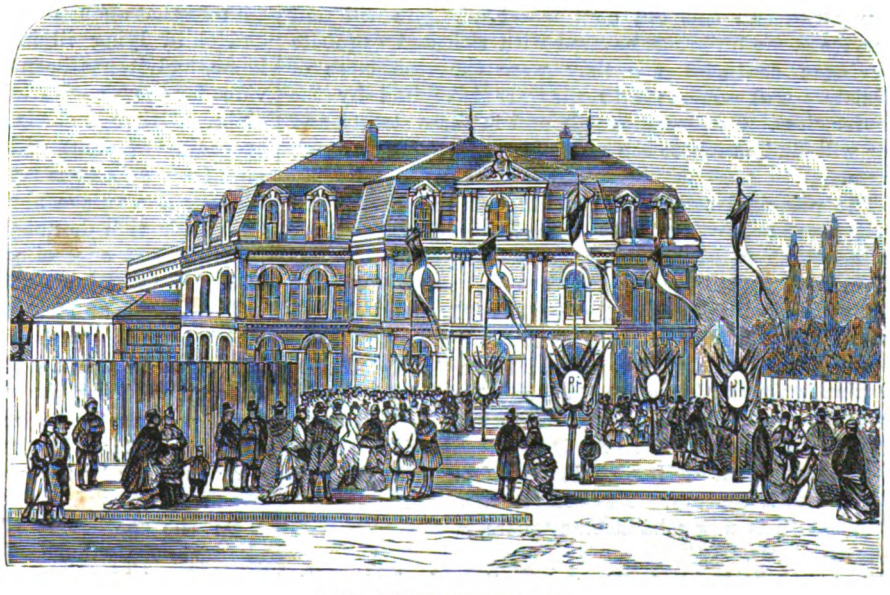


A VESSEL DRIVEN ON THE PIER AT HAVRE.

LE HAVRE, AND ITS ENVIRONS.

By L. E. C.

After getting through with the Custom House officers, we were glad to take up our quarters at the "Hotel de l'Europe." We had first thought of going to "Frascati's," but we had come to this old town, "Le Havre par la Grace de Dieu," to see it in its most primitive style; and Frascati's is now as large, with all the modern comforts and conveniences, as any large hotel in America, and thronged with English-speaking people. I do not mean to say we were in search of



THE CLUB-HOUSE, HAVRE.

discomfort; on the contrary, the Hotel de l'Europe is one of the best, as well as one of the oldest, hotels in Havre; its rooms, though small, are comfortable, and its *cuisine* and wine-cellar unsurpassed.

Unlike many towns of 100,000 inhabitants, Le Havre can show the chart of Francis I. as an act of birth. Built by this monarch, in 1517, it was first called "Ville Françoise de Grace," and bore his arms and device, "Nutrisco et extinguo."

In 1562, the commencement of the religious wars, the Calvinists seized the large tower at the entrance of the port and the fortifications, and called on 6,000 English to aid them. Charles IX., then but thirteen years old, came in person to retake the town. During the siege he lived with his mother, Catherine de Medicis, at the Manor of of Viteuval, at Ste. Adresse. Nothing now remains of this residence but the royal chimney and some handsomely-sculptured pillars.

Le Havre was twice bombarded by the English; the last time in 1759, causing a havoc amounting to $3,000,000.

It is now a strongly fortified town, and after Marseilles, the largest shipping port of France. It is the port for the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," which runs between France and New York. This company have also a line of steamers from here to Colon, calling at different places in the Antilles Islands. The Cunard Company also have a line between here and Liverpool.

Le Havre has not, as one would suppose from its name, a natural harbor; in fact, it has no harbor at all, strictly speaking. The shipping all lies inside the docks, in large basins, of which there are eight. These are entered by the dock-gates, but the locks can be opened only at high tide to let vessels pass in or out. It is a great deal more difficult to pilot a ship up the quay, and through the bridges and into her basin, than to take her across the Atlantic. I have seen some of the largest ships split their bows by drifting a little to one side and coming straight against the stonework of the bridge, and many a vessel has gone down in a storm within sight of the quay.

To one who has never before seen a European town, and who is used to the prosaic cities of a new country, the streets of Havre will seem peculiarly picturesque in the irregularity and the antiquity of its buildings. You will scarcely find two houses of the same height, or the same style of architecture. In the old part of the town the streets are very narrow and the houses are entered by courtyards. In this old continental city you will find massive stone buildings covered with rich and exquisite carvings; centuries ago they were the residences of ministers and nobles; now they are inhabited by the poorer class. Curious shops abound in these streets, and one will find much to see and interest in going through them.

The principal streets and boulevards are broad and well paved; they are kept exceedingly clean, and are brilliant with well-filled shops, many being branch houses of Paris.

The Jardin Publique, in the centre of the town, though small, is exquisitely laid out in flower-beds. A military band plays here twice a week. Close to the Public Garden is the Garden of St. Roch and the Aquarium, the paradise of children and French *bonnes*. Not far from here is the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, the oldest monument of Havre. It dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. The cemetery, which once surrounded it, is now a handsome square, well shaded with fine old trees.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is on the principal street, the Rue de Paris; it is of the sixteenth century, partly Roman and partly Gothic architecture. The entire outside is richly carved, and the stained-glass windows are exquisite. Some of these windows commemorate the siege and other memorable events of Havre. The doors are always open, and no matter what hour you enter, you will never find it empty; even late in the evening, when only lighted by the faint rays of the candles which burn at the side altars, there are still some devotees praying; every now and then is heard the click-clack of the wooden shoes of the old peasant women who come, as they say, "pour dire bonjour au bon Dieu."

Further up the Rue de Paris, opposite the Grand Theatre, is one of the markets. Three times a week are the market-days, and then everything is to be found here, even booths containing shoes and muslin. At 5 P.M. a bell is rung, after which no buying or selling is allowed, under a penalty of five francs ($1). This was formerly called "La Place Louis XVI.," but—"Le roi est mort, Vive le roi!"—it is now "La Place Gambetta."

The crowds that pour to and fro in the streets are, perhaps, the most interesting sight of all. Here you see the Normandy peasant with her high white cap and blue apron, and the Bretonne, whose tightly-fitting cap comes flat down at the sides, and almost hides the hair. Even the little children wear those caps, and the shoulder-shawls, like their elders. All wear the wooden shoes. Havre being a military station, the streets are always gay with the uniform of the French soldier. Even the priests add to the picturesqueness of the scene, for they always appear in the garb of their Order.

To a stranger, the weddings of the lower class must seem very strange: the bride, attired in a black dress, with a long white vail fastened with a wreath of orange-blossoms, walks with her husband from the church to her home; the friends walk behind, two and two, each wearing a spray of orange-blossoms.

In France the holydays of the Church are observed with many religious ceremonies in the morning, while the evening is devoted to all kinds of amusements; thus it is that the French character is one of sentiment and frivolity.

If the morals of the French people are not of the strictest, their deviations from the straight and narrow path are at least nearly always tinged with romance. Opposite to us lives a respectable middle-aged man; with him is a younger woman and a child of a few months old. I am told that about four months ago he found the mother and child lying ill in the street; he took them to his home, and it has been their home ever since. He provides for them comfortably, and seems really fond of the child. Although she is anything but good-looking, he is exceedingly jealous of his young companion, and if she goes for a walk he is ready to accuse her of having a rendezvous at a village about half a mile away. However, their little tiffs do not prevent them living very happily together, and on seeing them one would be tempted to add, "She was born more lucky than handsome."

The French seem to preserve their youth into old age, which is probably due to good health and the outdoor life which they lead. They are a hardy race; the peasant women doing the work of men in the fields. In a very few years the poor creatures lose every trace of good looks, their faces become deeply lined, and burned to such a degree by the sun that they look more as if cut from a dark wood than the faces of human beings.

On the south side of Havre the streets stretch out almost to the suburb of Graville. Once in the country, you are quickly reminded that you are in Normandy by the tall poplars growing along the side of the roads. At

the top of the hill before us is an old church. It is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the eleventh century. In the church is the sarcophagus of St. Honorine, but in 989 the body was taken from there and transferred to Conflans (near Paris), to escape profanation by the Danes. The cross of the cemetery, in sculptured stone of the fourteenth century, served as model for the decoration in the opera of "Robert le Diable." Near the cross is the grave of two children, made eventful in the writings of Victor Hugo. There are many very old gravestones, but too worn to allow of our tracing the inscriptions or finding the dates. The cemetery is thickly planted with evergreens, and so sheltered that it looks as if never touched by Winter. In December I have seen the tea-rose and small pink rose in full bloom there. At a little distance is the magnificent statue of the "Virgin Noire"; it is of recent erection, only dating back to the late war. The ladies of Havre placed the town under the protection of the Virgin, promising to erect a statue in her honor if the Prussians should not enter the town, and as we all know, Havre was spared the presence of the enemy. The statue is placed on the heights; in her arms is the Child, both looking back over the town. Here you look down on the Seine as it glides smoothly by on its way to the gay capital.

On the north side is Ste. Adresse, a pretty village on the coast; in fact, it is merely a continuation of Havre. The road along the shore is studded with pavilions and houses, which are nearly all rented in Summer by English people. The principal objects of interest are the Church of "Notre Dame des Flots," which stands about 150 feet above the sea. It is filled with the offerings of those who, in time of danger at sea, promised some souvenir if they came safely to shore. Little miniature boats, made by some poor fisherman, cover the walls, thrilling pictures of disasters at sea hang in different places, and at the altar, wax candles burn day and night. Close to the church is the "Pain de Sucre," the cenotaph of General Lefebvre Desnoëttes, who was lost in a terrible storm off the Irish coast in 1822. This monument being a brilliant white, can be seen many miles out at sea, and in foggy weather warns sailors of their close proximity to shore.

A little further back from the cliffs is the farm of the celebrated Sarah Bernhardt. There is a handsome stone house, surrounded by fine old trees, and commanding a magnificent view of the bay on one side and a stretch of undulating country on the other. The lighthouses—two heavy, square buildings—stand out on "Point la Hève"; they are lighted by electric light, and can be seen at a distance of twenty miles. Looking inland, as far as the eye can reach, are waving cornfields, or productive vegetable plantations. Now and then we come to old farmhouses; and what pictures they present of cleanliness and comfort! old-fashioned, broad, deep fireplaces, bright coppers hanging against the walls, and china that must have descended from generation to generation for ages past; and the old clock that would, if put up at auction in New York, bring its weight in gold.

Trouville, with its white *plage* and troupe of pleasure-seekers, is about one hour by boat across the bay. To know what it is like, you have only to take up Ouida's well-known work, "Moths"; there you will find it well depicted, neither the women nor the place overdrawn. But for the benefit of those who eschew the works of this fascinating writer, I will describe it. Imagine a long stretch of white sand flanked by handsome villas and hotels. Behind these a hill rises, which is dotted with chalets and thickly wooded. This is what you see as you approach Trouville by boat. The streets are wide and irregular; the shops contain only the lightest and most tempting of merchandise, principally souvenirs of Trouville, for which you pay a fabulous price; the fruit-stores are many, and are always filled with fresh and luscious fruit.

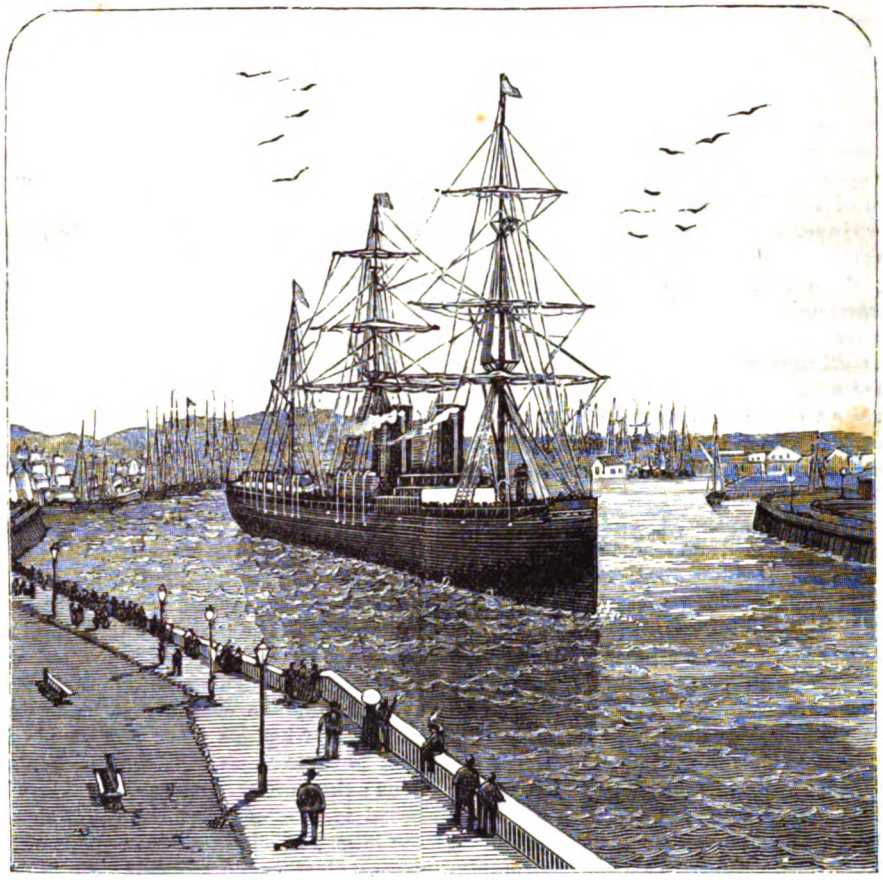
Along the shore are the largest hotels and the *Salon*. And what a brightness prevails everywhere, what a blending of hues and colors; every house has its gay-colored awning, and from nearly all float the tricolor. What a profusion of flowers! flowers everywhere—in urns, in the balconies. All the villas and hotels have beautiful gardens with rich pastures, making a striking picture.

We were too much of a gypsy party to settle down to conventional fashionable life; we did not care for the *Casino* or the *Salon*, but preferred the white sandy roads, with their rows of green hedges and the shady nooks, or to explore some quaint old village. Many a time in the early morning had the cry of "Moules de Villerville!" awoke us, so that we determined to visit that old place; it was but a league from Trouville, just a pleasant walk along the heights looking down on the sea.

As we climb the hill we leave the town behind; halfway up, inclosed by an iron railing, is what is common in France—a cross. One is erected wherever a mission has been held. This mission must have taken place ages ago, for now the dead Christ looks down on the gayest and most frivolous place and people in the world. We pass between rows of hedges which shut in lovely gardens; then we come to an opening where, on one side, broad meadows or cornfields stretch away to the foot of the hills, and an old chateau peeps out from amongst the trees. Further on we come to orchards, and quickly comprehend why the cider of Normandy is so famous. Fruit-trees meet over our heads, putting our honesty to the test. I am afraid that in the hour of temptation we were no stronger than our first parents. A bend in the road brought us suddenly in sight of what I thought no longer existed—gypsy houses on wheels. It was truly a picture out of one of Dumas's novels. What a vagabond crowd they were, both men and women! Even the babies had the look of wanderers. And as I gazed, I questioned the power of some of the great novelists; for, were not the pictures they have drawn actually before them, and they had little need of taxing their imagination? Large families inhabit these houses. The grandmother has, in her old age, still to be a wanderer; but I suppose she would not be happy were her mode of life changed. As to the men, positively out of canvas I have never seen such villainous faces, and such shaggy, unkempt locks. To me they seem to bear the brand of Cain, but there were no rags; a ragged coat or dress you will never meet among this class in France. Basket-making is their trade. The osiers they steal from every available spot along the road, and when they come to a well-stocked farm, a halt is made, the houses are drawn up on one side of the road, the horses are unharnessed, and preparations are made for remaining the night. Under cover of the darkness the men visit the poultry-yard and the garden; in fact, taking whatever they can lay their hands on. When daylight comes, like the Arabs, "they quietly fold their tents and silently steal away."

We soon arrived at Villerville. It slopes from the road down to the cliffs. The first thing as you turn off of the road is an old church. I did not learn its name, but it must date back at least to the twelfth century. It is a rough, rude-looking building, supported by huge square pillars. The stone font stands, as is usual, near the door.

Time and the dropping of the water have worn it curiously in places. A few rude bright-colored pictures hang on the walls, with the ordinary figures about the altar. We did not stay long, for it was damp and cold. I think devotion is likely to suffer here, for one could not remain very long without being chilled through.



STEAMSHIP ENTERING THE HARBOR.

We passed down the narrow street, flanked by old houses toppling with the weight of years. They are all built of stone, the highest not being more than three stories. Here and there are small shops, but the wares are not tempting to a stranger, being nothing more than necessary articles for immediate use. Some enterprising individual has opened a hairdressing establishment, but it strikes one as perfectly incongruous to see this city shop squeezed in between these houses hundreds of years old. A little cross street (the village is very small) brought us to the village laundry. It is an open place. In the centre is a large stone basin, about four or five yards square, sunk in the ground and filled with water. Here all the women bring their washing. No fear of one's clothes being ruined with soda, or chlorate of lime, or any other invention for the destruction of linen. There are little wooden boxes, or stalls, one side being open. Here the women work on their knees, thus preventing their getting wet. As each piece is washed it is folded, placed on the edge of the basin and well beaten with a flat wooden beater. The clothes are never "wrung out," as in the United States, so there is positively no sale for the Yankee "clothes-wringer." Fresh water continually flows in, and the soapsuds pass off at the other end. A wooden awning protects from the sun and rain.

We continued our walk down toward the cliffs. Old fishwives sat at their doors, mending their nets. Dogs basked lazily in the warm sunshine, and children played in the street without any danger of being run over, or of coming to harm in any way. At the end of the street we look down on the shore and rocks. It was low tide, and the strand was alive with the mussel-gatherers. Some were already returning with their baskets strapped to their backs. It seems so hard that women must bear such heavy burdens, but so it is in France. What a primitive, sleepy little village this is! yet only three miles from one of the most attractive watering-places in

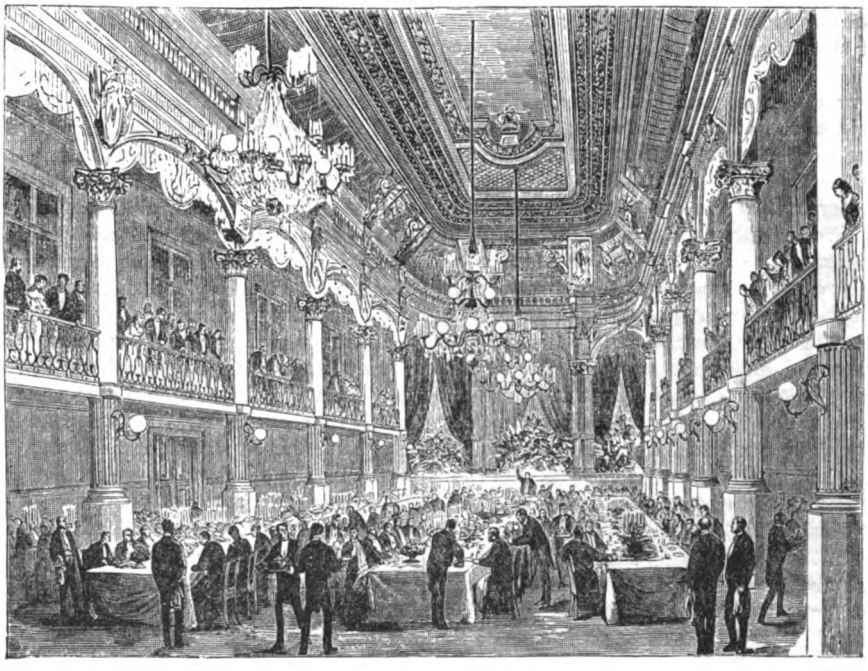
THE AQUARIUM, HAVRE.

THE "JARDIN PUBLIQUE," HAVRE.

Europe, and only half an hour by boat from the second commercial port of France.

We started homeward. A heavy shower had laid the dust and brought out the sweet odors from the woods and the wild-flowers. We gathered some of the flowers, and found many the same as those of America, only richer in perfume and more brilliant in color.

It was five in the afternoon when we came in sight of Trouville. The band was playing, and down on the *plage* the "Moths" were radiant in brilliant toilets, those of the bathers almost equaling those of the promenaders in color and originality. This is the hour when all Trouville is on the sands. We sat down to rest and admire the beautiful panorama which lay before us. Away across the Bay, Ste. Adresse and Le Havre were bathed in the warm tints of the evening sun, the green-painted fishing-boats with their copper-colored sails lay becalmed, and at our feet the sea rolled in gentle ripples. The shore was strewed with masses of red seaweed which filled the air with saline odors; the little boat from Havre was steaming over to bring back those who had only come to spend the day at Trouville, and over all there was a peaceful stillness.



BANQUET-HALL, CERCLE INTERNATIONAL.

The weeks soon passed away, and our holiday had drawn to its close. We had tramped every dusty road round Trouville, and felt well repaid by the quaint beauties we found. We had visited the village of Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror; Viller-sur-Mer, which is almost a second Trouville; and Bayeux, celebrated for its beautiful cathedral and its laces. We brought away many lovely specimens of cushion-made laces. At nearly all the cottage-doors you will see old and young, even children, sitting with the cushions on their knees, and it is surprising with what rapidity they weave in those exquisite patterns. We paid but a few francs a yard for lace fully two fingers deep. All through Normandy lace-making is a great resource of the peasant women.

It was our last evening; the band played in the *Salon* and young feet kept time, but we, sunburned gypsies that we were, preferred spending it out of doors. We sat on the terrace overlooking the sea. The day was done, and the light died gradually away, but long after sunset we enjoyed the lovely twilight which tinged every object with a peculiar hue. The stars came out one by one, but still we lingered waiting for the darkness. It was only when we no longer heard the strains of the music that we knew it was past midnight, and that in two more hours we could witness the first streaks which forerun another day.

The season at Trouville is very short, not fairly commencing until after the 20th of July, as the schools do not close until then.

The morning of our departure, I was much amused by a conversation between our landlord and an Englishman, who, on receiving his bill, first looked at it with surprise, and then remarked on its length; but the landlord with the blandest smile and the most graceful French bow, replied: "If monsieur finds his bill long, monsieur must remember that the season is very short."

POLISH HOSPITALITY.

The Poles are extraordinarily hospitable; they entertain without grudge. At every table in the large houses some extra places are laid ready for unexpected guests—as they say, "for the traveler that comes over the sea." It is possible in Poland to go uninvited to visit your friend, taking your children, your servants, and horses, and stay five or six weeks without receiving any hint to go. The Poles are fond of gayety, of amusement, of society; they love pleasure in all its bright and charming forms. The country houses are constantly full of visitors, and in the Winter there is often the "Kulig," a gathering which increases as it goes from house to house. It is taken from peasant custom, and the nobles, when they get up a "Kulig," wear the peasant costumes, very beautifully made. They go over the snow in sledges from house to house, dancing for two or three days at one, and then going on to another, taking with them the people of the house which they leave. At last there may be perhaps twenty sledges all full of people, dressed in bright colors, and singing the songs of the "Kulig." At every house they dance the characteristic dances of the occasion—the "Krakoviak," the "Mazur," and the "Oberek." The first is a very pretty and peculiar dance, in which the partners turn away from each other and then come face to face; the "Mazur" is something like the quadrille, though it is by no means the same; the "Oberek" resembles a waltz danced the reverse way, and with a very pretty and characteristic figure, in which the man kneels on one knee and kisses his partner's hand. They are all most charming and pretty, and the Poles dance with enthusiasm as well as grace. They have many national customs and ceremonies which are occasions for dancing and pleasure. Then, in the Autumn and Winter there is boar-hunting. In this way, with these various amusements, the time passes in the country houses, and visitors will stay six weeks or perhaps six months.

AFTER A MAN-EATER.

During the night we were disturbed by a frightful outcry amongst the natives, which lasted some time, and was followed by an incessant drumming until daylight. As all the natives of India, Burmah and Siam are exceedingly noisy and fond of beating drums, tomtoms, etc., we did not take much notice of the disturbance except to anathematize the authors of it.

In the morning, however, the same old man with whom we had spoken on the previous evening came to our tent and informed us that a young girl had been carried away by a tiger. The tiger had entered the hut where she was sleeping, and having first apparently killed her with a blow from its paw, carried off the body.

The whole affair was witnessed by seven or eight female occupants of the hut, and by several other persons who were moving about the village-street at the time; for it occurred soon after midnight—a time when most natives are still moving about—but no attempt had been made to follow the beast, or compel it to relinquish its prey.

"What is to be, will be," is a favorite maxim with people—or, rather, indeed, a rule of life—and to such an extent do they carry their apathetic submission to fate, that they will not even use remedies in cases of diseases, or bites of venomous reptiles—at least, if the said remedies are European—although they may have witnessed their successful application by foreigners.

This, it seems, was not the first visit the tiger had paid to the village, and during the last four months no less than nineteen persons had been slain by wild beasts, the majority of them, our old friend asserted, by this particular tiger. Of these nineteen, eleven were children, and one a native hunter, who had lost his life in endeavoring to destroy the fearful man-eater.

Besides the poor girl who was killed last night, four children and one adult had actually been fetched out of the huts by this audacious beast, yet the men of the village had not sufficient pluck to attempt its destruction.

We were further informed that, a year ago, the inhabitants of a village about half a day's journey to the southward had abandoned their houses, and taken up their residences in this place, owing to the terror created by the beast in question.

The man-eating tiger was supposed to have his lair somewhere in the neighborhood of this deserted village. We soon determined to know where his lair was, and, while we cleaned our rifles, and made other preparations, Angbang was sent with the old man to try and persuade some of the villagers to go with us as guides.

A couple of score of volunteers presented themselves for this service, and we selected six of the most likely-looking fellows in addition to the old man himself. We also took with us Laoo, and two others of our servants, who were all armed with muskets.

Previously to starting in search of our game we went to view the spot where the girl was seized. It was a large, oblong hut, with a doorway at one end. The only traces

of the catastrophe to be seen were a few large spots of blood, and some marks of the tiger's claws on the hard earth of the floor, as though the beast had made several long scratches. There were, also, four distinct marks of its claws on the woodwork of the threshold, as well as blood smeared about, the doorway being so narrow that the creature seemed to have had some difficulty in forcing itself and its dead or unconscious burden through the confined opening.

Outside, other blood-spots were visible upon the ground, traceable, according to reports, for about half a mile; but no one had had courage to follow further this dreadful clew to the course of the beast.

So great was the consternation, that not a single man had gone to his work in the fields, and the people seemed almost afraid to appear in the streets of the village.

We traced the blood-spots for two miles, and at places where the body had been forced through the bushes, found fragments of the girl's clothing hanging on the thorns. There were also many marks of the tiger's feet, so that we had no difficulty in following the track.

About two miles and a half from Sattybardah, we came to the spot where the beast had made his feast. The victim's bones were strewn about, some of them not thoroughly stripped of the flesh. The left thigh and the pelvis remained untouched; and the head was also found, but with the face horribly gnawed and disfigured.

The ground was covered with blood and fragments of the poor creature's clothing. After collecting together in a sack all the remains that could be found, and sending a man back to the village with them, we commenced to beat all the thickets and brakes within a mile round, but without finding a tiger. This was rather strange, as these animals after eating a meal always retire a short distance and sleep for some hours.

Our guides insisted that the lair of the beast we were in search of was near the village mentioned above, and said we should find it there; but we were of a different opinion, as it was out of all reason to suppose a fed tiger would go a distance described as half a day's journey.

However, a long search convinced us that there was no chance of meeting with our man-eater here, and we determined to proceed to the village in question, in the hope of meeting with sport of some sort.

An old native pathway pointed out the direction we were to take, and a wilder forest track I have seldom passed through. Not only were the trees exceedingly lofty and thickly matted with parasitical plants; but the ground was much intersected with rocky ravines, at the bottom of most of which small streams of water ran.

Three small herds of antelopes were met with, and five of the animals were killed, each weighing about forty or fifty pounds. We had marched a good twelve miles before the village was reached, and so much time had been consumed that it was then drawing toward evening.

The village was a most desolate and dreary-looking place; the houses in ruins, in many of them the roofs rotting away, some already fallen in. The fields in the neighborhood, once cultivated, were become a wilderness, overgrown with shrubs and jungle-plants.

The stillness of death reigned about the place, but as we walked amongst the huts, many small beasts of prey rushed out through the half-blocked doorway and holes in the walls. They appeared principally to be a species of hyena, and some wildcats of large size. One leopard tried to escape from a dilapidated hut near the centre of the village, but speedily rolled in the dust, pierced by five bullets.

The best conditioned hut having been selected for our temporary habitation, fires were lighted and we proceeded to cook a meal of antelope venison. When this repast was over it was about seven o'clock, a time when the beasts of prey are moving about in search of a quarry, and we sallied forth to make another search for our man-eating tiger, though with small hopes of meeting with it so far away from the scene of its bloody exploit.

We divided our attendants into two parties, Captain Lacy proceeding with one division to the right of the village, myself and Mr. Grant leading the other in a westerly direction. We thoroughly searched the country for about three miles, but saw no game save a few hyenas, some monkeys and birds.

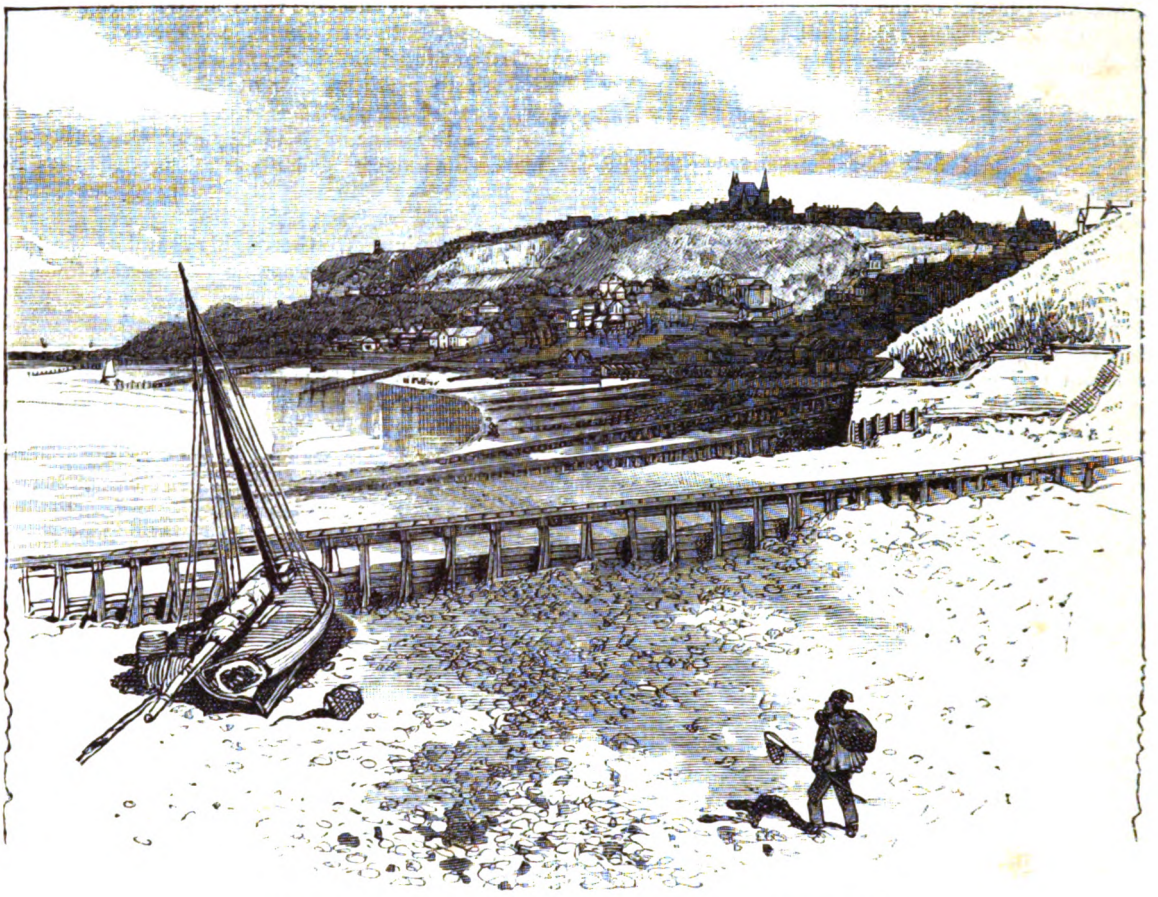
About nine o'clock, however, we heard shots fired in quick succession in the distance, and knowing that the sounds must proceed from Captain Lacy's party, we hastened back as quickly as possible. Other shots followed, and when, about three-quarters of an hour afterward, we arrived at the village, we found Captain Lacy there with the body of a tiger which he had shot close at hand. It was six feet six inches in length from the nose to the tail; but the natives said it was much smaller than the man-eater which we were in search of; and we also were pretty confident that we should not meet with the terror of Sattybardah so far away from that village.

Captain Lacy's tiger, however, had afforded some sport, and not bitten the dust without showing its claws. The following is Captain Lacy's own account of his adventure:

"There was not sufficient moon to give any light, but the stars were shining brightly, and a sort of twilight still prevailed, so that objects were distinctly visible. I could see the monkeys moving noiselessly about in the treetops as our passage disturbed them, and looking like weird spectres in the gloom of night. I was walking a little in advance of the others, the natives being evidently rather fearful of exposing themselves to any sudden attack. While I was diligently beating the bushes in front, it seems the natives had an eye to the possibility of an attack from behind, and it was well for them that they had, for my servant, Angbang, all at once called my attention to a movement of the long grass in our rear, as though some animal was following us. I halted, and the servants slinked behind me, placing me between themselves and the suspicious movement, or, I should say, the place where it had been observed; for the instant we came to a standstill, the waving of the grass ceased. I tried to persuade the blacks to beat up the quarters of our foe, which I felt sure was a tiger; but the cowardly rascals only shrunk further off, and even my own two men refused to obey orders. So in at it I went alone.

"With a savage, barking sort of growl, the tiger flew out at me, and made a tremendous spring before I had time to fire. By stooping I avoided the beast, which went over my head, and alighted six or seven feet beyond me. He had the contents of my two barrels in his body in a twinkling, and either in agony or rage rolled over and over like a child at play; then got up and galloped straight at the blacks, who fled like a flock of sheep. But pussy got a hold of one fellow, in spite of the shots fired by his companions, and I think I never in my life heard a man howl so pitifully. Approaching close enough to make certain of my aim, I gave pussy two more bullets from my spare rifles, and she died instantly."

The man who had fallen into the clutches of this tiger was badly hurt; the creature had struck him a blow upon the shoulder with its paw, tearing the flesh from the bone and leaving it hanging in strips. The wound presented a shocking spectacle, and the poor fellow



LE HAVRE, AND ITS ENVIRONS.—BAY OF STE. ADRESSE.—SEE PAGE 741.

undoubtedly suffered great pain. We stitched it up, bandaged the arm as well as we could under the circumstances, and administered a little brandy to the man.

In the morning we decided to return to Sattybardah, and following the same route we had come by, we arrived there about midday. There was great enthusiasm in the village when the skin of the tiger was displayed—somewhat dampened, however, at sight of the injured man, and the knowledge that our trophy had not belonged to the terrible man-eater.

The next day we caused it to be made known throughout the village that we would make another effort to find and destroy the tiger which had proved such a terrible pest to its inhabitants, and offered a reward to any one who could discover and lead us to the haunt of the beast; but few seemed to care to be engaged in such a search, however tempting the guerdon. We sent out our own servants and such of the villagers as offered themselves; they returned very much alarmed, declaring they had seen the tiger close to the spot where the remains of the native girl were found the day before yesterday. In ten minutes after the receipt of this news we were on our way to the place, accompanied by nine or ten natives and servants.

PROMENADE ST. ROCH, HAVRE.

Arriving on the ground, we spent three hours in a provokingly unsuccessful search for the wary monster. At the end of this time we had examined more ground than previously, and arrived near a deep and very steep-sided ravine. It struck both

Captain Lacy and Mr. Grant that this ravine was just the sort of place a tiger would be likely to choose for its lair; and the natives thought so too, for they evinced great reluctance to descend into it. Cautiously making our way down—for the foothold was precarious, owing to the looseness of the soil and steepness of the sides—we commenced a diligent search amongst the jungle at the bottom of the ravine.

Footmarks of the tiger were abundant, many of them quite fresh, and, besides bones and other remains of an enormous number of antelopes and animals of the deer tribe, we found two human skulls and some of the bones of five human bodies; but nothing was seen of the tiger itself. In many places the grass was crushed down as if the animal had been sleeping upon the spot, and the bark of several small trees bore marks of the creature's claws.

We were quite sure that the tiger would return to this ravine, if it were not now lurking somewhere at hand; but, as the presence of a large party of men so near its home might delay or prevent its approach, we dismissed all our attendants—who were nothing loath to depart—and prepared ourselves for the forthcoming contest.

There were a number of loose blocks of stone lying about, and with some of these we built up a sort of parapet to serve as a rest for our rifles; then we sat down and quietly waited the return of the man-eater to its lair, scarcely venturing to talk to each other, lest the sound of our voices should alarm the brute.

Perhaps an hour had elapsed when a low, purring growl warned us to be on the alert. The sound came from above, and, looking up, we perceived two large tigers on the edge of the ravine, preparing to make a descent. They were favorably situated for a shot. Mr. Grant was the first one to fire, and one brute fell to the bottom of the ravine, where it lay on its back, feebly pawing the air. The second tiger elevated its hair like an angry cat, and growled fiercely at us, till the advent of two or three bullets put a stop to its noise, and it disappeared, being apparently badly hit.

We ran out of our shelter, and seeing that the first tiger was lying motionless, and evidently dead, ascended the side of the ravine as speedily as possible and pursued the wounded beast, which seemed to be anxious to make good its escape.

AFTER A MAN-EATER.—"THE TIGER HAD ENTERED THE HUT WHERE SHE WAS SLEEPING, AND HAVING APPARENTLY KILLED HER WITH A BLOW FROM ITS PAW, CARRIED OFF THE BODY."

AFTER A MAN-EATER.—"ONE LEOPARD TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM A DILAPIDATED HUT NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE VILLAGE, BUT SPEEDILY ROLLED IN THE DUST, PIERCED BY FIVE BULLETS."

The broad splashes of blood lay in its track so thickly that we were able to follow it at a run, and at the distance of half a mile or so came up with it sprawling on the ground. It growled out a fierce defiance, but was too far gone to show fight; indeed, it scarcely needed a *coup-de-grâce*. Afterward, upon opening this tiger, we found that it had been shot *through the heart*, and had actually run full half a mile after receiving the mortal injury—one of the most remarkable incidents of the tenacity of animal life that ever came under my notice.

Returning to the ravine, to make sure the other brute was quite *hors de combat*, we found that the single bullet fired by Mr. Grant had killed it, having entered the chest and traveled downward into the body.

Leaving the tigers where they had fallen, we returned to Sattybardah at once, and when our success was made known the excitement of the people was intense. They shouted and danced, and displayed the wildest gratitude toward us for ridding them of these fearful pests.

A large crowd of the men rushed away to fetch the tigers, and when they returned all sorts of insults were heaped upon the now harmless foe. The dead brutes were mocked and reviled, beaten with sticks, kicked, spit upon, and dragged about until the skins were quite despoiled.

The crowd also renewed the demonstration of their thankfulness toward us with so much enthusiasm that we were glad to beat a retreat to our tent, whither, however, we were followed by the unpleasantly grateful villagers, who would not retire until repeatedly requested to do so. Throughout the night the rejoicings were kept up with so much hubbub and drumming that we found repose impossible.

There could be no doubt but that one of the tigers we had slain was the beast which had killed so many of the villagers—indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that they were both man-eatars. They were male and female. The female was much the larger, her length being seven feet eight inches, exclusive of the tail, and she must have weighed at least six hundred pounds. The male was seven feet one inch in length, and he was altogether made more lightly than the female. His weight was probably no more than four hundred or four hundred and fifty pounds; but we had no means of ascertaining exactly.

A MEMORY.

By M. E. W.

An Old-World country garden, where the hours
Like winged sunbeams flash in glory by,
And where the scent of strange old-fashioned flowers
Brings back a tender bygone memory.
The walks are straight, and patterned with white stone,
And pacing there with reverential tread,
I dream once more I hold within my own
The soft, warm fingers of the child who's dead—
The child whose dainty footsteps vied with mine,
As we two chased the golden butterflies—
The child who reveled in the bright sunshine,
And shrined her gladness in her laughing eyes!
We used to linger in the long, soft grass,
And when a sunray kissed her dimpled hand,
We told each other 'twas a fairy pass
To read the secrets of our Fairyland;
And, holding safely in her radiant face
That happy sparkle, we would run to peep
If dewdrops trembled in the self-same place,
Or last night's bud had blossomed in its sleep.
I throned her in my arms when tired of play,
And whispered love-names in the baby ears:
She made the glory of the Summer's day,
My wee liege lady of but five short years!
And now? Small wonder that the roses lie
In petaled fragrance by the daisies' side,
For sunshine vanished with her last soft sigh,
And skies are grayer since our darling died.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

"Will the captain have some coffee?"

One of the handsomest and politest of men asked this question, one evening in January, 1869, as he and I made a lonely bivouac on the north bank of the Deep Fork of the Canadian.

He was a sergeant and a Saxon, and his name was—well, perhaps you will not insist upon knowing, but he answered to Rudolf at roll-call.

You smile, dear madam. But, really, there is nothing strange in a sergeant being handsome and a gentleman. Of course, you have done the light fantastic at Newport and the Point with youngsters of red, yellow and blue shoulder-straps, and found them "*so* charming" and all that, and have *seen* fine-looking and respectful wearers of coarse cloth at a distance, and can scarcely be expected to understand *my* sergeant; but wait a bit.

You see, I had been sent up on the Washita about the time Black Kettle's band had been so soundly thrashed by Custer's cavalry, and chance threw it in my way to be the bearer of a despatch thence to Fort Gibson, rather more than two hundred miles across the country; and as the sergeant had just been discharged, and wanted an opportunity to get to the States, he accompanied me.

We had had a difficult time of it between Fort Cobb and the Canadian, as neither of us had been over the trail before, and the inhabitants, consisting mainly of prairie-dogs, with attendant owls and occasional snakes, could not enlighten us.

But we found it—the trail—and after four days of hard riding through cold rain and many swollen streams, reached the spot I told you of just in time to make anything but a "dry camp" ere the sun set; for we had to swim the "fork," which is very deep, rapid, and decidedly unsafe of navigation for horsemen.

A fire was quickly made, for we carried our matches wrapped in oiled silk, and coffee soon ready. If it had not been, the sergeant would not have asked the question.

As I sat in front of the blazing pile of driftwood, scorched as to my eyebrows, a clammy dampness pervading my back, the sergeant, a little way off, taking *his* coffee, I could not help being struck by—don't laugh now; he really was a very distinguished-looking person. Six feet two, blonde (of course), and—well, just the sort of fellow Ouida drags into her stories, which are not true. This one is. So I ventured to ask him a question or two about himself.

He told me where he was born, what his name was—this I must not reveal, as you will comprehend a little further on—and in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect, for the shorthand reporter had not at that date encumbered the Indian Territory:

"At eighteen years, if the captain pleases, I was a lieutenant of hussars, fresh from the military school. My regiment was a part of the body-guard of the King, and at the time of which I speak was with His Majesty at Dresden. This was in the year 1860.

"As the captain will understand, the map of Europe has changed since then, and my regiment is not what it was. We had very little to do, except it was guard duty or daily parade—no Indians to watch, no railroads to protect, as in the American army.

"Our uniform was the most splendid of any in the army of Saxony—we were, in fact, what you call a "crack corps." But it was playing at soldiers, and a bad school for a young man like myself who had plenty of money and a name.

"While on duty at Dresden I did a great many foolish things—made many debts, drank much wine and played away most of my private income. The pay of an officer—a lieutenant—is not large with us. About enough to buy gloves, that is all.

"I am very much afraid the colonel had begun to regard me as what you call a "bad case"; but my family was good, and that, in my country, goes—or did go—a great way. Of course, I speak not of the men in ranks. It is with us as with you—a line is drawn.

"But, pardon! speaking of gloves reminds me that these little things made me what I am at present. Our officers bought theirs of a man named Rosenbaum. The name would not be important but for what I have to say. The glove-seller had a very pretty daughter named Amelie, who used to attend to customers, and her beauty made them numerous and frequent.

"It was in consequence of Amelie that I became a spendthrift in gloves. But my extravagance did not stop there. My time, when duty did not call for it, was spent at old Rosenbaum's shop. The beauty of his daughter had fascinated me—I could think of nothing but Amelie, and when away from her was most miserable. It was the old, old story, sir.

"Soon I took an opportunity of telling her how completely she had enslaved me, and gained from her a half-blushing avowal that I had not loved in vain.

"We were alone in the shop at the time, but scarcely had the expression of our mutual sentiments been exchanged, when the glove-seller—Amelie's father—appeared. It was easy for him to guess how things stood, and I, full of romance and ardor, at once begged for permission to marry his daughter. It was granted, of course, for I was rich.

"When by myself, at my quarters, I had leisure to think over what I had done; and, although reflection told me that Amelie had met my advances with an approach to eagerness, and that my future father-in-law's sudden appearance was a little peculiar, still I strove to banish the thought as unworthy, and succeeded.

"But I was very young. There were some obstacles in the way of my marriage which, until then, I had not thought of. The most serious was, or would be, my father's certain disapproval of my *fiancée*, and only less important was the regulation of the service that a subaltern could not take a wife without getting special permission from the Minister of War.

"This, of course, could not be looked for in the face of my father's opposition. The captain will permit me to remark that if I had systematically ruined the girl whom family pride and military discipline would not allow me to marry, my standing as an officer of His Majesty's Hussars would not have suffered. Europe is not America.

"As I did not wish to anger my family, and had as little desire to leave my regiment, I determined to wed secretly, and hope for—what? I knew not.

"We were married in a fortnight afterward, and I placed my new wife in apartments near the arsenal where my regiment was quartered, in order that I might spend all the leisure my light duties left me at home; but, for the sake of prudence, I retained my quarters in garrison.

"We were very happy together, and I thought myself favored in possessing the love of so beautiful a creature. Besides, Amelie was accomplished in a way. Her daily intercourse with those who came to the shop, added to natural tact and intelligence, had created an *aplomb*, a *savoir faire*, and I had the vanity to imagine that a few hints from myself would soon enable her to pass muster with dames whose armorial bearings were historical.

"I did not know, or had forgotten, that the prejudices of caste would render this all but impossible; but I was young.

"With the exception of Klaus, a private of my troop who served as my orderly, no one of the garrison knew of my marriage. I doubt if Klaus, who was a tall, well-built, dark-eyed fellow, knew of it *then*."

"As it was necessary for me to remain at night at the guard-room when on duty, I would often send messages by him to my wife, and he may have suspected our relations; but I told him nothing.

"It struck me as strange that Amelie did not tire of living so quietly, for, with the exception of her father—her mother was dead—she saw none of her former companions, and my desire to keep our secret prevented me from introducing any of my friends.

"One day I spoke on this subject to her. She looked at me searchingly for a moment, and then, her countenance clearing with a matchless smile, bade me not to be troubled on that account, averring that her husband was the only one she cared to see.

"As she concluded, she came to my chair, and sitting on my knee, put her lovely arms about my neck and kissed me. As the sun dries up the dew, so were my doubts dispelled.

"To repeat, I was very young, and so completely had I given up myself to love of my wife, that my past reckless life seemed almost lost in the recesses of memory.

"The only bar to my happiness was the necessity of keeping my wife hidden until I should be of age, when a fortune left me by my mother, who had died while I was a child, would come into my possession. Then I could leave the army, regardless of my family, and if they would not receive my wife, which I barely hoped for, go to some country where people would not ask questions while my money lasted—the United States, for instance.

"Days, weeks and months passed away, and I was no less in love, when a visit from my father surprised and frightened me. He insisted upon my returning home with him, and, as an inducement to ask for a few days' leave, exhibited the portrait of a beautiful young woman, whom he described as possessing all the desirable attributes of family and fortune, and half stunned me by saying that I must prepare to marry her.

"I could not tell him that I was already a husband. It was equally impossible for me to decline to go home, for my father had already obtained seven days' leave for me from the commandant, and my application would be simply a matter of routine.

"So I had to make up my mind to leave my wife for a week, and while packing some things in a portmanteau, wrote her a few words, inclosing some money in the note, which I sent by Klaus. I was to return in seven days.

"My father and I reached home very soon, for distances are not great in my country, and I was received with all the consideration due to the heir of the house. The next day I was presented to the lady whom my father had selected for his daughter-in-law.

"She was very beautiful, and I could not, in spite of my deep love for Amelie, help acknowledging that my father had chosen with quite as much taste and judgment as I had shown, to say the very least. And yet my infatuation for my wife blinded me to all else, and the days passed but wearily. The young lady must have thought me anything but ardent, and very quiet for a lieutenant of hussars.

"On the fourth day of my furlough all the disadvantages of my position seemed to have culminated. An indefinable anxiety hung about me, I could not tell why; but a host of unseen things seemed urging me to return to Dresden.

"All that night I lay awake, creating and combating doubts and fears. Before dawn I had left my bed, and late in the afternoon of the same day stepped once more in the streets of Dresden.

"I drove at once to the arsenal, went quickly to my quarters, called for Klaus, who occupied a small room in the rear. He was not at hand; but, as I was not expected to return for two days, I gave his absence no thought, and after making a hasty toilet walked over to the commandant's office, to report my return to duty.

"The colonel, who, although it was late, had not left his desk, was surprised to see me, but inquired kindly after my father, rallied me a little about the young lady, whose portrait he had also seen, and asked me to dine. The captain will understand my position. My colonel had asked me to dine. How could I escape?

"At length, after astonishing my commanding officer by the nervousness of my behavior at his table—want of attention to conventional courtesies and general absence of mind—coffee was served and I was released.

"As the colonel's door closed behind me the blood seemed to leap in my veins, and I flew rather than walked to the house where my wife lived.

"A light shone in her window. She was awake then. Good! I rushed up the stairs, calling her name aloud that she might know I was coming, and seizing the handle of the door, found it locked. But, then, I was not expected.

"In my impatience I knocked at, shook and pushed the door, calling on her to admit me; but it remained fastened, and a confused, hurrying, scrambling noise, with sounds of whispering, came from within.

"Back rushed all the half-allayed doubts and fears to lend me strength; for, placing my shoulders against the door, in a moment I stood within the room.

AFTER A MAN-EATER.—"BY STOOPING I AVOIDED THE BEAST, WHICH WENT OVER MY HEAD AND ALIGHTED SIX OR SEVEN FEET BEYOND ME."

"Sneaking toward the window, his shoes in his hand, was my man Klaus. Huddled at my feet was my—*that woman!*

"I had seen enough, and turning away, walked slowly down the stairs and into the street. As I did so it seemed as if all my love for that woman had faded into nothing—as if it had never been—and I walked calmly back to my quarters, lit a cigar, and then sat down to think.

"My calmness frightened me. It seemed as if I ought to be greatly enraged; but I was not. The two wretches had sunk beneath my notice. And yet it seemed as if the bloom of my youth had been suddenly and rudely rubbed away.

"All through the night I sat in my chair—sat there in the dark—and smoked and thought, and when morning came I had decided to put the sea between me and that woman; so I wrote a letter of resignation, left Dresden that night, and the next Hamburg steamer carried me to New York.

"I will not further attempt to describe my feelings, except to say that between the present and the future seemed to rise the smoke of the burned and blackened past. I knew neither hope nor fear.

"Before I had been very long in New York, I felt the need of money, for I had brought little with me, and did not wish to discover my retreat to that woman by applying to my people at home. So, as I knew English well, I looked in the advertising columns for a means of earning a living, and as once found a paragraph which offered something suitable to my attainments. A riding-master was wanted in an adjacent city.

"Taking the ferryboat, I soon arrived at the school, and hiring a spirited animal, put him through a few exercises, which seemed to please the keeper of the place. I then made application for the position, and secured it.

"For half a year time passed rapidly, and left no trace for good or bad with me. I lived quietly, saw no company, and made few acquaintances.

One night in April, 1861, my employer, who was a Prussian, and, like myself, an ex-officer, took me with him to visit a riding-school kept by a friend of his in Thirteenth Street, New York, and on our return we stopped at the "Atlantic Garden," in the Bowery, to take some beer and listen to the music.

"While we sat at one of the tables, looking at the crowd, in rushed half a dozen boys with "extras," shouting news of the attack on Fort Sumter. The place was in an uproar—everybody talked at once.

"I bought a paper, but the boy could not change the bill I offered. I called to one of the waitresses for change. She turned toward me—dropped her tray of glasses. It was *that woman!*

"I found myself in the street. How I got there I know not; but the long-smothered rage now burst forth, and I cursed like a demon, or a cavalry-officer, flourishing the "extra" in the air. The bystanders admired what they thought was patriotism; but my employer, who had witnessed the *rencontre*, guessed at something more serious—to me—and did what he could to soothe and calm me.

"I remember little of the remainder of that night, but the next day I enlisted in a New Jersey regiment. I wanted to get far away from that woman.

"I served with my regiment in the Army of the Potomac until the end of the war, declining all offers of promotion, for I wanted to hide or be killed—it was all the same.

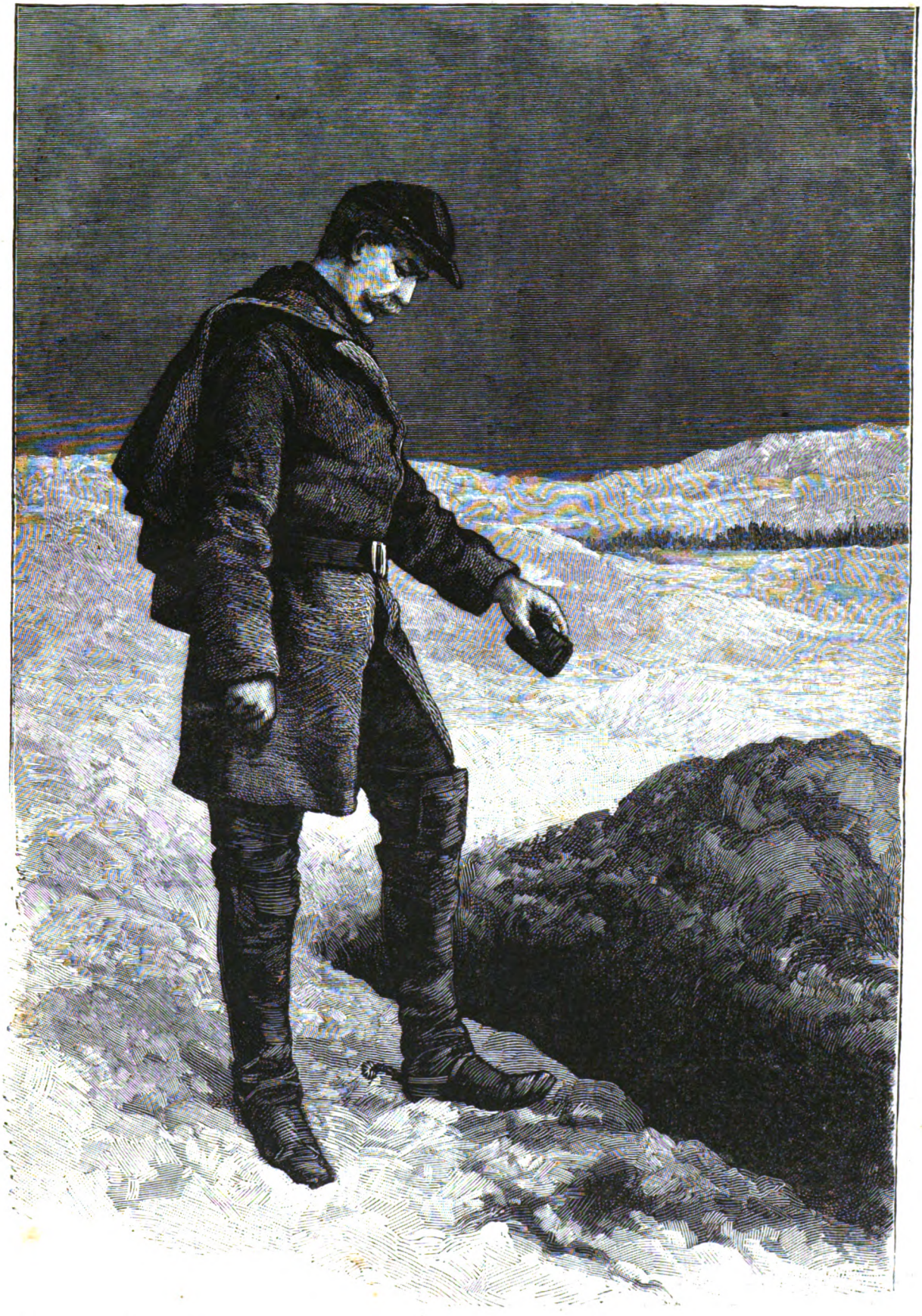
"Then I enlisted in the regular cavalry, and was sent to Carlisle Barracks, where I was kept on duty until the Autumn of 1868, my chief occupation being that of endeavoring to teach recruits how to ride. I say "endeavoring," for it is difficult to be successful with the average recruit, who would seem to have been selected on account of his ability to fall off a horse that is not standing still. But, pardon, this is *en dehors*.

"In October I was sent to Fort Leavenworth, and thence to Fort Dodge to join my troop. On the 11th of November our column marched from Fort Dodge, and after some severe days halted at what is now Camp Supply. Twelve days afterward, in the midst of a blinding storm of snow, we moved again.

"At daylight on the morning of the 27th our guides discovered the Indian village, and as soon as day broke we charged. After a short but spirited fight we were victorious, and captured all who survived.

"Among the killed were a captive white woman and her infant, who had been made prisoners by this band not long previously; and to recapture and restore these

AFTER A MAN-EATER.—"MR. GRANT WAS THE FIRST TO FIRE, AND ONE BRUTE FELL TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, WHERE IT LAY ON ITS BACK, FEEBLY PAWING THE AIR."



THE SERGEANT'S STORY.—"THROWING THE LETTER AND POCKETBOOK INTO THE PARTLY-FILLED GRAVE, I WAITED TILL ALL WAS OVER AND THE PARTY HAD RETURNED TO CAMP."—SEE PAGE 750.

poor creatures to their friends was one of the objects of the campaign.

"But the squaws, as soon as they saw us in possession of their village, dashed their knives and hatchets into the skulls of the mother and her little one, in plain view.

"Our own loss was small, except as to officers, among whom was the major. He had noticed a small band of Indians moving to the southwest, as if to escape, and, taking with him about fifteen men, started in pursuit.

"They were not missed until the column was on its way back to Camp Supply, whither we returned for rations and to deliver our prisoners; and, beyond the fact that they had been seen to go in chase of the fugitives, no one could tell what had befallen them.

"After a week we again moved to the south, the mercury standing at eighteen below zero, while our men had no shelter but 'dog tents,' little to eat and less fuel.

"Upon reaching the battle-ground we struck off in the direction the major and his party had taken, and soon, from the signs made by some of the trailers who were in advance, judged that what we sought had been found.

"What a sight met our gaze! Lying in a circle, and all facing outwardly, were the mutilated corpses of the major and his men, stripped of all clothing and bristling with arrows, which had evidently been cast into them after death.

"From the lay of the ground—a narrow plain divided by a shallow, frozen stream, devoid of timber, and surrounded by low sand-hills—it seemed as if they had been ambuscaded while thoughtlessly pursuing their seemingly retreating foes, and that, finding all chance of escape closed against them, they had accepted and obtained the only mercy left to them—death in the midst of battle. There was but one thing to be done—to give our dead comrades a soldier's burial.

"While I stood looking sadly on, it struck me that one of the corpses was *very* like something I had once seen alive. One of the burial-party here held up to me a small packet of letters and a pocketbook tied together, saying that he had picked them up close to the body, and suggesting that, as the writing was in German—the man said "Dutch"—they might show who the dead man was.

"But I needed no other evidence than that of my eyes to tell me that the stiff, mangled, gory, horrible figure was the corpse of my man, Klaus!

"I dissembled—it cost me an effort—and made a show of looking over the letters. The writing of some of them caught my eye. It was in the hand of that woman! I wished to see no more.

"The pocketbook bore what appeared to be the name of its owner—the dead man—"Private Karl Klaus, Troop A, —th Cavalry." But I, who had not seen the man for nine years, was the only one there who recognized him; yet it appeared they had known him in the regiment for two years. It was fortunate I had not joined my troop until a few weeks previously, or we might have met.

"That there could be no mistake was indisputable, for the pocketbook contained this—a slip cut from a St. Louis paper:

"'DIED—*Rosenbaum*—In this city, on the 30th ult., Amelie Rosenbaum, a native of Dresden, Saxony, aged 28 years.'

"There was no other date by which the time of her death could be fixed; but, from the age mentioned, it seemed that she had been dead about a year.

"But I was free! The day of my discharge from the army was near! I could return to my country and wear my own name again!

"Throwing the letters and pocketbook into the partly filled grave, I waited till all was over and the party had returned to camp; then, kneeling on the frozen clods, I begged my God to have mercy on those whose death had banished my great sorrow."

As the sergeant ceased the stars shone forth, giving promise of a fair day for the morrow, the setting sun of which found us at Fort Gibson, where we parted; he for Leavenworth, *en route* for the fatherland, I for Fort Smith, my station.

With the last grasp of the hand the sergeant promised to write, and for nearly a year and a half his letters, bearing a seal with a very large coat-of-arms, came regularly.

They ceased for the reason that at the battle of Gravelotte, in the final charge against the French right, my friend fell at the head of his battalion.

DYNAMITE.

By W. Winder.

Dynamite, strictly speaking, is simply a mixture of nitro-glycerine with any substance having absorbent properties, such as earth, charcoal, bran or sawdust.

This violent explosive, which has of late gained such evil notoriety, was first used in practice by the Swedish engineer Nobel, who discovered it in the following accidental way: It was his custom to transport liquid nitro-glycerine in jars, surrounded by soft earth, the object being to separate and protect the jars, while the earth, it was hoped, would absorb and soak up any of the liquid which might leak or otherwise escape from the jars, thus preventing it from getting about or under the wheels. It happened on one occasion that a jar became fractured, and Nobel wishing to learn the properties of the saturated earth around the broken vessel, discovered that the mass might be exploded in the same manner, and with nearly the same violence, as liquid nitro-glycerine itself. It at

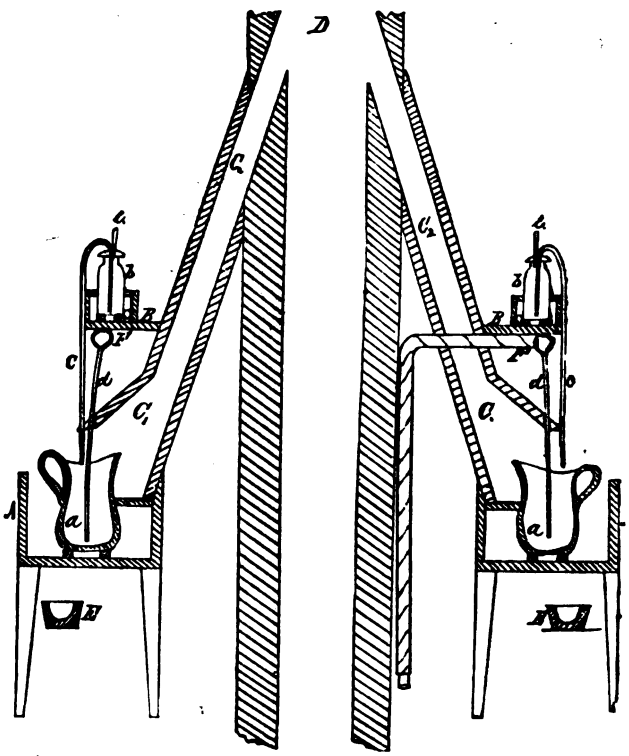


FIG. 1.—SECTION OF APPARATUS.

A. Troughs with ice-water; *d*. Hood. *D*. Chimney; *b*. Bottles of glycerine; *a*. Pitchers with acid mixture. *C*. Passage for escape of red nitrous fumes.

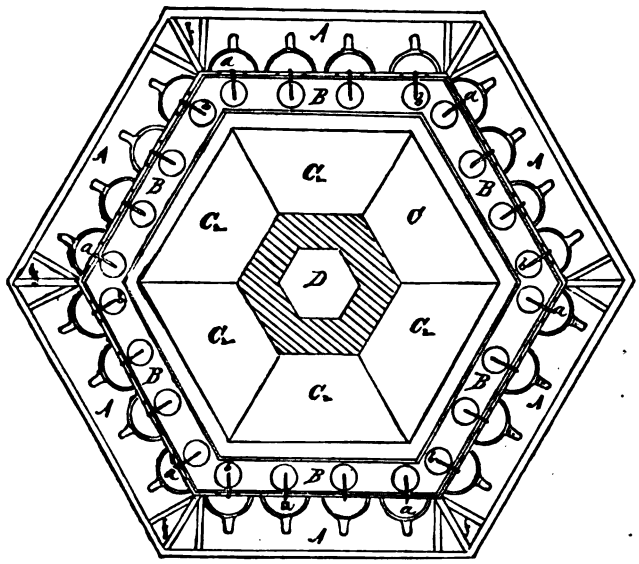


FIG. 2.—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF DYNAMITE APPARATUS.

once occurred to Nobel that the discovery was of great significance, as the mixture (to which he gave the name of dynamite), while possessing all the useful qualities of nitro-glycerine, was exempt from many of its drawbacks, especially as regards safety in transportation. He soon found, however, that common earth was not as good an absorbent as probably existed, and he set about finding something better. After trying many substances, Nobel finally settled upon a silicious earth known as "kieselguhr." Deposits of this earth are found in many places, notably in Hanover, and the Hanoverian kieselguhr, which is probably the best for the purpose, was first used in the manufacture of dynamite. Silicious earth is also found in considerable quantities in the northern part of the State of New Hampshire, but it is said to be of inferior quality.

Kieselguhr is a soft white powder, resembling flour, but much lighter; one barrel of this earth weighs but 40 pounds, whereas flour would weigh 196 pounds. Kieselguhr is really composed of minute shells (infusoria), and is, in fact, often spoken of as "infusorial" earth. Its great value in dynamite manufacture consists in its large powers of absorbtion, and when of good quality it should soak up three times its own weight of nitro-glycerine without becoming appreciably wet. It also retains this fluid well—an important consideration—as the exuding of nitro-glycerine from dynamite would almost certainly lead to disaster.

Since there is nothing inherently explosive about the earth, it will be seen that dynamite is nothing more than diluted nitro-glycerine. But the question may be asked, "Why is dynamite better or safer than the liquid explosive?"

The answer is, that nitro-glycerine, like all liquids, is nearly incompressible, and is consequently much more liable to be exploded by a blow or shock than the more yielding dynamite, which, be it understood, is a grayish powder, having about the consistency of coarse brown sugar. Furthermore, as previously intimated, liquid nitro-glycerine is always in danger of leaking and running through cracks in cart or car floors during transportation, whence, getting under or about the wheels, it would almost certainly become exploded. It will be readily seen, however, that these dangers are avoided by the mechanical form of dynamite.

Before speaking further of this substance it may be as well to say a few words about its chief constituent, nitro-glycerine.

This powerful agent is formed by the action of nitric acid on common glycerine. In the process of manufacture, sulphuric acid is also used in large quantities, but this acid has no direct effect in the production of nitro-glycerine; it merely serves to take up the water formed during the reaction, thus preventing the dilution of the nitric acid.

Nitro-glycerine was first made in the year 1842, by the chemist Sobrero, who mixed two parts by weight of sulphuric acid with one part of nitric acid, and after cooling this mixture to 32° Fahrenheit, he added, very slowly, small quantities of glycerine, stirring rapidly for a few moments, and then pouring the whole into large volumes of cold water. The nitro-glycerine being insoluble in water, fell to the bottom of the vessel, while such free acids as remained over were dissolved and taken up by the water. The nitro-glycerine was then washed carefully, to remove any traces of acid. It is a fact worthy of note that about all successful methods of nitro-glycerine manufacture are slight modifications of that originally followed by Sobrero, and of these, that known as "Mowbray's," especially as improved by the late Professor W. N. Hill, is by all odds the safest and best. This process has been followed with great success for many years at the U. S. Torpedo Station at Newport, where quantities of nitro-glycerine have been made from time to time, and so far without accident of any kind.

The apparatus here used consists of wooden troughs placed around a brick chimney. In these troughs, and surrounded by ice-water, are set earthenware pitchers, which contain the acid mixture. Only the purest and best acids are used; they are, in fact, especially manufactured for the purpose, as the ordinary acids of commerce are not considered sufficiently pure.

On a shelf above the pitchers are bottles containing purified glycerine. These bottles are loosely closed by wooden stoppers with broad, round tops (Fig. 2). Through holes in these stoppers pass loosely rubber tubes, which reach to the bottom of the bottles, and carry small glass jets (tubes) at their outer ends; conical wooden plugs are placed in the holes through the stoppers alongside the

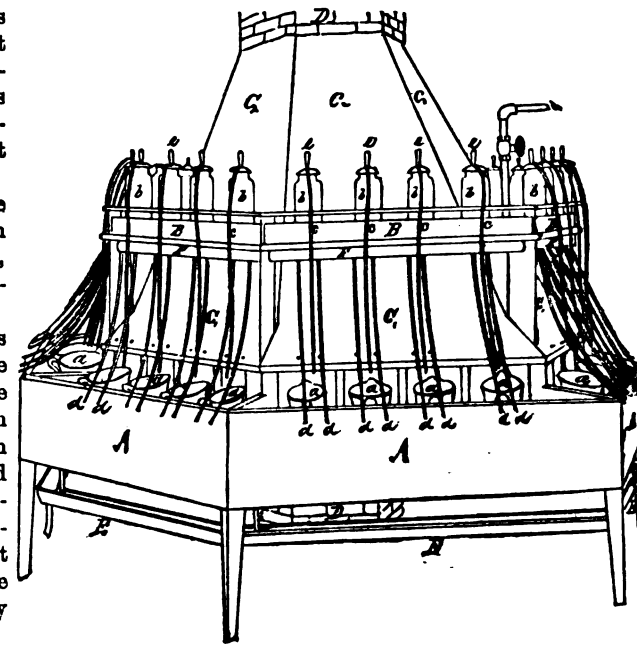


FIG. 3.—GENERAL VIEW OF APPARATUS.

EFFECT OF A FEW OUNCES OF DYNAMITE ON SOLID OAK TIMBER.

rubber tubes. By means of these plugs the flow of glycerine can obviously be regulated; and this is very important, for should the glycerine be supplied too rapidly, enough heat would be generated to set the mass on fire, and possibly to cause an explosion. It will be seen from this that the proper flow of glycerine is always indicated by the temperature. A very careful person, therefore, goes from pitcher to pitcher with a thermometer; and should the temperature be found to be rising too rapidly in any pitcher, he pushes in the small wooden plug, thus checking, or even suspending, the flow of glycerine. If this be stopped entirely, it is only necessary (after easing the plug) to suck the glass tube in order to start it again, when the rubber tube, acting as a siphon, permits a continuous run. Should a pitcher actually take fire (a not uncommon accident), it must be at once emptied into the surrounding ice-water.

The apparatus is further provided with an arrangement for forcing a current of air into the acid-pitchers, in order that the mixture may be well stirred during the reaction. In cold weather the glycerine becomes thick and sluggish. At such times it does not run freely, and to overcome this difficulty a steam-pipe is provided, by means of which the glycerine-bottles may be warmed without danger.

BOULDER BEFORE EXPLOSION.—ONE POUND OF NITRO-GLYCERINE IN THE CANISTER PLACED ON TOP, AND DETONATED BY ELECTRICITY.

During the process of manufacture large quantities of red nitrous fumes are given off. These are not only extremely annoying, and even injurious to the workmen, but destroy rapidly their clothing. To carry these fumes off as much as possible, hanging hoods, connecting with the chimney, are placed over the pitchers. (See Fig. 1.) A fire at the bottom of the chimney usually creates the necessary draught. On certain days, however, when the draught is not very good, the position of the workmen is made extremely uncomfortable.

After the reaction is completed, the mixture is thoroughly cooled by means of a forced draught of cold air, which is drawn through sulphuric acid and forced through a coil of tin piping immersed in a freezing mixture. When quite cold, the pitchers are emptied into a vat containing large quantities of water, which is vigorously agitated by a forced draught. After this operation has gone on a sufficient time the nitro-glycerine is allowed to settle to the bottom of the vat, and the acid water is removed from above it. The nitro-glycerine is

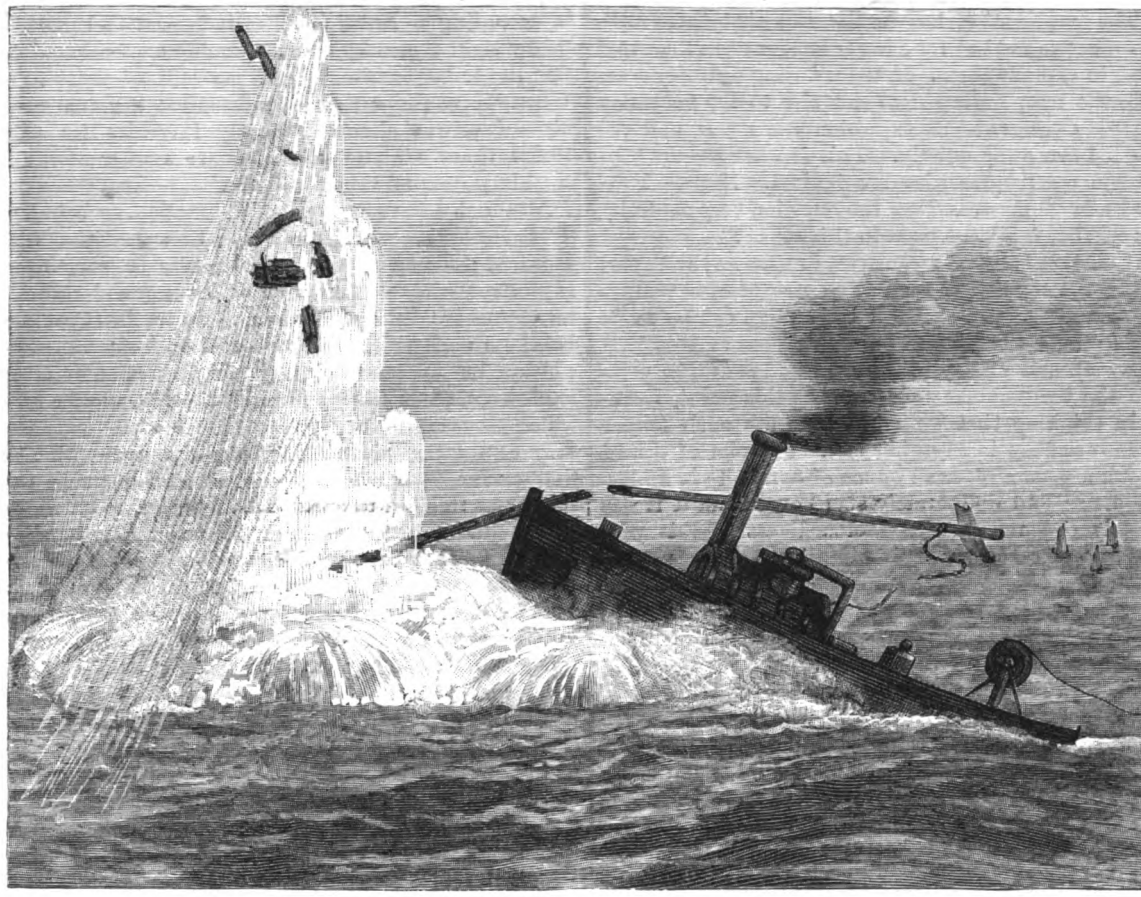
BOULDER AFTER EXPLOSION.

now drawn off—a little at a time—into a tub on the floor below, where it is most carefully rewashed. When no trace of free acid can be detected, *and not till then*, the operation may be considered completed. The liquid is now placed in earthenware jars, and allowed to stand until it "clears," when it is ready for use. During the process of "clearing" the nitro-glycerine exchanges its clouded and creamy appearance for one of tolerable transparency.

The time required to make a "run," as it is termed, of nitro-glycerine is about five hours; and at the Torpedo Station some eighty pounds are made in one "run." The amount made, however, naturally depends on the size of the plant.

Other methods of manufacture have been followed, notably those of Nobel, of Boutmy, and of Kurtz. It is unnecessary to touch upon these here, except to say that they are believed to be open to serious objection. The process invented by Boutmy is said to be very unsafe—a terrible explosion having occurred in South Wales in one of the two factories where it has been employed.

Pure nitro-glycerine is a colorless (or slightly yellowish) oil, about one and one-half times as heavy as water. It is easily dissolved in wood (methyl) alcohol, from which it may be precipitated by adding water. This fact was utilized when dynamite was first made—the nitro-glycerine being extracted from that substance by alcohol.



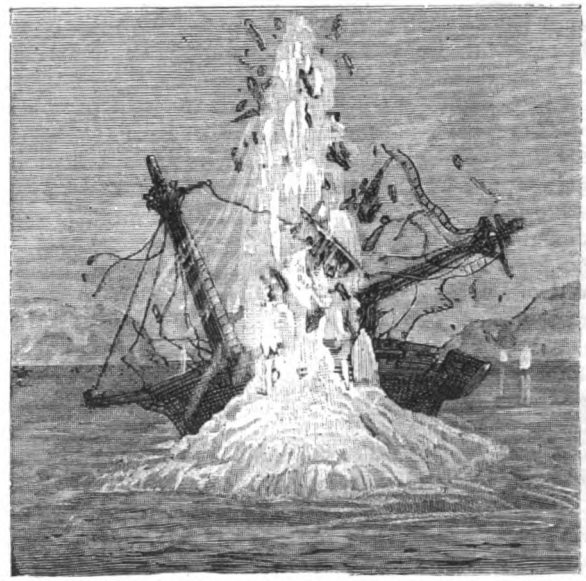
FIFTY POUNDS OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED UNDER BARREL TARGET BY ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED LAUNCH.

and re-precipitated by water before use ; this custom was, however, soon discontinued, the dynamite being exploded directly.

Both nitro-glycerine and dynamite, when pure, freeze at 40° Fahrenheit.

Freshly made nitro-glycerine, however, requires a very much lower temperature. When frozen, these substances are extremely difficult to explode ; a weight, which, by falling two feet, will set off liquid nitro-glycerine, must, according to Nobel, fall six feet in order to have the same effect on the frozen material. It is therefore usual to keep such nitro-glycerine as is not to be immediately made up into dynamite in this state, which, owing to the high freezing-point, may be easily done.

Nitro-glycerine has the disagreeable property of causing the most violent headaches when handled or taken internally. It is nevertheless sometimes (as I am informed) used in medicine, and it was certainly known to the doctors long before it was adopted by engineers. It appears to act as a nerve-poison, and it is perhaps useful to know that black coffee is a partial antidote to its effect. In spite of black coffee, however, those persons who are obliged to handle this villainous substance are usually great sufferers, and although there are some who gradually become inured to its action, there are certainly many who do not.



THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED UNDER A HULK.

Now, there is a very curious fact concerning nitro-glycerine (either liquid or in the form of dynamite) which is somewhat misleading, and which might easily result in a serious mishap. It is commonly stated that small quantities of this material may be burned in safety. This is, no doubt, in a certain sense true, but too much confidence must not be placed in such innocent action. I have repeatedly seen small quantities so burned, both in and out of the lecture-room, and it has happened, fortunately, that no explosion resulted. Still, the experiment is a dangerous one, and, in my opinion, should only be attempted with very small quantities at a safe distance, and under circumstances which would render an explosion harmless. Particularly should this experiment be avoided in the lecture-room, where an accident would be followed by the most terrible consequences.

Large quantities of either dynamite or nitro-glycerine,

on the other hand, will almost certainly be exploded by fire. The explanation lies in the fact that these substances take fire and burn at a lower temperature than that required to explode them. If, then, during ordinary combustion, the temperature does not rise to the necessary point (180° Centigrade) no explosion can occur, and the mass will burn away quietly. This is what *usually* happens when small quantities are ignited. Not so, however, with large masses. Now the question very naturally arises : "What *is* a large mass in this sense ?"

This question is by no means easy to answer ; and apart from this, the conditions regulating rise of temperature are so complex that no reliable calculation can be made respecting them. This we *do* know, however : Given 180° (Centigrade), and off goes the mass ; and if during combustion the temperature fails to reach this point, I cannot help thinking that we must attribute such failure rather to luck than to anything else. In spite of this, I have seen a person place an ounce of dynamite in a blazing wood fire, and deliberately stand over it until it was completely consumed. The foolhardiness of this proceeding is apparent ; an explosion *might* have occurred, and such an accident would no doubt have cost the man his life.

The terrible power of even small quantities of dynamite may be seen in the illustration on page 756, which shows the effects of a few ounces of this material detonated on a solid oak timber. The wood near the charge was fairly reduced to pulp, while a tough galvanized iron bolt was not only twisted and bent, but almost entirely cut through with as sharp a fracture as might have been made by a cold-chisel. It is perhaps proper to remark that this startling result was brought about by what is known as "detonation," and was not due to a simple explosion of the mass—the difference being that detonation is practically instantaneous, and does not occur except under peculiar conditions.

To "detonate" a high explosive, a special igniter must be used. In general, the active agent in such a detonator is fulminate of mercury ; this substance, as is well known, is employed in the manufacture of ordinary percussion-caps, and for certain good reasons it is preferred to any other of the fulminates for use in detonation. Since the force of an explosion depends partly on the suddenness with which it takes place, it is plain that the maximum effect will be reached in detonation. Scientists are not quite agreed as to the cause of this phenomenon, but the weight of opinion inclines to the "vibration" theory, by which it is assumed that the fulminates have the property (when exploded) of setting up some *peculiar form* of vibration in the mass of a high explosive which causes an instantaneous disintegration of the molecules. Be this as it may, it is surely a fact that these substances cannot be *detonated* by simple ignition, nor by blows or shocks, although they sometimes *explode* under these conditions with considerable, though diminished, violence ; and a large charge of gunpowder will not only fail to detonate dynamite, but will often merely scatter it about and set it on fire without causing any explosion at all.

The enormous power of dynamite when detonated is due to three causes ; first, it is due to the great volume of gas generated ; second, to the extreme suddenness of the reaction ; and third, to the quantity of heat given off, which considerably expands the already vast volume of gas.

One litre* of pure nitro-glycerine will give 1,298 litres of gas by virtue of the explosion alone ; but this volume is, according to Nobel, further increased to 10,384 litres (or by eight times) by expansion, due to generated heat. For the *best* dynamite, take 75 per cent. of these figures. When we consider that by detonation a given mass of nitro-glycerine almost instantly increases its volume 10,384 times, we may well cease to wonder at the irresistible power of this substance.

Although I have spoken of detonation as being *practically* instantaneous, it must still be owned that time *is* required ; for, quick as dynamite may be, certain other explosives—notably fulminate of mercury and chloride of nitrogen—are distinctly quicker. In truth, there is probably no such thing as an absolutely instantaneous explosion, but for practical purposes, the action of all high explosives, when fired by the fulminates, may be so considered.

In comparing the power of nitro-glycerine with that of gunpowder, it is usual to say that the latter is to the former as thirteen to one. This I believe to be an overstatement. Perhaps seven or eight would be nearer the truth. In that case good dynamite would equal about five times its weight of gunpowder. The ability of dynamite to do *useful work*, however, cannot be gauged in this way, since the *kind* of work to be done must always be taken into consideration. Thus, for blasting very hard rock, the high explosives must be employed ; but, in dealing with soft rock or earth, where a *lifting* rather than a tearing or rending effort is desirable, the slow-acting gunpowder would be resorted to. It consequently happens that this latter substance, when used in torpedoes, raises a much higher and grander column of water than dynamite—a circumstance which rarely fails to astonish, and disappoint spectators who witness for the first time the explosion of a dynamite torpedo. The reason for this action, however, is not difficult to see : on the explosion of dynamite under water, the liberated gases, with sudden and mighty effort, literally tear their way *through* the water, instead (as in the case of gunpowder) of expending their entire energy in lifting it.

There is a popular fallacy to the effect that nitro-glycerine in its various forms "explodes downward," by which it is meant that the force exerted in a downward direction by such an explosion is greater than upward or sidewise. This misconception arises quite naturally from observing the *visible* effects of nitro-glycerine as contrasted with those of gunpowder. The latter substance is seen to have little or no effect (when unconfined) on surrounding or underlying material, while the high explosive, on the contrary, will under the same conditions shatter and demolish the hardest substances. If gunpowder be simply laid on a boulder, for instance, and fired, it will effect no injury to the rock, but, with a great puff, the gases will harmlessly rise (apparently) straight upward.

Nitro-glycerine under the same circumstances will rend and pulverize the underlying rock in the most startling manner. I have endeavored to illustrate the effect of one pound of this substance placed in an ordinary tin canister and detonated on the top of a large boulder—the latter being shown before and after the explosion. Now, apart from blackening the rock (due to residue), many pounds of unconfined gunpowder would have effected precisely no damage at all.

These facts would seem to imply that nitro-glycerine exerts a downward effort lacking in gunpowder ; the truth is, however, that the latter substance, *like all explosives whatever*, exerts an equal pressure, or force, *in all directions*, but, owing to its slow and comparatively feeble

* A litre is a little more than one quart.

action, most substances are strong enough to resist it when not confined, and guide, as it were, its energy into the line of least resistance, just as the banks of a river (when strong enough) direct and guide its current. But nitro-glycerine is like the raging torrent, which is not to be controlled, but sweeps all before it. It is nevertheless true that its upward and outward force is precisely the same as its downward force, but owing to the extreme suddenness of its action, its energy in these directions is not ordinarily observable.

Hitherto, in speaking of dynamite, I have confined myself to the true dynamite, known technically as "No. 1." It will be remembered that this substance is nothing more than nitro-glycerine soaked up in some inert material which may be regarded in the light of a sponge, and which is employed simply in view of certain mechanical advantages. This form of dynamite, however, is only manufactured by Governments, and its use is confined to military operations. The dynamite of commerce, sometimes called "No. 2" is more complex, less powerful, and less safe than "No. 1."

Dynamite "No. 2" comprehends a very large variety of nitro-glycerine mixtures, most of which have special and fanciful names, such as "Rend Rock," "Dualin," "Giant Powder," "Lithofracteur," and the like. In such dynamites the absorbent is usually itself an active agent, and usually consists of mixtures of saltpetre and charcoal, together with other substances. Sometimes gun-cotton is used. As before intimated, the composition of these dynamites is often quite complex; thus in the case of "Lithofracteur," we have a mixture of nitro-glycerine with kieselguhr, bran, sawdust, nitre, boric nitrate, carbonate of soda, oxide of manganese, and sulphur.

In most commercial dynamite the quantity of nitro-glycerine is small, rarely reaching 50 per cent. This commercial material is therefore much cheaper than dynamite No. 1, since the nitro-glycerine is the principal item of cost. It is, nevertheless, much weaker, and in some cases its force barely exceeds that of good gunpowder.

It is this inferior material which has been employed by the authors of the late outrages. Fortunately for the community, these miscreants are unable to obtain good dynamite; otherwise it is probable that their criminal attempts would have led to far more disastrous results. If, in view of the increased restrictions proposed in the traffic of high explosives, these misguided persons undertake to manufacture for themselves, there is left the grim satisfaction of knowing that they run a more than fair chance of blowing themselves to pieces with their own handiwork; their wretched compounds may be safely left to mete out deserved justice.

It is doubtful if active absorbents add anything to the force of the dynamites in which they are employed. They are, nevertheless, essential in all blasting material, since it often happens that (especially in very long charges) the whole mass does not explode. If dynamite No. 1 were used, the portion of the charge left unexploded would render the subsequent pick-work extremely hazardous to the miners. The use of an active absorbent, however, insures the burning away of any such remainder.

For military purposes, on the other hand, dynamite No. 1 is valuable. Still, late improvements in the manufacture of gun-cotton will eventually result in the gradual substitution of this material. Gun-cotton has about the same strength as dynamite, and in all other respects it is greatly superior. It has already been adopted by the United States naval authorities, and in England it has long taken the place of dynamite for all kinds of military purposes.

Fairly large charges of either dynamite or gun-cotton may be safely exploded from properly equipped boats or launches. The torpedo in use by the U. S. Navy contains thirty-one and a half pounds of gun-cotton. Probably the same weight of dynamite might be fired with equal safety. Much larger charges have been exploded from launches manipulated by means of an electric current, by a person on shore. The illustration on page 757 shows the explosion of fifty pounds of dynamite in this way, a barrel being used as a target.

Enormous charges of dynamite (or gun-cotton), are sometimes used in those stationary torpedoes known as submarine mines. In such cases it is not unusual to employ as much as 500 pounds of explosive. These torpedoes are anchored, or otherwise fixed, in channels and roadsteads, and are most terrible engines of destruction. They may be operated either automatically or by electricity. In the latter case a key is pressed by an observer on shore at the moment when the vessel to be destroyed is seen to be over the torpedo. The illustration on page 757 represents the blowing up of a hulk by 300 pounds of dynamite, as seen by the writer in 1877.

As to safety in handling, there is a great diversity of opinion about nitro-glycerine and its compounds. On the one hand, we hear it positively stated that these substances are, on the whole, less dangerous than gunpowder; while on the other, it is asserted with equal vehemence that they are treacherous to the last degree, and that to handle them means nothing more nor less than taking one's life in one's hand. Reiterated experiment certainly goes far to corroborate the former belief, but our faith is no sooner fairly established than it is rudely shaken by some frightful catastrophe.

The truth is, if we may believe the experts, that nitro-glycerine is safe only in so far as it is pure and well made. When carefully prepared, of the best materials and thoroughly washed, this substance withstands the severest tests. If, on the other hand, poor and cheap materials are employed, and further, if the last trace of free acid is not washed out, the resulting explosive will be highly unstable and dangerous, especially if kept long. When spontaneous degeneration sets in, nitro-glycerine sometimes turns slightly green, owing to the presence of nitric-peroxide, and at this stage it is liable to go off at any moment, and should be destroyed at once. The happy immunity from accident so long enjoyed at the U. S. Torpedo-station is undoubtedly due to the very great care observed at that factory in the manufacture of high explosives. Unfortunately the process is too expensive for commercial purposes, and manufacturers of dynamite, unless controlled by law, must always be driven by competition into turning out an inferior article. Mere business interests demand a cheap, as well as powerful, explosive, and it has been said, perhaps with truth, that were the nitro-glycerine of commerce ten times as dangerous as it really is, it would still continue to be used if nothing better were offered in its place.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE great steamer *Oregon*, which is of 7,374 tons burden, has 72 furnaces, 9 boilers, and engines of 13,000 horse-power, pushing her at an average speed of 18.56 knots an hour; and uses only 324 tons of coal during each 24 hours.

DR. BALL, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, whose lectures here upon the fixed stars, etc., will be remembered in connection with meetings of the scientific associations last Summer, has completed the parallaxes of nearly 500 stars; an unparalleled labor in this branch of astronomy.

"WHEN THE ROSES ARE IN BLOOM."

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Gm29